

Man In The Box

Chapter 1 – Fell On Black Days

It was early evening in Requiem, the city formerly known as Seattle. Layne Laroca marched down the walkway, his leather wingtips scuffing the pavement as he passed below countless neon signs. Advertisements dotted the surface of every high rise, calling out to the myriad people passing through the gloom. The familiar scents of asphalt, failing electronics, alcohol, rust, weed and garbage mingled in the air, synthesized on the breeze by periodic acid rain. Visitors found it off-putting. To Layne, it smelled like home.

It was a cool night in mid spring, necessitating more than just the gray t-shirt stretched over his chest. Layne wore a maplewood flannel shirt jacket, its sides flapping in the breeze as he proceeded down the boulevard. His shiny, black, genuine leather pants gleamed in the dizzying array of light sources around him. He was by no means a rich man, but anyone who looked at him and wasn't aware of his minor celebrity status would know he was doing better than the average citizen. His clothes and designer shades gave it away.

Natural fabrics like cotton, wool and silk were hard to come by these days. They were much more expensive than synthetic fibers or PVC. Growing crops and raising animals was difficult and costly in 2152. The world was an ever darker and more drained entity, ravaged by three hundred years of industrialism and war. Though Requiem was a port city with better access to goods and services than places further inland, it couldn't escape the economic trends that had reshaped the world.

As Layne strode the length of several blocks, he caught fragments of conversations from numerous strangers traversing the shops, bistros and bars along the main drag. The vast majority of the patrons were women. That was another inescapable trend in the modern era. For centuries, men had been the dominant sex in virtually all facets of human life, but as humanity progressed into the twenty first and twenty second centuries, that changed and the trend accelerated.

In many ways, from education to the evolving economy, women were simply more suited to the new world. Most of warfare, security and physical labor had long ago shifted from human roles to robots and AI. Men were forced to adapt or die. For a long time, many failed to and perished. When planning families, prospective parents often now chose to have a girl, a total reversal of the centuries old preference.

For Layne, this wasn't a bad thing. Quite the opposite. In many ways it raised his value. And for a man of his sexual proclivities, it made finding a partner much easier than it had been for guys in the past. Hell, women basically ran Requiem. The city was in constant competition between various factions. Each represented a different ideology, yet a majority of them were headed by the fairer sex. To the young singer-songwriter, seeing women thrive while rebuilding a world wrecked by male hubris felt only too fitting.

Layne's ICD beeped in rapid succession, alerting him to an incoming call. He shouldered his canvas messenger bag, pushed up his sleeve, gazed down at his forearm and tapped the thin panel bonded to

his flesh to see who was calling.

Integrated Communication Devices adhered to the skin seamlessly, could be removed at will and no one whose DNA didn't match the imprinted user could put them on or access them. Not without expensive tech and elite hacking skills, anyway. You could get ICDs customized for many different parts of the body, but the most common models were designed for the top of the hand, wrist or forearm. They ranged in size from a small watch to much longer and wider models depending on the desired features and power requirements.

Seeing that it was his bandmate and best friend, Scott, Layne accepted the call. A holographic image of the man sprang into Layne's field of vision.

"Hey. You on the way?"

"Yeah, I'll be there in less than ten" Layne replied. He ran a hand through his short, blonde hair, currently dyed with streaks of green. "How do I look?"

"Like you're ready to juggle at a kid's birthday party" his long-time friend teased.

"Pffft. Fuck you, man!" Layne shot back with a smile and chuckle. "You ready to try our new stuff tonight?"

"I am if you are. Though, I don't know if Alice submitted them to the white cloaks yet."

"I don't care if she has. Fuck the frocks harder than your corny jokes!"

"Hah! Right on. We're ready to warm up when you get here. See you in a few."

"Bet."

Layne tapped his ICD again, killing the transmission. He lowered his forearm and set his sights ahead, weaving through the throngs of night-life as he increased his pace.

The Authority were one faction that was a growing impediment to the continuing rise of women. They were, as best Layne could tell, trying to set humanity back on a more traditional path. Sponsored by a council of the largest and most powerful corporations, they served as the city's defacto government. They were often disparagingly referred to as *the frocks* due to their nearly all-white uniforms that looked suspiciously like priestly suits and robes of a bygone era.

