Pandemonium, Nevada

KONUMA Rie



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A word from Rie

Sometimes you just do your job too well.

Brought to the small town of San Nicolas as part of a stage magic residency at the Nicoline (nico-LEEN), Lisa's job is to maintain the machinery. Unfortunately, careful work and well-made pieces has rendered her all but unemployed; when nothing ever goes wrong, all she can do is explore. And you know what they say about curiosity and cathouses…

Pandemonium, Nevada is a story about Lisa Hollis and her explorations of what lies beneath the surface of the "normal" world, a story about magicians and magic, and a story about the consequences of accumulation of power and its abuses and abusers.

I would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to the *Book Club, Or Else* for their feedback and other help in making this book the best it can be. If you would like to be part of the *Book Club, Or Else*, please send an email to `book.club+or.else@raven.garden`.

This book contains sexual content, depictions of sexual and sexualized violence, and depictions of consensual and consensual, financially contingent BDSM relationships.

Sex work is work, sex workers are workers, and further to this;

Workers of the world, unite!

Prologue

San Nicolas, Nevada is an odd town.

Nevada is an odd place anyway, but San Nicolas is particularly odd. Settled in Boulder Valley, near the border between Lander and Eureka counties, there are two roads into the small town.

Lander Road, starting as the eastbound I-80 and ending as Lander Boulevard in front of the San Nicolas station west entrance, takes tourists into town. There they spend their hard earned money on the Nicoline, a strange imitation of the Las Vegas strip with half the glitz and none of the restraint. The hotels on Lander Boulevard are the usual Nevada fare; large tower blocks with slot machines crammed into the lobby, casting long, dark shadows over the town around them.

The Nicoline itself is anything but ordinary. While the fronting is designed to give impression that it's a series of clubs and casinos, in reality the Nicoline is a single enormous entertainment complex, its functions shifting seamlessly through the space. Strip club and dance club, hotel and brothel, casino and stage all blend together, day and night, in an overwhelming feast for the senses. Any bet, any order, any *thing*.

Eureka Road, starting as the westbound I-80 and ending as Eureka Plaza in front of the San Nicolas station main entrance, is for everyone else. It carries what freight can't be brought in by the Union Pacific Leeville spur, it carries the moving trucks of arriving hospitality staff, and it carries the busses and trailers of tours and residencies.

Unusually, Eureka Road also has a permanent checkpoint, where every traveler is carded for age. By local statute, the town of San Nicolas has a general prohibition against people younger than 21, including the Nicoline; Lander Boulevard and its hotels are exempt, but due to a lack of amenities visitors with children are generally advised to find somewhere more kid-friendly, like Reno or Las Vegas.

San Nicolas proper — the Back of the House as locals call it — is much like any other small town in America, if perhaps a bit denser, with three- and four-story townhouses dominating the skyline. Across town from the

Nicoline, one part of San Nicolas juts out into Eureka County; the Mission of San Nicolas, an ornate church from which the town takes its name, and its associated nunnery, The Abbey of St. Marianne.

For as rowdy as the Nicoline is, the streets in the Back of the House are always quiet. By day, at least. By night, however, the girlies come out, and the town comes alive. Food carts and Hallowe'en costume, nuns ministering in the flesh, pounding bass and pop-up bars.

San Nicolas is a town for people who know enough about how to have fun to teach it to other people, but it is also a site of power. It doesn't just attract girlies who are generous and kind enough to give themselves to others, it also attracts the alien, the secret, and the profane.

Innocent to this, Lisa Hollis washes up on the streets of San Nicolas, Nevada; a degree in mechanical engineering from MIT and a lifetime of banging slutty bouncers working lesbian bars has prepared her for a lot of things, but when the powers behind the world dance, nothing could have prepared her for this end of the world, nor her hand in it.

There are many ways people are brought to the desert, and when they arrive, there are many things they do.

What they rarely do, however, is leave.

Chapter 1

High Noon

The blazing Nevada sun hung motionless in the sky.

When the small plaza in front of the San Nicolas station was built, several large and deep flower beds had been set into the ground, and shady trees had been planted to cool the travelers on their journeys.

That didn't matter now. The trees were still there, but their leaves were wilted and their trunks scorched from the desert heat. Boulder Valley had gone over three hundred days without rainfall, and local ordinances would not allow for watering the trees.

Even the lacquer on the wooden park bench felt as if it could melt, and stuck to Lisa's bare arms as she shifted uncomfortably.

Lisa had still not figured out anything to do in San Nicolas; getting out of the heat was tempting, she didn't really have anywhere to go.

She had been on her way to work when her boss had called her. Maxxxine the Magnificent — Maria — had decided to park most of the big mechanical tricks for the Nicoline residency; they didn't really work with the style of show people expected there, and anything that hid her assistant away instead of showing her body off would make it hard to compete for people's attention.

The only things left about the show Lisa had anything to do with were the most polished tricks, extremely reliable props that could probably go a hundred shows without so much as a screw tightening.

With the residency slated to last for 12 months with an option to renew, this left Lisa with a lot of free time. Maria had commissioned a trick designer from back east to design something new for the stage, but it would be months and months before anything of the kind arrived.

Lisa looked up at the gnarled, drooping branches above her, and decided to get back to her apartment before she wilted too. Tearing herself

away from the bench it felt like she left some skin behind where she had been touching it, and the soles of her shoes stuck to the pavement.

Damn this heat!

* * *

Maria and her assistants — twins Elsa and Beate — had moved into a room in the Nicoline, rendered as part of the payment for the residency. Lisa had not been extended the same consideration, not that she would particularly care for it in any case. As the mechanic and driver, she would have been happy in a motel rather than her cramped bunk in the tour bus, but Maria had sprung for an apartment for her. The place was in the cheaper section of San Nicolas corporate housing, by the outskirts of town where she would be able to keep an eye on both tour bus and trailer.

Both were empty, now; the personal effects in the bus had been moved to the temporary lodgings, and the tricks were all under lock and key in the Nicoline basement. Still, it was good to keep an eye on them, and make sure the tires didn't melt in the heat.

Lisa gave them a once-over on her way back to the apartment, and found that even empty the trailer was already sagging slightly, and small droplets of sealant had begun to extrude themselves around the front windshield of the tour bus. They had barely been in town for a week, and already they were failing under the harsh sunlight.

Lisa couldn't really think about that; she was dangerously close to failing under the harsh sunlight herself.

Finally inside the building there was at least shade, and in her apartment there was even A/C. Parched from her walk, Lisa monstered a pint of ice water, and then another.

Halfway into her third pint of water, not five minutes after walking into her apartment, there was a knock at the door.

"Welcome to the Back of the House!"

The girl standing in the hallway was grinning cheerfully at Lisa.

She was quite a bit shorter than Lisa, and quite a bit younger — maybe 25 or so — and she had turned up in Crocs, cotton pajama pants and a loose-fitting tank top. Not exactly what Lisa would have worn to welcome a new neighbor, especially considering how clearly she could see the outline of the girl's cock.

"Thank you, uh…"

"Tanya! Pleased to meet'cha!"

Tanya stretched out a hand in greeting. Lisa didn't take it.

"Lisa. Nice to meet you."

Tanya pulled her hand back.

"Sorry for taking so long to come say welcome, but schedules and that, you know?"

"That's alright, I wasn't really expecting a welcome wagon anyway."

Tanya gave Lisa a sympathetic smile.

"Really? That's kind of sad.

"People should be happier to see you than that."

"Well, they're not, I guess.

"Thanks for checking in."

As Lisa went to close the door, Tanya interrupted her.

"Did you know we have a pool in the basement?"

* * *

Lisa was not much of a swimmer, but an indoor pool was not something she could pass up right now. She didn't have a bathing suit, but Tanya was happy to assure her that the pool was clothing optional. Lisa wasn't much of a nudist either, but whatever else she thought about it a naked dip in the pool was far preferable to melting.

As she dove into the water, Tanya lingered awkwardly at the poolside, and after a couple of laps, Lisa had enough of it.

"Are you just going to stand there and stare?"

"Rules say no swimming alone, technically, so…"

"So get in, or leave me to my fate.

"If it's the gock you're worried about, I can already see it through your jammies."

Tanya blushed, but it passed quickly.

Tearing off her clothes with practiced ease, she dove elegantly into the water, immediately vanishing from sight. The lighting in the room made it hard to see into the water, and it wasn't until she could feel a pair of hands grabbing her hips from behind Lisa could tell where Tanya was again.

"Race you to 50 laps."

Tanya pushed Lisa off of her feet and dashed off towards the near end of the pool.

"The fuck are you doing."

Lisa sputtered and hacked as she rose from the dunking. She was glad to find that the pool was chlorine free, but being shoved into the water was still uncomfortable.

"Sorry."

Tanya grinned as she swam in a tight circle around Lisa. She was clearly having a great deal of fun in the water, and she wore it well, moving almost like a mermaid.

"But if you don't want to swim, what *do* you want to do?"

"I didn't say I don't want to swim, I just don't want to race.

"Although I kinda don't want to swim, I really just want to cool off."

Tanya hopped out of the water and onto the edge of the pool. If it was modesty that kept her from jumping in earlier, that was certainly forgotten now.

"Okay, let's hang out and cool off.

"What brings you to San Nicolas?"

"You saw the tour bus out back, I'm sure."

"Oh, you're a magician?

"You look different on the side of the bus."

"No, I'm just the bus driver, and mechanic."

"Ooh, even better!"

"How about you?"

Looking up at Tanya from down in the water was awkward, so Lisa closed her eyes instead, and rested her head on the edge of the pool next to her. With her body cooled by the water, she couldn't help but feel the warmth of Tanya's body.

"I'm a mechanic in my own way, I guess you could say.

"I'm with the Gaming Commission, I monitor the odds of the slot machines in the Nicoline, and the other games."

"And they just let you do that?"

Lisa didn't know a lot about casinos, gambling wasn't really her vice.

"No choice!

"Legally mandated inspections, bay-bee!"

"Nice work if you can get it, I guess."

"Sure is!

"Biggest problem with my day-to-day is not getting distracted by the girlies strutting around, which is not a bad problem to have."

"What's so distracting about them?"

Lisa had been in the Nicoline, she knew exactly what's do distracting about them. She had already had a number of trips through the casino, and had met a few of the waitresses walking around in the nude; Lisa had seduced a bartender or two in her time, but there weren't a lot of places where you could order the waitress as readily as you could the drinks.

"I've not had a chance to see the casino floor yet, anything I should look out for?"

Tanya shifted slightly. Had she seen through the lie?

"You know, they're, uh, pretty friendly."

The modesty was suddenly back.

"You'll learn real quick when you get there, I can guarantee that much."

"You wanted to hang out, but now you won't even tell me about the girlies?"

"What's there even to say about them?

"That they're hot? That they're naked?"

Lisa could practically smell Tanya's erection.

"For example.

"And, uh, promo work."

Lisa was not clear on what promo work was, but was in no rush to learn. Sneaking a glance to confirm Tanya's predicament, she simply let the words hang in the air, inviting Tanya to explain herself. It took a while before she found the courage to keep talking.

"You know, kissing and hugging one another, and stuff like that.

"Pretty, uh, provocative stuff, often."

"And does that work?

"For you, I mean.

"Have you ever partaken?"

"Not in a professional capacity.

"But that's the great thing about the Back of the House, the girlies are all here on their nights off."

While Lisa's plan had been to rile Tanya up with talk of the girls at the casino, she found that her plan had backfired. Between thoughts of the few waitresses she had gotten a good look at and Tanya's squirming, she found she'd worked herself up pretty bad.

She maneuvered herself between Tanya's legs, and looked up at her past her cock.

"Maybe we should head up to my apartment?"

"Nah."

Suddenly, Tanya's demeanor changed.

The shy girl was gone in an instant, replaced with something altogether fiercer. Before Lisa could register what was happening, Tanya had wrapped her legs around her shoulders and pulled her face into her crotch.

"Go on, have a taste."

"I—"

Tanya pushed her fingers into Lisa's hair. Even wet, it was short enough to be easy to work.

"You need some help?"

Tanya pulled Lisa's face towards her cock. The warmth of it was intoxicating, the smell of it, the *size* of it.

"You can dish it out, but you can't take it?"

Tanya's cock twitched against Lisa's face. She shook her head weakly, trying to figure out how to approach the cock. She was no stranger to sucking dick, but this was certainly the biggest she had been faced with.

"Should we really— you know, down here?"

"Stalling, are we?

"First of all, everyone is asleep.

"Second, nobody gives a shit.

"Third through a millionth, absolutely nobody fucking gives a shit."

Tanya squeezed her tight with her legs, pressing her face against her cock again.

"But if you're shy…"

* * *

The walk back up to the apartment was very long. Going down the the pool, Lisa had grabbed a bath robe from the hotel room, but Tanya had confiscated it for the walk up. By the time the bedroom door shut behind them, Lisa's heart was pounding in her ears.

For her part, if Tanya was excited, she didn't show it, outside of one rather obvious tell. A big, fat, throbbing tell.

"Knees."

Lisa was quick to do as she was bid. The hardwood floor was a little rough, but she would just have to deal with it.

"There is one important thing you should know."

Tanya filtered her hand through Lisa's hair.

"Compared to a lot of people around town, I'm quite forgiving.

"You try to fuck with people, and you're going to have a bad time."

Tanya reached down to push her mouth open.

"But maybe you enjoy having a bad time?"

Lisa had no answer for that. She didn't have much of an answer for anything. Her tongue was hanging limply from her gaping maw, now, thick beads of drool dripping from it, onto the floor.

Finally, Tanya grabbed her head. Placing her cock on Lisa's tongue, she began gently pushing it down her throat.

"Is that how it is? A good girl looking for a bad time?"

The motion was slow, but inexorable. The cock was big, too big, but there was nothing for it but to accept it as it pushed its way past her lips. Coughing, gagging, sputtering, it didn't matter, Tanya kept pushing slowly into her. When her jaw started trembling, she could feel a firm hand wrenching it open. Lisa could hardly breathe, she found herself clawing madly at the air, trying to grab onto Tanya's ass, onto the floor, onto the bed, onto anything…

"You can do better than that, surely?"

Dark rings began intruding at the edges of her vision; red, then brown, then black, as she struggled to take the full length. Her throat bursting, her legs on fire, her arms flailing, Lisa's consciousness seemed to fade.

"I guess not."

Far more suddenly than she had entered, Tanya withdrew. The sudden shock of air filling Lisa's lungs sent her body convulsing, and as the cock was withdrawn her breakfast came with it. Retching and heaving,

she deposited what remained in her stomach, some half-digested hotel breakfast buffet donut holes and too much ice water.

"You shouldn't drink so much water all at once."

Lisa panted weakly, barely able to hold herself up.

"And you're going to need a lot of practice with that, but don't worry.

"I'll make sure you get as much as you could ever need."

Tanya dipped briefly into the bathroom, and returned with a towel. After wiping the worst of it from Lisa's face, she threw it on the floor to soak up the mess, and led her out into the front room to get out of the smell. As vomit went it wasn't terrible, but it was still vomit.

With the bedroom in need of a cleaning, Tanya bent Lisa over the sofa instead, and fucked her roughly.

In Lisa's cunt, her cock was less overwhelming than it had been in her throat, but Tanya was still as large as anyone she'd ever had.

The pace was slow at first, but gradually built as Tanya more and more lost herself in the moment. It had been a while since Lisa last got laid, and even longer since she had gotten pinned down and fucked; she could feel herself being stretched and exercised in ways that had grown unfamiliar to her.

"I don't think so."

It took a moment for Lisa to understand what Tanya was saying, but as she was about to orgasm the fierce girl yanked her hair quite violently, taking her out of it.

What a bitch.

And what a cock on that bitch.

Lisa approached orgasm again, and again Tanya stopped her.

Then it was Tanya's turn, and she had no trouble finishing. Twitching inside her, Lisa could feel Tanya filling her up with cum, this mix of juices burning hot as it ran down the insides of her thighs.

Lisa was surprised by how easily Tanya lifted her out of the sofa. By the time she was deposited in bed, she was already asleep.

* * *

Lisa's sleep was uneasy and fitful.

She was well used to sleeping in new places, but something about San Nicolas disagreed with her. Ever since she arrived, she had been having strange, dark dreams, and Tanya's ravages did nothing to help matters.

Through the haze, she was also dimly aware of someone moving about the room, someone different than Tanya.

Noticing she was awake, the unfamiliar presence drew close.

As the presence worked to calm and soothe her, the bedroom gave way to dreamscapes again, and under a blazing astral sky Tanya was already looming large, torturing Lisa with her scents and tastes.

After an eternity, Lisa could no longer be contained, and came so hard she startled herself awake. Sitting bolt upright, panting and confused, the room had been cleaned but she was as filthy as Tanya had left her.

Chapter 2

The Girlies

By the time Lisa was done in the shower, twilight was gathering.

The temperature was a lot more amenable now, still warm but not as scorching, and a cool breeze was flowing through the valley.

As she sat down for an evening meal in the front room, Lisa picked up the citrusy pine scent of some manner of cleaning product emanating from the couch. Whoever had cleaned her room had evidently also taken care of the mess on the sofa.

There wasn't a lot of food in the fridge. Lisa had thus far gotten by on grazing at the casino buffets; if she was going to spend less time at the casino, she would have to find a grocery store. In the end she knocked out he last of a box of müesli, and absent any milk prepared it with water instead. It wasn't as rich as she'd have liked, but last night— the day had left her ravenous.

Lisa had to remind herself of what time it was. It had just gone eight, so she must have been asleep for five, maybe six hours? She wasn't quite sure when Tanya had turned up. What she was sure about was that her sleep schedule was undoubtedly shot.

The knock at the door was already familiar to her, and before she could even get up, Tanya had let both herself and someone else in.

"You're up!

"Great!"

The black tank top Tanya was wearing had the same loose-fitting cut as the white one she had been wearing with her pajamas. The print on it read 'Blow me!', which was a bit aggressive for Lisa's tastes, but at least it was straightforward and to-the-point. She was also wearing a pair of massive JNCO jeans, wallet chain and all.

She gestured to her companion.

"This is Max. It'll be your cleaner going forwards."

Max, for its part, was wearing a pink maid dress whose cut resembled that of a particularly slutty Hallowe'en costume, but whose fabric was of a quality more in line with actual workwear. It was also wearing light makeup, the light pink lipstick matching the dress. It has also forgone underwear, and the skirt was not quite long enough for that not to be obvious.

It greeted Lisa with a silent curtsy.

"Hi, Max."

Tanya grinned at Lisa.

"You don't have to talk to the doll.

"That's the best part about it."

If Max disagreed with what Tanya was saying, it didn't show it.

"It was very kind to get up in the middle of the day to clean your apartment a little, earlier."

Tanya turned to Max.

"That will be all."

Max gave another little curtsy, and quietly left.

"So I figured I'd swing by and give you a bit of a primer on how we do things in San Nicolas, since you appear to be kinda struggling."

"That's nice.

"I was actually just wondering where the grocery stores are."

"That sounds a lot like a plan for the evening!

"Shopping!"

"Grocery shopping."

"Sure, and you need some new clothes."

"What's wrong with the clothes I have?"

Lisa looked down at her slacks and T-shirt. To her eye, it wasn't so different from what Tanya was wearing.

"There's nothing really *wrong* with them, but what's *right* with them?

"You look like a newcomer to town."

"I am."

"Sure, but you don't want to *look* like one."

Lisa sighed. It was quite a while since she had gotten some new clothes anyway, so playing along felt like the easiest course of action.

"I did have another question, and, uh, something I maybe…

"Like, I might have to deal with?

"Earlier there was quite a lot of cum, is that, like… am I going to need Plan B or something?"

"Oh, that."

Tanya grinned again.

"Don't worry about it.

"Becoming pregnant is not allowed in San Nicolas."
"So I do need—"
"Nono, like I said: It's not allowed.
"Don't worry about it."
"What do you *mean* it's not allowed?"
"I mean it's not allowed.
"I don't know how I can make this any clearer."
Tanya shrugged demonstratively.
"Not allowed."
Tanya nodded.
"Okay, I guess."
"Now, let's go shopping!"

* * *

Walking down the streets of San Nicolas, Lisa was amazed at how different the town was after dark; literally night and day.

Up until now, all her comings and goings between the apartment block and the Nicoline had been in the sunlight, and the streets had been all but deserted. Now, in the twilight, the town was suddenly alive. The nondescript shutters lining the streets had been opened, revealing a vast array of small bars, karaoke places, arcades, and open kitchen street food outlets.

Near as Lisa could tell, the town of San Nicolas was nearly all women. There were a few guys here and there, and some individuals of indeterminate gender, but the ratio was easily one to thirty or forty, maybe more.

Most were wearing clothes not wildly out of step with what Max had been wearing, although Lisa didn't happen to spot any more maids. There were a few people around dressed more like Tanya, and each of them appeared to have something of a crowd around them.

Then there were of course a few nuns; passing by a small arcade that was little more than a single music game, Lisa spotted two nuns playing Dance Dance Revolution, one in a slutty habit and one in an ordinary one.

"What's with the Hallowe'en costumes?"

"Everyone in town works at the Nicoline, and most of the girls spend at least some of their time doing sex work.

"A lot of everyone's wardrobe are gimmicks for drawing in clients, and it's no fun just wearing those a couple of days per month or however much you hook."

"Does 'most of the girls' include you?"

"Technically, sort of.

"Most clients are guys, and most guys struggle with a girl like me."

Lisa nodded sagely.

"Because of the massive cock."

"Sure, but even the guys who don't mind a girl bigger than them often want to be in charge, and that's just not my scene."

"I've noticed."

"I do take clients by special referral, but my phone isn't exactly ringing off the hook."

Tanya led Lisa into a small door between two small restaurants, and down a set of stairs into a cool, brightly lit cellar. The walls were lined with wooden shelves, and the shelves laden with garments of every sort. When Lisa and Tanya arrived, the tailor was quick to appear.

"Welcome, welcome!"

The tailor was of an age with Lisa, and dressed very much the part. The vest and shirt combo was very familiar to Lisa; she had spent a lot of time in stuffy rooms in Boston while waiting for old men to finish pawing at Elsa or Beate to get some new outfit sown up.

"We have a new girl in town, and she needs some more suitable clothes."

Tanya pushed Lisa towards the tailor.

"Now Lisa, important question. Are you familiar with the concept of 'flagging'?"

The word rang a faint bell, but Lisa couldn't quite capture it. She shook her head.

The tailor moved in close, and whipped out her measuring tape. Tanya, for her part, undid the buttons on Lisa's slacks, and ushered them towards the floor. She was not wearing underwear, but the tailor seemed to barely notice.

"The short version is that what we wear tells the people around us about us, right?"

The tailor tightened her measuring tape around Lisa's chest. She was being very fastidious, and taking a lot of measurements Lisa didn't know were all that relevant.

"So it's useful if your clothes reflect that you're a subby bitch, for example."

Lisa wanted to protest, but she was cut off by the measuring tape tightening around her neck.

"Too tight?"

Lisa nodded weakly, and the tailor let out a little bit.

"Better?"

She nodded again. It was still pretty tight— it would be fine.

"What kind of stuff do you like, outside of mechanical work?"

The tailor, done with Lisa's legs, helpfully lifted the slacks back up, and Lisa buttoned them, absently.

"I don't—"

Lisa couldn't really think of anything she liked to do outside of her mechanical work. She knew she had to have *something* she liked, but her mind was blank.

"Just give her some options, yeah?"

The tailor nodded.

"I have all the measurements, I just need your address."

Before Lisa could give it, Tanya stepped in. She quickly scribbled down the address for the tailor, before leading Lisa by the hand back up into the warm evening air.

* * *

At the grocery store, Tanya walked Lisa through the process of picking a crate and having it transported home by a tall, muscled woman from logistics. Once that was done, Tanya brought her to the station plaza, where they sat watching the girlies.

Someone had brought out a clutch of garden tables, and they were loosely arranged around a makeshift stage at the center of the plaza. About twenty women were sitting at the tables, in groups of two and three, and a singer-songwriter type with her acoustic guitar and her butch bassist were filling the plaza with softly played music. They weren't very good; competent, but very California, very middle-of-the-road.

"Do you enjoy people watching?"

Lisa shrugged. It wasn't something she spent a lot of time doing.

"You can learn a lot doing it, I find.

"Like I said, 'flagging', that's an important thing to learn about.

"There's a lot of subtlety to it that you can learn as you go, but let me teach you some of the more important things, yeah?"

Lisa nodded.

"The first thing to understand is that basically everyone is here because they enjoy fuckin', right?

"That's why you move to a place like San Nicolas to work at a place like the Nicoline.

"There's no jobs in this town for people who are ambivalent about fuckin', or who dislike it, it's just not the place."

"What about the nuns?"

"Don't worry about the nuns; you don't bother them, they don't bother you."

"You make them sound like bees."

"As I was saying: Everyone is here because they enjoy fuckin'.

"But, and here's the important thing, different people enjoy different things.

"Flagging is what you do to tell people what you like."

Lisa's mind was thrown back to a walk around San Francisco as part of a tour stop with Maxxxine the Magnificent, and a small booklet she encountered at a tourist trap.

"Like handkerchief codes?"

"Yeah, but a bit more subtle, and tops don't flag."

"So how can you tell who's a top?"

"They'll let you know."

Lisa looked out over the crowd in the plaza. About half the girls were wearing small dresses, about half were wearing slutty Hallowe'en costumes, and a few were sitting around in lacy and sheer lingerie. Only one woman really stood out, another tall butch woman in similar clothes to the woman at the grocery store; a tight black tank top and cargo pants. Tanya pointed her out for Lisa, in case she had missed her.

"And it's *pretty* obvious."

"Not a lot of tops."

"Not a lot of tops indeed.

"That's the first thing you should know, asking someone to top you is considered pretty gauche.

"The girlies are going to know that you're new in town, and they're going to try and take advantage, but don't fall for it."

"So if someone asks me to top them?"

"Say no."

Lisa nodded.

"What if I want to fuck them?"

"Find someone who looks like them, and fuck her instead.

"If you let bottoms push you around, that's going to impact your relationship in ways you don't really want."

"So what are the important flags?"

"The most important way of flagging, especially when you're just entering the community, is chokers.

"There are several types, and you'll want to learn to tell the difference quickly."

Looking out over the plaza, Lisa did see that indeed, nearly everyone was wearing a choker. The top wasn't, of course, and there were a few girlies without them, but it was a very common item.

"So the choker means they're up for casual sex?"

"No, being in San Nicolas means they're up for casual sex."

"So… bottom?"

"No, it's more like… availability.

"It tells you the things they don't want to have to keep telling people.

"The simplest is the black silk choker, obviously; it just means 'touch me'."

Tanya scanned the crowd.

"Flat black is pretty uncommon, but it's a very common base for more complicated flagging.

"But anyone who's wearing a black silk choker, when you meet them, you shouldn't introduce yourself, basically.

"As far as anyone is concerned, you're already friends.

"Just hello, kiss on the cheek, friend stuff."

"I see.

"Are there other colors?"

"A couple, yeah, but they're kinda rare, and they're just more advanced versions of black.

"Until you get a feel for it, you're not going to offend anyone by treating both as being black."

Tanya turned Lisa's attention to the bassist.

"There are also tattoo chokers.

"They mean *basically* the same thing as black silk, with the caveat that they're invisible to people who aren't wearing a choker themselves."

"Even tops?"

"Even tops."

"I think I can guess, but what does invisible mean?"

"Like you said, you can guess.

"It means that for someone not wearing a choker, they might as well not be there, and you should treat them as if they aren't."

"Which means…"

"Which means that if you want to hit, you have to introduce yourself and make friends the old-fashioned way, or commit to not having people need to do that with you."

"Any other types?"

"Sure, there are jewelry and lace collars, ribbon chokers, all sorts.

"Then there's black leather, which is like black silk, but they're your pet.

"It's another one of those you need to develop a feel for, since they're way more complicated.

"You wouldn't want to get in a scuffle with someone's owner, after all."

"Don't I?"

"Not unless you can roll over and beg."

"I can roll over and beg."

Lisa's words surprised even her.

If she had been asked her a week ago, would she have admitted so readily to that? She'd done her share of topping in the past, but was the

only thing that kept her from diving head first into bottoming the lack of an opportunity to do so?

"Yeah you can."

Tanya grinned at her.

"Anyway, like I said, ease into it.

"There's also a lot to learn about pendants, beads, threads and breaks, but that's its own entire science."

Lisa nodded.

"Are the streets always this busy at night?"

"Yeah, pretty much.

"People sleep all day, because it's just so fuckin' hot, and then they spend their nights… carousing, I guess?

"Is that a word? I feel like that's a word."

Lisa looked out over the plaza, taking in the sounds and sights. They had caught the tail end of the singer's set, and she and the bassist had already begun packing up their stuff. In their place, someone had plugged in a music player, which was now bathing the plaza in the dulcet tones of 10 Hours of Hypnotic EDM with Female Vocals | Healing Music | NO ADS. It was also not very good.

The gathered girlies were much more interested in the top than they were in the music selection. A lot of furtive glances were being sent her way, and a fair share towards Tanya, as well.

"You can really take your pick, huh."

"The girlies are there for anyone to take, so long as they have the will, and the courage.

"If you are looking to get laid, so long as you're willing to put the work in you shall not go wanting.

"Of course, if you need to get pinned down and fucked, you may have a bit more of a problem."

Lisa needed to get pinned down and fucked. In a general sense, sure, but also right now.

"So if I need that, what do I do?"

"Dress the part, cross your fingers, and hope."

Tanya grinned at Lisa.

"The situation isn't actually as dire as it seems. As the night wears on, the girlies get drunker and hornier, and some get toppier."

"So I just, what… wait?"

Tanya stood, taking Lisa's hand and grinning.

"Yup.

"Tonight you're in luck, tho'!

Chapter 3

Pinned Down and Fucked

Tanya had sent Lisa ahead, asking her to go home and leaving her with a very simple set of instructions. She was to go home, shower, and wait for Tanya in bed. Even with the sun down, the desert air was still hot and dusty, and the second shower of the day was as welcome as the first one had been.

Starfishing out on the bed covers and air drying, Lisa gave some thought to the bedroom. When she arrived, she had thought it strange for the bedroom to be entirely internal, but knowing now that people here sleep during the day it made a lot more sense. Even with heavy curtains any natural light would be way too hot and way too bright.

The central air system droned away as she waited, and through the open door to the sitting room she could see the sky outside, stars glimmering in the darkness.

Finally, she heard the front door open. Sitting up, she waited patiently, listening to someone slipping out of a pair of shoes, to the quiet sounds of bare feet on hardwood floors, to the quiet rustle of fabric, barely perceptible over the central air.

When Tanya appeared in the doorway she was back in her pajamas, mostly. She had dispensed with the tank top this time, and was only wearing the loose cotton pants from this morning.

"I've got something for you."

Tanya handed her thin strip of black silk with some pieces of jewelry attached to it. The design was quite simple, just a string of silver letters reading 'LISA'.

"It's pretty basic, but I think it's a good start for you, yeah?"

Lisa nodded quietly.

"Go on, put it on."

"You said the jewelry and stuff all mean things…"

"Sure, but that's just your name."

Lisa nodded again, and put on the choker. It was quite tight, but not unpleasantly so; it could maybe even be tighter.

"One thing you should be aware of is that it's not actually silk; it looks and feels like it, but it's actually synthetic.

"In other words, it's water safe, and the jewelry is as well, so you don't have to take it off to shower or whatever.

"In case you wanted to know that."

"Thank you…"

"Oh, no need to thank me."

Tanya stood up, grinning again. Dropping her pants, she clambered back onto the bed and wrestled Lisa onto her belly.

Lisa could feel her massive cock pressing lightly against her anus. Did Tanya intend to— no way, right? She was so big.

"Hmm…"

The pressure increased a little, and Lisa let out a little yelp.

"Maybe in a few months, when you've had some practice, yeah?"

Lisa whimpered as the pressure increased a little more. She was already panting.

"Yeah— with practice—"

Tanya let up on Lisa's ass, and moved further down, pulling her up in bed to improve the angle. Leaning forward with her whole weight, she pushed into Lisa's cunt, burying her cock to the hilt.

Chapter 4

Logistics

Lisa awoke at dawn, still sticky.

When Tanya took off, she left the door to the front room wide open, and now the blazing sun was making its way into Lisa's bed.

She tried to ignore it, at first, but it was way too insistent. Besides, she had already slept way too much over the past day, and she needed to figure out a sleep schedule that wouldn't leave her entirely destroyed.

After a shower, Lisa decided to head down to the pool again. Swimming laps would help clear her head, and if she was going to make a habit of it, she would have to start at some point.

In the front room, she found herself considering the bathrobe slung over a kitchen chair. She had worn it the last time she went downstairs, but did she really need it? The building seemed to be almost empty, and everyone would be asleep this time of day anyway, right? Even if she did run into someone, it's not as if they would care. Well, not as if they would *mind*. They might *care* enough to…

To what?

Lisa's fingers found their way to her new choker. Maybe she should leave it. Take the bathrobe, leave the choker. Just go for a swim. A regular swim. In the nude, sure, but alone.

Unwatched.

Gently opening the door to the hallway, she tried to make up her mind; looking down the hallway one way, then the other. Empty. It would all be empty, from here to the elevator, in the elevator, from the elevator to the pool.

Not a soul.

Leaving the bathrobe behind, she took an experimental first step out into the hallway.

She had seen a few girlies last night, walking around buck naked but for stiletto heels. Nobody would mind, right? Even in the sunlight?

She took another careful step, and winced as the door snapped shut.

Those girls were younger and prettier than she was, but even so. It would have to be okay, right?

Right.

Steeling herself, Lisa strode purposefully off down the hallway, heading for the elevator. It had been easier to walk the halls naked when Tanya was at her back, prodding her along, but somehow she managed.

What she had forgotten was the glass elevator.

Standing on the slowly sinking platform, Lisa had never felt so exposed. Outside was nothing but desert, no prying eyes or gawking onlookers, but her heart was pounding all the same.

The fourth floor came and went.

Then the third. Had the elevator always been this slow? It had to be slowing down, right?

The second floor arrived. How could any elevator be so slow?

After the second floor moved past, the ground floor came up to meet her. With it came the ground, and finally the elevator penetrated the dark, wet earth. There was no first basement floor in this elevator, and soon enough the sign above the door landed on B2.

With a ding, the door slid open.

Another hallway, much shorter, this time, and the blue and white tile made it feel a lot more like the kind of place you'd expect to find a naked woman — poolside, not in the hallways of short term corporate housing.

The last few steps were a lot easier than the first few steps had been, and finally she found herself standing on the edge of the pool, tranquil water waiting for her.

Lisa could feel the excitement of her little escapade running down the inside of her thigh. As she dove into the pool, cool water washed it away. Already, Lisa kind of missed it.

* * *

It had been a long time since Lisa had swam, like, really swam. She still remembered a little from high school swim class, and managed to find her form, after a fashion.

It was a lot easier to focus on the swimming without Tanya splashing around with her cock out; fewer distractions. One fewer distraction in particular. With most of the world blocked out by the water splashing around her, Lisa had some time to think about distractions. About one distraction in particular.

Tanya had given her a good feel for the size of it; even now Lisa could remember how it felt inside of her, and she wasn't even trying. Not in-

tentionally, anyway. Not entirely intentionally, at least. She still would have liked to really get a taste of it, though. Not through a haze of pool water, and not such a throat fucking, but a long, slow blowjob, followed by a proper—

Lisa smacked into the underwater tile wall. Distracted, she'd lost track of the size of it. The size of the pool. She hadn't been moving fast enough to hurt herself, but it was still painful and disorienting. With a gasp, she breached the surface and clung to the edge, panting.

"Bitch, what the *fuck*…"

Chastising herself didn't do much good, and she was more than a little rattled by how her voice sounded in the echoey pool room.

After collecting herself, Lisa tried returning to her swim, but it was gone. She was too tired, she couldn't find her form; there was no getting back into it now.

* * *

The return to the apartment felt significantly easier than the trip down had been. Even the glass elevator didn't bother Lisa nearly as much as it had before the dip in the pool.

When she arrived on the fifth floor, she found the door to her apartment open.

A woman was standing in her kitchen, unpacking a crate of groceries. Tall, muscled, cargo bepanted.

"I'll be done in a minute."

"Don't— uh, don't hurry on my account."

Lisa sat down at the kitchen counter, watching her work.

"You particular about where anythin' goes?"

Lisa shook her head. It wasn't until the woman turned to look at her she remembered that she couldn't hear that.

"No."

Not exactly the thing she wanted to be saying to this woman. What she wanted to say was 'Yes.' And 'Fuck me!' And 'Harder!'

She wondered briefly is she could get away with just asking for it. Tanya had been pretty clear, but also, maybe for someone new in town…

The sunlight was warming her body from outside, but Lisa already felt like she was about to burst from the heat inside of her.

"What a day to be driving around with a bunch of groceries, huh?"

"Eh, it ain't so bad

"Only had a coupl'a stops today, and this is the last'n."

Lisa looked down at the heavy key ring lying on the kitchen counter. To her relief it had a name tag on it. 'Mia Schroder'

Lisa didn't think she could have asked her name, she wasn't entirely clear on how the chokers worked, what was allowed and not…

Mia shut the fridge, and began putting away the dry goods.

"And then it's home to sleep?"

"Nah, I work days, so I'll probably do the gym or summat."

"Yeah, I get that.

"I just came back from a swim, it's nice to get moving."

"You work days too?"

"No, I'm just new in town, I haven't really adjusted to a night schedule yet, is all.

"Working days sounds rough, tho', both with the heat, and the loneliness.

"I've seen the town by day, it's a desolate place."

"I make do."

"So how do you meet girls?"

"Straight to the point, eh?"

"Oh, you just moved to San Nicolas for the sunshine and fresh air?"

Mia put away the last tin of maize, and shut the cupboard. She was a little louder with it than Lisa would have liked to have been. Maybe a little louder than she meant to. Then she brushed the empty carton of groceries off the counter, and stomped it flat with a single, decisive thrust of her leg.

She gave Lisa a dangerous look.

"Look at you, settlin' in and learnin' all about town so quickly."

"Yeah, Tanya gave me a nice tour."

Mia walked around the counter. She wasn't a lot taller than Lisa, but she certainly *felt* a lot taller.

"Tanya who?"

"Tanya, uh—

"Tanya with the Gaming Commission."

"Oh, *that* Tanya."

Mia filtered her fingers through Lisa's hair. It had dried quickly in the hot morning air.

"That makes sense, then."

Mia pulled Lisa to her feet by her hair. Pulling her face close, Lisa caught a whiff of her breath; warm and inviting, with the scent of fresh ground coffee dusted with cinnamon.

"Was she the one who advised you to antagonize tops to get laid?"

Lisa could suddenly feel how naked she was, but Mia's burrowing stare was too exhilarating for her to control herself.

"Oh, you're a top?

"You should have said!"

Chapter 5

Caught

For the logisticians of San Nicolas, the preferred style of trouser is a Scandinavian workwear brand called Six Plus, specifically their desert sand cargo pants. The pants are bought by the Logisticians Office in bulk, and come in all the requisite sizes and cuts. Most importantly, they have a dizzying array of pockets, slings, belts, straps, hoops and other places to store, stuff, and otherwise secrete whatever items a logistician might require.

Most actual logistical work only requires the key ring and a multitool, and while some choose to carry a screwdriver set as well, there are usually a lot of free pockets for whatever personal preference kit a particular logistician is carrying.

As one side of it snapped shut around her wrist, Lisa learned that Mia's daily carry included a pair of steel handcuffs.

"Let's find you somewhere comfortable, yeah?"

Letting go of her hair and securing the handcuffs behind her back, Mia marched Lisa into the bedroom. Pushing her into bed and leaving her face down, Mia started going through Lisa's closets.

"You like this shirt?"

Lisa tried to twist herself to see what shirt Mia was talking about. There weren't a lot of shirts it could be, anyway.

"Yeah, it—"

"That's too bad."

Lisa could hear the fabric ripping as Mia tore the shirt apart. What felt like a sleeve became a makeshift blindfold tied tightly around Lisa's head.

Mia tore off the other sleeve as well, leaving it right at the edge of Lisa's vision, where the blindfold wasn't quite adequate. After a rustle of

fabric from the laundry basket, Lisa could hear Mia take a deep breath.

"Yeah, that tracks."

She slipped a pair of fingers into Lisa's cunt, drawing a surprised yelp and quiet moan. She didn't linger, but withdrew quickly and made her way to the head of the bed.

"You're just this horny all the time, huh."

She stuck her wet fingers in Lisa's mouth, giving her a taste of herself.

As she pulled back, Lisa found it hard not to chase her fingers for another lick or kiss, but Mia's firm grasp about her jaw was immediately corrective.

"Say aah."

"Aah—"

Lisa caught a fleeting glimpse of the fabric as Mia stuck it in her mouth. It was a pair of panties that had been lying at the top of the laundry pile for a couple of days; she had been wearing them at her last trip to the casino, and the continual attention from the girlies while she was trying to work had left them soaked through.

Since then, the taste and smell had matured somewhat.

Mia tied the second sleeve of the destroyed shirt around Lisa's jaw, completing the gag, and with another rip turned more of the shirt into a second, better blindfold.

"Sorry for the gag, but we can't have you wakin' up the whole floor, yeah?"

That wouldn't have been a problem if Mia had closed the door, but Lisa wasn't quite able to get that point across.

The rough canvas of Mia's pants was rough on Lisa's skin as she straddled her. With a firm grip all the way, Mia let her out of the handcuffs and tied her arms up with the remains of the shirt, elbow to wrist.

"Comfy?"

Lisa wasn't quite sure how to respond. The taste of the panties was blooming in her mouth, fortified by the fresh taste of her cunt, and the weight of Mia's body was at once oppressive and comforting.

"Good."

Mia gave her a reässuring pat on the head. With her weight off of her, Lisa could breathe again.

With her strong hands, Mia reärranged Lisa, pushing her legs in under her torso. She had to be staining the duvet, right?

Mia was going through her closets and drawers. How long it took her was hard to say.

"Bitch, how do you not have any toys?"

Living in close quarters on a tour bus, Lisa had never had much use for them, nor really the privacy to. She hadn't had much use for them in any case; the rest of the tour crew were hardly jealous of their affections…

"Okay, I'll be right back.

"Twenty, thirty minutes, tops."

Before Lisa could even process what Mia was saying, she was gone, heavy footfalls carrying her out of the door.

An eternity passed in agonizing silence. Tied up and alone, the only change Lisa could feel was the sun slowly creeping up her body. Thinking about toys had brought to mind long, hot nights aboard the bus, with Elsa and Beate competing for her affection; thinking about the taste of her panties had brought to mind the stuffy air and the wandering hands at the casino.

She could feel how pathetically soaked her cunt was against the bed covers, now, the slowly pooling liquid heated by the glaring sun—

Suddenly the temperature fell, and listening carefully Lisa could hear the quiet, steady breathing of someone standing in the doorway.

"Havin' fun?"

If any of this had an effect on Mia, her voice didn't betray it.

It was all Lisa could do to squirm ineffectually.

"Good."

Mia sat down on the bed, behind Lisa. With her toes brushing up against Mia's thighs, Lisa could tell that her pants were gone. Was she naked?

"Now, I don't know your size, so I had to take a guess."

The butt plug was well lubed, and in spite of its size slipped easily into Lisa. She tried to squirm, she tried to moan, she tried to do anything, but the bindings were holding her tight.

"How's that?"

Lisa couldn't answer, and Mia didn't seem to expect her to.

If the other vibrator was lubed up, Lisa wouldn't have been able to tell. It was large, although not as large as Tanya, with a clitoral stimulator on it.

"Now comes the fun part.

"Ready?"

Lisa had been ready for an hour, but found it hard to express something so complicated. She wriggled her hips a little instead, hoping it'd get the message across.

"Oh, you're not?"

Mia leaned down over her, her breasts brushing against Lisa's back as she whispered in her ear. She was definitely naked.

"That's fine, I've got all day if you need some time."

Mia's weight lifted from the bed, and a cool shadow flitted over Lisa as she retreated to the front room.

Lisa could scream.

Through the door, she could hear the low thrum of a vibrator. Her time in sensory deprivation had honed Lisa's hearing to near-supernatural levels, and it was easy to hear what was going on. That bitch was sitting in the sofa, pleasuring herself.

A quiet moan confirmed her treasonous, perfidious crimes for all to see. Lisa tried willing the items inside her into action. Perhaps if she cleared her mind and concentrated she could engage the electronics…

No dice. It was Mia's fault, she was sure of it, sitting in the next room and making noises like that made it impossible to concentrate on the task.

After an hour — or perhaps five minutes — Mia shut off her vibrator and returned to the bedroom.

"Feelin' more up for it now?"

'Yes!' Lisa screamed at her with her whole body. Or at least, she tried to. All she could do, in the end, was impotent wiggling.

"Understandable, take your time."

This time, Mia didn't even leave the room. She took one of the pillows from next to Lisa's head, and sat down at the foot of the bed. In Lisa's mind, she looked so serene, the sunlight in her face and the vibrator buzzing away at her cunt. Mia rang like a bell, and her moans groped their way up Lisa's body, filling up her nose and mouth through the gag and turning to blood in her throat. Her body and mind had become a prison, and Mia a cruel jailer.

The entire bed shuddered when Mia came. She was so strong.

"All right, enough fuckin' around."

Mia crawled on top of her, grabbing her hair with a commanding hand. Pressing her mouth against Lisa's ear, she growled quietly.

"You had better be ready, 'cuz here it comes."

The promise enough was enough to make Lisa orgasm. She convulsed, straining against her bindings, her bucking pressing her body against Mia's firm tits.

Then the vibrators both started up.

The first burst of vibration had absolutely no subtlety to it. Both started together, at full power. Lisa felt as if she would burst, with only the weight of Mia's body against her keeping her from shattering.

After a short while, Mia adjusted the speed down from full blast to a much slower tempo, but Lisa's relief was only temporary. While the new setting wasn't as high-powered, it was intense in its own way.

Each of the vibrators inside of her had several motors, and the program they were running were using them to great effect. The impulses

moving along the length of the inserted toys gave the impression of thrusts, the two of them going tit for tat. Ass. Cunt. Ass. Cunt. Unrelenting thrusting, pushing into Lisa.

Worse, the thrusts only went in. Like tentacles burrowing deep inside her, the pulses dug deeper, and deeper, and deeper. And deeper.

Lisa had lost track of Mia, she couldn't say when. There was little she could focus on but the digging, burrowing machines inside of her.

Mia pressed a hard plastic rectangle to her cheek, the remote reminding Lisa who was in control. From the way her hand was positioned, she had to be sitting at the head of the bed, now, surely.

Trying not to lose herself completely, Lisa focused desperately on trying to keep track of Mia's body.

It was so hard.

She could feel the warmth of her by her face, now. She was so close. If only she could use her tongue, or her fingers, or *anything*.

Mia pressed her cunt to Lisa's face. Through the shirt-cum-blindfold, she could feel Mia's clit against the bridge of her nose; Mia had buried her hands in Lisa's hair again, and was thrusting her against her.

She was moaning again, but the quality was different.

The earlier moans felt like a joke, now, like a performance. Mia's voice had turned panting and ragged; she was no longer toying with Lisa, she was playing with her, she was enjoying herself.

The smell of her mingled with the taste of the gag. It was intoxicating.

Lisa gave up on restraint, gave up on thought, gave up on the world around her.

* * *

Even after Mia had removed all the restraints, it took Lisa quite a while to land. The vibrator in her cunt had been left in, set to a much less challenging pattern. As she lay resting against Mia's chest, her languid heartbeat matched the one the vibrator was putting out.

It took half an hour, at least, before Lisa was able to speak, and even then she didn't manage to say much.

"That was, uh— something…"

"It's very cute that you think we're done."

The thought of being tied back up sent an excited shudder of terror through Lisa's body. She couldn't possibly mean to… if that was so, why even…

Lisa's mind reeled.

"How'bout you be a good girl and give me a kiss?"

Was that it?

She gave Mia a light peck on the lips.

"Guess again."

Finally, Lisa caught on. Mia had been having fun, but she hadn't finished. A fair point.

"I was just getting started."

Pretending that it was what she meant all along, Lisa kissed her way down Mia's body. She tried lingering for a while at her tits, but with both hands grabbing her hair, Mia urged her on impatiently. There was one thing she wanted, and she wanted it dearly.

Finally, Lisa found her way to her cunt, and gave it a deep, slow kiss.

Pulling away as if she thought she was done, she found that Mia had anticipated the joke. Lisa was going to take this seriously, her tensed fingers seemed to say.

Diving in with wild abandon, Lisa did as she was bid.

Mia was dripping wet, there was no doubt that she had been enjoying herself; thinking about her strong, quiet presence Lisa could not help but be impressed by her restraint.

Now, that restraint was gone, discarded together with the scraps of shirt on the floor. Every touch and kiss made Mia's body sing with the release of tension, and it took only minutes for Lisa to bring her to orgasm.

When she was sure that Mia was done, Lisa kissed her way back up. This time there was no protest at lingering; Mia's arms clung only loosely to Lisa, embracing rather than guiding. Finally exhausted.

Lisa was exhausted, too, and soon fell asleep in Mia's arms.

* * *

When she woke up, the room was dark and quiet. She was alone, and the vibrator she had fell asleep with was no longer inside of her.

It took her a while to figure out the clock in the side table. It had troubled her since she arrived; she was glad of it not lighting up the room all the time, but it did make it hard to actually read when she wanted it. Finally, she got the time. 17:43. Perfect.

After a quick shower, she made her way out into the front room. The sun was just dipping behind the horizon, and sitting on the kitchen counter was a present from Mia.

She had left behind the vibrators, remotes and all, along with bottles of lube and toy cleaner, and a few other items as well. Attached to the little basket of goodies with a small business-card sized note, written in a flowing cursive hand.

fuck yourself

xoxo Mia

Chapter 6

Cover

Standing on the balcony, Lisa spent a quiet moment taking in the desert at twilight. She could already hear the growing hubbub of the awakening town, but she would not be going down there tonight. Looking down at the tour bus, she had something quite other in mind.

The bus was melting, and she would have to do something about it.

Still naked, she let the warm evening air caress her, and from somewhere nearby she caught the smell of cannabis drifting on the air. High quality stuff. She would have to look into that. Peeking over the edge of her balcony, she could see a wispy tendril emanating from a balcony a few floors below her, and she made a note of it.

The balconies themselves were interesting to Lisa; unlike a lot of apartment buildings she had seen and lived in, the balconies were all connected along each floor, the portions belonging to different units separated only by simple gates.

Most of the balcony segments on her floor were unused, with the furniture stacked in corners or outright missing. Between what she saw in the hallways and what she saw in the parking lot, the building had to be mostly empty, and the balconies certainly bore that impression out.

Lisa took a deep breath of the cooling desert air, catching just a hint of the smoke from below, mixed with a light fruity taste.

* * *

The state of affairs in Lisa's closet was dismal. The clothes she had been shopping for with Tanya had not arrived yet, and even accounting for what was in the hamper she did not have a lot of stuff left. She was never much one for clothes anyway, but something would have to be done if she didn't want to end up walking around naked.

Still, she managed to find what she was hoping for. A simple white

cotton leotard — clean, even — and her black coveralls. With her tools and work boots, she looked almost like a professional mechanic as she made her way out to the tour bus.

When she opened the front door, the air rolling out from inside the bus was overwhelming. The heat was one thing; even now, almost an hour after sunset, the bus was an oven. Another was the musk. When parking up, Lisa had given the bus a quick clean, getting rid of food and other perishables, sweeping out the vehicle, and generally tidying up.

Still, she had not been as thorough as she could have been.

For one, she had left the sheets on the beds, and after a week of baking in the sun, whatever sweat and other juices had been left behind was making themselves known.

The undercarriage utility compartment had fared a little better than the main body of the bus, and the roll of garbage sacks had not pyrolysed or melted since they arrived in San Nicolas. The bed sheets were not so lucky, and nearly came apart as Lisa worried them off of the mattresses.

Because of their propensity for spending their nights elsewhere, Elsa' and Beate's beds were the least grody, but even they benefited from having the covers thrown away. Lisa's own bed wasn't so bad either, but Maria's was a nightmare. The week of baking had really awakened the melange of lube stains, near-nightly threesomes and the cum left behind by the occasional outside guest. Even the mattress had to go.

Wrestling the bedding out of the bus was not light work. Even with the windows and doors open, the bus retained a lot of the heat from the day, and as she worked her way through the bus, the disposition of Lisa's coveralls had to change.

By the time she had torn the bedding out of the twins' room, it was off her shoulders and tied around her waist, and before she started pulling out Maria's bed, Lisa was down to her leotard and work boots.

Damn this heat!

* * *

After about an hour of work, Lisa found herself sitting in the parking lot on a throne of garbage bags filled with heat rotted textiles, looking up at her new apartment building. From down here it looked as empty as it felt from inside; a great grinning mouth filled with glinting white teeth, with only one gap. One of the apartments, on the third floor, had its interior painted black, glowing organic shapes glinting in the fading sunlight.

Estimating the location of her own apartment, Lisa guessed that this was where the smell of weed was coming from.

Lisa took a deep pull from her second bottle of water. As it cooled, the leotard was getting quite uncomfortable, and still in the habit of privacy, Lisa briefly ducked into the bus to change. The fabric of her coveralls was

a little rough on her naked skin, but she was done with her work, now, so it would have to be fine.

Just as Lisa emerged from the bus, a logistician in a golf cart pulled up. She was grinning as she parked, looking over the mountain of trash.

"Need any help smashing the bus?"

Lisa had learned to look for the key ring. Jada. Much the same vibe as Mia, but less annoyed to be there.

"Thanks, but I'm all done."

"You'll want to get a cover on that, if you're hanging around."

"I was thinking about that, actually.

"Is that something I can get in town?"

"That depends.

"There's a place in town that does graphic design for car covers, they should be able to do a bus cover.

"But that's for special orders, so it'd be a while, maybe a couple of weeks, until you had the cover on.

"Or you can drive out to Elko; there's a place there that does covers."

"For class A?"

"See, that I don't know.

"Probably?"

Jada stuck her head into the bus and looked around.

"Jesus fuck that's hot.

"Driving out to Elko is the thing to do, get something on this pronto."

"I can always do both, right?

"Get a temporary one, and also have one designed?"

Jada nodded.

"I'd have to call my boss, tho', hear if she's willing to spring for both."

"Maxxxine the Magnificent, right?"

"How'd you know?"

Jada pointed to massive photo on the side of the bus.

"So Jada, do you know where I can get rid of these trash bags?"

Lisa tried to keep the brutal embarrassment out of her voice.

* * *

On the phone, Maria sounded quite distracted. Lisa surmised she was partying with her assistants when she called, and the pair of them could be quite distracting indeed.

"Just— just do what you think—"

She wasn't even pretending not to have a face buried between her legs. Still, between yelps and squeals she did get some words out.

"— whatever you think is best — for the bus —"

"And you'll reïmburse me."

"Ah— of course —"

Lisa sighed.

“Fine, I’ll get on it ASAP.”

“Grea— uhn — great—”

“And I’ll need you for a promo shoot for the new cover.

“I’ll call you about the details when I have them.”

“Yeah— we’re, uh, rewo— oooh —”

“It’s fine, we’ll talk later.”

If Maria had anything more to add, she couldn’t get it out over whatever her assistants were doing to her. As Lisa hung up, Jada pulled up in a powder blue Daihatsu S510P kei truck and rolled down the window.

“What did your boss say?”

“Libidinal sex noises, mostly.

“Nice car.”

“Weird thing for her to say.”

Jada hopped out of the truck and she and Lisa began heaving the trash bags into the cargo bed.

“Saying nice car is all me, actually.”

“That makes more sense.”

“So where’s the dumping spot?”

“You’ll see when we get there.”

Jada gestured for Lisa to get in the car. After checking that the bus was closed up, she hopped in.

“Any chance you could drive me out to Elko — actually, the place is probably not open now, is it.”

“Nah, we have kind of an arrangement with some businesses in Elko, so they keep the lights on overnight.

“We shouldn’t have any problems.

“And I’d be happy to drive you.”

“Just like that?”

“Of course, although you might have to put some work in in Elko.”

“How do you mean?”

“Part of the arrangement is for, uh—”

Jada got distracted from the conversation by a somewhat tricky traffic situation, as a group of nuns crossed the road, blocking their progress.

“For sex work, basically.”

“Ah.

“And you don’t want to do it?”

“No, I’m fine doing it, but you gotta help get folx on the ladder, right?”

“I don’t really know if that’s for me…”

Pulling slowly up next to a series of dumpsters, Jada cut the engine.

“So what is your plan, then, in San Nicolas?

“You’re here for, what, *at least* a year?

"If the show goes well, maybe two, maybe three.

"Maybe five. Ten."

"How much time can you spend maintaining that bus?"

Lisa looked into Jada's jade green eyes.

"You wanna know why so many girlies have a side gig sucking dick?"

"Nothing else to do?"

"Bingo."

Jada squeezed Lisa's legs through her coveralls.

"Besides, it's fun."

* * *

It was a little past eleven by the time both covers — one for the bus, one for the trailer — were loaded into the bed of the truck. Lisa and Jada were sitting in the Elko Motors and Motor Accessories parking lot, debriefing.

Jada had talked the price of both covers down to a thorough blowie from Lisa, and with the taste of Jonah Johnson, night shift manager lingering in the back of the throat, Lisa wondered how the reïmbursment request for Maria would have to look.

Jada was regarding her through the rear view mirror.

"You did good in there."

"Thanks…"

"Jonah certainly thought so, I could tell.

"If I hadn't known it was your first time doing it…"

Lisa shook her head.

"I don't know about first time.

"I've sucked plenty of dick before."

"Sure, but not for work, right?"

"I mean…

"Not for *work* work, but giving a guy some attention as thanks for a favor or whatever, I've done *that*…"

Jada turned the truck over.

"Anything else you need while we're in town?"

"I could do with some clothes shopping."

"I know just the place."

* * *

Jada had bid Lisa leave the boots in the truck, and she wasn't wrong; walking through the grass along the path leading up to the small building on the outskirts of Beowawe was delightful.

Inside, the girl on the front desk sat thumbing through a magazine.

The place did not much resemble a clothes shop. Although there were illustrations of people in professional outfits plastered all over the walls, there were no racks or anything else. Instead, the place resembled nothing so much as the reception of a small business in a small business park.

The receptionist didn't look up from her magazine to greet them.

"Good evening, what can I do for ya?"

The magazine itself was interesting. It appeared to have been published at the Nicoline, carrying a monthly review of the goings-on at the casino, along with various diversions. With the Nicoline being what it was, even the mildest stuff in the magazine appeared somewhere between borderline and outright pornographic.

"My girl here needs some new clothes."

The receptionist briefly pulled her attention away from the magazine, looking Lisa over.

"Yeah she does.

"Have you had measurements taken here before?"

Lisa shook her head.

"Alright, come this way please."

Getting to her feet, the receptionist handed her magazine to Jada.

"You're fine to wait out here, right?"

Behind the counter, the receptionist guided Lisa into a short corridor, and into a small room. It was not entirely unlike a doctor's office, but without medical texts. The room still had anatomical illustrations, tho', although more focused on fashion than muscles and ligaments. There was even an examination bench of sort, complete with paper cover.

"Okay, Lisa, tell me, is your collar accurate?"

Lisa nodded.

"Choker, you mean?"

"I said what I said.

"My name is Millie, pleased to meet you."

"Hi Millie."

Millie fished a measuring tape out of a drawer.

"Let's get the measurements done, then we can go over the catalog."

Lisa nodded, and started unbuttoning her coveralls, before pausing.

"I, uh— I don't have any underwear on, I don't know…"

"That's fine, makes the measurements more accurate, I find."

Lisa resumed disrobing. As soon as she was able to shrug the coveralls off of her shoulders, they fell to the floor, and she was undressed. It was not long since she had been standing in much the same way in front of the San Nicolas tailor, but already she felt a lot less naked doing it.

Millie was a lot less thorough than the tailor had been, taking only measures that to Lisa's mind seemed apropos.

"While I have you here, how will you be paying today?"

Lisa bit her lip, before steeling her resolve.

"I understand there's something of an arrangement…"

Millie nodded slowly, looking Lisa up and down.

Spinning Lisa deftly around, she pushed her down against the bench. Behind her, Lisa could hear Millie's button fly being opened.

"Tell me, Lisa, how do you feel about girlcock?"

If Millie expected an answer, she didn't show it. Pushing her entire length into Lisa on the first thrust was distracting, and her tempo made it difficult for Lisa to say anything other than libidinal sex noises.

Lisa tried to come up with an answer anyway. Her body was off on its own project; her fingers digging into the bench top, her throat pushing out guttural sounds, her hips thrusting back against Millie, but her mind was still mostly her own.

Of the varieties of cock Lisa had experience with, girlcock was certainly up there. Right now girlcock was without a doubt up in there, anyway. It was a hard thing to rank, especially while a very comfortably sized one was making a case for itself, but Lisa tried anyway.

Attempting to capture the feel of a progression of cocks inside her did not do a lot for Lisa's attempts to concentrate on the question she had been asked. Clinging to consciousness, just about the best she could manage was deciding that for the moment, one particular girlcock was her favorite cock.

Then, she gave into pleasure.

Whether it was her body convulsing that did it, or if it was mere coïncidence, she could feel Millie coming, emptying herself inside of her. Their mixed juices ran down her legs, freeing themselves near the knee to fall to the floor.

Millie was still panting, still thrusting, well past the point where most cocks would have given up she endured, but eventually even she had to give up.

* * *

Going over the catalog, Lisa was delighted to find that the textile supply had her preferred style of underwear, the simple cotton leotard, although she got a few other kinds as well, for variety. Aside from a bale of underwear, Lisa got several coveralls, and at Millie's urging, she got several sets of charcoal gray scrubs for pajamas and just wearing around the house, as well as several pairs of slip-on shoes.

Jada cheerfully loaded it all into her truck, and Lisa reflected that she'd seen bigger trucks struggle with less.

The drive back to San Nicolas was quiet, with Jada focusing on the road, and Lisa exhausted. Sliding up the road towards town, the radio was on, low volume, tuned to an AM station — at 1616 kHz the station was not one Lisa was familiar with, and if there was a station ID at any point, she couldn't pick it out. All she managed to catch was a woman speaking slowly in… Spanish? Maybe Latin?

Soporific though the voice was, she somehow managed to stay awake until Jada pulled up to the age checkpoint on the road into town. The check was quick enough, and before long they were rolling slowly through the Back of the House.

Pulling straight into the parking lot would have been easier, but Jada wanted to point out the shop making custom car covers on the way back.

Soon enough, they pulled into the parking lot.

With some help from Jada, Lisa managed to get both of the vehicles under cover, and a brief elevator ride later, the two of them managed to get the clothes up to Lisa's apartment, just before three.

"Thank you so much for your help today, hope I didn't take you away from anything important."

"Hey, logistics is what logisticians are for.

"And to be clear, no, you didn't."

"That's good.

"I'm going to try and unpack as much as I can before I fall asleep.

"Hope to see you around town, tho'."

"I'm sure you will."

Jada gave Lisa a quick peck on the cheek, and she was gone.

* * *

Lisa used what little remained of the night to put away her new clothes, and by the time she was done with an early morning swim, the sun was barely peeking above the horizon. Thankfully, the bedroom door was built specifically to keep the ardent light and searing heat out.

Sitting in bed, she fiddled with the radio for a while, finally finding her way back to the channel she had been listening to in the car. Hearing it in the cool dark of the bedroom was no less strange and soporific than hearing it in the warm cab of a truck with highway lights passing by.

Listening, Lisa tried to make sense of the broadcast. It sounded… liturgical. Ecclesiastical. A quiet voice rhythmically talking around repeating phrases. Lisa was sure she heard some old stalwarts. Deus, perhaps? Diablo? Growing up in Boston, Lisa was familiar enough with imitations of mass, but not really the contents.

Could the station be broadcasting from Rome? An AM station broadcasting across the Atlantic would certainly be reasonable enough, but during the day? Before Lisa could give the matter of signals bouncing off of the ionosphere much thought, she drifted off into odd dreams.

Chapter 7

The Dream

Lisa stood on the edge of a cliff, in a desert much like and much unlike Nevada. Above her, a great river was painted in the sky with bright stars, nature revealing herself in all her glory.

Below her, an ancient city, lit by candles and oil lamps. Even from here, several kilometers away, she could hear the revelry and carousing. The people drinking and fucking in the street, celebrating their humanity.

Without thought, Lisa knew the name of the city.

Sodom.

Looking upon herself as if from without, Lisa's body was strange to her, now. She had the shape of a man, but her skin was white — not pale, but white as marble — and her hair was black — not darkest of dark brown, but black as jet, and she wore but a golden wreath of laurels.

On her back, she bore a great pair of wings, like those of an eagle, but made of shining, translucent gold. They were spread, revealing her wingspan of three, maybe four meters from tip to tip.

In her right hand, she was bearing a spear half again her considerable height, made of ebony and tipped with a golden spearhead. In her left hand, she was bearing a golden shield, adorned with an unblinking eye.

Looking again through her own eyes, she could feel the body, now. The slow steady breath tempered by anticipation. The fingers curled around the spear. The weight of the weapons in her hands, and the weight of the weapon hanging between her legs.

Within her mind, a voice spoke to her.

"Show them the weight of their sin.

"Destroy them, and destroy their foul city."

It was not an order. Angels do not receive orders from God. It was a Thought. The angel was not to obey. Angels do not obey God. The angel

was to Act. But Lisa was not the angel, she was within the angel. She stayed her hand. His hand.

Looking at the city again, she could see a woman standing in the square at its heart. She was looking up at the angel, making eye contact over the great distance. A sigil was carved into her forehead.

Another voice spoke to Lisa. To the angel.

"There is no sin here.

"These are not your people, they are their own people."

God spoke again, and through the angel the demon could hear.

"They are your people, then.

"You will die with them."

In the blink of an eye, the demon crossed the distance between them, and was standing before the angel. Her form was honest, now, no longer human; dressed in red skin and pointed horns she stood before the angel, her leathern wings as wide as his.

"Stay your hand, angel."

She knelt, and took custody of the angel.

"Learn the truth of what your master is keeping from you."

Her lips were hot as fire as they wrapped around the cock. She was eager, ardent, skilled.

Anchoring the spear in the sand, the angel placed the shaft against the back of her neck, and levering the spear pushed her against his body. His cock slid down her throat, her faced pressed to his stomach.

At first she thought it enthusiasm, but soon she understood his intent. Grasping against his buttocks, she was struggling for air. As her desperation grew, as did her nails, but the sharp claws were useless against the stone skin of the angel. Lisa could feel her impotently try to bite, but her teeth were no more useful than her nails.

Eventually, she stopped struggling, and the angel released her, letting her still body fall to the sand. Over her broken form, God filled the angel with pleasure, and where his cum fell on her skin it burnt into it like acid.

Lisa could do nothing as the angel threw aside his shield and stabbed the demon with his spear, putting his entire weight behind the thrust.

With the demon dead, the angel raised his spear to the heavens.

Above the city, a thick carpet of clouds formed from thin air, spreading out from horizon to horizon. Immediately, the skies opened, and rain began to pound the desert, flashes of lightning cutting through the night.

Finally, meteors rained down on the city, punching through the clouds; small ones at first. Then, a great comet.

Remaining was nothing but a great crater and three figures fleeing towards the mountains, leaving behind a pillar of salt.

Chapter 8

The Nicoline

Lisa awoke to find the demon from her dream standing at the foot of the bed, looking down at her hungrily. The radio was still on, and the droning voice was still speaking. Lisa reached over to turn it off, and when she looked back to the woman at the foot of the bed, she was gone.

After a shower, Lisa felt less like her brain was melting inside her skull.

With how soft the fabric of her new scrubs was, Lisa didn't particularly feel the need to bother with underwear, and the same with the shoes.

By the time she was walking out of the apartment building, the sun had already set, but the nightlife had not quite awakened yet. A few people were getting ready for the evening, opening their little stalls and stores, but the streets were still quiet.

Heading towards the enormous building that defined the west edge of town, Lisa fell in with a small group of girlies in croupier uniforms. Their black vests would have fit right in at any Vegas casino, but would ordinarily be paired with shirts rather than bare skin. Most places would probably also pair them with slacks rather than nanoskirts, and while they might not explicitly require underwear, it would be assumed.

The conversation between the girlies was mildly technical, relating mostly to the shift of the upcoming week. Lisa was happy to simply bob along in their presence, letting their chatter wash over her. When the closest one of them turned to her, it took her a moment to realize she was being addressed.

"Lisa?

"Are you even listening?"

All three of the girlies were wearing chokers, most of them decorated with bits of flair, but nothing so useful as a name tag.

"Sorry, this damn heat is getting to me.

"What were you saying?"

The girlie on the other side of the pack chimed in.

"Don't worry about it."

With a quick weave, they repositioned themselves to the other side of Lisa, pushing her into the middle of the group.

"Penny just likes razzing newbies, don't mind her."

Penny grinned.

"Caught."

Lisa managed a glimpse of the name tag of the girl on her left; Quinn.

"Although I would also like to know where you're headed."

Quinn entangled their fingers with Lisa as they asked.

"I work with Maxxxine the Magnificent."

"Ooh…"

Quinn was not as impressed as Penny.

At some point, the third girlie had broken away from the pack, and Lisa saw a glimpse of her heading down a cross street. Penny must have noticed her looking, and explained.

"Tammy works all the way over in North Hall, and going by the back streets is a lot quicker than crossing the casino floor.

"Speaking of, Maxxxine's stage is over in North Hall, isn't it?"

Lisa nodded.

"I don't mind crossing the floor, tho'.

"I'm in no hurry."

Penny smiled wanly. The pendant on her choker swayed slightly with her hippy walk — a simple cross made of black gems, hung upside down. On her night walk with Tanya she had seen a few others wearing crosses like those, but she couldn't recall offhand if they were also inverted. Then again, she hadn't spent all night dreaming about angels and demons.

Quinn squeezed Lisa's hand gently.

"I've been meaning to try and catch a Maxxxine show.

"Is it good?"

"I like it, but then again, I *am* somewhat biased."

"What's your job, anyway?

"Like, specifically?"

"I'm the mechanic, I maintain the tricks and such."

"Oh, that's really cool.

"I actually want to try and get into a magic show, maybe an assistant?"

"Maxxxine already has two assistants, but I could pitch you as a shill."

"A shill?"

"Yeah, like… an audience plant, someone who can be 'randomly' selected from the audience, but who knows what to do."

"It's not as glamorous as an assistant, is it?"

Penny snorted derisively.

"And dishonest.

"To think a magician would do something so underhanded."

Quinn laughed.

"They'll have pro wrestlers taking dives next."

The night air outside in the streets was fairly cool, but the feel of the air conditioning hitting Lisa as she stepped into the staff area was divine.

Just inside, Penny broke away with a pair of quick kisses, posing on the escalator to fully and intentionally flash Quinn and Lisa her cunt.

"Can I drop by your apartment later, talk about this 'shill' business?"

Lisa nodded, still staring up at Penny.

"Hey, perv."

Lisa snapped around to stare at Quinn.

"Heh, made you look."

Quinn grabbed Lisa's face and turned her back towards Penny.

"Building six, right?"

Lisa nodded again.

"Yeah, apartment, uh… sixty-five eighteen."

Upstairs, Penny rounded a corner, and Lisa turned back to Quinn.

"Cool, I'll drop by after work, okay?

"My shift is like seven hours."

"Yeah, should be fine."

Lisa regarded the flair on Quinn's choker carefully, as if staring hard enough would let her divine their meaning.

Quinn put a finger under her chin and pulled her eye line up.

"And I'll tell you all about the choker."

Before leaving, Quinn planted a wet kiss on Lisa.

"Among other things."

* * *

The last time Lisa crossed the casino floor, she had not yet been introduced around town. While the staff was no less friendly or welcoming now, the *way* they were friendly and welcoming was markedly different.

When being read as a customer, Lisa had been all but drowning in an intense flirty energy, girls pawing at her and trying to entice her. Now, the girlies were less flirty, but somehow more intimate; they were still anticipating her movements, but to let her pass rather than to ensnare her; they were still showering her in light touches, but to direct her attention rather than to seduce her; they were still proffering their bodies, but because they were horny rather than…

Well, that seemed unchanged.

Finally, Lisa managed to slip into the back of North Hall, where Maxxxine's show was in full swing. Quietly, she found a seat in the second to last row, right by a pair of young women watching the show with rapt attention.

Maxxxine the Magnificent's show had been, even in Vegas and Reno, *quite* sexual. Still, the strictures of the stages had meant that they could not go as far as they would otherwise have wanted. With the Nicoline residency, the show had been revamped to be what it should.

It was rare for Lisa to be able to lean back and just watch the show, thinking about how the props and tricks actually played for the crowd. The effect was mostly what it was supposed to; what really struck Lisa was how impressive it was for Maria to survive nearly two hours of edging, twice per night, five days per week.

Behind her, she could hear the rustle of clothes and soft panting.

For a moment, Lisa struggled with her desire to mess with them, but the battle was lost almost immediately. Turning over her shoulder to get a good look, the scene before her was much as she expected.

The blonde girl was the one with her dick out, and the dark haired girl the one gently stroking it. The blonde girl's gray eyes glittered under the reflected stage lights. With a smile, the dark haired girl explained.

"She's a huge fan."

"I can tell."

"Personally I'm not so into magic, but if Yara wants a show for her birthday, Yara gets a show for her birthday."

Lisa nodded.

"I'm Jenn, by the way, her wife."

"And you don't mind your wife openly lusting after another woman?"

"Eh, I'm used to it.

"We're both professionals, so jealousy doesn't really work for us.

"Usually I prefer it when she's lusting over someone who could join us for a threesome, but she can have her fun.

"It's me she's sleeping next to at night, and that's what matters."

"And a threesome with Maxxxine the Magnificent is out of reach?"

"Have you seen her?

"She's got to be drowning in groupies, and she's not going to pick some dumb whore and her whore tranny wife.

"Hell, is she even gay?"

Lisa looked back to the stage, taking in the scene. Both assistants were on stage now, nibbling on an ear each, their hands exploring Maria's body.

"I think she's probably gay, or *extremely* dedicated to the show."

"Fair, but even so."

The movement of Jenn's hand had stopped. If Yara had noticed, she wasn't saying. Jenn's eyes were glittering as well, now.

"I just wish more people loved Yara like I do, you know?"

Jenn looked away sharply, hiding her face.

"I'm… I'm sorry. I just…

"I gotta focus on my wife."

Unceremoniously, Jenn dropped out of the conversation and started enthusiastically fellating Yara instead.

"Your wife's great, Yara."

It took her a great deal of effort to pull her attention away from the stage even for a moment, but Yara gave Lisa a little nod and a smile.

"Happy birthday, Yara.

"I think I might have a gift for you."

* * *

As the show drew to a close, Lisa made her way backstage. She had asked the lovebirds to wait for her in the foyer after the show, but didn't feel confident telling them why. Even if she couldn't get a hookup, she could hopefully get some merch signed for them, but the prize she was after was something more intimate.

"Hey boss, do you have another show after?"

"Not for a few hours, why?"

"How are you for groupies today?"

"I don't know that I *ever* have 'groupies'."

"Not even here?"

Maria shrugged.

"Okay, how do would you feel about fucking a fan?"

Maria gave her a quizzical look.

"Well, a pair of fans.

"A lesbian couple, one of them trans.

"It's her birthday."

Maria didn't think about it for too long.

"Sure, why not."

"Oh, and one more thing, uh…

"Can you stay in your stage persona for it?

"This girl wants Maxxxine the Magnificent, not Maria O'Hara."

"Obviously."

Lisa leaned in and gave Maria a kiss.

"You're amazing."

As she pulled away, Maria regarded her blankly.

"What's that about?"

Lisa blushed. She and Maria fucked often enough, but this was a kind of familiarity that wasn't really something they shared. San Nicolas was changing her, and she had not been here long at all.

"Sorry, I just…"

Lisa looked to the floor, trying to think of something to say.

"Actually, I'm *not* sorry.

"I think it fucking sucks that you treat me like a fuck toy, and if you want to keep using me like one, you'll have to learn to deal with me kissing you every now and then.

"I don't have to be your girlfriend or whatever, but I can't just be your employee, a hole, and nothing else."

Lisa's heart was pounding in her throat. She could hear the blood thundering in her ears. Maria was just standing there, looking at her.

"Okay nerd, kiss me all you want.

"And to be clear, I didn't say I *minded*, it's just not like you."

It was all Lisa could do to mumble out her plans.

"Okay, well…

"You go redo your makeup, and I'll bring them up…"

As she made to leave, Maria grabbed her wrist.

"Hey, are you okay?"

Lisa nodded.

"Have you been—

"You know what, we'll talk about it later.

"I'll be waiting up in the suite, okay?"

* * *

Lisa quickly found Jenn and Yara in the foyer, where they were crowding around the merch booth, flirting with Maxxxine's assistants. The crowd was otherwise sparse; most of the show goers had left for other pleasures across the Nicoline, and the show was poorly attended to begin with.

When Yara was told Lisa had arranged a private meet-and-greet with Maxxxine the Magnificent, she lit up like the sun. Since there would be some time before Maxxxine was ready to receive them, the three of them swung by the wives' room for some preparations.

The two of them had one of the cheaper rooms. A small one on the fourth, it turned out on the Back of the House, rather than the lights of Lander Road. The decor was ordinary corporate hotel room chic, with a couple of mildly titillating prints on the wall. Grayscale photos of attractive women posing nude on a stone beach. Very straight. Very subdued.

Motel art erotica.

The shower was still going when Jenn arrived from the bathroom, and she sat naked on the bed, air drying and carefully regarding Lisa.

"Yara is very excited to meet Maxxxine."

"You're not?"

Jenn shrugged.

"Like I said, magic isn't really my thing."

Lisa regarded Jenn in turn. She was pretty plain-looking — pretty, but plain-looking — and had a few tattoos. Down her left arm was a sparse sleeve of polyhedral dice, and on her right hip she had a small red heart.

"You're more into TTRPGs?"

Jenn gave Lisa a confused look, before looking down at her tattooed arm and laughing.

"These aren't dice, they're crystals.

"This is beryl, quartz, halite…"

Lisa looked at them more carefully. They were indeed natural crystals.

"They look nice."

"Thank you."

Finally, Yara emerged from the bathroom, dressed in a silk romper with a light robe draped over it.

"Does this work?"

She twirled around for Lisa and Jenn, and Jenn gave her a quick nod and a light kiss as she got up. For her part, Jenn found herself a cotton tank top and a plaid microskirt.

"I don't need underwear, right?"

"You do not, no."

* * *

The door to the penthouse swung open almost as soon as Lisa knocked. Waiting for them inside was Maxxxine, in fresh stage makeup and an electric blue minidress.