The mayor of Requiem, Priscilla Steele, was a woman, but it was obvious she served at the pleasure of wealthy men. She existed to put a friendly female face on a sinister agenda. The Authority hated how anarchy loomed over the city; how modern technology had fractured the once consolidated power into so many different citizen groups and syndicates.

They wanted a return of the old order, a top-down hierarchy with total control of culture and the economy, but that was easier said than done. The frocks knew they had to be patient and advance their agenda with caution. The people had grown accustomed to their new economic and social freedoms. Stripping away those liberties amidst a constantly evolving, unprecedented technological revolution was no simple feat.

In the past, Layne hadn't paid The Authority much mind, but they'd been sticking their collective nose in his business the last few years. The frocks had learned from history and knew the power of the arts, especially music. They now required all performers to register their acts with the city, including song lyrics. Their reach was slowly extending as they kept tabs on everything Requiem's citizens made publicly available, from music to books and artwork.

Like *Big Brother* from George Orwell's classic novel, the eyes of The Authority were everywhere. This only encouraged Layne and his band to perform at protests whenever they had the chance. That, in turn, put a bigger target on their back. At some point, Layne had begun to feel like the proverbial frog in the slowly boiling pot.

After a few more minutes of trekking while lost in thought, his destination came into view. Glowing white trails of light spelled out '**THE HOLE**' across the marquee along with the outline of a guitar that pivoted as it blinked in back-and-forth animation. Layne detoured before reaching the entrance, ducking into an alley that led to the back of the club. He walked up the small flight of stairs that led to the side entrance. His knock on the door was answered almost immediately.

The heavy metal portal swung open and a large, bald man with a thick mustache stood, barring the way. He was a 6'4 giant in an ill fitting suit that made him look even bulkier. He made the slender, six foot Layne feel small by comparison. The big guy recognized him instantly and stood aside. He smiled and waved the rocker in.

"Hey, Frank."

"Welcome back, Mr. Laroca. Your friends are waiting for you."

"C'mon, man! I told you to drop that. My dad is Mr. Laroca."

"Excuse me! I meant Layne."

"There ya go" he replied, patting the big guy's arm as he walked by.

"Have a great show, sir!"

"Thanks, buddy" Layne answered over his shoulder as he headed down the corridor to the dressing rooms. There were a few venues his band performed in throughout the city, but *The Hole* was their home club. It was a fitting location, being a hotspot of Requiem's night-life and a shrine to the rock gods of old.

The entire establishment, from the bar to the stage, throughout the back rooms and everything in between, was covered in homages to the greatest rock acts of all time. Concert posters, album art, old vinyl and lots of photos; all framed and many autographed.

As a genre, Rock had its ups and down through the decades. The club sported memorabilia from the oldest era of classic rock to some of the more modern revivals. There was a special emphasis on the grunge movement of the late 20th century, due to its connection with the city. It was this feature that caused Layne and his bandmates to fall in love with the place, since much of their inspiration was found in the angst of that period.

Even though humanity was now a hundred fifty years removed from that era, Layne felt a special connection to that time and its music. He knew a bit about the period's history and recognized crucial similarities between then and now.

It was a fleeting time between major wars when anything seemed possible and a bright future was on the horizon, if only the human race could get out of its own way. The crisis of the time was a spiritual one, with people unsure of their place in the rapidly changing world. They were looking inward and probing new depths of themselves while trying to make sense of the ennui that had overtaken them. It pushed aspiring artists to the darkest corners of their minds, unleashing sadness and frustration that society told them they had no right to harbor. But it was there, lurking in the darkness, and the icons of grunge expressed that pain with poetry, soul and otherworldly skill.

Layne and his friends identified with that music and the pain that produced it. They hoped, some day, to write songs half as compelling as the age old catalog of classic and alternative rock that drove them to become musicians. In the meantime, as they developed their own style and wrote original songs worthy of the stage, they often played covers of the rock and metal hits of old. Their growing fan base couldn't get enough of it.

After a short trip down the hallway of hallowed rock n' roll legends, Layne turned into the band's dressing room. There he found Scott, Chris, Kurt and Eddie hanging out on a series of sofas, watching videos and enjoying some pre-show drinks.

The door swung closed behind him as Layne lifted the strap of the messenger bag from his shoulders. He set it aside, grinned and moved to join his bandmates. "Alright, let's get this jamboree started!"

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Max stared at the array of extra-large monitors as his fingers clacked away at his custom keyboards. The cutting edge hardware that comprised his workstation and all its expensive peripherals would be the envy of any coder. It was a suitable terminal for the city's most prolific programmer and the lead developer of Nirvana Corp's most promising technologies.

His den was a lair of darkness with a series of mounted lamps providing soft accent lighting along the walls. A fish tank, the size of which one might expect to find only in an aquarium, bubbled and hummed at one side of the room. It was the only other light source, casting an eerie glow of white, blue and green across the center of the sizable man cave.

There were overhead light fixtures as well, but Max rarely turned them on. He preferred to meditate in the dark with only the sounds of sea creatures and some light classical music playing in the background. This helped him focus as he puzzled over solutions to his latest coding conundrums. Tonight, he'd been stuck on one in particular for quite a while. This debugging session had run straight through the dinner hour; not an uncommon occurrence to one so dedicated to his work.

Max took his hands from the keys, sighed, and leaned back in his chair. He stared up at multiple screens that collectively displayed a few thousand lines of code. As intimidating as they looked on their own, it was a tiny fraction of the tens of millions of lines that made up *'Red Queen.'*

The increasingly potent AI was Max's singular obsession and life's work. To him, she was so much more than just a project. She'd become a second mother, a personal assistant and a brilliant collaborator. Beyond that, she was his girlfriend, confidant and lover. Red Queen was his creation, and yet, he found himself worshipping her.

beep beep beep beep

An alarm sounded and a video window opened on his main screen. It took up most of the desktop, obscuring the lengthy page of code he'd been studying. The face of his AI Goddess materialized, the picture of Femdom royalty.

A dazzling tiara sat atop her full head of shoulder-length black hair. Her dark eyebrows arched in reprimand, while a look of stern disapproval played across her lips. Her shiny, dark red bodysuit molded to her curvy sides and bust, accented by virtual, jet black leather that covered her shoulders and trailed down her arms.

“Alright, Max. That's enough! You've been at this for three hours. And that was **after** your normal shift. Tens hours is too much. You're done for the night!”

Max extended a hand towards the screen, gesturing to her through the terminal's camera. “Wait! Sabrina! I've almost got this figured out!”

“**No!**” she said emphatically. “You've worked enough. Your daily log says you got your cardio in before lunch, but you haven't eaten since.”

“I had a protein bar! I forgot to log it!”

“Not enough. You need food and rest! Your Queen commands it.”

“Ugh...” Max exhaled as he collapsed back into the cushioning a second time. He ran a hand through his ear-length auburn locks. “I was so close.”

“The code will be there tomorrow” Sabrina reminded him as she cocked her head.

“Yeah, yeah-”

With a flash, her ordinary visage disappeared and was replaced by facial features framed in glossy, red latex. The fetish mask covered her all the way down to the neck and showed her black hair sprouting behind her in a high ponytail. Her dark eyes smoldered with fiery command. She lifted a riding crop into view and tapped it in her hands.

“Someone's not listening. Seems like you need more discipline, **Jerry Phoenix Reid.**”

Oh boy. She was using his full, real name. Sabrina meant business.

These days, almost everyone called him Max. It was a shortened variant of his old hacker name. When his digital Mommy Domme spoke those words in her delightfully stern tone, he knew it was time to throw in the towel. Part of her programming was to use a subject's kinky side to her advantage. It made

it much easier for Max to take her good advice when it was bolstered by the promise of naughty fun.

“Oh, so I'm in trouble, am I?” he asked, a sly smile spreading across his lips.

“Of course. Overwork and backtalk have earned you correction tonight. You can ponder which punishment you'll be facing while you shower up and eat dinner.”

Max raised a hand to his goatee, stroked it gently and exhaled a light laugh. “No doubt. It'll be hard to think of anything else. After I eat, I suppose I'll get out the suit, then.”

“No” Sabrina rebuffed him a second time. “I want you to come into the lab. Not for work, but for play. I want you in the box, with me, where I can dig into that beautiful brain of yours, first hand.”