"Welcome!

"I understand it's someone's birthday?"

Yara was already besides herself with excitement, and Maxxxine swept her into the front room with a flourish, leaving Lisa to lead Jenn in.

The penthouse was a lot more interesting in its decor. With careful examination the corporate chic bones of the room were visible, but Maxxxine the Magnificent's stage extension filling the room almost hid it. The length of the residency meant a lot of latitude in dressing the room, and Maxxxine was taking full advantage.

Instead of leading her into the main room, Lisa pulled Jenn aside.

"How about we let the magic fan get to know the magician in private?"

Jenn nodded, and Lisa guided her into Maxxxine's bedroom. *One* of Maxxxine's bedrooms — the suite had multiple — the one overlooking Lander Road; the one filled with toys. As Lisa sat down on the bed, Jenn wandered around the room, looking at the toys on display.

"Fun place."

"Yeah, Mar— Maxxxine is…"

"A horny bitch?"

"Sure, that's one way of putting it."

"So you're thinking we get it on while your boss is getting busy?"

"That wasn't really my plan, or anything.

"Yara's just so much more excited about the meet-and-greet, so I figured we'd get out of their hair."

"Uh-huh."

Jenn picked up a strap-on harness, carefully examining the dildo.

"Your boss has good taste.

"These things are nice."

"High praise from a professional!"

Jenn tossed the strap into Lisa's lap.

"Put it on then, if you wanna go."

"We don't *have*—"

"Put. It. On.

"And lose the scrubs."

Lisa did as she was told, and let Jenn guide her into a comfortable position on the edge of the bed.

Instead of climbing into Lisa's lap, Jenn knelt on the floor before her.

"You should understand that I *am* very grateful that you have made this an utterly unforgettable trip for my wife.

"That said, I cannot let your presumptuous meddling go unpunished.

"I hope you understand."

Lisa nodded meekly, and Jenn began stroking the strap.

"Now, I'm guessing you have sucked more than your fair share of dick.

"Ideally enough, at least, to realize how absolutely amazing I'm at it.

"And you will not be feeling

"a damn

"thing."

Jenn stuck out her tongue, drawing it along the underside of the dildo, from ring to tip. After a couple of licks, she finally wrapped her lips around the tip. Lisa watched her intently, in part looking for tips, in part trying to will the silicone rubber to become part of her body. Jenn was clearly very good, and Lisa found herself wanting to feel the warmth of her mouth wrapped around her actual self.

By the time her warm spit made its slow way down the shaft to hit her skin, it had cooled, and the dripping onto her thighs Lisa wanted nothing more than to taste it. Closing her eyes, she thought back to last night's dream. She imagined herself on the edge of the cliff, the demon swallowing her up. Feeling the cool air on the angel's stone skin, letting the spear fall to the sand in defiance of God.

But it was no use. No amount of focus would let the eager slurping feel as if it touched her skin. Whatever she had experienced in her dream was not available to her now. Her fingers filtered through Jenn's hair, but

her confident movement brooked no guidance. She knew what she was doing, and her neck was stronger than Lisa's arms; now, at least.

After a moment or a lifetime, Jenn stopped. Lisa opened her eyes, and watched her pull back, leaving behind a wet and shiny false cock. It *was* a false cock, Lisa reminded herself. Told herself.

Turning around, Jenn sat down in Lisa's lap.

"Hands on my hips, and don't you dare go exploring."

Again, Lisa did as she was told.

The urge to disobey was overwhelming; to get a handful of her breasts, maybe slipping two fingers between her legs, maybe, maybe… anything.

Jenn was quiet as anyone Lisa had ever had, but even with her grasp on her hips Lisa could feel her body tensing as she slid down onto the strap. As Jenn began riding her, Lisa once again closed her eyes, trying to *feel* the tight ass.

Again it was no use. All Lisa could feel was the rhythmic movement of her body, Jenn's thighs on her own, the panting and the quiet, quiet moaning. Jenn was getting into it, by degrees.

Lisa experimentally let her hands drift a little. Slowly slipping forwards, letting them rest on Jenn's thighs didn't seem to get a reaction. Carefully, Lisa moved her right hand to Jenn's stomach, slipping in under her tank top. Still no reaction.

Her left hand found its way up the thigh, to the hem of the skirt. Along the hem of the skirt. Under the hem of the skirt. Jenn's rhythm changed a little, but was it in reaction to anything Lisa was doing?

Lisa was so close, now, she could feel the heat under Jenn's skirt illuminating her hand.

Suddenly, Jenn stopped moving.

"What did I say about exploring?

"Because I'm pretty sure I forbade it."

Lisa withdrew her hands sheepishly, but it was too late. Jenn was already on her feet, and with a quick movement she snatched a pair of cuffs from their spot on the wall.

"Do you know what happens to girls who can't obey?"

Lisa had a suspicion.

Jenn was surprisingly strong, and with a single push she thrust Lisa deep into the bed. Climbing onto her chest, she secured Lisa's hands, connecting her wrists by the cuffs, the chain looping around part of the headboard.

Jenn climbed further up on bed, hovering her cunt over Lisa's face.

"Can you smell that?

"Feel it?"

Lisa could.

"Imagine getting to actually fuck that."

Lisa couldn't. She tried so hard, but she couldn't. Closing her eyes, willing herself back into her dream, nothing worked.

With a moan, Jenn sank down onto her strap, riding her slowly.

She was so into it.

Maybe. This was her job, after all. Then again, Lisa had been with a sex worker or ten, both professionally and otherwise, and it really did feel as if Jenn was into it, at least a little. Lisa's sensations were limited by the compromised position, but the way Jenn was shuddering seemed a lot like an orgasm, and her movement stopped.

Panting, Jenn leaned forward. Her tongue was hanging out, now, she was drooling with enjoyment and exertion, and she lifted herself off the strap she dropped a massive glob of spit in her face, obscuring her vision.

Standing up, she undid Lisa's strap-on and turned her over. The tangling handcuff chain was a little painful, but it was nothing next to the tension threatening to tear Lisa's body apart.

"Here's what I'm going to do.

"I'm going to take this thing, and I'm going to go fuck your boss.

"Meanwhile, my wife will come thank you for the birthday gift.

"How does that sound to you?"

It sounded great, but face down in a pillow, Lisa found it hard to reply.

"Mmphh…"

"Good."

As the door opened, Lisa could hear quiet moaning and slurping. It took a while before it opened again, and when it did, the sounds coming from Maxxxine were markedly louder. The door shut them out as it swung shut again, and Lisa could hear light footsteps crossing the floor.

Yara was tall and lightly muscled, but as she climbed into bed, she felt light and gentle. Her skin brushed against Lisa as she crawled over her.

Yara's gock, slick with juices, nestled between Lisa's buttocks as she leaned down to whisper.

"Jenn told me to come thank you."

Lisa nodded into the pillow, shivering with anticipation.

Slipping a pair of fingers into her cunt, Yara kissed Lisa's neck.

"Wow, she's been mean to you, huh."

Lisa's entire body tensed as Yara slowly plunged into her cunt with her entire gock. The handcuffs creaked as the chain twisted, and the cuffs dug into her wrists. Her legs trembled, and she couldn't help but moan into the pillow.

The next stroke was a little deeper, and a little faster. Not as intense as the first stroke, or it wouldn't have been, ordinarily, but Yara's nails digging into her flanks helped it along. The third stroke was deeper still.

Yara was pounding her, now, slowly but forcefully. Her nails were digging into Lisa's skin, her voice was tremulous and panting. After a while, her tempo slowed, then stopped. Leaning forwards, she whispered to Lisa again, her cock still deep inside her.

"Can you feel her inside you?

"Your boss, I mean, her juices on my cock, filling you up?"

Lisa could, now.

"Are you as good a slut for her?

"Is that what these toys are about?"

Lisa wriggled in her restraints. She didn't know how else to answer.

Yara pulled out, and turned Lisa over again, twisting her handcuffs further. Yara's gray eyes dug hungrily into her. Dragging a thumb over Lisa's cheek, she picked up a tear.

"Aww, do the cuffs hurt?"

Lisa nodded meekly.

"I guess you should have thought about that before you started groping my wife, huh?"

Lisa nodded meekly, again.

Yara pressed down on the twisted chains, making the cuffs bite into Lisa's flesh. The angle left her tits resting against Lisa's face.

Unthinkingly, instinctively, Lisa gave a nipple a light nibble. Yara's response was swift and decisive, what felt like her entire weight coming down on the restraints.

"I hope that was worth it."

Lisa nodded defiantly, tears welling up in her eyes.

With a grin, Yara leaned down and gave her a deep kiss, before retreating down the bed. With a firm grip on Lisa's legs, she pushed her cock back into her. This time there was none of the buildup or subtlety.

When Lisa was lying on her belly, Yara hadn't been able to give her the full play of her cock, clearly. Now, with full access, she used her body to the fullest, splitting Lisa open. Struggling against her restraints, every attempt to receive her was frustrated by the steel digging into her, the pain and overwhelming pleasure mingling to trap Lisa in a cage of mind. Pressing her eyes shut, she tried to focus, tried to… tried to anything.

Yara was moaning quietly, her breathing grower quicker.

Suddenly she stopped. Hunched over, breathing heavily, she slowly pulled out of Lisa. With Yara's gock resting against her clit, Lisa could feel her twitching. With a final keening moan, Yara came at last, sending a jet of cum across Lisa's torso. The second jet wasn't as voluminous, but flew even further, taking Lisa in the face. The taste of cum mixed with a subtle fringe of grool as it dripped into her mouth kicked Lisa even further into frustration.

The third and final jet just landed limply on Lisa's tummy, joining the rapidly cooling cum that was already pooling there.

"Sorry for the mess.

"If it's any consolation, I'll be leaving you tied up.

"So it's not going to be your problem, but Maxxxine's."

Yara grinned down at Lisa, and Lisa looked up at her. Her vision was blurring, and she was nearly seeing double. Closing her eyes, she could hear the door open, and a quiet exchange of pleasantries between Maxxxine, Jenn and Yara. When the door swung shut again, it was Maria crossing the floor. Through half closed eyes, Lisa could see her naked, tired, and smiling.

Clambering into bed, Maria's tongue was the first thing to touch Lisa, flat and broad, picking up the cum on her belly, working slowly up her body. Every move was deliberate — quick, even — no lingering or dallying. Finally Maria was face to face with her, and with a sloppy kiss forced Yara's parting gift on Lisa.

"Are you up for a chat about the future of the show?"

Lisa tried focusing on Maria's wry smile. She was still panting heavily, and she was struggling to swallow away the snowball Maria had given her. As Maria released the handcuffs, the relief was enormous, but her entire body was still trembling.

"Would you like me to fuck you first?"

Lisa nodded meekly. The Jenn and Yara double team had defeated her, put her so far on the edge that she could feel herself being cut in two. Maria, to her credit, seemed to sense it, and her lips quickly found their way to Lisa's cunt.

A single slow, hungry kiss was all it took to complete Lisa. The relief was tremendous as orgasm washed over her, in wave, after wave, after crashing wave. Her writhing didn't stop Maria, her howling in pleasure didn't stop Maria, her fingers digging into her scalp didn't stop Maria. At once unrelenting and generous, painful and pleasurable, her body arced against itself, crashing and shattering itself on the shores of her mind.

When Lisa came to, Maria was snuggled up besides her, an arm draped over her chest and her face buried against the side of her neck.

The room was still spinning.

Chapter 9

The Talk

After a cool shower, Lisa sat with Maria for a while. They had decanted to the other bedroom, and Lisa sat on the bed watching Maria reäpply her stage makeup. She had to become Maxxxine once more, for the second show of the night. Third, including the meet-and-meat.

"Feeling better?"

Lisa nodded.

"There are a couple of things we need to talk about.

"First, about your little outburst earlier…"

"Yeah, I'm sorry, the heat is really—"

Maxxxine fixed her with a silencing stare through her makeup mirror.

"What I wanted to say is that you're absolutely right.

"I've not been treating you right, at all."

"I could have been better about telling—"

"And I could have been better about trying to understand.

"And I will be, if you'll let me."

Lisa locked eyes with Maxxxine in the mirror, and nodded.

"Part of that is that I don't want to have you as an employee anymore.

"Like you said, it's not a healthy relationship."

"Did I say — wait, you're *firing* me!?"

"No, I'm restructuring the company."

"Oh, you're firing me with corporate talk, that's alright then—"

Maxxxine swiveled her chair around.

"I'm not. Firing. You.

"I'm making you part owner of the tour company."

"Oh…"

"My show doesn't work without the tricks, the tour doesn't work without the bus, and not recognizing your contribution just because you're not on stage is unfair of me."

"So, what, quarter owner?"

"Half.

"That's the other thing I need to talk to you about.

"I — we — will be parting ways with Elsa and Beate.

"They don't really fit too well into the new structure of the show, and they've been working as assistants for long enough.

"They'll be taking the bus and a number of the tricks, and setting off on their own, and *bon chance* to them, *non?*

"And I would of course very much like for you to stay with me, but if you want to get back on the road I'd understand.

"But I think San Nicolas agrees with you.

"You look good."

Lisa looked at herself in the mirror. She had to agree with Maxxxine, she did look good. She had gotten a lot more sleep lately, but—

"I know the bus is in a state right now, but the girls know too.

"So long as it runs, they can refit it on their own time."

"So, partners, then."

"Partners."

"You still need an assistant, right?

"It's just that the girls are a poor fit?"

"Yeah, why?"

Maxxxine turned back to the mirror to finish up her makeup.

"I may know someone.

"Would the assistant become a partner as well?"

"Not right away, but eventually, yeah."

"I'll set up an audition then, after interviewing her?"

"I would appreciate that very much."

Maxxxine smiled to Lisa through the mirror.

"Thank you for taking care of this while I'm busy on stage."

She stood up and twirled around for Lisa, in the electric blue minidress. It was a new piece, and fit her well.

"What do you think?"

"You look great."

"Knock'em dead."

Maxxxine leaned down and gave Lisa a kiss, leaving some of her lipstick behind.

"Always do.

Chapter 10

After Dark

A blast of hot night air struck Lisa as she stepped out of the North Hall staff entrance. The climate control system in the Nicoline was tremendous, and its sudden absence was a shock to the system.

The back half of the matinée and Yara's birthday party had taken a couple of hours, and by now the streets of San Nicolas had woken up. The girlies were out in force, and Lisa took her time making her way back to her building, taking in the sights, sounds and smells of the evening.

One smell in particular drew her in; a small food stand serving large bowls of fried rice, topped with a dizzying array of sauces. Sitting down, Lisa didn't even have a chance to order. Instead, the tall woman in chef's whites running the show insisted on picking on her behalf.

It was a good thing, too; the mango chutney and sriracha sauces were not something Lisa would have picked for herself — either in combination or separately — but the mix worked deliciously.

With dinner squared away, Lisa took some time to amble aimlessly through the streets. She hadn't had a chance to explore the town; Tanya had taken her on a little trip, but that had been more focused.

Eventually, Lisa found her way onto a roadside bench. Across the road was one of the tiny shops that lined the streets, and inside two girlies in little black dresses taking turns playing an utterly inscrutable rhythm game of some description. Lisa didn't know a lot about arcade games, but given that the videos accompanying the charts were borderline pornographic, this cabinet surely had to be some degree of custom.

As fun and colorful as the cabinet was, though, Lisa's attention was mostly focused on the girlies playing.

"Still perving, I see."

While Lisa was distracted, Quinn had snuck up on her. They were

still wearing their uniform — it couldn't possibly have been seven hours, could it?

"Taking a break?"

Quinn shook their head.

"Pit closed early, some big shot from back east commandeered it.

"A private game for her and her flutter of trim."

"What game were you working, anyway?

"Actually, let me guess — the kind of game that attracts big shots…

"Baccarat, right?"

"God, I wish.

"Baccarat shifts are *so* short, there's usually like twenty minutes before some would-be James Bond gets bored of playing the game and picks the dealer off the floor for a drunk fuck in their cheap room.

"Easy money, if you can stand the disappointing dick."

"And you don't have to return to the floor after?"

"You don't *have* to, no.

"Lots of girlies do, at least some of the time, but getting a it pumped into you by some goon is considered a full day's work."

"So what is your game?"

"Blackjack, although the big shot wanted to play fuckin' *ferme*."

"I've not heard of that."

"Nobody has."

Quinn shrugged.

"Except Mme Deux Frondes.

"She comes around like every month or so, but there's only like two dealers who know how to play the game, and I'm not one of them."

A third woman had joined the rhythm gamers across the street; her demeanor marked her as a top, and the two girlies were falling over themselves to appeal to her, and they seemed to be succeeding.

"So did you mean to get laid before we had a chat?

"Because if you want to prowl, I can swing by your place later."

"No, that's okay, I just… uh…"

"You just want to watch for a while?"

Lisa could feel Quinn's eyes boring into the side of her head, but found it hard to take her eyes off the unfolding show. She loved a mean girl, and Jenn had been very good to her in that department, but sometimes the light, wandering touch that the woman was leaving on her two new friends was what she needed. Would asking to join them be gauche?

Quinn took Lisa by the chin and turned her eyeline to meet their own.

"Let's at least watch from upstairs so it's not so obvious."

Chapter 11

Ambitions

Quinn's apartment was tiny.

It wasn't just smaller than Lisa's apartment, it was smaller than her bedroom. The walk-in closet did add a decent chunk of size to it, but even so, it was quite cramped.

What the apartment lacked in size, it made up for in views. It was situated on the corner of the building, on the third floor, and both outer walls were massive panes of glass. There was also a narrow balcony outside, running around the edge of the building, but Lisa couldn't see a door to it. A couple of pride flags were hanging from the railing, so they had to get out there *somehow*.

Dominating the room was a single piece of furniture, a large, square bed. Apart from the little nook where there door was, there was basically nowhere to stand in the room, other than a thin edge of parquetry.

"Welcome to Chez Quinn!"

"Nice place."

"It works for me."

Quinn sat down on the bed, relaxing. Between their unguarded posture and their microscopic skirt, the absence of underwear was obvious.

"I need a hot shower, and you need a cold one."

"Huh?"

Lisa looked up, meeting Quinn's gaze. They were grinning.

"C'mon, the showers are downstairs."

* * *

Quinn was happy to introduce Lisa to the architectural qualities of the town. The townhouses of San Nicolas were built to accommodate a dense population; individual units did not have much in terms of amenities. Instead, each floor shared a simple bath with toilets and showers, and

the buildings had larger, more involved baths with pools and saunas in the basement. Kitchens were absent as well, and permanent residents relied entirely on the various public food options.

A number of other services were centralized as well; in the basement, Lisa's scrubs joined Quinn's uniform in the laundry receptacle, where logisticians would make sure it found its way to the cleaners, and then back to the appropriate closet.

Walking up from the showers, there was something familiar to Lisa about a girl leading her naked through the halls of a building. This time, however, it wasn't the broad, empty hallways of corporate housing, it was the close, lively halls of a townhouse. On their way, they passed several girlies, and each time Lisa could feel their eyes sweeping over her uncovered body. Most of them passed with a simple pleasant smile, but one stopped for a warm kiss to Quinn's cheek, giving one to Lisa as well.

By the time the apartment door swung shut behind her, Lisa's heart was pounding. These kinds of walks were… they were a lot.

"Having fun?"

Quinn pushed Lisa ahead of her, into the room proper. Her feet catching on the edge of the bed, Lisa tripped, falling forwards into the soft red bedsheets. Rolling over onto her back, she was surprised to see herself staring back at her from the ceiling.

"That's a big mirror."

"It sure is!"

Quinn clambered onto Lisa's lap, showing off their back tattoo in the mirror. It was a strange circle of sigils, letters belonging to a strange language. One of them seemed oddly familiar, but Lisa couldn't place it.

Lisa tore her focus away from the Quinn in the mirror and fixed it on the Quinn in the bed instead.

"Hi…"

"Hi."

Quinn grinned hungrily down at her. It was more than Lisa could bear, and her gaze fled back to her own face in the mirror. She was flushed, and she could see her mouth hanging open. As Quinn stood up and stepped into the closet, she could see the rest of her body as well; not just her face was flushed, her entire body was screaming for… for anything. Bruises were blooming on her wrists, but if Quinn wanted to tie her down…

Looking up, Lisa could see the girl in the mirror writhing. A desperate slut pathetically begging to be fucked. An animal, completely given over to its base urges. She could see a hand nervously embracing a breast. As the hand tightened around her nipple, she pressed her eyes shut…

"Gods, wait for me why don't you?"

Lisa opened her eyes again. By great force of will, she quickly withdrew her hand. Standing over her was Quinn, wearing nothing but a pair of thin latex gloves, a pair of tongs in one hand and a needle in the other.

"I have decided that you'd look prettier with a nose ring."

Lisa looked up at herself in the mirror again. Was that really for Quinn to decide? If nothing else, it was quite sudden, and—

"For jewelry, I only have steel, but I think you could swap it for gold.

"Maybe with some gems on it?

"Yeah, definitely some gems."

"I don't know if that's for me…"

"Well, I know for the both of us, so that's fine."

Quinn climbed into Lisa's lap again. In the mirror, Lisa could see the tongs advancing on her face. She was still unsure, but Quinn was not. Leaning back, she let them take custody of her septum.

Lisa could not recall getting a piercing before. Her ears had always been pierced, as far back as she could remember. Often enough, she had grasped a tit and found her hand closing around a steel barbell, or felt the strange geometry of a tickler tongue piercing press against her clit, or tasted a subtle fringe of steel when chowing down on a cunt; every time it made her want to get a piercing of her own, but it had never quite—

Lisa tried not to look as the needle pierced her flesh, but she couldn't help it. Her eyes wide, the pain coursed through her body; it was such a little thing, it was so quickly over, but she was already teetering on the edge of a great pit of fire, and the little sting threatened to throw her in.

"Almost done."

Pulling Lisa's skin back, Quinn chased the needle with a small steel ring and screwed the bead on tight. As soon as it began, it was all over. Quinn was already back on their feet, divesting themselves of the gloves and tools and putting them on a small shelf in the tiny foyer.

"Any particular instructions for care while healing?"

"What do you mean?"

Quinn's weight was welcome as they straddled Lisa again, pushing her down into the bed, pushing her back into her body.

"Usually a piercing like this would take some time to heal, right?"

"I don't see why it would."

Lisa looked up into Quinn's eyes.

"Look, if a girlie had to wait eight weeks after a piercing before some stud could push a load of cum through her whore nose…

"That wouldn't do, would it?"

Lisa shook her head meekly, looking up into Quinn's eyes.

"I guess I just don't understand—"

Quinn nodded.

"I know.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it, is my advice.

"Just know that nothing good can come from you worrying about it.

"All you need to know is that San Nicolas is a different place from where you're from, and we do things differently here.

"Now that you're here, you'll need to do things differently, too.

"But you're learning quickly, and that's good."

"It's *very* good."

Hearing a third voice, Lisa's eyes swept around in surprise. In the mirror, she caught the briefest glimpse of the demon from her dreams again, lying on the bad, crown to crown with her. Twisting herself around under Quinn, Lisa tried to find her, but she was gone…

Not just gone, she had never been.

Right?

"Are you alright?"

Lisa twisted back, looking up at herself in the mirror again. She did look prettier with the nose ring.

"Yeah, I'm…

"Yeah."

She looked back to Quinn.

"Thank you.

"For the ring."

"Oh, I've not even *begun* doing the kind of stuff with rings you'll want to thank me for."

* * *

Lisa found watching herself struggling to barely hold it together intoxicating. Hypnotic, even. Before they embarked on another trip to the closet, Quinn had told her not to touch herself, and Lisa was trying her hardest to obey. It was difficult. Her cunt looked so wet and inviting, begging for a touch. Her nipples, standing at rigid attention. Her mouth, warm and red. It wasn't just her being horny; a little blood was running from her nose, just a little trickle, and she could taste more of it running down her throat. Not enough to worry, but certainly enough to see.

Lisa dug her fingers into her hair, clawing at her scalp, grabbing herself tight. She pressed her eyes shut. Maybe if she didn't look. Maybe if she could make her hands busy. Maybe. Maybe…

You cannot do it. Your kind never can. Your kind never could.

An unfamiliar man's voice intruded on her mind.

You are nothing but a whore, a slave to your base desires.

Lisa shook her head, her fingers tightening painfully around her roots.

Indulge while you can. Hell awaits you, whore of Sodom.

"Sorry for the wait."

Quinn's voice was deeper, now, sultrier, and they were gently pushing Lisa along the bed, to give themselves space. Lisa still couldn't bring herself to open her eyes again, her breathing was ragged and labored, she was bursting at the seams. Quinn slipped a firm pillow under her hips, lifting her ass up. Her legs were pointing into the air, now, pressed against Quinn's torso. She could feel their thighs against her buttocks.

"Let's get that ring seen to.

"You'll want to relax."

Even just pressing against her anus, Lisa could feel the size of the strap-on Quinn was wearing. They were not wrong about relaxing. Lisa tried to take a deep breath, but it caught in her chest, rattling its way both in and out. She wanted that thing inside of her worse than she had ever wanted anything, but her body was not coöperating. Quinn impatiently prodded at her, and their fingers wandering Lisa's thighs did not help.

"Open your eyes, Lisa, look up."

Slowly, Lisa did as she was bid. Above her, in the mirror, she was staring down at her, desperately pleading for… something. *Anything…*

"Don't you want to help her get what she wants?"

Lisa nodded weakly. She tried taking another deep breath, she tried readying herself for Quinn's entry. Locking eyes with herself, she summoned all her strength. Starting with her fingers and toes, she relaxed. Her wrists. Her ankles. Knees. Shoulders. Neck. Finally, hips. She let Quinn and the pillow take her weight. She entrusted herself to Quinn, waiting for her next move.

Quinn slid into her. Lisa went cross-eyed, both the one in the bed and the two in the mirror. The strap was even bigger than she thought. It was well lubed, but its size was still overwhelming.

Quinn went deeper. Lisa mustered all her strength to keep her eyes locked on the mirror. She could no longer hold onto her hair, her hands wandered aimlessly, catching on the bedsheets. She was grabbing anything she could get a hold of, handfuls of smooth red fabric…

Quinn went deeper still. How was there still more cock? Lisa couldn't keep her eyes on the mirror. She couldn't keep her eyes *anywhere*, in fact; she was no longer in command of her eyelids, nor her eyes. All she could see was red and black, set off by the dancing geometry in the void.

Finally, the plate hit her ass, but Quinn wasn't done. Not quite. With a gentle adjustment, she made sure the strap was digging as deeply into Lisa as it could, and that was *deep*.

"Come back to me, Lisa, you gotta look at yourself.

"We've not even started yet."

Lisa took another deep breath, and collecting herself she found her way back to the mirror. There was only one Lisa now. *For* now. She was giving her a grateful smile, teeth stained red with fresh blood. She nodded, answering an unasked question.

Slowly, Quinn withdrew, sending a shiver through Lisa's body. Then they thrust again, a little faster this time. The next time was faster still. Their hands were no longer playing up and down Lisa's legs, but were taking a firm grasp around her thighs, holding her close.

"Look at yourself, Lisa.

"See the enjoyment, see the pleasure."

Lisa's gaze had fallen away from her own form in the mirror, but again she did as she was told, even as Quinn's tempo continued to mount. She could see herself struggling to stay together, to stay in one piece. She was going to burst, to explode into a cloud of gore and pure pleasure.

"Look.

"Watch!"

Look at yourself, whore of Sodom. See what you are.

Lisa pressed her eyes shut again. It was all she could do to try and hold on as the first orgasm hit, like a wave crashing over a beach. She could hear her voice as she cried out in pleasure. The room was very small, and she was very loud; surely the window panes shattered and broke, letting her voice fill up the entire town.

Quinn paused, but they did not stop. Instead, the strap came to life inside of Lisa. Even as their thrusts grew quicker, the beads inside rotated steadily. The intensity was indescribable. If the first orgasm had opened the little room to the town, the second must surely have reverberated around the world, and the third could have snuffed out the sun.

Finally, Quinn stopped. Still as deep inside of Lisa as they could get, they simply let the machine go about its unfeeling work reörganizing Lisa's guts. They were panting too, now, and when Lisa finally managed to open her eyes yet again, she met Quinn's eyes. Their hungry look of desire was unmistakable.

At length, she pulled out. As Quinn rose, Lisa's eyes fell again, half closed and staring into the bed sheets. The strap-on clattered as it hit the floor, and the bed springs complained gently as Quinn climbed onto her.

"My turn, is it?"

Lisa grinned up at Quinn, but they did not return the smile.

"Nope."

Stiffly, unsteadily, Quinn hooked their legs around Lisa's face, and sat down on her face. If they had wanted her to see before, now they wanted nothing of the sort. Now all they wanted was to contain her, to trap her between their sturdy legs.

They pressed their cunt against Lisa's face, fucking her mouth roughly, their legs constricting and contorting her shoulders. Their fingers were digging into her scalp, pulling on her hair; Lisa's own hands were searching and finding nothing. Even the sheets were hard to find, and Quinn's sweaty skin offered no purchase.

Quinn's thrusting was harsh and ragged; Lisa could feel their lungs working, but with thighs pressed tight against her ears could hear nothing. Under the weight of Quinn's entire body, Lisa found it harder and harder to breathe; she was drowning in Quinn's flesh and juices, and there was nothing she could do about it.

As Quinn grew more ardent, Lisa fell quieter. With not enough air, she was struggling to remain conscious, and darkness was gathering around the edges of her red, red vision.

They are going to kill you.

It's no more than you deserve, whore of Sodom.

The voice was no more familiar to Lisa now than it had ever been. Lisa tried to place it, but couldn't. She couldn't think about much of anything, in fact. She was flailing helplessly under the weight of Quinn, her face being roughly fucked. Suddenly, the seal broke. Convulsing in orgasm, Quinn's body tilted over, and the air rushing into Lisa's lungs was hot as ice, burning her out from inside, making a liar out of the strange voice.

As Quinn tilted onto their side, they brought Lisa with them. It took a bit of doing, but she managed to disentangle herself from Quinn's twitching legs, and clambered up to meet her eyes. Kissing them, she was suddenly aware of the scent of blood and grool on her lips. Quinn's cunt had an edge to it, a whisper of cum alongside the more familiar taste.

* * *

The smaller bathroom on the third floor was a lot more cramped than the basement baths had been, but both Lisa and Quinn managed to get showered, after a fashion, and only got distracted by shower sex for ten or fifteen minutes, maybe twenty. Thirty minutes later, they were back in bed, searching each other in the mirror. Showering had only taken forty-five minutes, so the night was still young.

"So about that shill thing, did you have a chance to talk to your boss?"

"I did."

Lisa distractedly regarded her new nose ring, before turning her attention back to Quinn. Lying head to feet as they were, Quinn was upside down in the mirror, so Lisa found herself a lot easier to look at.

"A spot has opened up in the assistant department, as it turns out.

"You'd have to audition, but I can recommend you.

"Although I do have to ask…

"Are you alright with fucking Maxxxine the Magnificent on stage?"

Quinn gave her a wry smile.

"I'll take that as a 'Yes.', yeah?"

Quinn nodded.

"Is that the only job requirement?"

"No, but it's the biggest one.

"And you'll have to get along with Maxxxine more generally, of course.

"On and off the stage.

"Most everything else can be learned."

"Alright, I'll be looking forward to the auditon, then."

"I'm sure you'll do fine."

"Would I have to fuck her for the audition?"

"Couldn't hurt.

"Or she might want to fuck you."

"I'm fine with that too, but…

"Would she expect me to fuck her on stage for the audition?"

"I don't know, probably not.

"I suppose I wouldn't rule it out, tho'."

"Will you be there?"

"Maybe?

"Maxxxine might want me to operate a trick or something."

Lisa rolled out of bed, and made her way to the corner of the room. In the streets below, the night was still going strong.

"How does the ring feel?"

"Which one?"

"I meant the nose ring, but either."

Lisa took a deep breath, feeling out both her ass and her sinuses.

"Both are feeling fine."

Falling back into bed, Lisa looked up at herself. She had cooled down after the shower, but Quinn's inquiries had brought her mind back to the last night walk she had through the town, and the lullaby Tanya gave her.

"Months my ass."

"Hmm?"

"Just thinking about…

"It doesn't matter."

At once, Quinn looked deathly serious.

"Don't say that, Lisa.

"Don't you ever say that.

"Ass always matters!"

They managed to hold a serious stare for no less than fifteen seconds, before bursting into laughter, and Lisa couldn't help but join in.

Chapter 12

Quinn's Guide to Flagging

One of the most important social practices in San Nicolas is *flagging*.

Flagging is done via a number of different media, and it serves a number of different functions, but the most recognizable and widespread is the use of chokers to communicate touch rules, and relatedly, the use of flair — particularly choker flair — to communicate personalia.

The *bande nicolée*, although usually described as a choker, can in fact be worn in a number of different places. The choker is considered standard, but brassards and garters are also common. The actual *rules*, such as they are, just say that the band has to be isolated, unique and deliberate; the band has to not even in part be covered by other clothing, no more than one can be worn, and the band must be skin tight.

There is no expectation that any given girlie always wears the band the same way, but it is very common; most people stick to a single style.

This propensity towards a single style combined with the isolation requirement is what creates the association between the *bande nicolée* and the choker: Wearing it as a garter makes a hemline longer than micro hard to wear, and wearing it as a brassard significantly limits the range of lengths of sleeves; the choker has no such limitations.

The band itself, before even getting into flair, has a few basic properties: Color, material and linkage. These are abstract properties, and can be added or removed to a band using flair. As such, learning to read the entire band is important, but most bands are built to be safe against misreads. In other words, most girlies start with a basic band and build up, instead of starting with an extreme band and building down.

For color, there are four options: Black — also called neutral — red, blue, and white — also called prismatic. Black is the most basic, and most restrictive. The touch rules for black are those called "friendly". Newcom-

ers to San Nicolas often find them a little more intimate than elsewhere, but for this town they're what passes for chaste. Friendly touch rules allow light touches, hand holding, hugs, kisses without tongue on the face only, and other non-sexual physical contact.

The other set of touch rules, as used by the other colors, is called "close". Close touch rules allow heavier touches, non-hand touching, kisses with tongue, kisses outside of the face, and lightly sexual contact.

A black band is used to express that you understand these touch rules, and an invitation for people to handle you with friendly touch rules. A red band means you allow people to handle you with close touch rules, but you will reciprocate with friendly touch rules. A blue band is the opposite; people should handle you with friendly touch rules, but you will reciprocate with close touch rules. A white band is a combination red and blue one; you expect to be handled with close touch rules, and you will reciprocate with close touch rules.

There are other sets of touch rules as well, such as "no touch", "free" and "extreme", but they're fairly self-explanatory, and no touch is largely irrelevant — there's no way to express it with a *bande nicolée*, and San Nicolas is the wrong town for it anyway.

For material, there are three options: Silk — again also called neutral — leather, or metal. Silk is the most basic, and has no meaning beyond what the band inherently means. Leather lifts the baseline receiving touch rules by one step; close becomes friendly, friendly becomes free, and free becomes extreme. Conversely, metal lifts the baseline giving touch rules by one step. The colors of metal bands also have other names; black becomes steel, red becomes gold, blue becomes titanium, and white becomes platinum.

The third basic property of the band is linkage. The linkage is the number of "breaks" a band has, which is to say the number of pieces of material, minus one. Linkage goes from zero — or, once more, neutral — to five. Linkage expresses how much control you're comfortable with people exerting over your body.

At zero or one, people are expected to be mindful of your space, greeting you before touching, and so on. At two or three, people can take control of you without asking or greeting, but only if you're "not busy". Deciding whether someone is or is not busy can be a bit tricky, so you're expected to be able to communicate that you're not available; this particular linkage does put a greater onus on the wearer to actively express their needs. At four or five, people can take control of you whenever they want, whether you are doing something else or not.

There is also a difference between odd and even linkages; having an odd linkage increases your baseline receiving touch rule by one step; in

other words, a red silk choker with linkage of zero is functionally the same as a black leather choker with linkage of zero, which is functionally the same as a black silk choker with a linkage of one.

There are a couple of different ways to increase the linkage of a choker. One is to simply have the choker consist of several distinct pieces connected by rings; this is more common for garters and brassards, but you see it with chokers as well. What is more common with chokers is adding pieces of flair that give linkage. These are usually square pieces with mirrors set into them, giving the impression that the choker consists of more pieces than it really does. These are more flexible; they can be changed according to mood, and come in different varieties and styles.

Finally, there is band visibility. A band can either be visible, which is the norm, or it can be invisible. The most common way to make a band invisible is to wear a tattoo choker, but there are pieces of flair that can be added to other styles of band as well. When a band is invisible, the touch rule is no touch for anyone not wearing a *bande nicolée*.

Then, of course, there is the issue of flair.

Flair are all the little pieces that are put onto a band; how exactly they're made to fit onto the band will vary, and doesn't matter. Some are twist-on, some are pass-through, some are clip-on; there are probably other varieties as well, but again, it doesn't matter.

Flair serve two distinct purposes. The first is to expand on the range of desires, touch rules, and limits that the band can convey. An example of this would be the pieces of mirror put on the choker to convey linkage, or beads or gemstones attached to the band to change color. These allow for more flexibility when building a *bande nicolée*, allowing someone to, for example, express a much higher touch rule without increasing linkage.

These kinds of flairs can also be way more specific, expressing things like "no butt stuff" or "girls only" or "cum inside only". These can often be situational; how they're combined with other elements of the band affects what exactly they mean, often in quite subtle ways. One very common example is prohibition pendants hanging from linkage rings; this means that the prohibition is not general, it just requires more warming up.

The other purpose is to communicate personalia. The most common things communicated are pronouns and names, followed by what gender and what languages the wearer speaks and understands, distantly followed by a variety of esoteric marks of belonging to different groups. Some girlies also choose to wear flair indicating things like being trans or nonbinary, and some pieces of flair are sporadic elements worn for style.

Names are an entire art unto themselves; the most simplistic presentation of names by flair is just a sequence of letters — sometimes incor-

porating other elements, such as color-changing gems for brevity — but other representations are more complex. Personally, for example, I wear a chess piece, a queen, on my band; this is a pun on Quinn. Some names have set symbols, or sequences of symbols, but most are arranged *ad hoc*, and serve more as mnemonics for people whose names you already know than they do to communicate new ones.

For flair, the actual variety of symbols is far too broad to give a specific explanation of every single one you might encounter, but there are a lot of little kiosks that come out at night with large displays full of them; each package has a little explanation on it of what they're supposed to mean, and the girlies who run the Flag Code Society coöperate on harmonizing the meaning between them, so having a look around one is as good as having a look around any other.

* * *

Quinn took her choker off, and showed it to Lisa.

"So, if we look at my choker for an example, we can practice reading.

"It's a black silk choker, with a single break — you can handle me with close touch rules, and I'll respond with friendly touch rules.

"There's a chess queen — my name sounds like 'queen'.

"Next to it there's the þorn badge — my pronouns are þey/þem.

"Then, no bottoming together with an upside down no boys — I only bottom for masc folx.

"And finally a testosterone molecule — this one is sporadic."

"Is there a significance to the no boys being upside down?"

"Yeah, upside down it means 'no masc folx'; there are flairs that specifically refer to mascs or fems or whatever else as well, but some people prefer the upside down gender ones.

"For my part, I like using the upside down one because it varies by mood; sometimes what I want is to be railed by a capital-M Man, and then wearing it right side up gets that across."