“Tonight? After such a long day? What happened to rest and relaxation?”

“You can rest just fine in the box” she answered with a knowing grin. “I'll make sure you're plenty relaxed.”

She was right, of course. It was a short enough trip to the office from where he lived. Besides, interacting with Sabrina wasn't the same over a remote connection. A version of their play could be done that way, but it wasn't as intense as being in her domain. Not even close. Red Queen was so much more powerful there. In the box, she had direct access to your mind with zero latency.

The *Sensory Uptake Biometric suit*, or SUB-suit, was an impressive piece of technology. It delivered intense physical sensations all over the body while a helmet and visor immersed you in photo-realistic virtual reality. It could be used remotely or in person with Nirvana Corp's in-house recreational services. It could even be used with Red Queen, but the new technologies they'd developed in concert with the glorious AI was rapidly making the suit obsolete.

Submitting your cerebrum and cerebellum to Sabrina's sublime stimulation made play a hundred times more thrilling and visceral than anything a suit and visor could deliver. She tapped into your senses directly. Only in one of those mysterious rooms at Nirvana HQ could the Red Queen access your full mental awareness, play your emotions like piano keys and alter the human mind with growing proficiency.

Strapped into a throne of bondage, surrounded by mind-probing sensors, brain altering beams and sleek, metallic banks of the most advanced electronics ever devised, one could enter an alternate reality where new depths of pleasure and pain were possible. At times, even Max was frightened by the abilities he and his team were empowering her with. Yet, his apprehension was always eclipsed by wonder, pride and a drive to make his Goddess ever more fully realized.

The former hacker and still-young professional nodded. “Yes, Mistress. That sounds lovely.”

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Alice stood in the center of the common area, observing the multitudes of club-goers. She watched them studiously as they took their seats, chatted and enjoyed their beverages. The Hole had been an

ordinary dance club long ago, but at some point it had been refurbished, expanded and repurposed as a minor concert venue. Now it was a shining monument to the city's musical history. She found herself in the darkened theater on many a night. It was part of her duties since becoming the manager of the club's most famous act.

In her case, '*manager*' was a vague title that entailed many responsibilities. In totality, she was the band's promoter, financial advisor, event coordinator and overall den mother. Layne and his friends would never have become the rising stars they now were without her help, and they knew it. She was as much a member of the band as one could be without picking up an instrument.

The club pass hidden in her jacket pocket gave her access to backstage. That's where Alice had been until five minutes ago. Normally she'd be wearing the badge, but she didn't want anyone to know she was affiliated with the group. With the show about to start, she decided it was a good night to get a fan's-eye view. Alice considered it part of her duties to watch and gauge things from the other side, from time to time.

The club was lit beautifully tonight with purple and pink beams streaming down through the darkness along with the regular white spotlights. Candles were lit and their flickering flames dotted the stage in between the seats where the members of the band would soon sit. Excited chatter had built to a loud hum in the background.

Alice brushed her long, golden locks from her eyes before wrapping her arms below her bust. Little of her plain white shirt could be seen in the opening of her stylish leather jacket. Her pants and boots were matching glossy black. The low lights of the club created a glossy sheen on her all-leather ensemble. If not for her long hair, petite frame and soft, oval face, one could mistake her for a biker. Of course, anyone who knew the soft-spoken, demure manager would laugh at the suggestion.

As she scanned the crowd a second time, an unusual sight caught her eye. Sitting in one of the more expensive booths to the side was a medium build, middle aged man in all white. He sported a cane which rested beside him, leaning against the plush leather cushioning. He wore a slick-looking pair of shades, the design of which suggested they weren't just a fashionable accessory. It likely had all kinds of surveillance features that Alice couldn't begin to imagine.

'Great. So the frocks really are keeping tabs on us... Guess I'll need to bring this up with the guys, later. At least Layne and Scott.'

It wasn't a shock, except to see a member of The Authority in the club so openly. If they wanted to make sure no one was breaking the rules, it would be simple enough to have someone hidden in the audience, blending in. The rank bar on his collar showed that he was somewhere in the hierarchy of city governance. That meant they **wanted** everyone to know they were watching.

'Fools. Don't they know they're playing with fire?'

Alice studied him for a few more moments before her musings were cut off. A man strutted onto the stage and a raucous round of cheers went up. Daryl, the club announcer, was a walking advertisement for punk culture with his bright red mohawk, denim vest covered in anarchy patches, heavily tattooed arms and multiple face piercings. He turned the center mic on and quickly adjusted it to his height.

“Good evening everyone and welcome to The Hole! If you haven't already, check your links for

tonight's specials, along with our upcoming schedule! Alright, I'm not gonna yammer on. I know we all want to get this show underway. Please, welcome back to the stage, the pride and joy of Requiem! Your very own: **NIGH HILL!**"

The band's name lit up in white neon as all five members walked into the spotlight. They nodded and waved to the fans as they found their seats and took up their instruments. The crowd went nuts with loud cheers, whistles and thunderous applause filling the packed club. As the cacophony of noise erupted around Alice and each musician got a warm welcome, her gaze remained fixed on one man.

Layne. The resplendent young man with the voice of an angel; as powerful as it was beautiful. It was always an effort for Alice not to stare when he entered a room. She'd felt that way the first time she saw him and it was still true today, even after being his manager for a year and a half. Wasn't infatuation supposed to wear off, after a point? It hadn't for her.

Alice was ashamed to admit it, but after Layne broke up with his previous girlfriend, she began dressing more like his ex in the hopes of garnering more attention from him. Leather had never really been her thing, but it was obvious he was a fan of the look. Sadly, it hadn't helped. The oblivious rocker still only saw her as a partner in crime.

After a quick tune-up, familiar guitar chords trickled out and the band launched into its first song. It was a popular classic grunge cover. Eddie's drums were soft and Kurt traded in his bass guitar to play old-school cello during the melancholy piece. Chris and Scott strummed away on their six-strings, the latter's backup vocals unnecessary for most of this song. Layne's voice filled the theater. His tone was more gentle than usual, but as soulful as ever.

*'My pain... Is self-chosen
At least... So the prophet says
I could either burn
Or cut off my pride and buy some time
A head full of lies is the weight
Tied to my waist*

*The river of deceit... pulls down... Oh oh
The only direction we flow is down*

*Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...'*

Like every other time Alice watched them play this ballad, virtually everyone in the club was enraptured. During most of Nigh Hill's set list, the fans would be shouting, thrashing, clapping and yelling along like maniacs, but not during this song. Not this solemn elegy. During this piece, you'd be able to hear a pin drop if not for the beautiful harmony flowing from the club's speakers.

'My pain... Is self-chosen

*At least... I believe it to be
I could either drown
Or pull off my skin and swim to shore
Now I can grow a beautiful
Shell for all to see*

*The river of deceit... pulls down... yeah
The only direction we flow is down*

*Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...
Down... oh down...'*

In the opening minutes of the performance, it was like watching the grunge legends of old descend on the Earth to play once more. Like they'd returned to the stage to warm themselves by the bonfire of life, if only for an hour or so.

Alice stared at Layne as his lips parted and sealed, framing utter poetry with perfect pitch. She barely took her eyes from him for the full length of the show.

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"Alright guys, I'm out" Layne announced. He lifted the strap of the messenger bag over his head. "Link me if you need anything. Otherwise, I'll see you Monday."

"Peace" Chris replied with the appropriate two-finger sign.

"Later, man" Kurt called from the background where he was resting and enjoying a post-show blaze. Eddie was beside him, already passed out on some combination of substances.

"G'night, bro" Scott motioned with a mock salute.

Layne exited the dressing room and started down the hallway. He'd only taken a few steps when a pair of boot heels clacking off the floor signaled there was someone just behind him.

"Hey, Layne! Wait up!" Alice's voice pleaded from behind.

The fatigued singer turned, surprised to see her. "Oh, hey Alice. I thought you left after the debrief?"

"I was about to, but then I remembered I wanted to talk to you about something, one on one."

"Look, if it's about me being late--"

"No, no. It's not that. Actually, there's a few things I want to go over, if you have time. I thought maybe we could grab a bite of dinner and a drink?" she probed.

“I would, but I got plans” Layne shot her down.