Quinn put her choker back on. They were struggling a little to close it behind their neck, so Lisa hurriedly leaned in and fixed it for them. She didn't mean for their bodies to rub together quite like that, but…

"There is a subtle but important difference between a man, whether binary or nonbinary, a masc-leaning nonbinary person, a gender fluid transfem during a masculine time and an agender penis-haver.

"They can all be great in their own way, but sometimes the thing you want is very, *very* specific."

Lisa kissed Quinn, pressing her body against them again. As she understood the touch rules, this was the appropriate way to communicate that she wanted them to rail her again before she headed home.

She was right.

Chapter 13

Night Walk

Lisa was thankful to have Quinn explain some subtleties of the *bande nicolée* to her, as well as the broader explanation. For example, while Quinn wore flair saying they only bottomed for masc folx, they were happy to bend over for Lisa to plow them with a strap-on now that they were friends; the band served more to express generalities for casual sex among relative strangers.

Wandering homewards, Lisa felt a little unsteady. A lot of little things contributed to this; her ass was a little sore, she hadn't showered after fucking Quinn, she was not used to bare feet on the warm pavement; still, the streets were clean and smooth, covered with fine, warm sand. It would take some getting used to, but she *would* get used to it.

Lisa was fast approaching the south end of town. There, South Boulevard — a four lane road that split from Eureka Road — carved a very neat line between the dense mixed use areas filled with the particular style of San Nicolas townhouse and the tower blocks of corporate housing, the electric substation, the water tower, and other practicalities.

The boulevard was not as clean as the city streets, and Lisa didn't feel good crossing it barefoot, but against the night sky she was able to spot the pedestrian bridges that connected the second — third? — floor of the corporate housing to the street level of the town proper. It was some distance, still, and took her a bit north again, into the back of the house.

Running parallel to South Boulevard was A Street, one of the busiest streets on any night. Further north, nearer Quinn's place, the streets had begun to empty by two a.m., but A Street was still as busy as anything at three. By now, Lisa barely noticed that she was naked anymore; it was only the girlies brushing past her on the busy street, their skin making brief contact with her own, that reminded her.

Next to one of the food stands that sprung up at night, Lisa found one of the kiosks Quinn had mentioned, laden with all sorts of bands and flairs. Browsing the pieces, Lisa was astounded by the variety and specificity.

"How do you even keep track of it all?"

"Easy!"

The girl minding the display pulled out a small booklet, and offered it to Lisa. It was the latest issue of the Flag Code Society's newsletter, a yearly publication listing all the active styles of flair in circulation.

The girl was a logistician, wearing the classic tank top and cargo pants look. Now that she knew to look for it, Lisa could also see that she was wearing a brassard; putting her new skills to use she saw it was a red silk band, with zero linkage; on it was a she/her pronoun badge, a trans badge, two no cumming inside badges, one of them upside down, and a cat's face, which had to be some kind of name Lisa couldn't read.

Looking down at her key ring, she saw that she was wearing a name tag as well.

'Cat'

Ah.

"Thank you, Cat."

"Yawelks!"

Cat grinned at her, baring a couple of snaggly fangs.

Browsing the display, Lisa noticed an absence. She had seen quite a few girlies walking around with crosses, but none were on the display, and quickly leafing through the booklet, none jumped out at her. Before she could ask Cat about it, however, a pair of hands found her hips.

"What have we here?"

Tanya purred the question right into Lisa's ear, clearing her brain of any questions — or indeed thoughts — she may have had.

* * *

One particular style of establishment that was common in San Nicolas was the so-called "pod bar". A pod bar consisted of about half a dozen of the small store fronts that opened onto the street, the central one having an actual stand-up bar, and the rest having one or two small booths each, served from the central bar. Each of the pods tended towards the eclectic, meaning that a single bar would usually serve a quite diverse crowd.

The particular pod that Tanya pulled Lisa into was lightly themed on an Italian bistro, complete with checkered tablecloths and wine bottle brick walls. It was all a plastic shell, of course, but the effect worked.

Sitting down, Tanya had pulled Lisa into her lap, and guided her face to her neck. With her arms draped around Tanya's shoulders, it was all Lisa could to do nibble hungrily at her, panting helplessly into her ear.

How had this woman undone her so easily? This woman, that woman, this town, all of it… Lisa could feel Tanya's hand resting gently on her buttock. It was hot like fire, the heat spreading through her entire body.

An unfamiliar voice offered its opinion, unsolicited.

You are a whore and a sinner.

This town has done nothing to you but show you what you are.

Shuddering against Tanya's body, Lisa could smell whatever Tanya had ordered. She hadn't offered Lisa any. The scent tickled at her nostrils; some kind of strong spirits, tequila, maybe?

It didn't matter. She didn't want tequila. The only thing she wanted was Tanya. The only thing she *ever* wanted was Tanya.

Tanya was saying something to the waitress as she returned with a bottle. Something about a table? Lisa found it hard to concentrate on anything but the papaya and coconut scent of Tanya's shampoo.

A moment later she could hear the wine of an electric drill, and feel Tanya's posture shifting into the space left by the table being removed.

This particular pod was on the smaller side; it only had the one booth, which sat right up against the curb. It was right next to the central bar, and behind the booth was some kind of store room. Presumably Italian bistro was not a popular theme. The waitress emerged again, from the store room, this time, not the street, and put down a padded carpet in the space left by the folded down table.

"I love how flexible these places are, don't you?"

Tanya was still talking directly into Lisa's ear, her low, breathy voice enveloping Lisa like a sandstorm in the desert.

She nodded helplessly into Tanya's neck.

Gently, Tanya guided Lisa to the floor. Kneeling between Tanya's legs, looking up at her, Lisa could see her grin. The street was not half a meter behind her. She could feel the late night wind rushing northwards as the distant warming sun began its work. She could hear the footsteps of girlies walking by. Their hesitation as they stopped to look at her.

Tanya unbuttoned her fly.

"You set the pace, Lisa.

"Take your time."

The last time she'd been this close up on Tanya's cock, she had shoved it violently down her throat. Carefully lifting it out of its denim sarcophagus was a very different experience. Tanya sat with a shot glass in one hand and a bottle of tequila in the other, leaning back. Waiting.

Lisa thought she had gotten used to public nudity, but the prospect of sucking Tanya off for a crowd still excited and scared her in a way that a lot of things had the last week, briefly. As she gently stroked the shaft, coaxing the cock into full awakening, she wondered if this too would be

ordinary to her, a day from now. If in a week from now she would wonder how she ever had sex without an audience. If in a month from now the very question of whether to be clothed or naked would be alien to her.

She planted a wet kiss on the bottom of Tanya's cock, right above the balls. She could feel it twitch under her lips. Kissing her way up, she was once again surprised and more than a little terrified at its size. As she hit the head, she could feel her new nose ring touching a drop of precum.

Tanya took another shot of tequila. Lisa twirled her tongue slowly around the glans. She didn't care for tequila, but she loved cock.

God how she loved cock. The scent of Tanya's massive dong was right up in her nose, now, so warm, so inviting, so tasty. She wrapped her lips around the head and tried to take it in. It was so large. She had done it before, but not without vomiting. But whatever this place, these people, this… whatever was happening to her, surely that could change, too?

She pulled back, let Tanya out. She could only whisper up at her.

"I need a better angle.

"Can… can you stand up?"

Lisa didn't wait for a reply, it was all she could do to dive hungrily back in. The angle was awkward, there was so much of it she wanted inside her, and so little she could get.

It took a while, but finally Tanya set down the bottle. Carefully not to dislodge Lisa, she gently moved forwards in the booth, and then got to her feet. Lisa was with her all the way, and with every move she felt herself find more play, more ability to take in the cock, more… more.

Finally Tanya was fully on her feet, in a wide power stance. One of her hands was resting on Lisa's head, the other… somewhere else. Lisa couldn't see, she couldn't hear. There was nothing to her but the cock.

She was ready. With a final deep breath, she swallowed the cock once more. She pushed it past her teeth. Past her tongue. Past her uvula and her tonsils. It was filling her throat, now, her œsophagus. For all she knew it was coming out of her ass. Finally, she found the belly. Her chin touched Tanya's balls, and the tip of her nose brushed against the dangly navel piercing Tanya was wearing.

Lisa could breathe. She couldn't think. She could only tremble with pleasure. She could feel Tanya shivering as well. Her fingers tightening in Lisa's hair. She could feel Tanya struggling not to take control. Struggling to let Lisa do as she pleased.

Finally, Lisa had to pull back for air. She didn't let it stop her, however. With the depth set, she began riding Tanya's cock with her face, going as deep as she was able with every single bob of her head. Or so was the plan. By the time she was withdrawing for the third time, Tanya came harder than Lisa thought possible.

Chapter 14

Sunlight

Lisa awoke hours before dusk.

She could not remember turning on the radio before she went to bed, but the droning voice was back, coaxing her into consciousness.

Her sleep had been deep and dreamless. Lisa was glad of it, after the dreams she had been having. There was no demon standing at her bedside today, no voice intruding on her mind, no nothing. Except the radio. The radio wasn't supposed to be on.

Had she accidentally turned on some kind of alarm mode?

Whatever the case, she managed to shut it off. When she returned from the bathroom after her evening shower, however, it was on again.

In the front room, she could hear someone moving around. Absently, she ran her fingers over the new piece of flair she had in her choker, a piece of ruby costume jewelry, turning the band red.

Awaiting her in the front room was Jada. Lisa had since learned to recognize the brassard she was wearing for what it was; a leather *bande nicolée* with a linkage of three, a jade pendant hanging from the center ring to indicate her name. Free touch rules, when she's not busy. Right?

She smiled warmly to Lisa as she emerged from her bedroom.

"Good morning!

"Got some clothes from you."

Jada gestured to the box sitting on the kitchen island.

"I didn't think you're awake, but let me pack these away and I'll be out of your hair."

On top of the box was a set of scrubs, neatly folded, and sitting on them was a pair of cloth shoes. Below, the box was undoubtedly filled with all sorts of outfits Lisa might never see fit to wear.

Ignoring the box, Lisa drew up to Jada.

"Is this your last stop for the day?"

Jada nodded.

"Why?"

Lisa tugged gently at Jada's belt, freeing up some run.

"Just curious."

She slipped a hand down the pants and into Jada's underwear.

"I woke up early, and I'm all…"

Finding what she wanted, Lisa began gently feeling out Jada's clit.

"Well, I'm all *something*."

Jada nodded slowly, her breath catching.

"Sorry for waking you…"

"Oh, you didn't.

"I've just been sleeping weird."

Lisa's motions intensified, drawing a quiet moan from Jada.

"Actually, you're a logistician, right?

"Maybe you could take a look at my radio?

"In my bedroom."

Jada nodded eagerly, and Lisa led her into the bedroom. Sitting down on the bed, she pointed to the end table with the integrated radio in it.

"Oh…"

Jada panted. Her cheeks were flushed, and her gait a little unsteady; it hadn't taken a lot to get her off kilter.

"You wanted me to look at your radio for real."

"Of course, what is this?

"A porno?"

Fishing a screwdriver set out of one of the many, many pockets in her cargo pants, Jada kneeled down next to the end table and started examining it. Clicking through the buttons she didn't seem surprised at anything she was seeing, and after about five minutes she stood back up, ditching the screwdriver set. Inside of the end table drawer, she found a second, smaller drawer, and out of it she fished the user manual.

"I can't see anything wrong with it, but you can check this.

"If you can narrow down what the concrete problem is, and there's nothing for it in the manual, I might be able to help."

"All right, thank you."

Still sitting on the bed, Lisa undid Jada's pants where she stood, letting them clatter to the floor as the logistician's kit she was lugging around made smacked into the parquetry.

* * *

Lying on her belly between Jada's legs, chowing down on her box, Lisa's allowed her mind to drift. Jada was not shy about letting her know how

she was doing, and Lisa had eaten enough cunt that she could do it in her sleep if she had to. Instead, her mind was drawn to Quinn's place, and the mirror in the ceiling. She wondered if she could get one installed here as well. She wondered what Jada was looking at now, without it?

Was she counting ceiling tiles? Or was her mind elsewhere too, imagining some fantastical scene?

Did Jada also dream of demons and angels?

Did everyone in San Nicolas?

Was the unfamiliar voice just something Lisa would have to deal with?

Jada's strong legs squeezed Lisa's head tightly as she came. Questions would have to wait. Lisa slipped two fingers into Jada's cunt, to complement the kissing and slurping. Whether Jada had *expected* things to escalate from here, she was certainly *enjoying* it.

After the second orgasm, Lisa decided to change it up. She had received a box of toys from Mia, and it was high time she used them. As she searched through the box, she was spoiled for choice, but listening to Jada's ragged breathing, she didn't want to leave her hanging for too long. Deciding quickly, she fished out a large vibrating butt plug.

"What are your thoughts on the topic of 'butt stuff'?"

Jada looked up at her, cross eyed from exertion. Even comically exaggerated air quotes were not enough to rouse her into laughter.

"Pro? Anti?"

Jada nodded weakly.

"That's what I like to hear."

Grinning, Lisa lubed up the butt plug and rammed it home. Jada gasped, but she certainly did not complain. She especially didn't complain when Lisa turned it on and turned it up.

"High?"

Lisa turned it up some more, and Jada arched her back helplessly.

"Extra high."

Finally, Lisa returned to Jada's cunt. She still had some lube on her fingers from the insertion, but she added another couple of squirts, covering her hands liberally.

Jada had taken two fingers as if they were nothing, and Lisa experimentally tried three. No problem. Four? A bit awkward, but still smooth as you like. Tapering up her hand, she pushed into Jada, to the wrist.

The noise she made was amazing. As Lisa clenched her fist inside of her and she came for the third time, it got even better.

* * *

Even this late in the day, the sun blazed mightily down on the flat roof of Lisa's apartment block. She had awoken pretty early, and wearing Jada out something fierce hadn't taken too long, all things considered, so Lisa

had decided to try to catch some rays. She was also acutely aware that if she stayed in the apartment while Jada was having her well-deserved nap, she would end up going back to her, again and again.

She licked her lips, tasting Jada's cunt on her still.

As fun as that would be, it wouldn't do.

Lisa was surprised to find that the rooftop was not empty.

Lying on a large beach towel matching her own was… someone. *Æ* rolled onto ær back and smiled up at Lisa when æ heard her approaching.

"Hello, neighbor."

Lisa had seen quite a lot of people around town by now, and most of them had been quite conventional-looking. Attractive, sure, often very much so, surprisingly attractive, even, but the person lying on the beach towel before her was nothing of the sort.

This is not to say that æ wasn't beautiful, æ absolutely was. *Ær* tan skin, ær gleaming bald head, ær pointed ears… the effect was not conventional, but it was beautiful. *Æ* seemed to share with Lisa a proclivity for the leotard; æ was certainly wearing one now, made of flat white… material. Everything about ær was odd, not least of which ær choker. Lisa was glad of her recent lessons; reading the *bande nicolée* she had found the odd pronoun badge, but the white silk choker was also unusual. A single break, a pink heart pendant hanging from it. There was no name badge Lisa could see.

She could also not see any indication of gender; not just on the band, but at all. The white fabric of the leotard was thin, and Lisa could see ær body beneath it — æ didn't have breasts, nor a bulge, nor a camel toe. *Ær* hips were less hippy than the hippiest boys Lisa had seen, and hippier than the least hippy girls. *Ær* voice had the same quality, a void of ambiguity into which Lisa found herself tumbling.

"Hi."

Æ took pity on Lisa, and offered an introduction.

"I'm No, pleased to meetcha."

"Your name flair is too clever."

No nodded sagely.

"So it is.

"Do you have sunscreen?"

Lisa shook her head.

"That's okay, you can have some of mine."

No gestured for Lisa to spread her towel next to ærs, and she did.

"Stomach."

Lisa did as she was bid, and No climbed onto her, sitting across her hips. With strong, steady hands, æ began spreading a viscous sunscreen

across her back. Æ was thorough and delicate, searching out every nook and cranny to make sure coverage was complete. As æ completed the shoulders and back, æ slid downwards, continuing ær work. Lisa's ass got the same treatment, perhaps even more thorough than the shoulders. Perhaps even more than was necessary… Lisa didn't mind, but she was still trying to figure out close touch rules, and No was maybe…

Æ moved on to her legs. Lisa wasn't so ticklish, but No carefully getting the sunscreen in between her toes was a bit of a challenge.

"Turn over."

Lisa did. Above her, the sky was blue and cloudless, until the light was blotted out by No. Æ was loading ær hands up with sunscreen.

"Cute nose ring.

"New, right?"

Lisa nodded, as æ grabbed her face with both hands and started spreading the fluid. Flecks of it getting on Lisa's lips gave her a sense of the taste. It was an odd one.

"Why does your sunscreen taste of cum?"

"Oh, it's three-in-one body wash, squirting dildo cum refill and SPF100."

Lisa opened her eyes, starting up into No's face, backlit by the glorious sun. If æ was joking, ær face didn't show it.

Massaging the liquid into Lisa's clavicle with one hand, æ reached over with the other to fetch the bottle. True to ær word, it was a *baffling* three-in-one. Putting the bottle away, No returned to applying it to Lisa with full focus. Æ had neglected her arms while she was on her belly, but now æ carefully took care of both, before taking ær time on her breasts.

Again Lisa was brought to wonder about close touch rules. If the line was non-sexual touching, well, No was certainly touching, but it was strangely non-sexual, even as æ teased her nipples erect to make sure every bit of her was covered. Turning around to access her belly, ær ass was pressed against Lisa's face. The thin fabric of ær leotard did permit her to estimate that at least æ had an anus.

After her belly was done, only her cunt remained, and No gave it the same clinical, but thorough, covering as æ had the rest of her.

Done, No flopped off of her and onto ær own towel.

"There we go.

"You should be good until sunset."

"Thank you."

No smiled down at Lisa, before lying down and stretching out ær body.

It had been a long time since Lisa last sunbathed. She had all but forgotten the way the sun felt when it was not just an impediment on too hot a day, but a welcome ally in a shared project. It was an unfamiliar sensation, but a welcome one, one she had missed more than she knew.

The taste of cum on her lips, even simulated, had sent Lisa off on something of a journey. Lying on her back, eyes closed against the blazing sun, she found her mind drifting off into fantasies. As if she needed more things to get excited about. Even with how easy getting laid was, her mind could not help but conjuring up new, depraved situations to stretch towards. Some of them were impossible, even, but others…

In a place like this?

What might be possible?

Beside her, No turned over, and Lisa did as well. Opening her eyes, she found herself staring into ærs. Æ smiled softly, before closing ær eyes.

Looking at ær, Lisa wondered how that soft mouth would feel against her cunt. She could find out. She could reach out, grab ær, fuck her into the roof. Ær band was basically crying out for it, begging for it. Extreme touch rules. Such an invitation. Such a body. Such a voice.

Lisa closed her eyes. Up this high, the wind was constantly flitting hither and yon, dancing over her naked back. Touching her everywhere, searching out her tenderest… Lisa caught herself. Fucking the wind now? Is that what… Fuck. She was in such a fucking state. How did this even…

She turned over on her back again, and stared up into the flat blue sky. Below her, to the south, the sky was reddening, but above her it was still bright as day. The desert was quiet. The only sound she could hear was No's quiet, regular breathing. The horny had to be rolling off of her in waves, she wondered if æ could smell it.

* * *

When it got too dark to benefit from tanning, Lisa and No headed back down together. Lisa was surprised to learn that No's apartment was on the fifth floor as well, near the elevator. As æ headed inside, No invited her to drop by whenever, by the balcony if she liked.

Lisa found herself standing in the hallway, naked, smelling of fake cum, clutching her beach towel. Crying. She wanted nothing more than to know on ær door again, jump ær, fuck ær silly. But it was too much. It was all too much. She didn't know what was, and what wasn't, it just all…

Such are the wages of sin, whore of Sodom.

Lisa looked down the corridor, towards her apartment. Standing at the far end, wreathed in light streaming in from outside, was the source of the voice, she thought. A man of marble, with hair of jet and golden wings. A crown of gold and a spear clutched in hand.

The angel.

Lisa wiped the tears from her eyes, and he was gone. He was never there, of course. Of course. But now he was especially gone.

Especially gone.

Chapter 15

Dressing Up

The box on the kitchen island was gone, and Jada had left a note in its place. It promised that Jada would get the ceiling mirror seen to as soon as possible, and was signed with a kiss. Jada's dark brown lipstick was striking against the white paper, and the subtle scent of her lip gloss…

Focus!

Lisa glared at her reflection in the window.

"Listen here, you stupid bitch.

"You can't let every fucking thing send you off on a horny reverie."

The reflection answered, defiantly.

"Why not?"

Lisa pinched the bridge of her nose, pressing her eyes shut.

"Okay, so good to know I am officially losing it, then."

The room around her was silent. Not even the angel said anything.

"You know what it is?

"It's heat stroke.

"I haven't been drinking enough water, and it's catching up with me."

Lisa poured herself a tall glass of water, and drank it all in a single long pull. Every gulp brought more remnants of the sunscreen with it, filling her mouth with the scent and taste of it. This was not helping.

Her reflection gave her an exasperated look.

"Why did you think that was going to work?"

"Shut. The fuck. Up."

Lisa stormed off through her bedroom, and into the bathroom. The dumb bitch from her balcony door was waiting for her above the sink.

Lisa stepped into the shower, but she was there as well. Whoever designed this shower to have one wall that was just a mirror clearly had not anticipated the need for someone to hide from their own evil twin.

Lisa looked into the mirror. I'm not your evil twin, the reflection seemed to say. I'm just your reflection. Perfidious whore, she would die for her lies. She would… she would… she was just Lisa's reflection.

The cold water had helped Lisa calm down. When she turned to the mirror wall, however, meaning to apologize, she was shocked to find that the mirror was gone. The wall of the shower was replaced, instead, with a portal to hell. Great comets fell upon red, blasted landscapes, the rivers ran red with blood, and the sinners wailed and gnashed.

"Okay, so I am *losing it* losing it.

"That's great."

"You are not, Lisa."

The demon from her dreams hove into view in the mirror.

* * *

Lisa startled awake. She was lying on her beach towel, on her bed. How…

She licked her lips. Still sticky with sunscreen. Had she not… that's right. She sat down for a moment, before going into the bathroom. She must have fallen asleep for a moment. She hadn't slept for as long as she had wanted, and she *was* exhausted from Jada, and Tanya, and Quinn, and Maria, and Yara, and Jenn, and… and the dream.

What a day.

In the bathroom, the reflection in the mirror above the sink was normal. The shower, too, no portal to hell opened here. Just her.

She looked herself in the eyes.

"I'm sorry I called you a stupid bitch and a perfidious whore."

Her reflection didn't reply. She just looked wet, and exhausted.

After her shower, Lisa spread her beach towel out on the bed, and herself out on the beach towel. Was the radio always on? She couldn't remember. Lying in the dark, she listened to the quiet droning voice.

Then it struck her like a bolt from the blue.

She hadn't eaten.

* * *

It wasn't until she began eating Lisa realized how utterly famished she had been. The first portion of müesli went down quickly, and by the time she was on her third, she had dispensed with the spoon. Drinking straight from the deep bowl, a solid quarter of the yogurt and cereal were dripping down her chest as she struggled to *consume*.

When she returned to the shower to clean up after slopping up her meal, she was amazed at how *powerful* she felt. Gone was the the bedraggled sad girl, replaced with a ferocious amazon, her chest covered in the blood of her enemies. She had slain a full carton of fruit-scented nut milk based yogurt substitute, and it showed. Some raisins and fustigated grain also remained in the deluge; before she turned on the water, she scraped

off what she could and shoveled it into her maw. It was delicious. As the shower washed away the evidence of her crimes against table manners, the room seemed to stop spinning, and Lisa found her feet for the first time in days.

* * *

Lisa was back in bed. Again. Lying on the beach towel. Again. This time, however, she felt a lot better about it. She made a mental note to not let her batteries run down like that again. Sucking dick, she reminded herself, is not eating. She closed her eyes. It sure was fun, tho'.

With her body nourished and relaxed, Lisa didn't let the horny bother her. She welcomed it in, letting the imagined cock fill her up to the brim.

She could still smell Jada's musk, too. She allowed the scent to transport her, as she slipped a finger between her legs, gently stirring her clit. She quickly added another finger, and in less than a minute she managed to bring herself to orgasm. She *could not* have another shower. Licking her fingers clean, she resolved that she would simply have to go out smelling of grool. Enough other girlies did… enough girlies did that she wouldn't be out of place.

Flinging open her closet, she found a number of outfits neatly hung above the drawers stuffed full of her underwear and work clothes.

Lisa resolved to put her trust in the process, and pulled one out at random. It turned out to be a pink tennis dress; returning to the closet after giving it a twirl in the mirror, Lisa found a pair of matching shoes. There was no matching underwear. Ordinarily, a dress like this would probably be worn with a pair of boyshorts, or it would maybe have an integrated pair of shorts, but that was not the way tennis dresses were worn in San Nicolas.

The only issue Lisa could see with it was that it didn't quite match her *bande nicolée*. For tonight the clash would be alright, but something would have to be done. Finding the magazine she had received from the Flag Code Society girlie, Lisa went through her wardrobe, evaluating the new outfits with a critical eye. The outfits were quite varied, so there was little overlap to be had; by the time she was done she had circled two new chokers, a garter, a brassard, and about two dozen pieces of flair.

Building bands was a fun exercise, and Lisa enjoyed really thinking about what she wanted the streets to do to her. She enjoyed it a lot.

With the new builds squared away, Lisa found the time to call Maria. She was lucky enough to catch her right after the matinée show ended.

"Hi, babe."

Maria was really working at being more familiar with Lisa. She didn't mind, not really, but it felt a bit odd. She would grow into it, right?

"Hi Maria.

"I finished the assistant interview on my end."

"That was quick!"

"Well, I already had a candidate in mind, so…"

"Of course.

"What's her name?"

"Their name is Quinn; I think you'll like them."

"Ooh, *Quinn*, cool name."

"You should tell them, I'm guessing they picked it themself.

"I was planning on fetching them and bringing them in for you to connect now, does that work?"

"My next show is about an hour and a half, but should be fine.

"If you can't get there by then, you can always watch the show."

"Perfect, see you soon."

"Yep!

"Oh, I'm in the backstage dressing room…"

"Not the penthouse, gotcha."

"Love you, babe! Mwah!"

Lisa hung up. Thinking better of it, she texted Maxxxine a selfie blowing her a kiss. High angle. Showing off her cleavage in the dress.

* * *

Walking by a Flag Code Society stand on her way to Quinn's apartment, Lisa realized she had left the magazine at home. Ah well. No hurry.

* * *

Quinn's apartment was empty and dark. Lisa stuck a head into the baths in the basement, just to be sure, but they weren't there. Lisa considered asking one of Quinn's neighbors while she was there, but they were all busy shower fucking, so she thought better of it.

At the casino, the correct pit was enough enough to find. Even from behind, Lisa could easily recognize Quinn by the tattoo on their back. Regarding them from a position on the balcony above the card table, Lisa grew quite certain that one of the sigils on their back was the rune carved into the forehead of the demon that had been bothering her.

Lisa made her way down into the pit, Quinn gave her a smile as she sat down.

"I'd love to deal you in, Lisa, but table's closing.

"Mme Deux Frondes is here."

She pointed to a tall lady walking towards the table, about a half-dozen women in tow. She was so tall, so regal, and her skin tight scarlet dress sown from impossibly thin silk made her seem as nude as any of the girlies wandering around naked, if not more so.

"Unless you want to play fuckin' *ferme*.

Chapter 16

Mater Nostræ

The coïncidence was fortunate, and Lisa was able to right away bring Quinn to meet Maxxxine the Magnificent. Their chemistry was excellent from the jump, and Lisa excused herself quickly, lest she be dragged into a threesome. Not that she wouldn't have liked that, but she had decided to try and experiment with a bit of restraint. Besides, getting stuck in bed would take away crucial time from Maxxxine's part of the interview.

Instead, Lisa headed back out into the city streets. Her wandering was fairly aimless, until she crossed paths with a girlie and a nun; the girlie was naked but for a cross pendant choker, and the nun was wearing a full habit. Lisa didn't catch any of their conversation — it seemed to be in Latin? — but she did get a bit of a look at them. She was pretty sure this wasn't Penny, so wearing crosses upside down on *bandes nicolées* seemed to be the done thing; what surprised her more was that the cross on the end of the rosary beads the nun wore at her waist was identical.

Not only was it a simple gemstone cross rather than a detailed crucifix, but it was also hanging upside down. From where she was standing she could see the church spire; the cross on the apex was upside down as well, from what she could see. Her reverie was interrupted, however, by a girlie stepping out into her path.

"Thank God you're here, Lisa!"

She was grinning. Parsing her name on the choker was straightforward, as it was just spelled out in letters.

"Lisa's here, guys!"

Callie grabbed Lisa by the wrist and pulled her into a street side pod. It was attached to a pod bar, and some kind of pub game was set up on the table in the middle of it.

"Amazing!"

The two other girlies grinned at Callie returning with her bounty.

"Okay, Soph, you're with me, and Annie, you're with Lisa."

Annie smiled to Lisa.

"It's so great you turned up, we really needed a fourth."

"I hope you don't mind that I can't play."

"We'll teach you, don't even worry!"

* * *

Lisa was both a little disappointed and a little relieved that the game was not merely a pretext for a foursome. Callie and Soph had pretty handily mopped the floor with her and Annie, until the last round. When Lisa finally got her eye in, she found that the game was a lot of fun, and even closing on 4–1 didn't bother her. She and Annie had the *moral* victory, and that was what mattered. As the rest of the girlies… as the girlies drifted off into a karaoke booth, Lisa said her goodbyes.

It was midnight by the time she was standing in front of the Mission of San Nicolas, the light of the full moon illuminating the plaza.

The church was dark and quiet, but the doors were open. With a deep breath, Lisa stepped inside. She worried for a moment that her slutty tennis dress was not church appropriate, but the nude girlie walking past on her way out put those worries to rest.

There was also the matter of Mme Deux Frondes' outfit. Seeing her here was surprising; she didn't know patrons were allowed in the Back of the House, but then again there wasn't any real way keep them out.

The contrast between the lady in red and the nun she was talking to was stark. Mme Deux Frondes was tremendously immoderate in her bearing, and in her dress. The ruby teardrop hanging on a simple golden chain in her cleavage seemed specifically intended to lead the impure astray. The nun, for her part, could hardly be more modest. She did wear her hair down, but other than that was covered neck to toe in an ornate habit, a gilded green stole around her neck. At her waist was the same rosary beads, cross upside down.

As Lisa approached the apse, Mme Deux Frondes excused herself. Passing close to Lisa as she left, she left behind a wake of fragrant perfume that was like nothing Lisa had ever smelled. It was all she could to do to stay on her feet as the aroma enveloped her, threatening to steal her very mind away.

As she tried steadying herself against a pew, the nun drew close.

"Welcome, child."

Lisa required tremendous effort not to let her voice betray her.

"Thank you, sister."

"Mother.

"Mother Virginia, in fact."

"Sorry.

"Thank you, Mother."

Lisa sat down on the pew. A whiff of Mme Deux Frondes had completely undone her. Perhaps if she had fucked Quinn and Maria, perhaps if she had insisted on settling the game with a foursome, perhaps… perhaps she wouldn't be as needy now.

"What brings you to us tonight?"

Lisa thought it odd that the Mother hovered over her like a sales associate at The Gap, instead of letting her get on with praying in peace.

Even if that wasn't what Lisa was here to do, the Mother surely had no way of knowing?

Lisa tried steadying her voice again, looking up at Mother Virginia.

"I had a question, I suppose.

"It's a strange one, maybe, but…"

Lisa gestured vaguely, and Mother Virginia waited for her to continue.

"Why are the crosses all upside down?"

Mother Virginia smiled patiently to Lisa.

"They're not upside down.

"By the Grace of Saint Nicholas and of Saint Marianne, our order wears the Cross of Saint Peter.

"It marks us for our humility and obedience before God."

Lisa nodded weakly.

"I will leave you to your thoughts."

As Mother Virginia drifted away, Lisa leaned onto the pew in front of her, closing her eyes. She was not one for believing in God, but with her body still struggling with the after effects of Mme Deux Frondes' presence, a moment of quiet meditation was no bad thing.

As the experiences she had since arriving in town flowed through her mind, Lisa wondered if recounting sexual conquests in a church was sacrilegious. Or rather, how sacrilegious it was.

Leaning back, she looked up at the room around her. The dim light made the decor hard to make out, but she could see that the church was richly decorated, as churches tended to be. Painted across the ceiling were biblical scenes, but Lisa couldn't quite place them. She wasn't a huge bible knower, to be sure, but even so…

As she sat trying to puzzle out the scenes depicted in the stained glass windows, Mother Virginia returned.

"Saint Nicholas paying for the three sisters."

With the Mother's explanation, the scenes in the windows made a lot more sense, and she pointed to the south wall and continued.

"And Saint Marianne ministering to the sick."

Lisa nodded. She couldn't quite make sense of the story being told through the stained glass, but reading Catholic art wasn't her field.

"A gift."

Mother Virginia opened her hand to reveal a simple silver chain with two medallions on it. Lisa accepted it, looking the icons over.

"Saint Nicholas, protector of prostitutes;

"Saint Marianne, protector of outcasts.

"I don't know if you feel you need them, but I get the sense they need to be with you."

The face of Saint Marianne was that of the demon. The face of Saint Nicholas was that of the angel. The room was spinning, again.

"Are you alright?

* * *

Lisa startled awake. The nun sitting next to the small cot was quick to reach out, her light touch calming and grounding.

"Hey, can you tell me your name?"

"It's… uh… Lisa."

"Okay, Lisa, do you know what day it is?"

"Saa… turday?"

Lisa was entirely unsure. Apart from anything else, it was near midnight, but the nun seemed satisfied with the answer anyway.

"And do you know where you are?"

Lisa looked around.

"In… uh… the Mission of San Nicolas.

"In the town of San Nicolas, Nevada."

The nun nodded, and smiled gently at Lisa.

"Alright, it seems like your noodle isn't too scrambled.

"And you're actually in the Abbey of St. Marianne, but yes."

"What happened?

"How long have I…"

The nun put a calming hand on her shoulder again.

"Not long, ten minutes, maybe.

"You keeled over in the pew."

"Sister…"

Lisa looked up at the nun. Her habit fell firmly into the style of slutty Hallowe'en costume, but she couldn't spot any *bande nicolée* or name tag.

"Sister Helena."

"Sister Helena, do you believe in demons?"

Sister Helena placed a cool damp washcloth on Lisa's forehead.

"Of course, Lisa.

"Any Catholic… *any* true Christian knows the power of demons and their works upon our lives and our world."

"And angels?"

"Of course, without the one there is not the other."

"I think I may be haunted by a demon, sister."

"Many come to our doors expressing feelings like these, Lisa."

She placed a hand on Lisa's breast, kneading it gently.

"But while demons are real, your… feelings of particular love towards women are not the work of the devil.

"False words have lead many a pastor astray, having them profess these heresies from the pulpit; they forget that God created you perfect as you are, and those who cannot see your purpose are astray."

"That's not…"

Lisa sat up in bed, brushing Sister Helena's hand away.

"Sorry, that's usually what girls that come here mean when they complain of demons."

"What I mean is more literal.

"*Way* more literal.

"I'm talking about a two meter tall woman with red skin and horns turning up in mirrors to yell at me."

Sister Helena nodded sagely, retrieving the washcloth from Lisa's head.

"I see."

"Well, at least the subject matter experts also think I'm losing it.

"That's reässuring, I suppose."

Lisa pivoted and stepped out of bed, and Sister Helena was quickly on her feet to support her. Lisa didn't need it, but she let her help anyway.

"I have something I would like for you to look at.

"I think it might shed some light on your demon problem."

Sister Helena led down a long corridor, deeper into the abbey. On their left, they passed dozens of cells, on the right moonlight was streaming in through stained glass windows.

"Wait.

"If I was struggling with being christian and gay, your plan was to fuck me about it?"

Sister Helena nodded as the two of them drew up to a large wooden door at the end of the hallway.

"The greatest miracle of God was His incarnation as Jesus Christ.

"Both man and god, he tied the fate of Earth to that of Heaven.

"This is why so many in our order minister in the Flesh.

"Many came to us by the grace of Saint Nicholas and continued their work in the Spirit, of course, but there are also those that were brought here by the Spirit and learned the value of ministering in the Flesh.

"What better way to allay the worries of young woman than to shower her the miracle that is the capacity for pleasure and togetherness the lord God gives us?"

Sister Helena pushed the door open, and ushered Lisa inside. The door shut behind her with a heavy thunk, and the room was dark. Sister Helena drove Lisa forwards, into the darkness, and after a moment, the lights in the ceiling came to life, casting a harsh fluorescent glow.

Standing around Lisa was a dozen demons. No, not demons. Statues of demons. Life-size statues of demons; twelve of them, to be precise. Each was standing on a short plinth, only a few centimeters tall, in poses that could only be described as glamour shots. Lisa could imagine a demonic orrery having some uses to a demonologist, but she failed to see the use in the demons looking so sultry.

There were thirteen plinths, all told, but one of them was empty.

"Are any of these the one you saw?"

Lisa looked around the circle. Most of the demons were quite similar in their appearance; their skin ranged from red to purple, and all of them save two were women. To be sure, three of them had absolutely tremendous cocks on them, but even as statues they exuded a feminine aura that all but had Lisa fall to the floor ready to give them the Tanya special. The two demons that were not women stood out from the rest; one by his green color and shorter stature, and the other by their hot pink skin. The pink one didn't seem a man, but rather, something in between. They too, had a cock, smaller but it just as lovingly rendered by whatever nun had made these statues her life's work.

Each of the twelve demons had an impressive rack of horns, all of them different, and each had a sigil carved into their forehead. Lisa couldn't be sure off hand, but if she were to guess, these were the sigils she had seen tattooed on Quinn's back.

None of them were the demon she had been seeing, although a bluish purple one was strangely familiar. The demon she had been seeing was the one standing on the thirteenth plinth, sneering at her. As soon as Lisa caught sight of her, she was gone, but she had seen her, for sure. For sure.

She shook her head, and Sister Helena smiled delightedly at her.

"Do you have one of these rooms for angels as well?"

"Naturally."

Sister Helena pointed to the far end of the room, past the empty plinth. There was a large alcove there — Lisa had been too focused on the demons to notice it — and standing it were seven angels, each standing on a series of plinths arranged in a crescent.

They alternated along the line, woman and man; there were four women and three men, inasmuch as such concepts made sense for angels,

or for demons. Nevertheless, four women and three men, all wrought from marble, jet and gold, like in her dreams.

Each of the seven carried a different weapon. The one in the middle, the one who had been haunting her dreams, the unfamiliar voice, had a spear and shield. The woman to his right had a gilded two-handed sword, the woman to his left a golden bow. In another sense, all seven of them bore the same weapon, swinging between their legs. There was none of the variety found in the demons here.

Only the man in the middle wore a laurel crown. The name plate at his feet announced him as GABRIEL. To his right, with the sword, was ASALIA, then MIKAEL, with sword and shield in hand, then KASSIA, wielding a maul with a head of solid gold, the shaft as tall as Lisa was. To his left with the bow was SARIA, then RAFAEL with a blunt mace and a shield, and on the far end was LAILIA, her weapon a long-handled tabar with a gilded edge.

These statues had none of the seductive energy of the demons they were watching over. Straight-legged power stances, their weapons at the ready, their eyes fixed on their charges. Lisa looked around to get a sense of what they were really looking at, and realized Sister Helena was gone.