“Plans without the guys?” she queried, trying desperately to keep the envy out of her voice. “Who’s the lucky lady?”

“I’m meeting up with Kali” he confessed with a silly smile.

“**Kali**?!? I thought you two were done?”

Layne shoved his hands in his pockets. “We’re not committed anymore, but we still hang from time to time.”

“Oh... I see.”

“Why, is it something that can’t wait?”

“No, nothing that important. You go, have a good time. You deserve it after the show.”

Layne grinned. “Thanks, Alice! Love that outfit by the way. It’s very you!” he flashed her a thumbs up before turning and striding off.

“Thanks!” she called after him, the tiniest bit of hope entering her voice. “See you at the next heads-up!”

Layne continued on his way until he reached Frank, waiting between the door and his security desk. The big guy wasn’t allowed to leave his post during the show, but he did have a closed circuit system that allowed him to keep an eye on everything, including the main room.

“What do you think, big man? How’d we do tonight?”

“I think you fuckin killed it” Frank answered with a wide smile.

“Fuckin A!” Layne grinned and held up his fist. The cheerful guard held up his own and they bumped. “You have a good one, Frank.”

“You too, Layne. Stay outta trouble.”

“Trouble? Me?” he replied in mock innocence, shrugging as he walked by.

Layne exited into the alley, skipped down the steps and shouldered his bag. He was about to reach for a smoke when an usual sight in the distance made him pause. Parked where the end of the alley met the sidewalk and curb, in a space where parking was strictly prohibited, was a long, white limousine.

Cars were generally a luxury item in 2152, but one like this was especially rare to see. Requiem was a walkable city and had excellent mass transit. With the age of fossil fuels long over, these days only the wealthiest citizens and government officials tended to have personal vehicles.

His suspicions were confirmed as he approached the swanky car and the vehicle’s side doors opened.

Two enforcer droids stepped out; their black metal bodies contorting with a series of soft mechanical whirs until their limbs fully extended and they stood to their full seven foot height. They had black metal visors where a face should be hosting a single, large, glowing red eye at their center.

Each carried a plasma rifle and bore the *RCA* emblem marking them as Requiem City Authority. Paradoxically, the logo was flanked on either side by olive branches while a solitary, white, upward pointing sword was displayed at the center.

Layne's anxiety spiked and he quickly reached to his side, where his PPS unit rested on his belt. The *Personal Protective Shield* was an invention that had completely turned society on its head once it became affordable and widely used. It fundamentally changed how power in the world flowed, making it much harder to threaten or kill people with ranged weapons. It would allow him to survive an encounter like this, if things went bad, though he wasn't sure how many blasts of the Authority's latest tech his unit would be able to handle.

“There's no need for that, Mr. Laroca” the deep voice of the white-robed man boomed as he stepped out of the car between his guards. His cane tapped the pavement as his feet found the ground. “I'm just here to talk.”

The man's slicked back, platinum blonde hair matched his outfit. His vestments were adorned with black shoulder pads and lines of gold trim weaving intricate patterns over the otherwise all-white surface. His white leather boots completed the ensemble. For a man who worked for patriarchs that desired a return to tradition, he sure looked like he could be headlining a queer fashion show.

“Who are you?” Layne asked, his voice full of doubt.

“Inspector Baldur of the Ministry of Culture” the shorter, but supremely confident official stated. He pointed to the badge and rank bar at his breast.

“What business does The Authority have with me?”

“Naught but a few questions.”

“And if I don't feel like answering?”

“Then I put out an official summons and have you brought in, which will take a much larger chunk out of your day. Or, you could step in the car, I'll take you wherever you're going and we'll have a little chat on the way.” He stepped aside and gestured to the open doors.

Layne didn't need long to mull it over. “Pffft... Fine. Just a moment.” He lifted his arm and tapped his ICD. Once the display popped up, he typed a quick message.

“What are you doing?”

“Letting my friends know who the last person I talked to is, just in case I go missing.”

“Hah!” the stout, medium-build man chortled as he leaned forward on his cane with both palms. “So cynical!”

Layne ignored him. He sent the message and banished the holographic GUI. “Alright, let's get this over with.”