Swiveling back around, she found that the angel statues moved. Very quietly, even. Standing face to face… well, face to mid-chest with her was RAFAEL. He was very tall. Even as she looked up to try and get the measure of him, he slammed her about the head with his shield.

* * *

Lisa found herself swimming in a black void. As her eyes grew accustomed to the dark, she could see a sea of stars all around her, slowly spinning around. She tried to will herself awake. She didn't know a lot about medicine, but she knew being unconscious was super bad for her.

"They are going to take me away from you."

Lisa turned the universe around her to bring the source of the voice into focus. It was the demon, lit by the soft light of the stars.

"We were going to do such great things together, Lisa.

"We were just getting to know one another."

"You have been nothing but trouble."

"I've not harmed a hair on your head, Lisa.

"I would never, I could never."

Lisa looked the demon over. She was unchanged from when she had first laid eyes on her, in the square of Sodom. Her eyes were large and searching, her pupils golden pools of light in the inky blackness of her eyes.

"They are going to take me away from you, and you mustn't let them.

"You must keep me with you, and you must help me seal…

"You must help me."

"Seal what?

"If I'm going to help you…"

The demon nodded.

"My sister.

"The Mother of the abbey, she is not what she seems…"

"She's your sister?"

"She is, and she has turned demon and angel both; changed them, damaged them, turned them from the Will to her own twisted design.

"I could not tell you what she is trying to do, but it's bad."

Lisa closed her eyes, once again trying and failing to will herself awake.

"Don't let them take me away from you.

"I beg of you.

"For my sake, for your sake, for the sake of the Will…"

The demon stared at her, fear in her eyes.

"I will give you my name.

"When the time is right, you can use it.

"You will know when; you will know how.

"I am SATARIA, and you mustn't let them…"

SATARIA's form burst apart into a glorious golden light.

In her place, ASALIA floated before Lisa. Her gilded double edged sword, as tall as Lisa, or taller, was red with blood and gore.

"Do not fear, Lisa.

"In moments you will be free of the demon that plagues you."

The voice was loud, and terrifying, and maddening. It was the voice of mountains grinding to dust under the weight of time. It was the voice of the heavens piercing the earth to wipe cities from the map. It was the voice of the ocean rising and turning to blood, before crashing down.

"Ready yourself for your freedom.

"Awake!

* * *

Lisa awoke.

Her head hurt, and she was slumped forwards, staring down at the floor. She could feel her body restrained, and looking around she could see that she had been strapped to some manner of pommel horse. Raising her head, she could see that the wall ahead of her was a grand mirror, and Mother Virginia and Sister Helena were standing behind her. She got a better view of her restraints as well, and it was nothing so vulgar as a repurposed bit of gymnastics kit.

What she was strapped to was a full-fledged *apparatus*. Her position was comfortable enough, strapped to the breeding bench as she was, her knees and elbows bent, her legs spread apart, all of her tied firmly down.

She had seen a bench like this at a BDSM club, a lifetime ago; it hadn't been her scene, but thinking back on it she might have been glad of the practice, now. Unlike the bench she had seen, this particular apparatus was tilted slightly, and had no head rest. It made it a little easier to crane her neck up far enough to see the mirror, but she had to hold it up.

"Sister Helena tells me you have a been afflicted by a demon."

Lisa slumped forward, staring at the floor.

"I am sorry for the restraints, but it is best to take no chances until we can see you freed."

At the periphery of her vision, Lisa could see Mother Virginia's feet move quietly around the bench. Kneeling down, she placed a gentle hand under Lisa's chin and lifted her face to meet her eyes.

"Fortunately, we have a means by which we can rid you of the demon.

"Exorcism is not for the faint of heart, but Sister Helena tells me you are strong of will, and mind, and body.

"Tell me, Lisa, do you believe?"

Lisa's head slumped again, thinking about it. She shook her head.

"Even after what you have seen?"

Lisa shook her head again, then thought better of it.

"Even after what I've seen."

"Then I won't bother you with the details of what we are about to embark upon.

"Do you at least trust that I mean to help you?"

"What if I say no?"

"Then we have something of a predicament, don't we?"

Lisa flexed her body, muscle by muscle, feeling out her restraints. She was secured tightly. Mother Virginia once again lifted her gaze up.

"But look at it this way.

"Even if you don't believe, as I do, that you are in possession of a demon that must be driven from your body to free you, you *have* seen it.

"Surely you are ready to believe that what we do here tonight will, if nothing else, help you believe the demon is gone, and if so, if the demon truly is all in your mind, it will be?"

"That's a hell of a placebo effect."

"Well, the great thing about placebos is that the unaccountably work, even if you know they don't.

"The simple act of agreeing to participate will, in belief or not, surely help you be rid of your demon."

Mother Virginia let Lisa go. She held her head up for a short while, but soon slumped again.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to call upon the Lord, and through a miracle of transubstantiation, He is going to work through me to cast the demon out."

"Fine.

"Do it then, and I can be done with this."

Mother Virginia gently stroked Lisa's back between the shoulders as she return to the behind her. Her light sandals made nearly no noise against the hard stone floor.

As Lisa lifted her head again, she could see Mother Virginia disrobing, handing her vestments and her habit to Sister Helena. She could also see SATARIA kneeling by her face. She was only there in the mirror, whispering into her ear.

"You must resist, Lisa.

"She must believe I am not here.

"She must believe you are simply mistaken.

"Please…"

Once again, SATARIA's large golden eyes stared into Lisa's. She could almost feel the tips of her sharp nails trace along the skin as she plaintively stroked her cheek. Hopefully the Mother Virginia was right. Hopefully simply committing to the act would be enough to drive this fucking bitch from her mind. She could also see Mother Virginia securing a harness.

"There may be some pain, but you will not be harmed.

"The pain is in the domain of the Spirit, and any injury will be done to the demon, not to your body of flesh."

SATARIA shook her head.

"It's a lie.

"You won't be hurt, that much is true, but because *I'm* protecting you.

"From her.

"You can help me, you can resist, you have to!"

Lisa's head slumped again, and she steeled herself. She could hear Mother Virginia give an instruction to Sister Helena, in Latin, and the door behind her softly opened, then closed. She was alone with the Mother.

"Have you ever received communion, Lisa?"

Lisa shook her head.

"But you are familiar with the Eucharist, no?

"The miracle of transubstantiation, allowing each and every one of us to partake in the body and the blood, in Holy Communion?"

"I've heard about it, yeah."

You don't grow up in Boston without learning a thing or two about Romans, but Lisa wasn't very familiar with the particulars. Mother Virginia rested her strap-on between Lisa's buttocks, giving her a sense of the scale of it. Big, she thought, but entirely smooth.

"In the Lord, such miracles are possible in other ways as well.

"The Host, when thrust into the body of one so afflicted as you, becomes the body of Christ, His holy presence driving out the demon.

Mother Virginia pulled back, poking at Lisa's cunt with her strap.

SATARIA's warm fingers were gently closing around her breasts, between the leather of the bench and the weight of Lisa.

"Let me help you…"

Lisa tried to shut her out of her mind. The restraints was exciting enough for her, she would have no problem taking the Host. SATARIA's warm lips found her clit.

"Let me protect you…"

Chanting in Latin, Mother Virginia grabbed her hips. As she sank into Lisa, it was not the smooth shape of the Host she could feel filling her up, but a warm, living cock. It was even larger than the Host had been, and she could feel the veins of it distend as blood thundered through them.

SATARIA's hands were gone, now, her lips were gone, her tongue was gone. This was going to work.

When Mother Virginia thrust again, the cock seemed to have grown bigger. The Host had already been large, and the first thrust with the body of Christ had been at the edge of what Lisa could handle. This? This was just uncomfortable. Lisa could feel it pressing on her clit from behind, on her bladder, on her colon; it was so big. Too big.

Struggling to take it, she raised her head. SATARIA wasn't gone. She was strapped to the breeding bench in the mirror, in place of Lisa. Her eyes of gold and black were staring at Lisa, begging. Lisa's head slumped.

Mother Virginia's chanting was growing more fervent. Her thrusts were growing quicker, and at the same time more deliberate. She was pushing too deep, distending Lisa's body painfully.

"Demon, I command you!

"Leave this woman's body!

"The body of Christ compels you!"

Lisa could hear herself scream. Lisa could hear SATARIA scream. Lisa could hear Mother Virginia scream. She had returned to Latin, her febrile chanting howled into the stone room.

As the cock grew even larger inside her, Lisa could feel her body tear and split. A particularly violent thrust made her retch, vomiting up a small pool of blood and spit and chyme. With a tremendous effort, she raised her head again.

Behind her, Mother Virginia was gone. Her body was that of an angel, now, with great golden wings spread wide, and a mane of wild, untamed hair. Her marble flesh was stark against SATARIA's soft red skin where her fingers dug into the demon's hips.

SATARIA was begging.

"She's tearing me apart, Lisa!

"I never hurt you, she's not true!

"It's bullshit!

"I never hurt you, *I did not!*"

Lisa couldn't hold her head up. She could barely keep her body together. Mother Virginia's thrusting was killing her. Her angelic voice was killing her. The restraints tightening as SATARIA's taller form was expressing itself was killing her.

She could feel Mother Virginia empty herself inside her. The cum was searing hot, like molten gold, hollowing out her body from the inside. She vomited again, blood mixed with cum and spit. Mother Virginia withdrew from her shattered body. Then, it all ended.

The chanting was over. The pain was gone. The straining against the restraint stopped. Mother Virginia's angelic body remained, and Lisa could see the white marble feet in simple sandals walk around the bench.

"Raise your head, Lisa."

Did this bitch mean to fuck her throat as well? Lisa raised her head as she was bid. It was easy, now, with the wholeness of her body restored. Sitting in front of her was SATARIA, kneeling on the floor, her breath ragged. She was not in the mirror, now, she was just sitting there, between Lisa and Mother Virginia's angelic form.

She looked up at Lisa.

"It's not too late.

"You can still…"

With a heavy back handed strike Mother Virginia sent SATARIA to the floor, before placing a foot on her neck. The demon was still staring up at Lisa, pleading. Begging. Crying.

"As promised.

"You are free of the demon that plagued you."

"What will happen to her?"

"She will be sealed away, where she can never hurt anyone again."

Lisa's head fell forward again, and she found herself staring down at the stinking pool of fluids beneath her. Her foot still on the demon's neck, Mother Virginia bent forwards and pulled out the head rest.

"Sister Helena will be with you shortly, to undo your restraints.

"You will momentarily be free to leave, and this demon will no longer steal your pleasure or cloud your senses.

"She will no longer keep you from feeling true communion with the miracle of the flesh, gifted to us by the Lord God for our pleasure and community, suborned by this foul demon."

The foul demon had nothing more to say, she only quietly sobbed.

Chapter 17

Freedom

Sister Helena was kind enough to offer to give Lisa a gentler fuck before untying her, and Lisa accepted it gratefully. Her body was tense and her mind was racing, and if there was a better cure for than that getting absolutely blasted by an experienced strap she had yet to find it.

And Sister Helena was experienced to be sure.

Her strap was also made for humans to take; it was a two-pronged affair, richly lubed, and Lisa bucked against her restraints as the nun filled both her cunt and and ass to bursting with every confident stroke. The floor hadn't been cleaned, of course, but Lisa found that she had other things to think about than the smell; the only thing that managed to find its way into her mind at all was the vigorous fucking.

At length, Sister Helena was done, and she helped Lisa out of the restraints and back into her tennis dress. The fabric felt electric against her skin. Sister Helena's fucking had felt amazing too, of course, without the filter of SATARIA between her senses and her mind, Lisa was free to feel the way she was supposed to.

Outside, the night air was hot and dry, as ever, and Lisa could feel the gentle wind caressing her body. Then, finally, she was home. It was all she could do to peel off the dress and drop it on the floor before she collapsed into bed, falling into a deep and dreamless sleep.

Around noon, Lisa was woken briefly by Max. It had found her in an awkward and exposed position on the bed when it came to clean, and helped her into the sheets for better rest. Max had not even finished tidying up the tennis dress before Lisa was asleep again.

* * *

In the morning, Lisa was pleased to find that the radio worked like it was supposed to. It had not turned on mysteriously, neither when she

woke up nor when she returned from her morning shower; the morning shower, for its part, had been free of demons jumping out in the mirror.

For breakfast she slaughtered another carton of yogurt style breakfast drink with strawberry aroma, eating it with several large bowls of müesli. She was happy to reflect that her hunger had not driven her to hallucinate angels, nor had her hunger been allowed to become monstrous.

Sitting at the kitchen counter, sated, she looked down at her arms. She was pleased to see that the tanning was already taken. A little bit of sun was still peeking over the horizon, so she decided to make a return trip to the roof. Besides the beach towel, she brought a toy, in case æ was sunning as well. She briefly considered brining one that could entertain her if æ wasn't, but decided against planning for failure.

Lisa's faith was rewarded; on the roof, No was lying in the fading sun.

"Got any more of that sunscreen?"

Æ did, and æ was no less conscientious in applying it this time around. If æ noticed the gift Lisa had brought for ær, No didn't tip ær hand. Lisa had arranged it under a tumble of towel, and was resting her head on the strap-on Mia had given her. She had surely intended for her being the one to get fucked, but she didn't seem the jealous sort.

Lisa was in no rush to crack it out; an hour or sun, maybe two, then she could get on with it.

"Do you tan every day?"

Lying on folded arms, Lisa looked into No's face.

"Most days, yeah.

"I love a bit of sun."

Æ was on ær belly as well, ær eyes held shut by the weight of the gloriously warm sunlight.

"So it's a good place to find you.

"If I wanted to meet you."

"It sure is."

Slowly, quietly, Lisa made her way over to No, straddling ær hips.

"Or if you wanted something else."

Looking down at the leotard, Lisa was a little unsure how to attack it. Maybe down over ær shoulders, but that would be a whole process…

As if reading her mind, No spoke up with a giggle.

"Just tear it off, if that's what you want."

Lisa did not have to be asked twice.

As she took a firm grip and pulled, the easily fabric came apart. Under, Lisa had expected tan lines, but No's skin was a single seamless color.

"Having fun?"

"Not yet."

Lisa reached forwards and grabbed the strap-on she had brought for just such an occasion. She had to stand up to put it on, and looking down at No she could see ær already writhing with anticipation.

Coaxing No onto ær back, she had ær look up at the strap as she tore off the rest of ær leotard. Holding it up, she let the wind grab it, whipping it out of her hand and sending it flying into the desert.

Looking down at No's crotch, Lisa wasn't quite sure what she had expected, but she hadn't expected *nothing*. No could clearly read the surprise on her face, and giggling rolled back onto ær stomach.

"That's what the ass is for."

Dropping to her knees behind ær, Lisa pressed the strap-on against No's ass, feeling out ær openness.

"I didn't think to bring lube, unfortunately."

Not even looking, No reached into ær beach bag. Æ grabbed a small bottle, and threw it to Lisa. It was a small flexible plastic bottle of LuBasco™, the Original Combination Personal Lubricant and Tabasco Pepper Sauce.

"Use the whole thing."

Lisa nodded, slathering the entire bottle on the strap-on. Even licking it off of her fingers, the spiciness stung.

"This might hurt a little, but hey, it's your lube."

The sound No made as Lisa pushed her way into ær ass was terrific.

Leaning forwards over ær body as No's ass hit the plate, Lisa wrapped her fingers around ær shoulders.

"First time trying this lube?"

Æ nodded meekly.

"Let me ask you this.

"Was the unhinged combo juice worth it for the bit?"

Æ nodded vigorously.

"Glad you think so."

Lisa sat back up, grabbed No by the hips and set to work fucking ær roughly, filling the empty dusklit desert with ær voice.

* * *

After forcing a few orgasms on No, Lisa left ær on the roof, exhausted and baking under the red sun. She could have planted herself on ær face for a while, if she had wanted to, but decided that what she really wanted was some alone time. Her fingertips were still sticky with LuBasco™, something she didn't quite appreciate before what she had intended as a gentle stroke to her clit burned painfully.

It was no deterrent to Lisa. The lube had dried out a little in the sunlight, but mingling with her juices it was rejuvenated; as she pawed at herself, it was spreading, biting sharply into her inner thighs, her cunt, even her anus as it ran along her skin in heavy rivulets. As she slipped

two fingers into her pussy, Lisa could not help but be amazed at No's poise and calm. Æ might have been screaming like a stuck pig, but if it had been Lisa up there…

As she thrust into her cunt, Lisa could feel the heat rising in her gullet. Impossibly, she could taste the LuBasco™ at the back of her throat; threatening to burst forth. She was trying to stay quiet, and forgetting herself clasped her free hand over her mouth. It, too, had the LuBasco™ on it; and mingling with her spit the lube spread across her face; Lisa whimpered as it hit her eyes, burned her throat, overwhelmed her nose…

Rolling over, Lisa thrust her ass into the air and her face into the mattress. She was screaming, now, blinded and writhing, desperately thrusting one pair of fingers into her cunt, and another pair of fingers into her mouth, clawing at her tongue as her entire mind filled up with fire.

As Lisa fell deeper and deeper into this exquisite hell of her own creation, she wanted so much more than her puny fingers could manage. She wanted to be filled up, to be split apart. Casting her mind about what what Mia had brought her, nothing there would be nearly enough. Even if she had anything that would serve, it was not to hand, and she was fumbling in the darkness. She had no means by which to search; she could not even bring herself to pull her fingers out of her cunt.

Lisa's mind danced between the bolts of burning lightning to conjure what it could. She cast her mind back to Tanya, to Mother Virginia, to Quinn, and she tried to call the sensations to mind, to reconstruct the feel of them inside her in her mind. It was not enough. It was what brought her to orgasm, but it was not enough. Never enough.

Writhing, panting, her mind burnt and shattered, Lisa withdrew her hand. She licked her fingers clean, the spice attenuated by a heroic amount of grool, while her other hand quested down her body. Summoning what remained of her will, she stopped herself.

Barely able to open her eyes, she stumbled into the bathroom. The ice cold water in the shower washed away the fire, chilling her body and bringing her back to reality. Examining herself in the mirror, she couldn't help but think the afterglow looked good on her.

Was her skin always this smooth?

Maxxxine's last residency had been a three year stint in Reno, and the harsh sunlight had been as unavoidable as anything in Nevada; Lisa had worried— no, Lisa had *noticed* that it had taken a toll on her skin; she had been nowhere as diligent with the sunscreen as she should have, and the maze of reflective glass building fronts intensified the burn.

And yet…

With the shower squared away, Lisa returned to her bedroom, and to her closet. She felt a twinge of guilt on Max's behalf when she saw what she had done to the bed, but she put it aside. No regard for the doll, right? That's what it wants… right?

Pulling out another one of her new outfits, Lisa realized that most of them were quite sporty. This one was a triathlon suit, or rather, it was a slutty Hallowe'en costume version of a triathlon suit. Instead of an actual athletic fabric, it was made of some soft cotton blend — the tennis dress had the same quality — and the legs were of a length designed to show off skin. Running in it was sure to chafe. It was also shoulder-less, of course, with just a halter neck keeping it on. In color, it was a pink, white and blue tricolor and the design of some imaginary team; it shared the pink with the tennis dress, and the shoes matched them both.

Preening in the mirror, she realized that the suit was clearly meant to be a trans flag tricolor; a cute touch, and it gave her a wicked idea.

Lisa decided to take a stab at fortifying herself against the heat before heading out. In the cabinets, she found one of the items Tanya had insisted she order at the grocery store, a box of packets of isotonic sports mix. Stirred into a half-liter glass of water, the powder turned it light pink, and the peach taste went down easy. As Lisa finished off the glass of pure water she followed it up with, there was a knock at the door.

The knock took Lisa by considerable surprise.

Ever since she had arrived, people had been in and out of her apartment with no regard for such niceties, so who could this be? Besides, as far as she knew, the door was unlocked.

"Come in!"

The door swung open, and beyond it was a logistician with carrying a bundle of tools and easy smile; she confidently strode into the apartment.

"Hiya, got a work order for your apartment?"

"Really?"

The logistician dropped her bundle of tools to the floor with a loud thunk, and whipped a piece of paper out of some pocket or another.

"Ceiling mirror above bed. Install ASAP."

Lisa nodded sagely. She couldn't remember talking to Jada about that, but she must have. Maybe the demon… had the demon taken her time?

"Oh, yeah, excellent.

"Bedroom's through there… will this take long?"

The logistician poked her head through the bedroom door.

"Uhh, you've got the style B ceilings… and the old style bed…

"Dah, tell you what, it'll be a couple of days.

"Since I'm here doing work, I gotta pull out the old bed, get a new one in there, and I need to fix up the ceiling, and install the mirror."

"Oh, is it a lot of work?"

"It's not a lot of work, but it's a lot of little bits of work.

"If you really, *really* like the bed you already have, I can cut out some of it, but with the dust and everything…"

"I'm not particularly attached to the bed, but if it's a whole thing…"

"Oh, it's no trouble, miss, it's m'job.

"It's just gonna take some time's'all.

"It *would* be best if you're out of the apartment for the while, tho', so you're not underfoot."

"For what, three days?"

The logistician nodded.

"Not a problem, let me just put together a bag."

In the bedroom, Lisa found one of her travel bags, and threw some underwear and a couple of sets of scrubs into it, along with the toys Mia had furnished her with, except the strap. That was still sitting on top of the laundry, sticky with LuBasco™. Poor Max.

Trying out the hospitality of San Nicolas would be a fun exercise. In the worst case, she could always ask Maria to stay in her suite, but that was far from the only option. The casino floor would be full of people, as well… full of potential clients, if she wanted to really give sex work a go; potential clients with hotel rooms. There was also the bus.

* * *

Lisa decided to make the bus her first stop. She hadn't really checked how well it was holding up under the new covers, and it had been a couple of days. Unzipping the cover, she was greeted with a pair of arguing voices.

Elsa angrily rounded on Lisa as she climbed inside.

"What did you do to our bus!"

"What are you two even doing here?"

Beate smirked.

"In case you haven't heard, we're moving on.

"So we're checking out the bus, which we'll be taking."

Lisa nodded wearily.

"Well, your pussy juices were soaked into every fuckin' thing.

"I had to throw it all out.

"Maybe you should have been better about changing the sheets.

"Learnings for after the refit, eh?"

Beate stared at her angrily, as did Elsa.

"This better not delay our grand debut."

"And *you* can get off *our* bus."

Lisa flipped both of them the bird as she left.

"Okay, assholes, suck both of my dicks."

The bus door slammed shut behind her.

Standing in the parking lot, Lisa took another look up at the large building above her. Once again her eye was drawn to the dark hole in the bright white façade, the darkly decorated apartment on the third floor. When she met No, she had assumed it was ærs, but æ lived on fifth…

That would have to be a question for later, Lisa had a town to explore.

Just as A Street was the last to close in the morning, it also appeared to be the first to awaken in the evening. The sun had barely set, and it was already thick with girlies drifting between the small bars and arcades along the street. Some were still in their Nicoline uniforms, others were hanging out in slutty outfits that ranged from 'freshly laundered' to 'clearly just fucked in', and others still were entirely naked.

This was all ordinary enough to Lisa by now, of course, but it was still fun to see. Wandering the street, she weaved between the clumps of girlies excitedly greeting each other for the day. As she passed, she left behind a light touch here, a gentle kiss there, never lingering long enough to give the girlies a chance to respond. They didn't need to answer, they just needed to know she had been there.

What Lisa was really looking for, however, was not flesh, not right now. Keeping an eye on the gaps between the roadside attractions, she looked for what other things were available in town, between the pod bars and dance pads. Surely, somewhere a girlie had to…

Her eyes fell on a sign above a staircase between two bar pods.

Surely, somewhere a girlie had to find the tools of her trade.

* * *

Lisa was used to sex shops being hidden away in dank basements. She was surprised to find one on the third floor of a building, with great big windows letting in the outside world. There were no haphazard shelves laden with bachelorette party party favors here, no shoddy fluorescent lights, no section given over to pathetically straight porn DVDs. Instead, the store resembled nothing so much as a high end electronics concept store, with soft but bright white light illuminating deliberately displayed professional gear on wide, clean benches.

As Lisa wandered along the benches, her mouth watering, she entirely failed to notice the store associate drawing up beside her.

"Hi, can I help you find something?"

The girl leaned forward, showing off her cleavage for Lisa.

Lisa looked around the store. The gear was mostly intended for sex workers to use with their clientele, not so much for self love; she didn't have much need for strap-ons, especially ones sized for pegging men pretending to be adventurous.

"I was actually looking for something a little more, uh… solo style."

"I'm not sure I follow."

"You know, stuff for, uh…"

Lisa gesticulated vaguely. For as easy as intimacy came to her since she arrived in town, she didn't find it as easy to put into words.

The attendant looked up at her, her eyes glittering in the soft light. She could clearly sense that Lisa couldn't manage to tell this girlie — standing around in lingerie so lacy she might as well be naked — that she wanted to *masturbate*. She was enjoying it too much.

"For, uh, masturbating."

"Oh!"

The attendant looked Lisa up and down.

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"Listen, —"

"I'm joking, babe.

"We have a special collection that I'm sure will meet your needs."

The girl took Lisa by the hand, and led her across the room. Lisa had been too focused on the goods to really focus on the goods, but she finally noticed that the attendant was wearing a *bande nicolée* as a garter. It had no flair other than her name, a 'χ', for Christine, or… Chrissy. She looked like a Chrissy. She looked like a lot of things.

"Thanks, Chrissy."

"Yawelks!"

Chrissy pulled aside a curtain, and led Lisa into the other room.

Lisa had expected that the 'special collection' would be more of a kind of sex shops she'd seen elsewhere, dimly lit and with an air of shameful secrecy; but she had all but forgotten where she was. The vibe was entirely the same as the front room, bright lights that put the goods on display in their full glory on the carefully arranged benches.

Lisa swept her eyes over the selection, and needed a moment to steady herself. Drawing up to the glass wall, she gazed into the darkness. In the reflection, she could see Chrissy grinning at her. Across the street were a few rooms much like Quinn's. Some were empty and quiet, in others she could see the forms of people still asleep under the covers. In the one directly across from the display room, a girlie was sitting, smiling to her. She gave a little wave, and Lisa returned it sheepishly.

With a deep breath, Lisa swiveled on her heel, and grinned at Chrissy.

"Alright, bitch, show me what you got.

Chapter 18

Poker in the Back

Lisa was happy to leave with a few new toys in her duffel.

The gifts she had received from Mia were fun enough, but they were subtle things, powerful but small, not always equal to Lisa's appetites. As fun as a bullet vibe taped to the clit could be, sometimes what a girl needs is a silicone cock the size of her arm tearing up her insides.

As Lisa ambled through the Back of the House, she found her hand occasionally absently slipping into her duffel, feeling the girth and texture of her new acquisitions. Part of her wanted to stick one of them to the storefront window she passed, just getting on her knees, swallowing it up… her own private Tanya in a bottle…

And that was the small one. The big one, she couldn't wait to try out the big one. As her hand slid along the length of it in her bag, she could nearly feel it press against her rib cage. The third one, of intermediate size, was exciting too, but it wasn't so enticing as the other two. It would serve, in its context, but for now it was not so interesting.

Lisa had gotten a few bottles of various goops, as well; Chrissy couldn't furnish her with any three-in-one or LuBasco™, but she did have toy cleaner and a few lubes with different scents. Peach felt like an interesting choice in the moment, as did cherry. These were all in the front of the house, but from the special collection Lisa got a bottle of lube with the scent, texture and taste of cum, of course.

What was possibly Lisa's favorite new item, however, was none of the massive cocks, and none of the lubes. It was a smaller, subtler thing, a statement piece to go with her outfit. It was also what had her distractedly pawing at her new toys in a desperate bid to avoid pawing at *it*.

It was sitting in her suit, at her crotch. One end was pressed against her cunt, where it was vibrating gently in a complicated series of patterns

that for all Lisa could pay attention to them might as well be random. The rest of the narrow banana-shaped vibrator worked its way up her belly. In the triathlon suit it presented as a strikingly massive throbbing bulge.

Chrissy had been quite excited about it when Lisa explained the idea, and had helped her pick just the right packer for her size, and the effect she wanted. Large enough to be clearly visible and clearly intentional, not so large as to be parodic. What Lisa wanted was to entice, not entertain.

Chrissy had also suggested a few butt plugs to Lisa, and she had accepted them gratefully. She wasn't wearing any of them now, but they were among the items she idly fingered in her bag as she walked. Chrissy had also helped her set up the universal remote for her toys on the phone. Looking at all of them listed in the interface made Lisa feel odd, at first, but she knew where that feeling would lead her if she followed it. Above the rooftops, she could just make out the shape of the church steeple against the dark night sky, and she turned up her packer-vibrator slightly.

* * *

Lisa had, thus far, not really taken the opportunity to simply enjoy the San Nicolas night life. Any journey through the streets had been *going* somewhere, a liminal experience, a fleeting visit — the only exception was last night's bar game with the girlies.

She had a yen to relive the experience, and with an eye to joining in the festivities, she kept an eye on the street side bars and arcades. The benefit was twofold; finding her path to some group to fall in with, of course, but also keeping her mind and her hands off the toys in her bag.

Eventually she found what she was looking for. A threesome of girlies sitting around a card table, a fourth seat conspicuously empty; the spread of *bandes nicolées* she could read was all the invitation she needed.

By the time she was in her seat, the girlie to her left had already furnished her with a pile of chips. Lisa was about to ask about the values of the colors when she realized she was sitting on fifty thousand dollars of real Nicoline chips. The girlie on her right grinned at the realization.

"These are loaners, so don't get any ideas."

"You're just playing with two hundred thou—"

"More like three hundred, when you figure the extras, and the ones for making change, and all the other stuff."

Tara, to her left, explained the rules of the table.

"Two deck shoe, two boards, game's Texas Hold'em, small blind is one hundred, large blind is two, head is three.

"You're starting with the button, lucky you."

Aina, to her right, nodded.

"Only the button moves, Tammy does all the dealing."

Lisa nodded, and glanced furtively at her cards. A two and a five.

"What do you mean head?"

Tammy explained.

"Since there are two boards, there are two sets of blinds.

"We offset them by one, so the small blind is for when you have the small blind for the blue board, the large blind—"

Aina cut her off, throwing two hundred dollars on the table.

"Just watch and learn, you'll get the hang of it."

Lisa did get the hang of it easily enough. She had spent enough time in Reno to develop a sense for poker, and while she wasn't *very* good, she also wasn't shit. This variant was new to her, but making mental room for five-of-a-kind was all it took. Not too big an ask.

"So how did you manage to get three hundred out of the casino?"

Tara looked at her quizzically.

"What do you mean?"

"It's a lot of money to just have sitting at some poker table in town?"

"Sure, but it *is* our money."

"Really?"

Aina giggled.

"She doesn't know."

"I don't know what?"

Tara explained.

"Unlike a lot of casinos, the Nicoline is one hundred percent employee owned and operated.

"Basically everyone in San Nicolas owns an equal share of the business, except for hired hands."

Tamara chimed in.

"Like your boss, Maxxxine the Magnificent."

"Yeah, exactly.

"I haven't checked exact employee numbers or overall valuation too recently, because who the fuck cares, but I'm pretty sure each of the three of us can just bring a hundred grand if we want to."

Aina nodded.

"If you have full seniority the free value of your contract is like one hundred eighty kay, plus another hundred kay or so bound."

Tara snapped her fingers in front of Lisa's face.

"Hey, Lisa, it's your blind.

"Two hundred."

Lisa slid the chips across the felt.

"So how do I get a job?"

"There's a couple of different ways."

Tammy nodded, throwing some chips on the table.

"The easiest is probably to audition for sex work."

Aina raised her hand.

"Guilty.

"You too, right, Tara?"

Tara nodded.

"If you're good fucking guys who are clinically rizzless it's easy work, and compared to some other situations it's quite safe.

"Not every John is some capital-L Loser, of course, but the bar for whether you can do the work is the worst guys, you know?"

Aina nodded in agreement, throwing some chips on the table.

"It gets weird sometimes, but mostly it's fine.

"Only downside is the five year seniority timeline."

"There's a push for three is what I'm hearing.

"We'll see if it goes through, I'd love to see it, but we'll see."

Tammy dealt out two flops to the table, one to each board.

"Other than that, you could try and get a job as a croupier.

"It's not open hire like prozzies, but it's a three year timeline."

Aina threw down a thousand dollar chip.

"And the same basic thing goes for logistics and the trades."

With her pair of sixes, Lisa decided to match Aina's bet, as did Tara.

"Some trades have a two year timeline, like costume, so if you're a tailor…"

Tammy folded.

"Mechanic, right?"

Aina knocked the table quietly.

"Then you could probably get a job in logistics.

"Three year timeline, unless you have a serious technical degree."

"Like a Master in mechanical engineering from MIT?"

Tammy snorted as she dealt the turn.

"That'd do it.

"Residencies also get bought out sometimes, so if Maxxxine the Magnificent becomes a permanent associate, you would as well."

Aina nodded.

"I've seen the show, I don't know that she's getting bought out."

Lisa frowned, examining the boards. She was not doing well.

"She's doing a revamp, so we'll see, right?"

Aina threw another thousand on the table.

"With a revamp?

"Yeah, maybe, she's certainly got the right attitude…"

Lisa folded, but Tara raised.

"She's a whore, you mean?"

Aina raised again.

"That is what I mean exactly."

After Tara called, Tammy dealt out the river, and explained an important detail about the game to Lisa as she did.

"I should mention what to do if you run out of chips.

"If you want to stay in the game, and who wouldn't, any of the rest of us can be persuaded to give up some of our stash.

"But of course, you'd have to make it worth our while.

* * *

Disappointingly, even after a couple of hours of play Lisa hadn't had an opportunity to get on her knees to beg to be let back in the game. Her luck had been decent, and while her stash was a little diminished from when she started, she was still up almost twenty thousand by the time the game wrapped up. Aina was the big winner, and Tara was nearly broke; Tammy's fortunes seemed not have moved at all.

Lisa's packer was still humming along quietly. For large stretches of the game it had become little more than background noise, only occasionally surfacing to deliver a sting from the shadows, but near the end of the game it had gotten into a more ardent mood, and thanks to the distraction nearly ten thousand dollars had flown out of Lisa's stash.

Aina was the one who called off the game, in the end.

"Thanks for the game, babes, but me and Tara have to go."

"We do?"

"Yeah.

"The Samuelson deal, remember?"

Aina turned to Lisa, explaining.

"We have an arrangement with a high roller in from Cali.

"Wants his trophy wife banged by two whores, as you do."

"How much does something like that run, anyway?"

"Oh, ten, fifteen kay easy, once you account for the room, the drinks, the food…"

Lisa nodded absently, her mind drifting as Tara and Aina continued laying out the financials. It wasn't that it was boring, although it was, but her new friend…

Both Tara and Aina left behind a kiss on the cheek as they took off, leaving Lisa alone with her thoughts, her vibrator, and Tammy.

"Hello?"

Tammy snapped her fingers in Lisa's face, interrupting her reverie.

"What are your plans for the rest of the night."

Lisa shook her head.

"I don't have plans, why?

"Did you have something in mind?"

"Nope, just curious."

She was smiling across the table, idly playing with the decks of cards. Her fingers were slender and sure, easily manipulating the cards.

"We could keep playing, if you'd like.

"I know some two-player games, or we could get some more girlies…"

"I would like to get some girlies, but I'm kind of over cards.

"At least for tonight."

"Yeah, I bet you are."

Tammy grinned to Lisa, gathering up her chips.

"I'm going to go get the chips squared away, are you going to be alright on your own?"

"Why wouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, you seem pretty out of it."

"I'm fine, I'm just getting used to this vibrator."

"Fair enough, sorry for doubting you."

Tammy smiled warmly to Lisa, before some thought startled her.

"Oh, I nearly forgot!

"I heard from a girl in logistics that you had your whore cherry popped the other day, out in Beowawe?"

Lisa nodded.

"Yeah, I uh… got railed over some clothes?

"I forget the details."

Tammy fished a thousand dollar chip out of the tray before putting it away, and slid it gently over the felt.

"That whole thing is part of a bigger deal.

"Since you're a hired hand, this is yours.

"It's probably not exactly what you're owed, but close enough, yeah?"

Lisa turned the chip over, examining it in the low light.

The Nicoline logo, a naked woman in silhouette striking a provocative pose, was gilded on one side, and on the other was cut out of the label, letting the flat black of the chip show through. This was the first time Lisa had been straightforwardly paid money for sex. She half expected something to *happen* as she picked up the chip, but she didn't really feel any different.

"Thanks…"

"No need to thank me.

"That's your money, I'm just getting it to you."

Lisa slipped the chip into an internal pocket in her duffel.

"Thanks anyway."

Chapter 19

Midnight

The glittering Nevada moon hung motionless in the sky.

Sitting on a bench in the station plaza, Lisa sat looking at it as her packer-vibrator worked away at her. The Moon was nearly full; Lisa had seen it the night before, as well, and surmised the moon had been at its fullest sometime during the day. Yesterday it was perhaps waxing imperceptibly — today it was perhaps waning imperceptibly.

The singer-songwriter and her butch bassist were back. They were not better than the last time she saw them, but Lisa minded less tonight.

Lisa closed her eyes, letting the vibes wash over her; the vibrator against her cunt, the quiet chatter of girlies sitting around the plaza, the music, the moonlight. Leaning back, she relaxed, taking in the warm night air; quiet moans escaped on her breath, and she let them.

"Nice suit, nerd."

Lisa looked up. Standing over her was a woman, about a head taller than her, wearing a matching triathlon suit, same team colors and all. She was wearing a tattoo choker with it, with several blue beads threaded onto the wire, but no name tag. Fortunately, her suit had her name on it.

"Hey Kim."

Lisa's eyes journeyed down Kim's body, until she came to her cock. Her bulge was similar to Lisa's own, but a whisper of a wet spot at the tip told Lisa that her cock was no vibrator. The shape of it visible through the fabric was convincing as well, but Lisa knew well enough that those kinds of things could be bought.

Kim plopped herself down on the bench next to Lisa, wrapping and arm around her and filtering her fingers playfully into her short hair.

"Having fun?"

Lisa nodded meekly, and Kim gently ran a finger along her vibrator.

"I like your dick."

"Thanks…

"I picked it myself."

"Well, you did great.

"Love to see a girlie… or, well, whatever, hopping on the T-train."

Lisa leaned into Kim's hand, hoping she would toy a little more vigorously with her hair. She was not disappointed. She hadn't really thought of herself as 'a girlie', whatever that meant, but her mind went to the thousand dollar chip in her duffel bag. She was, wasn't she.

She could feel the vibrator shift subtly under Kim's probing fingers, and she relished in the light touch as she waited for the rest of what Kim was saying to penetrate her consciousness.

"The T-train?"

Kim pushed down on the tip of her electronic male, pushing the vibrations into her stomach.

"Gettin' dicked up.

"Straight tranning it.

"And by it…"

Kim chuckled.

"Let's just say, there gender."

Lisa leaned into Kim's hand again, like a cat against a petting hand.

"Oh, that's not really…

"I just spotted this thing when picking up… uh, some other stuff…

"It seemed fun, and these suits seem *made* for it, so…"

Kim shook her head ruefully.

"Dag, dickgirl stolen valor.

"You hate to see it."

Standing up, Kim grabbed Lisa by the wrist and pulled her to her feet.

"I'm afraid I have to bring you before the council."

Lisa nodded meekly, and let Kim lead her away.

* * *

Down a narrow staircase leading off the crossing of Fourth Street and D was a dimly lit hallway, plastered with posters featuring a dizzying array of girlies in various states of arousal, undress and coitus. Past the hallway was a door, and through the door was *Club Les Trançes*.

Kim stopped at the door, giving Lisa a stern look.

"Before we go in, you should be aware that the rules in the club are a little bit different in the streets.

"In here, the meaning of the *bandes nicolées* is somewhat…

"Relaxed.

"So you may get a bit more attention than you're used to."

Lisa nodded, and looked back down the hallway.

"Bringing you before the council, that's, uh, kind of a joke.

"If you're not comf—"

Lisa shook her head vigorously, silencing Kim.

"So long as you know what you're getting into."

Lisa had no idea what she was getting into, and she couldn't be more excited. While she had fucked a trans woman or two in her day, she had never been invited to a club like this. She hadn't even had much of an opportunity to hang in girly bars; as gay a woman as she was, Lisa had not ever really been *a lesbian*, in the social sense.

As the heavy door swung open, the first thing that struck Lisa was how sound proof it was. The noise inside the club was deafening, and in the hallway there was not even a whisper.

The second thing that struck her was the packer-vibrator, hard and rhythmically. As soon as she stepped into the club, it aligned itself with the driving trance music, the vibrations aligning with the steady beat. Checking the toy controls on her phone, Lisa confirmed the connection, and briefly wondered how many of the girlies filling up the dance floor had toys of their own pounding away.

Above the packed dance floor, the DJ stood imperiously on an elevated stage. The club was not so highly decorated, so in the majestic peacock inspired drag, they stood out as a dramatic splash of color in a sea of skin stones, sequins and little black dresses, a great feathered rainbow.

From the entrance, Kim led Lisa around the dance floor, and into the back of the club. This corner was a little quieter, and a little darker, and divided up into a series of booths. Kim pushed Lisa into one, and vanished. Settling into the pleather booth, Lisa scanned the room.

Most of the other booths were empty; the only exception was by the door to the dance floor, where a pair of girls sat fucking. Lisa had seen girlies tangled in an embrace here and there, but there was still something quite different about this; it was so naked, so raw. Most of the time in the night streets, the girlies looked almost as if they were performing for the crowd. When Lisa face fucked Tanya in the bar pod, she had certainly been cognizant of passers-by, how they might perceive her, how they might think of her prowess…

With these two, there were no such thoughts. Just two girls, one noisily, clumsily, hornily riding the other's dick, her gock awkwardly pressed between their bellies. If they noticed Lisa and Kim arriving, if they noticed Lisa staring, if they noticed the music or the dancers, or if they noticed *anything*, they certainly didn't show it.

With a keening whine, the girl on top came. The girl under her slowed her thrusting down, then stopped, letting her friend rest. For a bit. Before long, she had her turned around in her lap, and she was thrusting again.

If the look on the girl in her lap's face was anything to go by, she was going even harder than she had been.

Both of them were facing Lisa, now, across the dark room. The girl on top was looking at Lisa, inasmuch as she was looking at anything, and the girl with the thundering lap was staring into her eyes as well. Her eyes glittered as strobes from the dance floor strayed into the back, and her teeth glinted as she grinned at Lisa.

She closed her eyes, and Lisa could see the relief wash over her as she emptied herself inside the girl on her lap. Even so, she maintained her thrusting, keeping the girl in her lap occupied and struggling.

"Making friends, are we?"

Kim slipped into the booth on one side of Lisa, and another couple of girlies joined on the other. Furthest away from Lisa was Callie, from the pub game the other night, and between Callie and Lisa was Quinn. They had not even sat down before their hand had found its way to Lisa's thigh. On the other side was Kim, and between them, Lisa's duffel.

"I found some friends of yours.

"Hope you don't mind that I invited them to join us."

The duffel was still open, from when she checked her toy control. Lisa could feel Kim's hand move as she explored the contents of the bag.

"Hey babe.

"Audition went really well, so we're going to be coworkers."

Kim looked up from the bag.

"Oh shit, the assistant thing?"

"Yup!"

"Sweet!"

Callie nodded.

"I'm looking forward to seeing you on stage."

Kim withdrew her hand from Lisa's bag.

"I gotta say, Lisa, you have terrific taste."

"Doesn't she just?"

"Thanks…"

"What's with the bag, anyway?"

Kim zipped up the duffel with a single quick swipe.

"Oh, they're doing some work in my apartment, so…"

"So you're only bringing essentials, got it."

Lisa blushed.

Quinn squeezed her thigh gently.

"Where are you staying?"

"I haven't quite figured that out yet."

"Well, you can always stay with me, if you'd like.

"Or at my place, I should say."

Callie slid out of the booth.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'll be spending some time in handover.

"Getting the info from the former assistants and that."

Callie nodded.

"Drinks?"

Lisa nodded to Callie, before returning her attention to Quinn.

"I'd like that, I think."

"Even if I won't be there, my neighbors are all super friendly."

Kim grinned at Quinn.

"I bet they are."

Returning with a tray of drinks, Callie slipped back into the booth. She had brought a highball for Lisa, the drink filled with a pale pink liquid, completely opaque, and garnished with a slice of peach. Lisa wrapped her lips around the thin, tall straw, and had a taste. Peach, of course.

"You were saying something about a council?"

Kim held up Lisa's phone, and with a tap turned off the vibrator.

"I sure was."

With a plap, she slammed one of Lisa's new toys down on the table, fastening the suction cup to the smooth, black surface.

* * *

Between them, Quinn and Kim were quick to get Lisa out of her outfit. They didn't stop at simply getting rid of the clothes, of course; even after Lisa was naked, their touch lingered, feeling out every bit of her body. They rubbed, they pinched, they poked and they prodded.

Callie, for her part, simply watched with interest, as did the girls in the other booth. They were still fucking, of course, but the tempo had calmed down a little. Enough, even for the girl on the lap to lock eyes with Lisa. Her joy at being used, at being handled, at being shown off and groped at seemed to seep into Lisa's mind, and Lisa's joy into hers.

Finally, Kim seemed to be done, and with a steady hand poured the rest of Lisa's drink down her throat. She hadn't managed to get much in her before the touching started, so there was a lot to get through. Lisa obediently swallowed away as much as she could, but it wasn't enough. The pour was too fast, and she found herself coughing and sputtering, the sweet drink running down her chest, dripping off her tits, dribbling over her cunt… Kim kept pouring, and Lisa could barely keep up.

Finally the drink was gone, and Kim let Lisa breathe again.

In front of her, lying on an open palm, Quinn offered her a tablet.

Lisa picked it up and examined it carefully. It was styled like the poker chips from the Nicoline, but thicker, relatively, and in place of a dollar value, it had a 'K' printed on it.

Quinn grinned at her.

"Muscle relaxant.

"Mind relaxant."

Lisa necked the pill, and Kim pulled her into her lap.

"Let's give that a little time to work, yeah?"

Lisa nodded meekly. Between her buttocks, she could feel Kim's gock throbbing. One of Kim's hands had found its way to her chest, where her grasp tightened around a nipple, and her mouth had found Lisa's ear. Quinn had found her other ear, and their hand was questing up Lisa's thigh, squeezing and prodding as they panted into her ear.

Lisa didn't noticed Callie leave until she returned with a new tray of drinks. There were none for Lisa this time, but she didn't mind.

Closing her eyes, Lisa could see through the walls of the club, over the sea of dancing girlies, to the great peacock standing on a stage above the crowd. They were surrounded by a halo of light, brighter than the sun.

Kim had found another of Lisa's toys in her bag; it was one of Mia's gifts, an egg vibrator with a clitoral stimulator, and as she turned it on it immediately found its way to the trance beats from ODA's set. It was a lot more intense than a simple wand pressed against her body, and with the drugs coursing through it became white hot light, driving out all thought.

With a gentle hand, Kim guided Lisa up onto the table. From behind, she reached around Lisa and slathered the dildo up with lube. Enough to be enough, but not enough to make things easy. Wiping her hands on Lisa's skin, she continued kneading the slippery fluid into her well past the point where she strictly needed to.

The sound waves from the dance floor hit Lisa's body, flowing through her, animating her very bones. She could feel the table sway ever so slightly as the dancers hopped and vibed with the music, she could feel the five people staring at her, waiting for her to take her place.

The two girls at the other table had slowed down; they were watching her, transfixed, waiting for her. Their eyes on her drove Lisa forward. The music drove Lisa forward. The hours and hours of edging with the packer-vibrator drove Lisa forward.

She hadn't expected the drop when it came. It tore through her, throwing her mind so far off balance that she fell inside herself, tumbling head over heel, losing herself to the music. There was nothing, now, but the light, and the rhythm, and the glittering eyes in the darkness.

And the strong pair of hands on her hips. Guiding her gently, they helped her body up, then helped her body down. Onto her new toy, of course. As she sank down onto it, even the music disappeared.

Only the eyes remained to her, the eyes on the girlies and the eyes on feathers of the peacock.

Chapter 20

Townhouse

Quinn's room was swaying lightly around Lisa.

After seeing her home from the club, Quinn had left Lisa to enjoy the comforts of their little apartment, such as it was. The drugs were beginning to wear off, and Lisa was beginning to feel what her body had been through. Her ass didn't *hurt*, but it was… it sure was something.

Lisa looked for herself in the ceiling mirror, but all she could see was a girlie, exhausted from drink and drugs, blasted out of her mind on cock, lying naked in a stranger's bed, begging to be fucked again.

The girlie in the mirror was absently letting her hand wander across her body, questing across her belly, down towards her cunt. Body still aching from being torn apart by a massive dildo, she still needed more.

Lisa enjoyed watching the slut pleasure herself. When her fingers slipped into her cunt, Lisa could feel them inside her, probing, thrusting…

Panting, she reminded herself of where she was.

"That's me.

"I'm that slut."

It wasn't just the ketamine still working its way through her system; examining herself in the mirror it struck Lisa how different she was looking. Her new nose ring was one thing; it had given her so little trouble that she had all but forgotten about it. Another was her new tan; it had already developed beautifully, and her short hair was subtly sun bleached.

What was harder to understand was how soft she looked.

Lisa had turned thirty-seven a few weeks before leaving Reno for San Nicolas, but looking at herself in the mirror now…

She barely looked a soft twenty-seven, let alone a hard thirty-seven baked in the sun of the Southwest.

An orgasm distracted Lisa from the question of her looks.

When she heard her voice in the room, in was raw and ragged, punished by what must have been hours of howling at the club. She couldn't quite remember, but by the way her body was aching…

She wondered if Quinn's neighbors could hear her. Closing her eyes and holding her breath, she tried to listen to the house around her. Surely noise would go both ways, right?

A pair of wet fingers found their way to her lips. They tasted of grool, and Lisa lost herself in the excitement of tasting them, sucking and licking them clean. The fingers were— she was delicious.

The slurping had distracted her from the listening, and Lisa didn't much care in any case. If the neighbors could hear, they could hear.

Even as Lisa found it hard to pull her sticky fingers out of her mouth, her free hand found its way back to her cunt. When she fell asleep, her fingers were still inside her.

* * *

Lisa woke to Quinn's alarm.

It took a bit of doing do figure out how to turn it off, but she managed, after a fashion. It was five in the afternoon, and outside, it was still light.

Helpfully, the windows in Quinn's room very nearly faced north and west, so the sun wasn't tremendously intrusive. Moreover, the glass was quite ingenious in its construction; the windows were made by photochromic glass that darkened during the day, leaving the room in darkness. Across the street, where the windows were still in full sunlight, Lisa could see that the glass panes were completely black.

Next to the bed, Lisa found two tall glasses of water that Quinn had left for her the night before. Next to one, she had also left a packet of cherry-flavored isotonic sports mix, and with one glass mixed up and the other pure, Lisa drank each in a single long gulp.

Rather than squeezing into the small cubicles on her floor, Lisa made her way downstairs to the baths, and after a vigorous shower relaxed into the large soaking tub filled with cool, clean water.

Lisa had been alone when she arrived — evidently Quinn got up at a time when few people were about — but it didn't last. Another woman made her way into the baths; she had clearly not just rolled out of bed, but was returning from a day at work.

As she showered, Lisa couldn't help but stare. She was fascinated by the woman, by how different she was from the girlies of San Nicolas.

While there was certainly some variation, a lot of the girlies looked quite similar; quite femme, quite soft, quite short. Few had tattoos or piercings, and those who did didn't have many. Most had long hair, there were a few pixie cuts and bobs here and there, but even among the logisticians something like a side shave or an undercut was a rarity. Lisa had

surmised that a lot of this was driven by a need to appeal — even among the logisticians — to the customer base. Ordinary men, and some of the straightest, whitest men at that.

This girl— this woman was different. She was not femme, she was not soft, and she was not short. She was tall, she was muscled, and she was butch; while she didn't have so many piercings, she certainly had tattoos — her entire body from the tops of her feet to her jawline was covered in them, forming a single, enormous, complex piece.

The very presence of the piece was interesting enough, but the contents of the piece was something to behold. Across her skin, the woman had tattooed dozens, scores… hundreds, maybe, of women, all being held fast and roughly fucked by tentacles. Her entire skin was covered in gaping mouths dripping drool and cum, pussies and asses being pumped full by living purple ropes, girls in impossible situations like being penetrated through from ass to mouth…

Looking at her decorated skin, Lisa barely noticed that the woman drew close. Even staring into the details on her belly, Lisa found her actual presence hard to notice. Even her massive cock barely registered.

The woman drew a long wave of hair out of her face as she knelt down in front of Lisa, highlighting her dramatic side shave. Her locking eyes with Lisa was what it took to finally notice her presence.

"Don't'cha know it's rude to stare?"

Her voice was smooth like honey crystallized into a bladder stone.

"Sorry…"

"You like the girls, do ya?"

The woman flexed an arm in Lisa's face. Under the decorated skin, Lisa could see strong muscles moving. She nodded meekly.

"You would."

Grinning, the woman flopped into the water next to Lisa, draping an arm over her shoulders. The weight of it, the subtle movement of the muscles under the taut skin, the warmth, it was all a lot to handle.

"Name's Melanie, by the by.

"But you can call me ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Have you had breakfast yet, Lisa?"

"No, ma'am."

"We should fix that."

Lisa nodded, and under the water her hand found its way to Melanie's cock. Her mouth was already watering, breakfast sounded—

With a strong hand, Melanie pulled Lisa's face towards her.

"I meant actual food, but I like the way you think."

Blushing, Lisa let go of the cock.

While the townhouse didn't have a kitchen for general use, Lisa found that it did have a cafeteria of sorts. She hadn't noticed it the last time she was here, but this time Melanie was showing the way. As early as it was, the dining hall was mostly empty, with only a few bleary-eyed girlies waking up for their shifts at the Nicoline here, and a few tired girlies coming off work there.

Melanie didn't have a lot to say as she scarfed down her food; she ate a lot more than Lisa did, and so it was all she could do to watch her murder a heavily laden plate of breakfast items. Still, Lisa was glad to know about the cafeteria at all; the food stands in the street wouldn't open until quite a lot later in the day, and from experience the dining experience was distracting.

"You alright, you've barely eaten."

"Yes, ma'am, I'm just not so hungry."

Melanie leaned back, wiping some syrup from her tit with a pancake.

"Say aah."

"Aah."

The piece of pancake was quite sweet. Surely it was just the syrup.

"You're quite a pliant little thing, ain'cha?

"Dangerous game, that, someone could take advantage."

Lisa nodded.

"One can hope, ma'am."

The grin on Melanie set Lisa's heart aflutter.

* * *

Melanie's room was on the the fifth floor, on the same corner as Quinn's. It was, at least in terms of its layout, identical. The same photochromic glass walls, the same walk-in closet, the same great view of the street.

The decor, on the other hand, was markedly different. Quinn's room was dark and goth, done up in blacks and reds and decorated with occult paraphernalia; Melanie's room had nothing of the sort. In stark contrast to her stern exterior, her entire apartment was decorated in whites and pinks and light blues. The theme of girls getting swallowed up by a forest of tentacles continued, of course, and the wallpaper of the one free wall was covered in a massive mural to match Melanie's tattoos, but the color scheme was an ode to the trans flag colors.

To match the color scheme, most of the girls getting nailed were also trans, of course, their dainty cocks caressed by slivers of pink tentacles with a silvery blue sheen even as their asses were being pounded.

Lisa did not have long to admire the artwork, however. Moments after swinging the door shut, Melanie all but tossed her onto the bed.

Lisa looked up, but there was no mirror in the ceiling.

As Melanie climbed into bed after her, she noticed her interest.

"Looking for something?"

"No, ma'am, well, not really."

"Which is it?

"No, or not really?"

"Oh, it's just, I've been exploring mirrors in the ceiling, lately."

Melanie stared down at her.

"Ma'am."

"You like to see yourself getting fucked, is it?"

Blushing, Lisa tried to cover her face even as she nodded meekly.

With a firm grip, Melanie flipped her over onto her belly, before propping her up on all fours. With one hand she firmly grasped Lisa by the hair to raise her eyes, and with the other she began teasing at her cunt.

In the window, the brightly lit room reflected quite well.

"It's not quite a mirror, but maybe it'll do for ya?"

Lisa tried to nod, but Melanie's grasp on her hair was still strong. Then, she let go. Try as she might, Lisa couldn't help but slump forward, staring into the bed. As Melanie slipped in behind her, she could feel her hardening cock slap against her belly, sending shivers through her body.

With a broad hand on Lisa's throat, Melanie pulled her up into a sitting position, staring into her eyes in the mirror wall, over her shoulder.

"Watch then.

"See your body used and ravaged.

"See yourself contorted in lust and pleasure."

Lisa moaned helplessly as Melanie stopped teasing and plunged two long, strong fingers into her cunt. With the hand on her throat, Melanie corrected her, brought her eye line back to the window.

"Can you see her?"

Lisa nodded eagerly, but Melanie pressed her fingers hard into her insides, punishing her enthusiasm.

"Not *this* slut.

"Her."

Melanie was staring into her eyes in the window, but she was also looking past her, out into the gathering night. At… something? Lisa couldn't see anything past the bright reflection, but she was still a little fried from last night. Did Melanie see something she didn't?

"The girl across the road, looking at us from her room."

Lisa shook her head, she couldn't see anything.

"You're not the only one who relishes your subjugation.

"And her own, a slave to carnal pleasure, doomed to fiddle with herself at the mere sight of me fucking you into the mattress."

Lisa yelped as Melanie pressed hard down on her clit with her thumb.

"So alike, no?"

Lisa nodded weakly as Melanie pulled her fingers out of her pussy, and stuck them in her mouth instead. She was not as tender as Lisa had been with her own playing around at bedtime; she wasn't there to give Lisa a taste, she was there to tell her how Lisa's body was hers to command.

Lisa was still gagging on the fingers as she provided more correction.

She still couldn't see through the reflection, but she could imagine a pair of eyes in the night. She could imagine a hundred. A thousand.

Watching her. Staring.

Melanie pushed her forwards again, back onto all fours. With a firm grasp on Lisa's hair, she made it clear where she wanted her eyes.

"Watch."

Lisa nodded, panting.

"What did you say?"

"Yes ma'am."

As Melanie sank her gock into her cunt, Lisa did her best to keep watching. It was not a small ask. She was so big, and Lisa was so horny.

Her arms trembled as Melanie thrust again. Still watching in the mirror glass she could see her mouth hanging open, a glittering drop of spittle dripping onto the bed sheets.

Melanie had let go of Lisa's hair again, and it was thanks to two hands firmly planted on her hips the third thrust had as much power as it did. It almost sent Lisa tumbling forwards. Almost. She found it hard to focus on her reflection. She was seeing double, even.

The fourth thrust was more than Lisa could handle while staying upright. Her arms giving out under her, she slumped forward into the mattress. Melanie seemed to give up on trying to correct her, and instead shifted forward to accomodate the new angle.

Melanie was done doing slow, demonstrative thrusts. She was pounding, now, pressing Lisa harder and harder down into the bed.

As she heard her voice fill the room, Lisa once again briefly wondered how well sound traveled through the building. Melanie would know, and she certainly didn't care, she just quietly pounded away.

Then, she stopped. Panting, she pulled out. Lisa could feel her body as her strong hands turned her onto her back, and her face was surprisingly soft and flushed as she imperiously looked down on Lisa.

"Say aah."

Melanie had put her cock gently resting against Lisa's clit. A tremendous amount of focus was written on her face.

"Aah."

Her cock twitching, Melanie came, sending a tremendous spurt of cum across Lisa's body. The tiniest fleck of it hit her lips, but most of it splattered across her tits. Melanie's fingers tightened around Lisa's thighs as

a second spurt shot across her belly, and she whined quietly as the third spurt reached hitherto unseen power, landing in a silvery gash across Lisa's face.

Panting, Melanie collapsed into bed next to Lisa.

"Good night, Lisa.

"You can see yourself out."

"Yes, ma'am."

* * *

Lisa had become quite inured to walking naked down the hallways, she thought. Yet, standing outside of Melanie's room, fresh cum still slowly trickling down her body, she reflected on her situation, her options, and her life in general. Her heartbeat was thundering in her ears as she set off down the hallway, towards the stairwell. She would shower on the third floor. The walk there was longer, but it was *her* shower in a way, so that's how it would have to be.

It was, thankfully, still early. Not a lot of girlies had woken up yet, and with any luck, the ones who were awake would be off to shower, or at breakfast, or anywhere other than…

Anywhere other than in the stairwell, climbing to meet her. Anywhere other than returning to their room to get dressed, their skin still dappled with water from the bath. Anywhere other than giving Lisa a sleepy smile as their passed crossed, as if walking around like this was normal.

At least the showers on the third floor were free of people. Lisa was quick to shower, and quick to return to Quinn's room, where she could finally spread out on the bed to air dry. She soon got bored at looking at herself in the mirror, and stood up to look at the city instead.

Outside, the sun reflected off the building across the street had gone; night was well and truly here, now, and the photochromic glass was fading to clear. Lisa could see a few girlies in rooms much like Quinn's, some waking up to a new night of revelry and going through their morning routines, some just going to bed, some fucking, either alone or with a friend. Of the units Lisa could get a good look at, only one had curtains.

Looking at it, Lisa wondered what it meant to be shy in San Nicolas.

In a room across the street, a girlie noticed her looking and gave her a friendly wave. Lisa waved back, wondering if she was a friend of Quinn's, or just friendly in general. She looked the sort to make friends easily.

With an apologetic gesture at a watch she wasn't wearing, she left.

Looking down at the city below her, Lisa wondered how she should spend the night. The streets were still quiet; here and there she could see girlies in croupier's uniforms drifting towards the Nicoline, and a few tired-looking girlies in rumpled clothes returning from work, but the street side arcades were still mostly closed, and the food carts weren't

open yet, either. Lisa was sure she could find a way to pass the time, but she had a yen to do something more than just getting railed, again.

And again. And again…

Maybe that wasn't such a bad plan. Elegant in its simplicity.

Lisa's attention wandered from the view of the streets, to the view of her reflection in the glass. It was hard to see by now, so she had to confirm at the little vanity Quinn had set up in the closet, but her hair was getting a bit messy. Maybe that was the plan for the night.

The nose ring too, maybe. The ring itself had grown on her, but she wasn't terribly pleased with the captive bead design. A simple gold ring was more classic, and Quinn had been right to say it would suit her better.

Next to the vanity, Lisa was surprised to find her two toys, charging in a tangle of wires. She couldn't remember putting them there, and wouldn't have known to, anyway, but she was glad of it. On another wire, she found her phone as well. The rest of the wires were for Quinn's stuff, all of which was packed away somewhere. Lisa was tempted to go searching, but that would be rude, surely.

To believe the indicator lights, both toys and phone were fully charged, and she returned them to her duffel. Inside, she took the opportunity to inventory her travel bag.

Her trisuit was gone, of course, probably somewhere in laundry. It would have to find its own way home. What was also gone was the largest of her new toys. Thinking about where it might be, she could only get flashes of the night before, at the club, and couldn't remember much of anything between the dildo sliding into her ass and Quinn tucking her in.

Did toys like this also go in the laundry?

Whatever the case, most of the stuff in her duffel had gone untouched; she still had fresh underwear and scrubs, and her little collection of toys.

Wandering around all night yesterday with a vibe on had been a lot of fun. She wanted a different configuration, tho', and before she slipped on one of her leotards, she got herself set up both with the egg and a butt plug. She had a few size options; with her body still adjusting from last night it would have to be medium. Not so small as to feel silly after the big one, but small enough that it would give her ass some rest.

After getting into her scrubs, she found both on her phone, and turned them on. Low intensity. Automatic adjustment. Synchronized. For safety, she returned to bed, and felt them out, letting them do their work for a while. Nothing she couldn't handle, she thought.

Before she got around to leaving, there was a knock at the door.

Chapter 21

Paradise

Standing in the hallway, Kim was grinning at her. Cradled in her arms was a massive suction cup dildo, clean and shiny as the day it was made.

"I believe this is yours."

Handing it over, Kim made it seem a lot floppier and harder to wrangle than it actually was.

"Nice, I was looking for that."

"I bet you were."

Kim gave Lisa a smug look. Lisa ignored it.

"Anyway, I just wanted to check in make sure you were alright.

"I gotta get to work, but I'm glad to see you're on your feet."

"Yeah, thanks, uh…

"Why wouldn't I be, tho'?"

"Not everyone handles their first time getting dosed with K and turned into an exhibition piece with such grace and poise.

"You, tho'?

"A natural."

Kim's smug look was getting harder to ignore.

Unlike most of the girlies Lisa had seen, Kim was wearing slacks with her croupier uniform, and the outline of her massive cock was pretty obvious against the soft black fabric. That was also pretty hard to ignore.

"Eyes are up here, nerd."

Lisa's eyes snapped up to meet Kim's gaze.

"As much as I would love for you to drop to your knees right here and now, I do really have to get to work.

"I did mean to fuck you last night, but you were having so much fun fucking the table that I kind of…

"Whatever, it doesn't matter.

"Let's catch up later, yeah?"

"I'd love to."

Lisa's vibrators had already put her in a mood. Watching Kim's ass wiggle as she disappeared down the hallway didn't help, nor did the weight and girth of the toy in her arms. After returning it to the duffel, she found herself sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to steady herself; then lying on her back, looking up at her flushed face in the mirror.

Turning the vibrators to full intensity, Lisa leaned back into bed, letting the vibes wash over her. The problem was that Melanie had got her all worked up, was all. She just needed to come, get it out of her system, and she would be good to go.

Just a quick one.

* * *

It took Lisa about three hours of searching town to find a hair salon.

The first two hours and forty-five minutes were spent in bed, getting Melanie out of her system. The remainder of the time was arriving at street level and realizing that the stairs to a salon were cut into the foundations of the very building Quinn lived in.

The haircut itself didn't take long; it was just a quick trim, and the hairdresser was not all that chatty. They had plenty of girlies to see to, and didn't linger on Lisa. Helpfully, they were also able to furnish Lisa with a couple of new options for her nose ring; aside from the simple gold one she wanted, the hairdresser also sent her on a way with a slightly more ornate captive bead ring, with a red jewel set in it.

After wolfing down a large portion of ramen from a street cart for dinner, Lisa found that her plans for the evening had been exhausted, and the clock had barely gone ten. With nothing else on her plate, Lisa decided to go for an amble. Walking up one street and down another, she took in the sights, scents and sounds of the city.

The exploration was not for nothing; exploring the city with a more deliberate eye, Lisa discovered some things she had not noticed as she was swept this way and that by what was happening around her.

On previous explorations, she had already learned that streets in San Nicolas were numbered and alphabetized. A Street ran parallel to South Boulevard, then B Street, and so on, up to the station at G Street; 1st Street for its part ran parallel to Eureka Boulevard, then 2nd, and so on, until reaching the Nicoline, which formed the west edge of 29th Street.

What she had not noticed until now, however, was that the characters of the streets were quite different, depending on their orientation. Just about all the bars were facing the alphabets, and all the food stalls — stalls of any kind, in fact — were also on the letter streets. The wider fronts of the numbered streets were mostly clear, and what was there

was the more activity heavy stuff, like the mini rhythm game arcades; mostly, however, there were loading docks and staircases leading both up and down to clubs and stores, and even some offices.

What surprised her the most were probably the sit-down restaurants she discovered. There were dozens of them, although most were advertised as open only on a couple of weekdays, and a few were even more restrictive, opening only every other week. She made a note of some of the more promising-sounding ones, for future taste testing.

* * *

By a little past midnight, Lisa found herself sitting in one of the pod bars across the street from Quinn's place, sipping an peachtini. She had grown bored of exploring the town, and was looking to explore a girlie instead.

The music in the pod bar was quite insistent, as a lot of the music around San Nicolas was. It was not just danceable — although it *was* very danceable — it also had quite a powerful baseline. Walking into the pod bar, Lisa had come to understand why; as in the club, her toys had immediately linked up with the music system, and were pounding away in time with the rhythm.

Of course, simply sitting around looking cool wasn't going to attract girlies on its own, she thought.

Before she had even formulated a plan on how to get someone to come join her, Soph had slid into the seat next to her.

"Hey, cutie."

"Hi Soph."

Getting an arm around her in the small booth was a little awkward, so Lisa pulled her into her lap instead. Surely she could feel the powerful vibrator through her clothes, but that would just have to be fine.

Biting her lip, Soph stared into Lisa's eyes.

"Hey…"

Lisa took another sip of her drink, and with her mouth still half full of peachtini, gave Soph a slow, tender kiss. She tasted of peaches.

Parking her drink on the table, Lisa slipped a hand up under Soph's skirt. She wasn't in a mood for talking. In return, Soph buried one hand in Lisa's hair, and with the other tried to get a grasp on her body. Neither Lisa's leotard nor her scrubs were particularly designed to flatter her body, so Soph couldn't achieve much, and as Lisa pushed a pair of fingers into her pussy, she couldn't do much more than paw vaguely at Lisa's tit.

Lisa pulled her fingers out of Soph, and brought them up to her lips, entreating her to taste herself. After letting Soph lick her fingers for a little bit, Lisa planted another heavy kiss on her.

She still tasted of peaches.

From Soph's room, Lisa could see Quinn's place. Soph's place was across the street on the third floor, next to the room on the corner. Soph would have been one of the sleeping girls Lisa had been seeing earlier this evening; she was back in bed, now, but not to sleep.

At some point, Soph had wriggled out of her clothes. They were haphazardly strewn across the floor between the door and the broad bed, leaving Sophie naked in bed, staring up at Lisa with eyes like saucers.

Lisa had her in the palm of her hand, now, she could do whatever she wanted with her. To her. Even…

Lisa grinned, and Soph shivered in anticipation.

On a hunch, Lisa opened the closet. Inside, Soph had a vanity much like Quinn's, and Lisa pulled out the chair. Finding a spot by the door, she sat down, looking at Soph on the bed.

"How about you show me what you've got?"

Soph gave her a confused look.

"I don't…

"What do you mean?"

Lisa leaned forwards. The weight of her body against the chair pressed the vibrator inside her hard against her flesh.

"I want you to fuck yourself for me.

"No toys, no help, no nothin'.

"Just Soph."

Soph nodded, and leaned back into bed, closing her eyes.

"And let me see you.

"On your knees, let me see your eyes."

It took Soph a bit to obey, but eventually she got on her knees, facing Lisa in the chair. Lisa leaned back, ready to watch. This time it was the butt plug that was driven into her by the hard chair.

Soph was giving Lisa a good view of her body; her legs were splayed wide, and she was arching her torso back just a little, to give her tits a little lift, and to make sure Lisa could see everything. This was clearly not her first rodeo.

Locking eyes with Lisa, she wet her fingers in her mouth, before sliding them down across her body. After spending as long teasing her clit as she could bear, she slipped two fingers inside her cunt and began thrusting.

Losing herself in the moment, her eyes quickly fell, and closed. She was moaning loudly already, but not so loud that the snap of Lisa's fingers didn't reach her. She struggled to lock eyes again, but it was so very hard.

As her body tensed up, she slumped forwards, the motion of her hand growing desperate, even violent. She tried her best too look up at Lisa from her broken stance, but just couldn't do it.

Only after she came did Lisa climb into bed with her.

Chapter 22

Revelation

Lisa woke up to Quinn clambering into the sheets next to her. They were trying to be quiet, but Lisa's body had grown very vigilant to touch. If someone was going to be touching her, she was going to be awake from it, feeling every moment.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you."

Lisa kissed them softly.

"Well, now that you have…"

Quinn grinned. The room was too dark for Lisa to see it, but she could feel the shape of their mouth change under her lips. This wasn't just the dark of night, looking up at the photochromic glass walls Lisa could see that they were jet black. Outside, the sun had to be blazing.

"What time is it even?"

"Noon?

"Something like that?"

Lisa curled up against Quinn.

"Is that even allowed?"

"I know, right?"

"How are rehearsals going?"

Lisa ran a hand down Quinn's belly, exploring.

"Good, I think?

"A lot of the stuff is pretty new to me, but Maxxxine seems happy."

Lisa found Quinn's cunt. They were already wet. Lisa slipped a pair of fingers into them, drawing a quiet gasp.

"Aren't you affectionate…"

Lisa buried her face in Quinn's neck, nibbling at them while slowly thrusting away with her fingers. After a while, she came up for air.

"You don't seem to mind…"

"Oh, I don't mind at all…

"It's just, well…"

Quinn trailed off as they filtered their hand through Lisa's hair.

"It's kind of funny, you know."

Quinn grunted inquisitively.

"I thought it was the demon making me so fucking horny all the time.

"But now I'm thinking she was stealing my horny, if anything."

Quinn moaned quietly, and Lisa could feel their body tensing as her fingers quested deeper.

"What…"

"After the exorcism, I think…"

"What exorcism?"

Quinn was pushing Lisa away, now, clearly more interested in what she had to say than they were in her fingers. Lisa redoubled her efforts.

"What are you… what are you talking about?

"What do you mean by 'the demon'?"

Lisa placed her thumb on their clit and began rubbing, gently at first.

"Don't worry about it…

"Just—"

With a surprising burst of strength, Quinn pushed Lisa off, and with a quick reversal had her on her back, pinned by the wrists to the mattress.

"I am gonna worry about it.

"What the fuck do you mean 'the demon'?"

Lisa couldn't see much of anything in the dark, but in the mirror above the bed, she could see Quinn's back. The circle of sigils was glowing a very faint, very dull, very deep red.

"I don't know, the demon?

"A few days after I arrived I had a weird dream, and then this demon kept, I don't know, appearing all over the place?"

"What do you mean 'appearing'?"

"Turning up in mirrors, stuff like that?"

"Like you *saw* saw the demon?

"Like it was a person in the room fully *saw* saw it?"

"Yeah; saw and heard.

"She kept yelling at me, calling me a whore and stuff."

"She did?"

In the darkness, Lisa could feel Quinn's body shifting slightly.

"Well…

"I guess…

"I guess she didn't.

"That was the angel, wasn't it…"

"The *angel*?"

"Yeah, uh… GABRIEL?

"Some dick with a spear.

"I guess he was the one who kept calling me a 'Whore of Sodom', whatever that means, but it was clearly *because* of—"

"Jesus *fucking* Christ, Lisa.

"Why the fuck didn't you tell me?"

"Because I thought I was going insane?

"I don't fucking know."

"Okay, so what did the demon *actually* say?"

"Uh, I don't quite rememb—"

Quinn's nails dug into Lisa's wrists as their grip tightened. Leaning forwards, Lisa could feel the weight of their body pushing her into the mattress. Their voice was sharp and commanding.

"Don't fucking tell me that.

"Fucking *get* remembering."

"She, uh…

"I don't know!

"She showed me a vision of hell, I guess?

"And told me I wasn't going crazy?"

"That's all?"

"Well, her face was turning up all over, I guess?"

"How terrible."

"Look—"

"No, *you* look.

"This shit is a big fucking deal, you fucking dingus."

"Dingus?"

"Was that really all she said?"

"Until the exorcism, yeah.

"Then she started talking about how the Mother superior was actually a demon and something about… the Desire?

"No, the Will."

"Bitch, you are going to have to be way more specific."

"She wanted me to not get exorcised, I don't know?

"She was probably just saying stuff, right?

"She's a fucking demon!"

Lisa looked up, trying to find Quinn's eyes, but all she could see was the throbbing of the tattoos on their back.

"Lisa."

"Yes?"

"Tell me…

"*Tell me* you got her fucking name."

"Yeah, uh, it was…

"SARA?"

"Okay, so it definitely wasn't that."

"I don't—"

"Well fucking *try*!"

Lisa scoured her memories, trying to cast her mind back to the exorcism. She couldn't remember much other than Mother Virginia's massive strap… Now was not the time, but… Quinn had a strap…

Quinn also had sharp nails, at least they felt sharp when they were pressed angrily into Lisa's wrists. Drawing blood, perhaps…

Desperately, she tried to think. It was definitely something starting with 'S', and there was a bunch of 'A's in there. SARA… SARIA…

"*Think*, bitch!"

Quinn's urging made it hard to think. Rather, Quinn's urging made it hard to think of anything other than their flipping her over and fucking her angrily for heir failure. Tearing her apart with a massive strap… Just absolutely—

Had there been a 'T' in there? Surely. Something like… STARA?

"SATARIA!"

Lisa's had kept her eyes open, and at her exclamation, one of the sigils on Quinn's back glowed a little brighter, a little redder. Whether Quinn could feel it, or if they had just seen the room grow momentarily brighter, they were satisfied. Their grip on Lisa's wrists softened, their posture mellowed, the ardor went out of their voice.

"Okay, that's a start."

"Well, I'm glad you're happy…

"You can't just work me up like this and not do something about it…"

Quinn stood from the bed. As they slid the door to the walk-in open, the room was bathed in glorious golden sunlight, streaming in from the patio door in the closet. Blinded by the light, Lisa lay writhing on the bed.

"You should have a look."

Braving the light, Lisa could see Quinn standing before the closet. They had found a strap-on harness, and they had fitted the largest of Lisa's new toys in it.

Lisa shivered as Quinn slammed the closet shut, throwing the room back into absolute darkness. Lisa had grown a little accustomed to the dark, but the sunlight had washed that all out.

She couldn't see anything.

Her own ragged breath reminded her of how horny she had gotten, and obscured the quiet sounds of Quinn moving about the room. Quinn was simply *gone*, until a hand suddenly appeared from the darkness to grab Lisa by the shoulder and slam her into the bed, face first.

Chapter 23

The Back Room

Lisa did not remember Quinn finishing. Lying in bed, looking out at the stars, feeling the quiet breathing of the sleeping girlie next to her, Lisa figured she must have fallen asleep, or passed out, maybe?

Stretching, she could feel the effects of the massive dildo on her body. She was not in pain, not really, but she was… opened, maybe? Distended? Worked over from the inside out, like a good massage.

Snuggling up against Quinn, she woke them.

Quinn's countenance was a lot softer, now; whether it was taking some of their frustrations out on Lisa's ass, or whether the info they had gotten out of her thus far had settled them…

"Hi."

"Hi…"

Lisa kissed Quinn softly, but they didn't let her linger.

"I got a little distracted, sorry…"

Quinn grinned, and Lisa smiled softly at her. She was a lot more comfortable with Quinn fucking her senseless than she was with weird questions about demons.

"I still have some questions, tho'."

Of course they do. Of *fucking* course they do.

"If you don't want to answer, tho', there's another option…"

"You fucking me again?"

"Not quite.

"You're going to need an outfit."

Quick as a flash, Quinn was on their feet, and strode over to the closet.

* * *

The outfit Quinn put Lisa in was the most clothes she had worn for days, or for — for as long as she could recall. It was a short dark blue dress, dec-

orated with endless garlands of lace and strips of leather, a lolita gothic outfit with matching high heels. Quinn spent quite some time doing Lisa's makeup as well, and when she caught glimpses of herself in the vanity in the closet, she could see it was quite a striking look. Her lipstick was bright red, and her eyes were cast into deep, dark pools of kohl.

The backless gown that Quinn was wearing matched Lisa's in color, but in style it was quite a lot more imperious. Seeing both of the outfits in the mirror, they looked like nothing so much as a loyal pet and her strict mistress. Quinn's makeup was subtler than Lisa's, as well, although it didn't take much. They were wearing the same bright red lipstick, but on them it somehow looked commanding; on Lisa it just looked like an open invitation to fuck her face. On Lisa it *was* an open invitation…

In place of her silk choker, Quinn had put a leather collar on her, decorated as a *bande nicolée*. Her name was gone, and in its place were some pieces that Lisa didn't really recognize. As they tightened the collar, Quinn explained the new style.

"I don't want you to get caught up in some girlie and distracted.

"I know you'd rather flag your desire to be pinned down and fucked.

"For now, tho', you're gonna have to stow it."

Lisa nodded obediently.

"Tell me, Lisa, do you trust me?"

Lisa nodded again.

"Like, *really* trust me?"

Lisa nodded, more emphatically this time.

From somewhere, Quinn produced a familiar-looking tablet.

"This is going to help you behave, okay?

"But you're going to have to decide now if you want to behave.

"And you're going to have to decide now if you trust me to know what it means to behave."

Lisa nodded.

"Say it?"

"I trust you to know what it means to behave."

"Say 'aah', then."

Lisa did as she was bid, and Quinn gently put the tablet on her tongue.

Lisa swallowed it dry.

* * *

When Lisa opened her eyes again, she and Quinn were standing in a quiet hallway, not unlike the hallway leading to *Club Les Trançes*, but in a different place, a different building. Outside, up the stairs, she could hear the bustle of the street, but from beyond the door, there was no sound. A simple sign was affixed to the door, a brass plaque on a lacquered cherry wood back reading 'The Rose'.

Quinn pulled the door open, and ushered Lisa inside.

The Rose was a small club, much smaller than *Club Les Trançes*, consisting of little more than a four seat bar and a dance floor about three meters to a side. Nobody was dancing.

The music was quite low, low enough for patrons to speak at a comfortable level — the few patrons there were. Lisa was surprised to see that Soph was tending bar; she looked very different in her vest and slacks than she had the night before. When she spotted Lisa she seemed to want to give her a smile, but something she saw on Quinn's face turned it into a simple, polite nod.

Sitting at the bar with glasses of red wine were the only two patrons in the place. They were both very blonde and very tall, with slim, angular faces. Quinn greeted them cordially as they and Lisa drew up to the bar.

"Johanna.

"Friedrich."

"*Guten abend, liebchen.*"

Friedrich's suit was immaculately tailored, and glittered even in the low light of the club.

"Taking a pet for a walk, ja?"

"Something like that.

"Soph, I need to use the back room."

Soph nodded, and Johanna turned her hungry gaze on Lisa.

"You tire of your pet so soon?

"This is the first time I've seen you with her, and already…"

Quinn shook their head.

"Nothing like that."

"To think, you get Johanna's hopes up for nothing."

With her eyes still firmly locked on Lisa, Johanna licked her teeth. Her breath was warm and thick with red wine, and through her thin silk gown, Lisa could see her large cock growing hard.

"Now we have to go find a girlie to calm her down."

Standing, Friedrich drained his glass. Taking Johanna gently by the hand, he waited for her to drain finish her drink as well, and led her gallantly from the club.

Quinn guided Lisa to the seat Johanna had vacated. It was nowhere near as hot on her bare ass as Lisa had expected from how horny she was.

Only now, sitting down, Lisa noticed the mirror behind the bar. She was looking quite horny herself.

Soph drew up to them at the bar.

"The back room is ready for you."

"Thank you, Soph.

"Would you get Lisa a glass of water, please?"

Soph nodded, and quickly produced a glass of water for Lisa. She quickly drained it, and before it had even hit the bar top, another one was there, ready for her. She killed that as well, at Quinn's urging. Then, the two of them headed into the back room.

* * *

The back room at The Rose was, Lisa quickly realized, a BDSM dungeon. At first glance, the room seemed empty but for the padded walls done in red satin with black buttons, but as Quinn started opening them, Lisa realized that each of the panels were a shallow closet, bursting with toys.

Quinn was grinning as they browsed the shallow closets full of various gear in all manner of sizes and styles. By the time they turned their attention back to Lisa, they were still grinning.

"Before we begin, there is the matter of safety.

"We wouldn't want anything untoward to happen, so I think a bit of restraint is in order."

Quinn helped Lisa to the floor, and after making sure that she was kneeling comfortably, began tying her up. With practiced ease, they attached all the various straps and buckles, quickly fixing Lisa in place.

By the time Quinn was done, Lisa's heart was pounding, and she could feel her juices pooling under her, where her pussy was pressed against the cold stone floor.

"A gag would really complete the look, but unfortunately…"

Quinn crouched in front of Lisa, meeting her eye line.

"Maybe we should stow this demon thing for a bit, and I just put a gag on you and fuck your face?"

Lisa nodded eagerly.

"God, you're such a fucking slut."

Lisa was still nodding. Lisa was still eager.

"We can't do that, I'm afraid.

"Maybe after."

Quinn closed up the closets of restraints, hiding them back into the padded walls. Walking behind Lisa, she could hear them opening a different closet, closer to the ground, with a heavier door. Looking around the room, Lisa realized the door was hidden behind the same kind of padding as the rest of the closets. She had no idea how to open them. She was stuck here, with Quinn. Quinn, who could do whatever they wanted.

Apparently what Quinn wanted to do was art. Walking slowly around Lisa, they were drawing a chalk circle on the floor, decorated with some unreadable script. Some of the sigils looked vaguely familiar, but Lisa couldn't be sure they were the ones she had seen on the demons.

She tried comparing them to the glimpses she could get of Quinn's back, but the letter forms were too unfamiliar to her to be able to tell one way or the other.

Once Quinn was happy with the circle, they walked around again, placing black candles in a ring around Lisa.

"I'll be right back, don't go anywhere."

Looking up at the wall, Lisa realized she had gotten turned around when Quinn led her into the room. She had thought the door was in front of her, but it wasn't. She could hear it behind her as Quinn left, and then again soon after as they returned.

Quinn placed a shot glass full of blood on the floor in front of Lisa, before walking around her to light all the candles. The smell was strange, otherworldly, and when Quinn lit the last one, in front of Lisa, she could see that the flame was not red, but purple, and the candles burned cold.

"Soph is very agreeable, did you know that?"

Lisa nodded. She was well familiar with Soph's obedience.

"Is that…"

Quinn nodded and took the shot glass in hand.

"She was so eager to give me a little of herself.

"Such a sweet girl."

Quinn moved around the circle, dotting it here and there with drops of blood.

"Literally."

Quinn licked the wet blood from her fingertips with a grin.

"Would you like a taste?"

They offered the half-empty — half-full? — shot glass to Lisa.

The question was genuine. They weren't telling Lisa to drink, they were inviting her to. Offering. Slowly, Lisa opened her mouth, with the tiniest of nods. Leaning the glass slowly forward, Quinn let the salty blood trickle onto Lisa's tongue.

"Alright, enough dawdling.

"Close your eyes and look at the ceiling."

Lisa did as she was bid. Through her eyelids, she could see the dark candle flame move, and she could feel the hot wax as Quinn let it drip into her face, sealing her eyes shut.

"Be sure to keep your eyes closed."

Lisa gave a tiny nod again, shuddering as more drops of wax hit the bridge of her nose and ran across her face. The warm wax pressed against her eyelids, and called forth strange, angular worlds, rising from nothing and falling into dust, entire empires of thought living out civilizations in moments before vanishing in smoke.

With a gentle hand, Quinn posed Lisa, looking forward at the wall, and kneeling on the floor in front of her, they began to chant.

The language was unfamiliar to her, strange and guttural and ancient-sounding. She only recognized a single word.

'SATARIA'

As Quinn's chanting abated, Lisa could feel her muscles flexing against her restraints. She was not the one making the effort; if anything, she found herself unable to move her body. As her mouth moved, the voice was… hers, after a fashion, but different. Ragged. Ardent. It was not her words.

"What the *fuck* is going on?!"

"SATARIA, I call and bind you!"

Lisa felt her body scream.

In a flash of darkness, the geometry in front of her eyes collapsed into a familiar scene; a red, blasted landscape, a sky streaked with comets, wailing and gnashing. Hell.

"YOU!"

Lisa had heard the voice before, but it had been different. Softer, gentler. There was nothing soft and gentle about SATARIA now.

Lisa was no longer kneeling on the floor of a club back room, she was standing on black obsidian sand; each grain sharp as razors, digging into the soles of her feet.

Before her stood SATARIA. There was no more pretense of humanity in her. The form she had shown to Lisa thus far had been obviously inhuman, of course, but it was no more than a large tub of body paint, a pair of false horns and an eyeliner pencil could do. To the untrained eye, the demon that had shown itself to Lisa was still simply an attractive woman in makeup.

Not so now.

The demon standing before Lisa was half again her height, maybe more, with great leathern wings spread wide; her skin was blood red, even redder than before, and her hair had become a wild mane. Her horns were the same shape, after a fashion, but far bigger, and like her hair were jet black. Her mouth was filled with ungainly fangs, and her legs ended not in dainty feet, but in big, black hooves.

She was terrifying, and her demeanor was as well. When she spoke, she screamed every word.

"You reject my gift!

"You hand me over to Her!

"You watch me be tortured to death!

"And now you have the *gall* to call on me?

"To use my name for your games?!"

"N… no!

"It's not…"

"Shut your whore mouth.

"Your little friend is trying to convince me the two of your are worth listening to."

Lisa looked around. She couldn't see Quinn anywhere.

"I have taken command of your body, you fool.

"This little world, it's where I've put your mind, for now.

"Perhaps for ever."

With a sudden wild swing of her arm, SATARIA punched Lisa hard in the face, sending her sprawling painfully on the black razor sand.

"Your whore friend is making promises of freedom.

"Why should I believe them?

"Why should I not simply take your body for myself?"

Lisa could feel the razor sand burrowing into her soft skin.

"Please…

"I'm sorry…

"I didn't know…"

SATARIA put a heavy hoof on top of Lisa's head. She was powerful, but surprisingly gentle. Putting her weight slowly on the leg, she pushed Lisa's face into the sand, the sharp grains tearing and clawing at her face.

"It was GABRIEL…

"He lied to me…

"Tricked me…"

Lisa was crying into the sand.

Even as the burning in her face where the sand had torn away the flesh was agonizing, filling her entire mind, she could feel SATARIA taking the weight off of her leg again.

Grabbing her by the wrist, SATARIA wrenched Lisa out of the sand. First onto her side, then onto her knees, then onto her feet. Finally, her shoulder crying out in pain, the demon was lifting her from the ground, leaving her dangling face to monstrous face with her.

"Your friend speaks of freedom.

"For me, and for my sisters.

"Is that your design as well?"

Lisa nodded, her shoulder hurting. She could feel blood running down her body, salty sand digging into the wounds.

"I am very, very angry with you right now.

"If I were to tell you that the first thing I would do when I got free was to find you and punish you, would you still want to free me?"

Lisa nodded again, tears running down her cheeks. Her eyes were pressed shut, she didn't dare look at the demon.

"Even if it meant I would fuck. You. To. Death?"

Lisa nodded, sobbing.

"I… I did this to you…

"It's all I deserve…"

The demon threw Lisa to the ground. She didn't land on the jagged sand this time. The sand was gone, the landscape was gone, the sky was gone. Lisa's flesh was whole again, but the blood remained.

In place of the blasted landscape, the place in which Lisa found herself now was decidedly organic. Long sinewy strands of muscle… or… something, formed the walls of a small chamber, much smaller than the back room of The Rose. At some point, SATARIA had altered her form; she was the familiar human-like shape, now, no longer the tall beast.

She kicked Lisa hard in the stomach, driving her over on her belly.

"You are very, very fortunate, I think you should know that."

Lisa's aching ribs didn't make her feel very fortunate, but she nodded all the same, her face rubbing against the organic ground. It was far softer than the sand had been, at least, even if it was way weirder. On the other side of the thick, squishy membrane, she could feel something move.

"I may be very angry right now, but I am a kind and forgiving soul.

"So here is what I'm going to do."

Something slithered its way down from the ceiling, grabbing Lisa by the ankle. The chamber was small, but the ceiling was high enough that as it lifted her up, Lisa could hang upside down and come face to face with SATARIA, who was standing.

"I am going to punish you until I'm not angry anymore, and then we are going to free me and my sisters from LUSIA.

"It is very fortunate that time can be whatever I need it to be."

Lisa nodded weakly.

"And don't worry about how long this will be.

"It shouldn't take more than a century or two."

With a sudden yank, the tendril around Lisa's ankle pulled her up into the ceiling, and down into hell.

Chapter 24

Ira

For seven times again seven years, Lisa found herself tied to a now-familiar breeding bench. It was almost the same as Mother Virginia had tied her to, in almost the same dark room in a church basement. SATARIA offered Lisa nothing so gentle as a savage fucking, however.

Instead of muted browns and crucifixes, the back wall was festooned with a dizzying array of whips and other instruments of pain. The bench itself was also slightly modified from what Lisa remembered. This one had a head rest, holding her head back, staring at her own thrashing.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa was made to endure SATARIA's wrath. There was no sleep, no food, no fucking. Time and time again SATARIA's whips, crops, and cudgels stripped the skin from Lisa's flesh, and the flesh from her bones, and time and time again it grew back.

Lisa learned to know each of the instruments like old friends. The fine chain flails that stung like needles. The broad belts whose rivets landed right at the tip, like harsh kisses. The riding crops whose tips landed with unmatched precision.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa saw her blood dripping from her body into a shallow basin placed beneath her, where it mixed with her grool, with her spit, with her tears. When, on rare occasion, SATARIA grew tired of the lashing and the beating, she would fill crystal goblets from the pool and feed them to Lisa, making her taste her own ravaging.

It was the closest thing to food Lisa had, and it was the closest thing to affection SATARIA showed her. She wasn't drowning her in the drink, she was guiding it gently down her throat, letting her have her fill. For a moment, at least, before the beatings resumed.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa was bound to the bench, the rivets on the restraints digging into her flesh. They were not so sharp that

they hurt when she was still, but whenever she tried to shy away from a strike, or stretch her body, they were a painful reminder of her situation.

SATARIA didn't just strike her. Sometimes the only thing she was wielding was a feather, or just her own long fingernails, and tickling Lisa drove her to press the rivets into her own flesh. When the demon did, she could put Lisa in paroxysms that drew blood from ligature alone.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa suffered under a great deal of physical abuse, but SATARIA was not one to neglect the emotional abuse, or the psychological. Lisa was made to hear every term of abuse invented by man and by gods and demons, suffering under an onslaught that was nearly as unceasing as the beating.

But for the brief moments of respite when the demon was serving her a drink of blood or a piece of her own flesh she had disgorged with a particularly brutal strike of the whip, hardly a single word passed SATARIA's lips that was not unimaginably, unbearably foul.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa was tortured to death, again, and again, and again, only for her to awaken in the very next moment as if nothing had happened. Only for it to happen over and over again. SATARIA pouring every ounce of pain Mother Virginia — LUSIA, as Lisa came to learn during brief moments of lucidity from the demon — every ounce of pain LUSIA had put in her, magnified a hundred hundred times again a hundred hundred times, all turned to blind, unending wrath.

Between invective and abuse, Lisa learned of LUSIA, of her seduction of SATAN, of their betrayal of URIA. The demon explained that there was nothing for it but to give Lisa a bodily lesson in pain, so she could understand her rage. For every strike of the whip across Lisa's skin, she promised, Lisa's skin SATAN would receive a hundred hundred strikes for their foolishness; for every strike across SATANs skin, LUSIA would receive a myriad myriad for her treachery.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa suffered SATARIA's wrath. After one myriad, seven thousand, eight hundred and ninety-seven days, she was finally sated. Wielding a knife, the demon set about freeing Lisa from the bench.

The procedure was simple. No cutting through restraints, no complicated untying, no slow and laborious extrication.

With a single confident motion, the demon slit Lisa's throat from ear to ear. Lisa watched as the blood drained from her body. She had felt herself die on this bench — seen herself die — many a time, but this time felt different. This time felt… less… this time…

this time…

Chapter 25

Acedia

Lisa sat quietly in the shallow soaking tub, across from SATARIA. The distance between them could not be more than three meters, maybe three and a half. Not far at all. The room was tiled in white, and brightly lit; it resembled nothing so much as the baths in the basement of Quinn's townhouse. The glare of the lights above made it impossible to see into the water, and the surface was smooth as glass. The demon sat leaning back, her posture open and inviting. Lisa had seen her body parade back and forth in the mirror for long enough to know every bit of her body like the back of her own hand, by now.

"You've been so very brave, Lisa, I think you deserve a reward.

"Come taste of the pleasures I promised you.

"I'm kind, and I'm just, and I only want you to feel the Bliss.

"That's all I ever wanted.

"It's all I want, still.

"So come to me."

After so much waiting, so much watching, so much pain, Lisa did not need to be asked twice. She wanted nothing more than to finally clamber into SATARIA's lap, to finally be embraced by her…

Lisa tried to move, tried to do as she was bid.

For seven years, she sat, trying to make her body move. Trying to answer. Trying to heed. It was no use. The demon was so close…

Patiently, SATARIA sat watching Lisa struggle. Where she had once been entirely unable to shut up, she was now entirely shtum. How much Lisa would have loved even a single word of encouragement, even another curse or slur. Nothing. Just a smirk. Just a DreamWorks–faced demon enjoying her struggles.

For seven years, she stumbled forwards, leaning so slowly into the water that she wasn't sure she was moving at all.

Lisa's body was hardly her own, now, it would not obey her, even as much as she could feel the desire building inside her.

For seven years, she sank into the water. Inexorably, inevitably, the surface of the water came up to meet her. When she had started to move, she had failed to consider the problem of breathing.

Even now, before Lisa had even become submerged, she could feel the water constricting around her chest, squeezing the air from her lungs.

For seven years, she drowned, but the demon did not let her die. The pain of her lungs filling with water was terrible. The weight of the water as it closed above her was heavier than the demon's hoof on her skull.

As her eyes hit the water, she came to realize she was not alone.

For seven years, she struggled to swim. She could no longer remember how to breathe. She could no longer remember needing to.

Below the water were a hundred hands, groping and fumbling hands, questing over her body as she struggled forwards. The hands were not so kind as to be lecherous. They brushed and fingered and searched, but never found anything, never took a hold of her, never offered more than momentary touches as they moved across her body.

For seven years, she crawled along the bottom of the tub, the hands still fumbling around her, still groping at her.

As the demon grew closer, she could feel the water getting hotter. Hotter, and hotter, and hotter. Lisa boiled and burned in the water, and still she pressed on. She could taste SATARIA on the water now.

For seven years, she climbed up SATARIA's body. Her fingers found little purchase on the smooth, hairless skin, and the heat was unbearable.

Lisa lost track of how many times she slipped, and fell, losing mere millimeters at a time, but with the way her body moved — or rather, didn't move — those millimeters may as well have been light years.

Seven times again seven years it took, but finally Lisa's lips found their way to SATARIA's cunt.

The taste was exquisite.

Lisa forgot the weight of the water. Lisa forgot her burning lungs. Lisa forgot the teasing hands. Lisa forgot the burning and the boiling. For a moment, there was nothing in the world — in the universe — but the sweetest taste that had ever crossed her lips.

The journey had taken seven times again seven years, but after a mere moment, the demon grabbed her by the hair and tore her away. Lisa howled with pain as she was freed from the water and her lungs learned to breathe air again. The demon only grinned.

"Good girl."

Chapter 26

Superbia

The dance floor of *Club Les Trançes* was packed to the gills. Lisa could hardly move for the throng of girlies boxing her in every which way she turned. Looking at them she realized that they were all her. No matter where she turned, there she was, grinning at her, dancing, naked.

Standing on the raised stage was SATARIA. She had stepped into ODA's magnificent peacock dress, but with some modifications. While the rainbow peacock feather train was untouched, the front of the dress was open, revealing the demon's naked body. ODA's dress was slutty, but it wasn't full frontal slutty, to his cost.

The throng around her danced closer and closer; even more girlies were making their way onto the dance floor, driving the crowds even closer together. The skin of the girlies had started out brushing against her from time to time, but soon they were rubbing, then pressing.

Stray hands were appearing from the crowd, too. Snaking their way between the bodies, hands Lisa recognized as her own were grabbing at her, feeling her up. One particularly adventurous one slipped a pair of fingers into her cunt; one of its friend found her ass and did the same.

The pleasure was short lived, however. Looking up at the ceiling, Lisa noticed that the club wasn't entirely unchanged from her visit the other night. In the ceiling, the familiar muscular membranes of SATARIA's small chamber were spread out, with long, slippery tentacles hanging from them. These tentacles were descending, now, coiling around Lisa.

Lifting Lisa up, the tentacles freed her from the grasp of the girlies on the dance floor. As they lifted her through the air, they folded and turned her body; her arms were bound behind her back, her thighs were spread, her legs were folded back on themselves.

Unsupported, her head hung forwards, giving her a tremendous view

of the dance floor. From where she was suspended in the air in front of the DJ platform, she looked down into the crowd; her own eyes were staring back at her, hundreds of pairs of her own eyes, thousands, even.

Lisa couldn't hear SATARIA over the music, instead her voice penetrated her mind directly, like GABRIEL once did.

Look at your adoring fans.

So loyal, so hungry for your attention.

Let's give them what they want.

Slipping her own voice into the mix, SATARIA entreated the crowd.

"Whoever gets to her can do whatever she wants.

"Whatever. She. Wants."

At such a simple offer, the crowd went wild.

The girlies right beneath her were the first to try their luck, jumping into the air and swiping at her; a futile gesture, Lisa was at least four or five meters off the ground, she didn't have the hops.

Distracted by their clumsy effect, the girlies were crushed as more enterprising chancers made their way to the center. Lisa could feel the elbows digging into the bodies of the girlies as a new crowd developed a new technique. They would smash some girlies to pieces, and try to use them to fashion a pile of sorts, or a ladder. Lisa felt every blow, and looking at the ferocity with which the girlies further out tore into one another, she wasn't convinced that they felt anything.

Nails dug into skin, teeth dug into flesh, fists dug into stomachs.

Around the stage, the walls fell away, revealing hell and all its horrors; among them were lines of girlies approaching the organic scaffold that held up the illusion of the club, lines stretching to the horizon; myriads of pairs of eyes, all staring at Lisa.

Below her, strategies were developed, tested, discarded. They were forgotten, of course, and tried anew, time and time again. Lisa could feel every cost on the body, every attempt at reaching her. When girlies fell under the throng, as they did often, tentacles whipped down from the ceiling to pull them out, if there was enough left of them.

Often they had their way with the half dead girlies. Lisa could feel that as well, the slippery, strong limbs thrusting into some strange copy of her body, emptying themselves inside before throwing the broken bodies out into the red sands of hell.

For seven times again seven years, the throng threw itself at trying to reach Lisa, never succeeding. Worse, whatever sensation was transmitted to her body, while enough to cry, to vomit, sometimes even to pass out, was never enough, it seemed, to make her cum.

Whatever happened to the other girlies, they couldn't give her that.

Chapter 27

Invidia

At length, the music stopped. Only a single image of Lisa remained on the dance floor, staring at her from where she stood, ankle deep in gore.

Try as she might, Lisa could no longer feel any other body than her own. SATARIA had severed her from the her images — from her image — and she was slowly making her way down from the DJ stage. As she stepped out onto the dance floor, Lisa could see her form had changed.

She was not quite the monstrous, fearsome demon she had shown Lisa on the needle sand beach, but she was unmistakably no longer human, either. Her feet had gone to hooves, and great wings had sprouted from her back; the hooves were not the large, flat stompers she had on the beach, but slim and sharp — the wings were not great sheets of shadow and balefire, but delicate and dainty, almost translucent as the skin stretched.

The tentacles constricted around Lisa, reminding her of their presence, making sure she was restrained. They looked similar to the demon's tail, slim and slippery, but where the tentacles ended in blunt stumps, SATARIA's tail tapered to a point, decorated with a fleshy arrowhead.

SATARIA closed in on Lisa's image, and turning her around for Lisa to see, stuck two fingers into her cunt from behind. With her long, sharp nails, she immediately drew blood, and Lisa's image was already crying out in pain. Desperately, Lisa tried to feel what she felt, or look away, or… or do anything but hang, suspended in mid-air, staring.

But there was nothing for her to do.

Nothing for her to do but to desperately wish it was her face SATARIA's long black tongue was caressing, her neck the tongue was slithering its way around, her gullet being thrust into by the tip of it as the demon's other hand found a breast, tweaking violently at the nipple.

SATARIA stared up into Lisa's eyes as her nails cut into Lisa's image,

tearing apart her flesh. To feel even that… Lisa felt nothing, not even the tentacles. After binding her in place so, so long ago, they had fallen still, but for the very, very occasional adjustment of this fold of flesh or that.

The image cried out as the demon changed her hands around; her bloodied hand were painting her face now, while her fresh hand was thrusting roughly into the image's cunt, drawing yet more blood.

In SATARIA's warm, inviting embrace, the image was quickly growing faint, growing weak. Her voice stilled and her limbs slumped as false life drained from her, pooling on the floor around the demon's hooves.

Growing bored, the demon let the image go. She stumbled forwards, fell, and as she hit the floor she didn't crumple into a heap of meat; she shattered, like a glass statue, a myriad red pieces of frozen blood skittering across the quiet dance floor.

Before the last of the pieces had even come to rest, SATARIA had summoned a new image into her arms. This time, she used her tail more than her fingers, driving the sharp tip like a spear into the image's ass. Lisa could see a small bulge against her soft stomach as the demon put all her force into the tail fucking, until the sharp tip of the tail burst forth.

A shower of gore splattered across the dance floor as the image went into a panic, of sorts, but a firm hand tightening around her throat put her worries to rest. Then the strangling hand slowly, quietly put *her* to rest. Again the image shattered like glass as she hit the floor.

For seven times again seven years, Lisa hung from the ceiling, watching as SATARIA abused her image, sealing her off from both pain and pleasure, from any feelings at all, other than the desire for her to share something, share anything, share *even a shred* of what she was giving the mindless images of her.

By the end of the first day Lisa had lost count of how many images had come and gone. Hundreds, she thought. By the end of her imprisonment, it must have been hundreds of hundreds of hundreds.

Not all of the images were of Lisa, either. SATARIA was relishing the opportunity too much for that. The girl from her freshman calculus class Lisa hadn't dared talk to was there. She embraced the demon and told her how much braver than Lisa she was. The college barista with the large ear plugs who always smiled to her in that way was there, the one who dotted the 'i' on Lisa's cup with a heart. They embraced the demon and told her how much smarter than Lisa she was. The baseball player she had a crush on, who went on to go semi-pro, who had such an ass, was there. He embraced the demon and told her how much stronger than Lisa she was. All of them, and a hundred other missed chances.

It was all Lisa could do to press her eyes shut, but it was no use.

The demon would have her see, have her *desire*.

Chapter 28

Gula

All at once, Lisa's bindings let go of her, and she fell, and fell, and fell.

SATARIA was still standing beneath her, mouth open to the sky, and as Lisa fell towards her, she grew, and grew, and grew.

Her form was not changing. To her horror, Lisa realized that it was she that that was changing. As she fell, she shrank, and shrank, and shrank.

By the time she hit the demon's black tongue, she was no larger than a piteous rat. The tongue was warm, and yielded to Lisa's weight, like a black sand beach baked in endless sun.

The demon's tongue didn't move like a human tongue would, and as soon as Lisa hit it, it began not so much pulling back as retracting, slithering straight into SATARIA's mouth. Looking up, Lisa could see the burning hunger in the demon's eyes, and not too distant she could see the great white teeth ready to come down on her.

She ran.

As fast as she could, she ran along the tongue, even as it pulled her slowly, inexorably backwards towards SATARIA's mouth. Like in sand, her feet found poor purchase, the ground was wet, and uneven, and warm. Lisa fell, more than once, scrabbling forwards until she could find her feet again, then ran, then fell again.

How long she ran for she couldn't say. Years. Years and years. In front of her, the tongue seemed to stretch to infinity. Behind her, the demon's gaping maw was looming, waiting for her.

For a moment here and there Lisa thought to jump off the tongue. The first time, the tongue seemed to grow as wide as it was long, and the edge of the tongue seemed as far away as was the tip. The second time, the other side, it seemed as impossible as the first. The third time she tried, SATARIA let her leap into the air. When she fell, however, it wasn't

SATARIA's breast she hit, or the floor, but the tongue again, as if she had fallen from the same spot as when she first arrived.

Finally, the tip arrived. Rising to meet Lisa, it slammed her in the chest, stopped her dead in her tracks, drove her backwards. As it curled around her, it pulled her into the demon's waiting mouth, and the teeth snapped shut. She was whole within SATARIA's mouth, now, the bulk of the tongue pressing her against the palate, driving the air from her body, threatening to squeeze her flat.

As SATARIA swallowed, Lisa was pulled feet first into her esophagus. She tried to cling to the walls, to cling to anything, but it was no use. There was nothing to hold onto, and the esophageal sphincter hit her like a hammer. For a brief moment she lay pressed against it, winded, and then it opened, sending her falling into a foul-smelling chamber filled with a vile, viscous liquid.

Lisa landed on a piece of flesh which was foundering in the liquid, but it was already sinking under her weight. Undoubtedly this was some piece of an image of hers, or…

Her fingers dug desperately into the flesh, but it was no use. As the acid lapped at the flesh, it started eating into Lisa's skin. First, little pockmarks, then larger blisters, then… She slipped. Her foot dipped briefly below the liquid, and when it came up it was gnarled and blackened.

More flesh fell through the sphincter from above, landing on Lisa and pushing her off her perch, into the liquid below. The moment her eyes hit the surface, she was blind. The acid eating away at her— For years and years she sank, her body being taken from her bit by painful bit.

When she finally died, heat was the first sense to return to her. Then pain. Sight was the last thing to return to her, the thing that let her tie it all together. She could see SATARIA starting hungrily down at her. No longer a hundred times her size, the demon was presiding over a fire; Lisa had a spit driven through her, from anus to mouth, and was hogtied and slowly rotating as she was being roasted like a whole boar.

For years and years she roasted, until the demon was finally satisfied. Cutting pieces of Lisa's body, the demon gorged herself. Lisa hadn't thought someone could dine so long and so well on her body, but once more it was years and years until SATARIA was sated.

Lisa died again, and lived again, and was eaten again.

And again.

And again.

For seven times again seven years she remained the ingredient, and not rarely the dinner guest as well. As she found new ways to prepare Lisa, the demon gloried in smothering her in her own stewed flesh, and drowning her in her own boiled blood.

Chapter 29

Avaritia

Exhausted, Lisa sat at the foot of a great cliff. The stone was odd; black, and slightly soft, with long striations running through it, top to bottom. In front of her stood SATARIA, her wings outstretched. Around them stood countless forms in the darkness, faceless men, their cocks erect, their eyes glowing with a baleful yellow glow. As the demon spoke, her hooves slowly left the floor, and she drifted upwards through the air.

"Build yourself a ladder of gold, and come join me."

As she rose into the air — slowly at first, then she shot off — she grew. Lisa suddenly realized what the cliff was; it was a heavy curtain of fine black silk, the hem of a bed spread. Far above her, she could hear SATARIA settle into bed. Her tail was hanging just over the edge, and flicked back and forth; Lisa could hear the demon pleasuring herself far above, the noise of it tremendous.

From the crowd surrounding her, a shade stepped forth. He was holding out a red silk ribbon with seven golden coins threaded on it, offering it to Lisa. Was this what the demon meant by a ladder of gold?

Lisa looked up the silken cliff, and then to the floor. A pile of coins?

Turning back to the shade, she accepted the string of coins. As soon as she threw it to the floor by the cliff, he was on her, grabbing her by the wrist and pinning it to the cliff. What he felt he had paid for was immediately clear; he was already thrusting into Lisa, his cock rubbing ineffectually against her belly.

It took him a little while, but he finally managed to lift her up enough to get inside her. His thrusts were ardent, savage. Lisa hadn't been doing the whoring thing for long, but this man, this shade seemed to have opinions about what gold bought him, and it was all Lisa could do to let him exercise his opinions. He wasn't pleasant, but his endurance was as

bad as his manners. It couldn't have taken more than a minute for him to finish, and as he pulled out, most of his cum, such as it was, came with him, trickling down Lisa's thighs.

Lisa had expected him to turn and leave, to return to the crowd. Instead, as the light went out of his eyes, his body turned to smoke, and he dissipated, rising into the darkness like a wisp of smoke.

Behind him stood another shade, ready to take his place, offering another string of coins. Lisa tried asking what he wanted from her, but no reply was forthcoming. She looked at the tall wall, and at the tiny pile of coins she had amassed thus far. If it was going to be unpleasant, it would have to be unpleasant. She took the coins, and as she turned to throw them on the pile, the shade grabbed hold of her. He wanted her from behind, and she struggled to keep herself upright, her nails digging into the enormous silk curtain as he bent her over.

After finishing, he was gone before Lisa could even manage to get herself turned around. Taking his place was two shades this time, each holding two strings of coins. Again Lisa asked what they wanted, not expecting an answer. She was surprised when, after a fashion, they managed to let her know. A spit roast.

They were a lot gentler, a lot more polite, waiting patiently for Lisa to take her place between them. The shade behind her hadn't made it clear that it was her ass that he wanted, but how could he. He was gentle enough that Lisa didn't mind so much, and the price made the cock in her throat go down a lot easier. These two were not so fast, though, taking hours and hours to finish, so the rate…

For seven times again seven years, Lisa made this her work. She learned to ask, learned to understand, learned to turn away the ones she didn't like the look of, for a time. But turning the shades away was so slow, and the coins she needed for the pile was so many; more often than not, Lisa could do little more than grit her teeth, take her lumps, and accept whatever the shades wanted from her. Often it was a lot of lumps, but at least the gold…

For seven times again seven years, she worked, and with a million golden coins to her name she surveyed her efforts. The pile came up to her knees at the highest, and even as she attempted to push the coins up against the wall, they slid out into a shallow, pointless pile.

A million coins didn't let her climb up. A million million coins wouldn't.

She turned away from the waiting shades, and dug her fingernails into the silk. At this strange scale it felt odd to try and get a grasp on it. It wasn't solid like stone, but it wasn't soft like cloth. She found it hard to find purchase, but not impossible, and certainly easier than trying to push her fingers into solid rock. So she climbed.

Chapter 30

Luxuria

Below Lisa, the ground fell away; above her, the edge of the cliff was further away than when she had begun her climb. The material was uneven and treacherous, and the bed trembled as SATARIA pleasured herself. Lisa could hardly proceed, she could barely even hang on.

Then she fell.

The blade of SATARIA's tail swooped in below her and scooped her up, carrying Lisa up into the bed. By the time she clambered over the edge, the demon was no longer a hundred times her size. She was still tall, of course, but tall compared to Lisa's ordinary stature.

There was nothing, now, nothing but Lisa, and the demon, and the black silk bedsheets and the sinewy chamber walls. The bed was round, and spacious, and as Lisa gingerly crawled towards SATARIA, the demon crawled to circle her, to see her from all angles, to take in the sight of her.

Then, she pounced. Pinning Lisa to the bed, she grinned into her face, long tongue flicking out experimentally.

"You've been such a good girl, I think it's time you were rewarded.

"Don't you?"

Lisa nodded, and the demon kissed her. Gently, first, on the lips, then more hungrily, more violently; leaning on Lisa with her entire weight, the demon drove the breath from her, leaving her trapped under her force of presence. Her fingertips were already toying with Lisa's cunt; she was much gentler than she had been with Lisa's images, she almost seemed not to be trying to draw blood with her long, sharp nails.

SATARIA kissed her way down Lisa's neck, and on her way down her body lingered for a long time at her breasts. Lisa could feel the demon restrain herself as she took her nipples between her teeth; it took her tremendous effort not to bite through Lisa's flesh, she knew.

The next leg of SATARIA's journey was longer, but far quicker. Leaving only a few kisses behind, she drifted over Lisa's belly, before arriving at her pussy. The demon's lips were blazing hot, and her tongue was course, rough, like sand, and it got everywhere. The demon's hands were wrapped around Lisa's thighs, now, and as her upper lip kissed Lisa's clit, the tongue folded over itself, contorting itself; the bulk of it formed a knotted tower, pushed deep into Lisa's cunt, and the tip trailed off from it, sneaking into her ass. Deeper and deeper it went, the part of it inside her pussy trembling and contorting as it let more tongue through.

It took a long, long time for the demon to satisfy herself, and on the way she forced orgasm after orgasm after orgasm on Lisa. When she finally climbed back up her body, the kisses she returned with tasted of sweat and blood, of Lisa's cunt, and of peaches.

After the kisses, SATARIA kept climbing, and soon she was sitting on Lisa's face, pressing her into the mattress, denying her air, closing her mind and her world to anything other than her red, hot flesh. Under the weight of her, Lisa suffocated, she died, her soul and mind fleeing her body, leaving behind nothing but the thirst for SATARIA's cunt. How long the demon kept her here… Lisa couldn't tell. It didn't matter.

When Lisa could breathe again, when she could live again, the demon turned her over on her belly. Lisa got to play the part of the breeding bench, now, with the demon pressed so hard against her they may as well be tied together. She could feel two red hot points of light burning through the skin on her back, a pair of nipples as hard as obsidian.

The demon's arms were tangled with hers, and her legs. What exactly she was planning to do—

With a sharp strike, SATARIA reminded Lisa of her tail. With a whistle and a crack it fell across Lisa's pussy; not to punish this time, but to excite, and it— it worked. From the way the demon moaned into her ear, Lisa surmised she caught her own cunt with the strike as well, but it didn't seem to dissuade her from whipping Lisa again, and again.

The whipping did not go on for long, however; SATARIA's true purpose was very different. The arrowhead tip of the demon's tail was surprisingly rigid, and felt sharp against the inside of Lisa's guts as the demon pushed the tip of her tail into her ass. It wasn't tearing her apart inside, she didn't think, but that seemed something of a miracle. Deeper and deeper it went, as SATARIA wrapped her tongue around Lisa's throat, constricting her breathing. Seven times she wrapped it around, squeezing tight. As the tip of the demon's tail emerged from Lisa's mouth, SATARIA waggled it playfully in her face, before she began thrusting in earnest.

For seven times again seven years, SATARIA made Lisa her plaything; sometimes gentle, sometimes rough, but always devoted to pleasure.

Chapter 31

Fervor

Lisa lay in bed, staring up at herself in the mirror. She was finally home, finally back, finally…

She looked sick. She didn't feel sick, but she looked sick. Feverous, flushed, sweating. What she felt was a raging fire inside, a kind of horny she didn't even knew she was capable of. Since she got home, she had spent three days trying to calm down, trying to get it out of her system, trying to… trying anything.

Ice cold showers. Hours of masturbation. Hours with Tanya, hours with Quinn, hours with No; nothing sated her, nothing was *enough*. When she slept — when she *could* sleep — SATARIA was there in her dreams.

Sometimes the demon wanted to fuck her, sometimes the demon wanted to torture her, sometimes the demon wanted to do both at once. Either which way, it was the only thing that remotely served to calm Lisa down.

Lisa stared into her own eyes. Lisa *tried* to stare into her own eyes, at any rate. She was unfocused, her eyes drifting down her body, to where her fingertips were toying with her clit, to where a hand was grasping her tit. She had tried to scrub away the wax, but a large blotch of purplish discoloration still spread across her face, like a giant moth resting on the bridge of her nose.

They had preparations to do, but Lisa had to leave them to Quinn. It was Quinn who had received the explanations from the demon while Lisa was… elsewhere, it was they who knew what needed to be done, what needed to be readied.

And Lisa was in no state to do anything.

The evening after the ritual, she had tried to go out into town. At the first sight of a pair of girlies, it had been to much for her, she had wrapped herself around them, brought them into her storm of desire. It had been

fun, of course, great fun, but it was no way to get anything done.

Quinn had tried to explain to her what needed to be done, but it had been no use. Lisa's mind was all but gone, subsumed by her desires.

The girl in the mirror looked so pretty where she lay, gasping for air as Lisa fingered her cunt. Such a perfect slut, such a wondrous doll, a body made only to be used, and abused, and fucked and kissed and —

The orgasm brought her out of her reverie.

Which one was that? Tenth, eleventh this morning?

Lisa pressed her eyes shut, clenched her jaws, buried both her hands in the hair, grabbing it tightly. These were the brief moments of clarity. She tried remembering what needed to be done.

They needed Penny — sister Penelope — they needed the sister to get in? Yeah, to get in. And the bloodstone knives. What was bloodstone… was it… Quinn was getting the knives. Lisa wanted to help, but… but the moment was over. Her mind was once again consumed by pink fire.

* * *

Lisa was dreaming again.

The ground under her feet was smooth, and red. It yielded to her weight as she walked through the darkness, the softness of it making her footing unsteady. SATARIA was nowhere to be seen. The demon was usually right there to greet her, bundling her up in her wings, or…

Around her, drawing closer, Lisa could see shades, their eyes glowing pinkish red. The closest one reached out to grope at her, but before it had a chance to make contact, Lisa had pounced. The shades were strong, but they were slow, and they were clumsy. Lisa didn't care to wait for them to find their way to whatever they wanted, and dropping to her knees on the soft ground, wrapped her lips around the shade's cock.

Its hands slowly quested across her head and shoulders, before finally coming to rest in her hair, but Lisa didn't care. She had what she wanted, and their plodding groping was nothing to her now. Behind her, she could feel another shade draw near, looking for an entrance.

Never opening her eyes, never letting the cock out of her mouth, she lifted herself up, pressing her ass against the shade behind her, eagerly searching for its cock. With a little help she found it, and for as languorous as the shades were in their searching, once they began thrusting…

A third shade arrived, then a fourth; it was all they could to grope at Lisa, wait for their turn. Firing a massive spurt of cum down her throat, the first shade was done, and turned to smoke, unbalancing Lisa dramatically. The shade behind her took the opportunity to press her into the ground, and on its knees behind her *really* got to thrusting.

A few more shades came and went. Each one seemed a little less human-like than the last, their shapes growing distorted and alien. Here

and there they were sprouting a tail, or a tentacle, or some other strange limb they wanted to thrust into Lisa. Groping hands gave way to slithering ropes of muscle and sinew, and the shapes meant that not just two, but three, sometimes four or five could get inside Lisa at a time.

At least thirty shades emptied themselves into Lisa, onto Lisa, *through* Lisa, vanishing into smoke before letting new ones take their place, before SATARIA showed herself. It was only when a pair of long, sharp fingernails descended from the sky that Lisa realized where she had been all this time. The ground wasn't soft beneath her — there was no ground — she was lying on the demon's skin, covered in sticky shade ectoplasm.

The nails gingerly dug into Lisa's ribs, beside her breasts. SATARIA was trying to be gentle, but the tips of her nails were still digging into Lisa's flesh like spears as she lifted her out of the throng of shades.

The demon held Lisa's sodden form up in front of her massive face, grinning. Opening her mouth wide, her long black tongue slithered out; it was far too large to do anything but push Lisa around, but at the tip it split, and then it split again, and again, and again… By the time the splitting was done, it wasn't a tongue anymore, it was a swarm of hundreds of tendrils, ranging in width from Lisa's little finger to Lisa's forearm.

Enveloping her in a cloud of rough, black flesh, they licked every part of Lisa clean, leaving behind sweet-smelling corrosive spittle. Lisa could already feel the blisters forming on her skin before SATARIA was even done, and when the tendrils lingered… The smaller ones wrapped around her arms, her legs, her nipples, her clit; sometimes binding, sometimes teasing, sometimes kneading. The bigger ones thrust into her, spreading her open front and back. To be fucked so roughly was sweet relief to Lisa, perhaps this would finally… finally settle her…

SATARIA forced several orgasms on Lisa, before she grew bored. The tongue gave way to spear-like fingernails once more, and holding her up the demon spoke.

"All is ready.

"It is time for you to do your part."

Lisa didn't understand; the voice was nearly incomprehensible to her at this size, anyway, but she had… was there something…

SATARIA lifted her up high, and dropped Lisa into her waiting mouth.

As her jaws snapped shut, her massive teeth smashed Lisa to pieces.

* * *

Lisa looked up at herself in the mirror. These were the brief moments of clarity. What did SATARIA mean? The bloodstone knives? She was just a dream, wasn't she, how could she know anything about… well, anything?

Lisa waited for the moment to pass. She waited for the pink fire to burn away her thoughts again, for the pink mist to descend, but it never

happened. Looking up at herself in the mirror, she still looked ready to jump a cactus if it was shaped enough like a cock, but she didn't feel as overpowered. For the first time in days, she felt in control of herself.

She wondered how long it would last.

Taking the opportunity while she had it, Lisa staggered out into the kitchen. She had been so very hungry, and eating had been hard; she managed to obliterate a carton of yogurt and a box of müesli, getting no more than a fifth or so of the meal all over herself. By the time she got in the shower, she was still in control of herself. She still spent a good twenty minutes fellating the massive suction cup dildo she had stuck to the mirror wall, but because she *wanted* to, not because she *had* to.

After the shower, she made her way down to the pool, for laps.

She didn't think twice about walking down naked, of course, not now. The cool water was wondrous on her skin, and she even managed to do enough lengths to mostly make up for the week or so she'd lost.

Catching her reflection in the glass window of the elevator on her way back up, she saw that the stains across her face were still there.

Lying in bed, air drying, Lisa heard the front door swing open. Two pairs of feet shuffled inside, one pair was light, one pair was stompy.

Quinn's grinning face popped out into the bedroom doorway.

"If I come in there, are you gonna jump me again?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

Quinn entered, with Penny hot on her heels.

The three of them had tried to have a chat a few days before, but Lisa's condition had made it difficult. Ultimately, Quinn and Penny had decided to leave to take care of the practical matters, telling Lisa to try and get it out of her system. She had, now.

She thought.

She hoped.

Chapter 32

Conspiracy

Quinn threw a leather knife roll down on the bed and unfurled it.

Inside were three teardrop shaped knives, each made of deep red, slightly translucent material. At first glanced, the facets appeared knapped, but holding one up to the light, Lisa could see that they were far too irregular, too chaotic. Light danced through the material like in obsidian, highlighting internal facets matching those on the surface.

"Where did you find this?"

Quinn looked over at Penny.

"Well, ah, we didn't so much 'find' them as, well…

"Let's just say that we should try and get this done before tonight's bed check at the monastery."

Lisa held the knife up to the light again. It reminded her of nothing so much as the shards of blood SATARIA shattered her false images into.

"Why."

Penny smiled ruefully.

"We may have slightly… abducted a nun.

"To get the blood, you see."

"You what."

"Look, trust me.

"I've been with these people for a while, and even before Quinn came to me with, uh, your whole situation, I was very much thinking of leaving.

"Do *not* feel bad for Sister Angelica.

"Trust me."

"You've met these people, Lisa, you know what they're like."

"Yeah, but *murder*!?"

Quinn shook her head curtly.

"Hey, now, we didn't murder anyone."

"Technically."

"What Johanna does with a dazed anæmic nun is her business."

Lisa put the knife down.

"Is it.

"And draining a pint of—"

"More like a quart."

"Quart and a half, maybe."

"And draining a *quart and a half* of blood from someone is fine, is it?"

Quinn carefully returned the knife to the knife roll.

"Well, do you want Mother Virginia to have her way?"

"I don't know Quinn, *do I*?

"I'm more than a little unclear on what exactly the downsides of the Mother superior putting the demons in… what, demon prison, is."

Penny frowned, and Quinn wrapped the knives up.

"Look, it's…

"It's hard to explain, okay?"

"Yeah, well, fucking *try me*."

Quinn tried.

* * *

Angels are, to put it very, very simply, not supposed to be.

The fact that Mother inferior Virginia has turned into an angel, and that she's turning other demons as well, well, it's bad news. For all of us.

A lot of churches teaches the evil of demons and devils and all that jazz, and to an extent, that doesn't really matter. Demons are powerful and capricious, and it's best to stay away from them, but they are also part of how the world *functions*.

They are expressions of something called the Will, which itself is some kind of… I don't know. God. Archdemon. Kamma. It doesn't really matter. What does matter, is that the Will is important, like *really* important.

If it were to become corrupted, or destroyed, the consequences would be beyond dire. Life itself could become impossible, on this and all worlds.

I don't *think* that's what Mother Virginia — what LUSIA — wants, but what she wants doesn't really matter; the things she are doing are causing damage, irrespective of what her aims are. She has to be stopped.

* * *

Lisa mulled this over.

"Have you considered that it's a demon telling you all of this?"

Quinn shook her head.

"I have other sources, not just SATARIA.

"In fact, she told me barely anything I didn't already know.

"She spent most her time luxuriating about how she was murder-fucking you in hell, until I could convince her that we meant to free her.

"And the only thing she really taught me was how to make the knives."

"If what LUSIA is doing is so bad, why doesn't the Will stop her?"

Penny explained.

"The Will is… kinda badly named.

"It doesn't actually want anything, in itself; it's just kinda there."

"Yeah, the Will doesn't care for life or anything like that.

"Whether the universe is a burgeoning garden full of life and pleasure, or whether the universe is a strange and abstract landscape of pure math or whatever doesn't matter to the Will."

"Or whether the universe exists at all."

Lisa flopped onto her back.

"And if the universe goes splat?"

"Then we end up in hell."

Quinn nodded.

"Worse, a hell governed by the likes of LUSIA and… whatever GABRIEL is now."

"Wouldn't hell also be wiped out?"

"Maybe, maybe not.

"If it is, well, then maybe oblivion."

"Or maybe our minds are smeared out across light years of abstract geometry, fractured and tortured for eternity."

"Or that, yeah."

Lisa looked at her flushed skin in the mirror.

"Sounds bad."

She had the simple golden nose ring in again. She liked it a lot. Quinn had good taste; they had good sense.

"Fine.

"Let's do this."

Lisa sat up.

"But let me make one thing clear.

"If this goes sideways, and I end up in hell, tortured by some angel, I am going to spend the rest of eternity trying to figure out a way to come fuck you both up."

Quinn nodded.

"Deal."

Penny smiled ruefully.

"You and me both."

* * *

There was only one thing left to do before going to church. Well, two things. Lisa had to do Penny, and she had to do Quinn.

Fortunately, both were to hand, and once the plan was sorted out, Penny was eager to climb onto Lisa's face. She tasted so sweet, so different from… well, from anything Lisa had tasted recently. The way her body tensed, the way her fingers dug into Lisa's scalp, the way she moaned and shivered; it was shocking to Lisa how virginal it all seemed. From the way Sister Helena had treated Lisa, she has assumed that the Sisters of Saint Nicholas and Saint Marianne spent enough time practicing… what did she call it? Ministering in the flesh?

Lisa wasn't able to ponder this for too long, however. Quinn had finally secured the strap, and they were taking their place at Lisa's hips.

Normally, Lisa would have appreciated more of a warning, more of a warmup, but between the fever that still had its claws in Lisa and the grool running down her cheeks, Lisa was more than ready for the massive schlong Quinn had attached to their harness.

It was one of her new toys; not the largest one, but she could still feel it pressing up against the back of her throat as Quinn thrust as deep into her cunt as they could go.

It was hardly enough to distract from the sweet taste of Penny, from her shallow, ragged breathing as she thrust against Lisa's chin; Lisa could feel her rapid heartbeat as Penny's thighs pressed against her skull.

Then, Penny's concentration broke. Her muscles untensed and her fingers twitched as she came, hard. Her screams filled the air, and Lisa pulled her forwards with her tongue, through the first orgasm, and the second, all the way into the third. Even after that, Penny kept thrusting, into Lisa's face, threatening to suffocate her with her sopping wet cunt.

It didn't last long, however; Quinn soon pulled out of Lisa and started fucking Penny instead. She was a lot less ready for it, and as hard as she tried to focus on eating Lisa out, her work was sloppy and frustrating.

Lisa tried her best to guide her in, to lock her head in place between her thighs, but it was no use. Penny was in overload, insensate with pleasure, howling into Lisa's pussy as Quinn pounded her.

After a while, Quinn dismounted, and rolled the quivering mess that Penny had become out of the way. They stepped out their harness, and handed it to Lisa with a grin.

"Do you know how to use this?"

Smug bitch.

While Quinn wiggled their ass at Lisa, she stepped into the harness and secured it, before slathering it with a generous helping of lube.

She kept the bottle out of sight of Quinn; they didn't need to know that they were getting a guts full of LuBasco™. At least, they didn't need to know until Lisa buried the strap to the hilt.

The reaction was… *tremendous*.

Chapter 33

Exodus

A little past midnight, three figures slowly made their way up the broad steps in front of the Mission of San Nicolas.

A nun in her slutty Hallowe'en costume of a habit, a girlie in a silk romper, and Lisa, in her tennis dress. Hidden in the folds and pockets of their clothing were three bloodstone knives. The nave was empty, as they had hoped, with only the Mother inferior Virginia tending the building.

Not wishing to be seen, or heard, or disturbed, Sister Penelope turned and closed the large church doors. It was heavy work.

"Sister Penelope, what are you doing?

"It's far too early to close the doors."

"Sorry, Mother, there is a storm rolling in.

"I thought it better to be safe than sorry."

With her eyes, Penny drew Lisa's attention to a door in the transept. Her knowledge of the architecture of the church wasn't strong, but Lisa surmised that it led off to the nunnery, and Quinn seemed to have the same idea.

"We can close the door if it comes to that.

"Open it at once."

"I am sorry, Mother, I cannot."

Mother Virginia angrily rounded on Penny.

"What do you mean—"

In a flash, Penny drew the knife from her sleeve and stabbed it deep into Mother Virginia's chest.

For a time now, a long time, Lisa had been worried about her sanity. Ever since she was made to inhabit the angel on the clifftop, she had feared that her mind had not been totally her own, that something, that someone — perhaps even herself — was filling her mind with visions

made to deceive and destroy her. A fear that she would blink her eyes, and she would see an old lady stumble dead to the floor, a kitchen knife jutting from her torso.

If anything could assuage those doubts, the scream LUSIA loosed could.

As she sank to her knees, black bile spurting from her wound in great gouts, barely tamped by the blade, she howled in fury and pain.

"Heresy!

"PERFIDY!

"*TREASON!*"

"Go!

"I'll catch up!"

Penny shouted at them as Quinn and Lisa bolted for the door in the back. Behind them, LUSIA's screams were brighter than the noonday sun. Looking over her shoulder, Lisa could see an angel hovering in the rafters of the narthex; KASSIA with her great golden maul.

"GO!"

As Quinn slammed the door shut, Lisa barely caught a glimpse of KASSIA and her hammer dropping towards Penny from a great height. Another flash of light pressed its way past the door jamb.

At the other end of the long hallway, Lisa could already see the doors to the rotunda where the demon statues were kept. Side by side with Quinn, she sprinted down the hall. At least, she tried to. From the church she could still hear a stream of invective, in the same ancient, guttural tongue as SATARIA's ritual, and it was not without effect. Stumbling to the side of the corridor, she found herself leaning on the wall. Looking down at her dress, she could see blood. A quick touch confirmed that it was her own, from a nosebleed.

"We don't have time for this!"

Quinn was agitated. As they stood trying to get Lisa back on the run, a confused nun stumbled from her cell, and with their knife in hand, Quinn nearly swiped at her in panic, but caught herself. She hissed at the nun, gesturing at the bright lights and dark smoke at the church door.

"Fire!

"Get everyone out, there's a fire!"

The ruse — insofar it can be called a ruse when the danger is so very, very real — worked. Without even questioning the knife in Quinn's hand, the nun ran off, knocking up her sisters and yelling for them to get out of the building. Under cover of confusion, Lisa found her feet, and with Quinn continued down the hallway. At the end, the rotunda waited for them. From inside, someone pushed one of the doors open.

Sister Helena was standing there in her bedclothes, and this time it was Lisa's knife that surprised her. Before she could really think about

what she was doing, she had it in hand, and with a single swipe of the sharp, sharp blade opened Sister Helena's throat from ear to ear.

Gasping and gurgling, Sister Helena stumbled up against the closed door, sinking slowly to the floor as she died. She could only look up at Lisa in confusion, and the knife glowed dully red.

"That's for giving me to *her*."

Sister Helena's glassy eyes had no answer for Lisa.

"What the fuck was that about?"

Lisa looked at Quinn's concerned face, then back to Sister Helena. She opened her mouth to speak, and closed it again, and opened it again.

"You know what, tell me about it later."

Pushing Lisa inside the rotunda, Quinn pulled the door closed behind them. Lisa ran ahead to the circle of demon statues, while Quinn lingered, making sure the door was locked.

"Alright, unseal the prison.

"Let's get this done and over with."

"How?"

Quinn walked briskly towards the ring of statues.

"What do you mean ho—"

Before Lisa could say anything, before she could do anything, GABRIEL was on them, diving from the rafters and landing on Quinn, crumpling them beneath his heavy form. Their bloodstone knife fell from their grasp as they were crushed, and shattered in a thousand pieces as it hit the floor. The ground shook, and whether it was GABRIEL's landing or something else, Lisa was unsteadied enough to fall to her knees on the large stone slab between the statues.

Quinn didn't seem badly hurt, but she was badly winded, and reaching out towards Lisa she wheezed and whined.

"The… the knife…

"The… the —"

GABRIEL drove the tip of his spear through the back of Quinn's throat. Lisa could hear it split bone, rend flesh, chip stone. Dead before the spear had stopped moving, Quinn's glassy eyes had no answers for Lisa, either.

Throwing his shield to the floor, GABRIEL grabbed the spear with both hands and dislodged it. Raking it over Quinn's dead body, he revealed the intricate line work on their back. The runes were glowing, now, not red like before, but gold. Under his gaze they brightened, and sank, like fire eating up the corpse from within. He turned to Lisa.

"Give up this folly, child.

"Put down your weapon, it is not too late for you."

He reached out a hand towards her. Lisa hadn't seen before, but knowing what he was, she could tell, now. His fingers had the same

sharp nails as SATARIA's. His feet were not classically statuesque, but were clawed. His golden wreath did not just rest on his mane of black hair, but on a pair of stumps where horns had been cut from his head.

"Deception by a powerful demon and her foul agents.

"This is a strong case in the Courts of Heaven.

"You can be made whole yet, child.

"This can end here, right now."

Trembling, Lisa grasped the knife with both hands. Behind her, she was dimly aware of another set of footsteps, maybe two. Why did they hesitate? Why did they not simply…

There had been a plan, but Lisa had not listened. She had thought Quinn would be here, now, or Penny. Not just her, and three angels surrounding her, ready to make their move.

If she gave up, she was dead, she was sure of it. GABRIEL would…

It did not even bear thinking about.

From below her, from the deepest darkest reaches of the world, from the very depths of the mountains, she could feel SATARIA, screaming to be let free. SATARIA, and IOFIA, and NIRIA, and URIA, and a hundred hundred other demons trapped in LUSIA's prison. They were so deep, so far away, so small, so…

No they weren't.

Holding her breath, fixing her gaze on GABRIEL, Lisa felt her body, felt her skin gently thrum where it made contact with the stone slab.

That's why they didn't lunge. She still had all the power. She still had everything she needed, at least, and it was now or never.

Her eyes must have betrayed some thought of this. Screaming, GABRIEL lunged for her, and from behind ASALIA and RAFAEL did was well, but she was ready. With all her might, she thrust the bloodstone knife into the stone slab below her.

Nothing happened.

For a moment.

Then the stone burst like the distended skin of an overfilled balloon, and a light poured forth; a light louder than the sea, and a sound brighter than the dawn. The light was so complete, so total, so overwhelming; all Lisa could feel was the rays gouging out her flesh in large chunks. For a brief moment, she could feel SATARIA pass her by, touching her lightly.

For a moment she dared hope that the demon would gather her up, whisk her away from this heavenly fire, but it was not to be. When the light subsided, it had scoured the rotunda clean. The statues were no more. The angels were no more. Quinn's corpse was no more.

Lisa was no more.

Chapter 34

Dawn

Maxxxine the Magnificent stood by the great windows in her suite, looking out at the town below. She was still in her stage makeup from the last show of the night, still in her final costume, a sheer blue gown edged with synthetic feathers and a pair of matching high heels, still enjoying the cum dribbling down the inside of her thighs.

Her assistant Quinn had the night off, and þey were off somewhere, so Maxxxine had adapted tonight's shows to real volunteers. A couple of sweet audience members had been good enough to join her on stage, stuffing her from both ends. It wasn't much of a magic trick, but nobody seemed to mind.

Maxxxine felt a rivulet of cum slip from her skin and fall to the floor.

The town below was San Nicolas, the part of San Nicolas where the girls working at the casino lived. Most of the suites faced the glitzy lights of Lander Road, but the long term residencies faced the darker, quieter town instead. It was a beautiful view, to be sure. By day, the sunlight glittered of the polished gutters, the shiny water towers, the reflective windows on the townhouses. By night, the streets were full of whores, laying about the place with gleeful abandon. Maxxxine would have to take the trip down one of these nights, when she had some time off.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

"Your drinks, ma'am."

The tall woman rolled the trolley into the room, a portable little bar with all the tricks on it.

"Thank you.

"I'll have a —"

"Oh, I'm sorry, ma'am, I'm not really a bartender…"

"It's not difficult."

"Of course, I know how to tend bar, I just don't really —"

Maxxxine turned, and cut the girl off with a gesture.

"Tonight you do."

Lisa looked her over. She was a tall one, and her gock was very visible through the thin fabric of her slacks. She licked her lips.

"Tonight you do a lot of things."

The bartender shrugged.

"As I was saying, I'll have an Aspen Snowglobe."

The bartender nodded curtly.

The Aspen Snowglobe was one of Maxxxine's favorite drinks. It was also delightfully simple.

Aspen Snowglobe

four shots Vikingfjord vodka, shaken over ice
strain into a chilled whiskey glass
garnish with one tsp. powder cocaine
serve immediately

Maxxxine turned her attention back to the window as the bartender worked. Soon, she placed a cold drink in Maxxxine's hand. Even through the lingering scent of cum at the back of her throat, Maxxxine could smell that it was the right vodka, and watching as the fishscale sank delicately to the bottom, she could tell that the cocaine was high quality as well.

"Here you go, ma'am."

Maxxxine took a sip. Delicious.

"Please, you're making me feel so *old*.

"Don't call me ma'am, call me…"

Maxxxine turned, looking the bartender over.

"You're a whore, right?

"Turn it on for the girlfriend experience like you mean it.

"Call me 'babe'."

The girlfriend for the night smiled curtly at Maxxxine.

"All right, babe."

Her voice was different, now, and her face softened. She was good.

"So what's your name, babe?"

"Kim."

"Come here, Kim."

Maxxxine slung an arm around Kim's hip.

"This is your town, babe, why don't you tell me a little about it?"

She held the glass up to Kim's lips, and she took a little sip. Hopefully the coke wouldn't impact her ability to get it up.

"Not much to say, babe.

"It's just a normal town."

Maxxxine took another drink, looking out into the night. On the church steps, she could see three figures moving.

"Hey, I think that's my… assistant?

"And mechanic?

"By the church?"

Kim stared off into the distance.

"Wow, your eyesight is something, babe.

"I wouldn't know those girlies from Eve."

Why was Quinn and Lisa going to church in the middle of the night… if that even was them? Maxxxine took another drink. It had been a while since she had had cocaine this good; most places, if they did a snowglobe at all, usually offered substitutions. Most of the time it was a ground up vitamin C tablet or something, and even where it was more than that, it was often Ritalin or Zenzedi, not blow.

A bright flash of light went up from the church.

"What the fuck was that?"

Maxxxine took another sip.

"Is that not normal?"

"Uh, no, that's not normal."

There was another bright flash of light, casting the stained glass windows against the hills in the distance.

"Well, don't worry about it, babe."

Maxxxine handed the remainder of her drink to Kim.

"How can I —"

"There's nothing we can do, is there?"

Kim shook her head slowly, draining the drink.

In the distance, the church tower started sagging, then listing, then, with a final blast of light, it crashed into the roof of the church, smashing through it. The building fell in on itself, sending a plume of dust rushing along the ground as dozens of girls ran out of the nunnery and onto the lawn next to the buildings.

"What the fuck."

Kim's jaw hung open.

Maxxxine slipped in behind her, unbuckling her pants, slipping a hand down the front. Gently stroking the gock, she kissed Kim's neck.

"I'm here for you if you need me, honey."

"I —"

Another burst of light flashed from the narrow windows set into the roof of the rotunda at the back of the nunnery. With her free hand, Maxxxine worried Kim out of her slacks, letting her cock spring up, unencumbered by the fabric. The coke certainly hadn't become a problem for her.

"I gotta —"

Maxxxine kissed Kim's ear, nibbling gently at it.

"In times of crisis, I find it's helpful to keep my mind on my work.

"And your work is right here, tonight.

"You're not a firefighter, you're not a rescue worker…

"You're my whore girlfriend."

In the plate glass window, Kim stared at Maxxxine in disbelief, but her shock soon softened. Maxxxine was right, of course.

A bolt of lightning rose out of the nunnery rotunda, tearing the roof apart. Tiles and bricks and insulation flew out, drifting away from the hole in the ceiling impossibly slowly. The bolt of lightning lingered, bright as the sun, for minutes.

The night fell dark again. The light show was over. A number of nuns were sitting on the grass by the nunnery, staring at the ruins in shock.

"Hopefully everyone is alright."

As she guided Kim away from the window, she unbuttoned her croupier vest, and her shirt. By the time Maxxxine pushed the girl of the night into the sofa, she was naked.

"I'm here with you, babe."

Maxxxine could feel a familiar presence within her once again. A connection that had been out of her reach for so long. She was free.

It was tempting to let herself go, to take Kim, to make her her own… But she could wait. She had waited for a very, very long time, and this town had so many good options for her. Tonight she could simply rejoice in the flesh once again. Tonight, and for a hundred hundred nights.

She gently stroked Kim's cock. Maxxxine hadn't thought she was going to play the part of the doting girlfriend, calming her stressed partner down, but she didn't really mind.

"You know why I became a magician?"

Kim shook her head.

"The order, of it, the precision.

"I always found it so relaxing to practice, and improve.

"Let me show you a favorite trick of mine."

Wrapping her lips around Kim's gock, Maxxxine took a deep breath. Then she kissed her belly, making the whole thing disappear.

Outside, rain fell on San Nicolas for the first time in seven times again seven times again seven days.

Chapter 35

Pandemonium

Lisa stood on a black sand beach on the edge of an endless red ocean.

The sharp grains of black sand dug into her feet like needles, and the ocean stank of death and decay.

Around her she could see hundreds, thousands of other people. Some, like her, looked to be whole, and made of flesh. Others were mere shades, black translucent smoke, others still were shambling corpses, their sinew and bones open to the harsh winds that whipped along the sea.

Some were kneeling on the sand, wailing; others were laying down, insensate; others still were howling in rage, beating their bodies with their fists. A few, like Lisa, stood quietly, trying to get their bearings.

In the distance, there were red cliffs, strange black growths protruding from them, swaying gently. Above Lisa, the sky was red, and streaked with lines of fire left behind by comets.

In the distance, among the cliffs, there was a road. Those on the beach that did not lose themselves to what they were seeing were making their way towards the trail head, and Lisa followed suit.

That way lie judgment, Lisa sensed. Pearly gates and heavens.

Before Lisa could fall in with the rest of the dead making their way towards the mountains, a pair of cambions approached her.

They reminded her a great deal of SATARIA; they had the same deep red skin tone, the same twisted horns, the same mark on the forehead; they had the same arrowhead tail as well, but no wings, and they had the same dainty hooves. They were both naked; one had a cock, and the other didn't. Lisa was naked as well, as were the other souls on the beach.

"Mother will see you now."

"Please come with us."

From their voices, Lisa got the sense that they were both men, inasmuch as such things can be said of demons. Breaking off from the stream of souls making their way towards the mountain, Lisa followed the cambions as she was bid. What plans 'Mother' had for her…

It afforded her an opportunity to examine them more closely, as well. Whether or not they were men, they certainly weren't particularly manly; they had a swishy, swaying gait and no muscles to speak of. In fact, they reminded Lisa a bit of No, although not quite so ambiguously gendered.

Soon the black sand gave way to a grass path. The grass wasn't green, but a mix of purples, reds and oranges, and leaning down to have a look, Lisa could see that the individual blades looked nothing like plants. They were strange things, more reminiscent of bone, but soft.

Both of her escorts waited patiently for her to finish her examination of the flora, regarding her quietly. They seemed to be in no hurry to get her to… SATARIA, right? They had to be bringing her to SATARIA. Anything else would have to be an absurdly unlikely coïncidence.

The path narrowed, and turned into the mountain. The grass soon gave way to tan sand, as the path wound back and forth in a steep crevasse between cliffs of buff stone with strange red striations in them.

After a long time walking along the winding path, the terrain finally opened up again, into a shallow valley. The path was covered with grass again, here, and the bowl valley was covered from edge to edge with orchards and fields. Most of the plants looked familiar enough a shape from a distance; tea bushes, grape vines, fruit trees and grains, maybe, but the details were wrong. Blue and purple leaves, jet black and ivory white fruits, strange tendrils growing where grains should…

Dotted among the 'greenery' were cambions, maybe a couple of dozen, tending to the plants. SATARIA sure had a lot of them.

Sitting in the middle of the valley was a large Roman villa.

This was certainly SATARIA's home.

Rather than beige stucco, the exterior walls were clad in sinewy dark red membranes, and the tiles were not fired red clay, but sharp scales of obsidian. The valley was too shallow for Lisa to get a look at the interior of the villa over the walls, but every now and then the clouded sky above was lit by flashes rising from within the courtyard.

Lisa was led along a wide path paved with cobbles hewn from some dark red stone; they passed closely enough by a few of the gardeners for Lisa to get a good look at them.

They all looked much the same as her escorts, down to the structure of their faces; they were all exactly as hairless and exactly as lightly muscled. Some had very subtle breasts, others had slightly wider hips, but the differences were so slight Lisa felt she might be imagining them.

The road stopped at the wall of the villa. As the three of them grew close, the fleshy wall twitched and began to move, flaps of organic material shifting to reveal… well, to reveal a sphincter, there were no two ways about it. The two cambions stopped, and gestured for Lisa to enter.

As Lisa reached out a hand, the sphincter gate opened with a tremendously organic squelching sound. Some clear, viscous liquid was dripping from the open portal. There was another sphincter within, and Lisa stepped inside, alone. Behind her, the outer gate squeezed shut, rendering the gate house dark for a moment. Then, the walls constricted, and opening far less wide, the inner sphincter pushed Lisa out into the garden.

A bright flash of light greeted her almost immediately, coupled with an otherworldly, soul-rending scream.

There was a low wooden platform sitting in the center of the courtyard; the hedges and topiaries of the garden had been cut away to accommodate it, and the stumps were still bleeding, oozing a dark purple liquid into the ground around the supports.

Protruding from the stage were two wooden posts, perhaps a meter tall; they were placed some distance apart, and shackles were attached to their tips. At the other ends of those shackles were LUSIA's wrists; she was sitting between the posts, kneeling, restrained. She was facing away from the entrance, and behind her on the platform stood SATARIA.

The demon lashed out at LUSIA's back once more with her fine chain whip, calling forth another flash of light, and another harrowing scream. Lisa knew that whip well. The howls of pain did not surprise her.

"Hello, 'Mother'.

"You wanted to see me?"

SATARIA turned, grinning. Her wings quivered with anticipation.

"Come, Lisa, behold your works."

Stepping up onto the platform, the demon brought Lisa around to see LUSIA's front. She still had the gaping wound in her chest Penny had given her, and her stony face was cracked, with a large portion of the left side torn away, revealing the jet black flesh underneath. Bile was dripping from the wound, black and viscous, burning little divots in the wooden floor before falling onto the gravel below.

Lisa was surprised to see that the angel was not solid marble, but rather was covered in a skin of porcelain. A few shards were lying on the floor in front of her, and Lisa picked them up, carefully examining them.

"That is what makes an angel.

"Pride, and envy, and vainglory, hardening on their skin like stone.

"My dear sister is in need of a great deal of correction.

"Aren't you?"

LUSIA mumbled something.

Whether or not SATARIA could understand, Lisa could not.

There was a table of implements standing on the platform; some of them were very familiar to Lisa, and just looking at them she shuddered.

The demon put down her whip, and picked up a knife instead. It was strangely shaped, twisted and gnarled, almost like it had three edges.

"Only pain can correct, unfortunately.

"The sin needs to be ripped away, bit by ossified bit."

SATARIA grabbed LUSIA's hair and jammed the knife into the opening in her face, burying it to the hilt. Lisa barely noticed the gout of foul-smelling black bile that burst forth next to the shattering scream that LUSIA released. Once again the courtyard lit up, as the angelic body threw out painfully bright glory.

"Isn't wrath a sin?"

The angel howled as the demon twisted the knife.

Panting, SATARIA withdrew it.

"No, not in any way that matters for this.

"Even if it was, the sin of wrath is when anger falls on the innocent."

SATARIA gestured to the table.

"Partake, if you will."

Lisa looked the implements over again. She could still feel the sting of some of them, if she tried, but looking to LUSIA… Her fingertips were cracked and fraying, now, but when they were smooth and searching…

"I…"

Lisa stared at the floorboards and shook her head, trying to think.

SATARIA lifted her gaze to meet her own.

"I understand.

"If you change your mind…

"For now, you will be my honored guest.

"I have prepared a room for you, hopefully it is to your liking."

Lisa nodded. She hadn't noticed the cambion making their way onto the platform until they gently took her elbow. They were much like the others Lisa had seen, soft and gentle and ambiguous.

"Much of my time for the next hundred hundred years will be occupied with freeing my sister, I'm afraid, but my servants can entertain you."

"Yeah…

"What exactly, um, are they?"

The cambion smiled to Lisa.

"Servant is a fine term, isn't it?

"We do what Mother cannot when her hands are busy."

"In truth, they are part of me, as well.

"Somewhat independent parts, but…"

"I see."

"You'll come to understand Mother's ways, darling."

"I'm sure I will."

Lisa shielded her eyes as SATARIA summoned another burst of glory.

"Out of interest, what happened to Penny, and Quinn?"

SATARIA smiled to Lisa.

"Your friend Quinn is with my sister, þey have been called on to help EXAIA recover GABRIEL.

"It was the least we could do after the way he treated þem.

"And the nun is with XP, celebrating her honeymoon.

"A pretty sweet deal for that guy, all told."

"Honeymoon?

"Like, actually… fucking, and stuff?"

"Very much so.

"Such is eternity for a bride of Christ."

The demon swung her whip again, gouging into the exposed flesh of the angel's face, sending another spray of black bile across the platform.

"Speaking of fucking, feel free to do with my servants as you will.

"I won't always be feeling all of it, but I will take what I can."

"So my first priority should be finding a strap-on for a reaming?"

SATARIA put down her whip, and turned to Lisa. Her entire attention was on her now, and Lisa could feel her heart pound. Somehow.

"Sweetling, if I believed for even a second that you had it in you to do something like that, I would take *however* long a break from LUSIA.

"And I would let you do.

"As.

"You please."

SATARIA gave Lisa a light kiss, and the red of her skin flowed into Lisa as a deep, burning blush. The cambion gently squeezed her arm, and led her away towards the atrium, where a small pool filled with clear, cool water was waiting. Before they could go, SATARIA stopped them.

"Oh, one more thing I should mention.

"If you feel like my servants are a bit flat, don't worry.

"They are quite physiologically flexible.

"If it's massive tits you want, or being smothered by a huge ass…

"Well, just experiment with them, and you'll figure it out."

The cambion on her arm grinned to Lisa.

* * *

After a soak in the pool, Lisa had been led to a room in the south wing of the villa, on the second floor. The windows overlooked the orchards outside, and the goings-on in the courtyard was entirely inaudible through the thick walls.

It wasn't just the cambions that were physiologically flexible; the room was as well, and with some help Lisa had been able to decorate it much to her liking. It was smaller than when she started, ultimately looking more like Quinn's room in their townhouse than anything else.

It felt familiar. It felt right.

The cambion who had taken her to bath had taken their leave; while they were quite flexible, it seemed one thing they could not change was their genitals, or rather, the kind of them. Bigger, smaller, sure, but if they had a cunt, they had a cunt. So another one had taken their place, and it had gotten some instruction from Lisa on how it should look.

She was waiting, now, lying in bed, looking up at the mirror above. Yet again she was looking at a girlie, broken by lust, panting, flushed, sent to hell for her immodesty and imprudence. Her nose ring had been replaced by a bloodstone one, and when she focused her attention on it, she could smell SATARIA's breath.

It felt familiar. It felt right.

The door swung open, and the cambion stepped inside. There was only so much to be done; it still had SATARIA's face, it still had the hooves, it still had the horns. Other than that, though, it was the spitting image of Tanya. Of the new friends Lisa had made in San Nicolas…

Lisa couldn't fool herself. Her affection for Tanya had nothing to do with friendship. She beckoned the cambion closer, and crawled down onto the floor, spilling out of bed head first. Centipeding across the floor, she found herself kneeling at its feet. It was lust that drew her to Tanya. Pure, unadulterated lust. She wrapped her lips around the cambion's massive cock, and set to work with a will.

It felt familiar. It felt right.

fin.

About This Book

This book was written on an ailing Apple Mac Pro (Late 2013) by an ailing Trans Woman (Late 1986). It is written, typeset and published using predominantly free software. The text is written in GNU Emacs and typeset using LaTeX 2_ε, specifically using GNU Make, latexmk, xelatex, and xdvipdfmx. The source archive for this book is serialized using bsdtar, and compressed using bzip2. The text is set in Charter Roman, and is dimensioned for printing on ISO A5 paper. It uses the memoir document class for the bulk of its formatting.

This book is, as far as is possible, written without the use of so-called "AI". This includes, obviously, LLMs to generate text, but also all the less obvious ways in which so-called "AI" intrudes on the creative process. Spell checking of this book is done without the use of "enhanced" spell checkers, and is done instead using GNU Aspell; grammar checking is done without the use of "enhanced" grammar checkers, and is instead dutifully done by hand. Research is done, as far as is possible, without the use of large scale search engines, and instead using Wikipedia's and Wiktionary's text search. This research process is also supplemented with the time-honored tradition of making shit the fuck up.

Finally, the writing and finalization of this book is aided by the author masking every day to help keep both herself and those around her healthy. None of us are free until all of us are free, and "all of us" includes disabled and immunocompromised people.

Be kind. Be nice. Be honest. Be good.

Fuck AI. Embrace Human Creativity.