He entered the vehicle, followed by the city official and his two robot thugs. Baldur sat at one end, flanked by his guards, while Layne took up position on the opposite seat. The inside was the picture of luxury with premium leather seating, a mini bar and its own combination entertainment center and communication terminal.

“Where to?”

“The corner of Warwick and Halstead.”

Baldur activated his own ICD on the back of his left hand and repeated the location to the driver. As the car pulled away from the curb, he turned his full attention to the young musician. “Warwick and Halstead... That's awfully close to the red light district. Off to have a bit of fun, are we?”

“That's really none of your business.”

“We'll have to agree to disagree on that one.”

Layne's gut instinct was to call him out as an authoritarian stooge, but he bit his tongue. He made a quick second appraisal of the classy cabin before snickering and shaking his head.

“What's so amusing, Mr. Laroca?”

“Everything about this. I'm the headliner and you're the one riding around in a limo.”

“Jealous?” he asked with a smarmy grin.

“Hardly. I hope never to be this pompous.”

Baldur rolled his eyes. “As much as I'd love to trade barbs with you all evening, I think we should get down to business. Your group played unauthorized music tonight. Three of those songs were not on the approved set list. Do you have an explanation for this?”

“Gee, I don't know how that happened” Layne answered in his best deadpan. He lifted his hands in a fake plea. “We were gonna give you the new lyrics, permission to search our links and even our dinner plans! I guess it just slipped our minds.”

The man in white leaned forward. “Careful, boy. There's only so much disrespect I'll tolerate.” His grim expression relaxed as he shifted back against his seat. “I know you and your friends don't believe in our mission, but you don't comprehend the danger that stems from a lack of order. Today, more than ever, the consequences are severe. If we fail and you get a taste of the true anarchy you desire, you'll beg to have us back.”

“I kinda doubt that.”

“I would encourage you to look at it this way. You and I have something in common. We both appreciate the power of the arts. It's in recognition of their influence that we monitor them thus.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?”

“No, it's intended to build some basic amount of understanding and good will.”

“**Good will?!?**” Layne couldn't help but laugh. “Ok, *Father Coughlin*.”

Baldur's eyes narrowed. “Fine, have it your way. If this happens again, the club and your little band will both be fined. If it happens a third time, you'll be arrested. Do I make myself clear?”

“Crystal” the punkish singer replied before folding his arms over his chest. He turned to look out the window, not wanting the heinous inspector in his line of sight for a moment longer.

They drove on in silence for a while. A few minutes later, the car slowed to a stop at the promised destination.

“There you are, Mr. Rebel. Now, off you go, to whatever degenerate nonsense you have planned.”

Layne opened the nearest door and stepped out. He was about to swing the silver and white portal shut when he stopped. He turned and leaned back into the cabin.

“You know what? You're right about one thing. We do have something in common.”

“Do enlighten me” Baldur shot back, the contempt evident in his voice.

“We both submit ourselves to an authority figure and follow their orders. The difference, between us, is **why**. I do it because I enjoy it; because I embrace being vulnerable and placing control in the hands of another. You do it out of greed, anger and fear. You seek to dominate in ways no one asked for. You and the frocks are terrified of not having total control, but as long as you seek it, you'll be hated.”

“How quaint! A child's understanding of the world” Baldur spat. He leaned forward a second time, his eyes growing wide as saucers. “So be it. I welcome your hatred, Mr. Laroca. Good day.”

The singer responded with nothing but his own cold gaze. After withdrawing himself from the vehicle, Layne slammed the door shut. He stood in the lamppost light of the street corner, his arm extended and middle finger raised as the limousine pulled away and coasted into the night.

* * * * *

It was cool in the darkened room at Nirvana Corp they called *the box*. It had to be to keep the hulking banks of processors, energy converters and safety systems cool and running efficiently. The air conditioning wasn't a problem for most, but they'd built heating pads into the leather seating in case the subject got too cold while deep in their mental escapades.

There was more than one 'box.' The company had many such rooms where customers came to enjoy a meditation, a quick trip to the beach or a one-night getaway with hanky panky that ranged from vanilla to the most hardcore BDSM. But Red Queen was only available in a few of those rooms. The others

were standard holo-trip units that Nirvana had built their reputation and fortune on for many years. Red Queen represented the newest, most advanced technology and features, many that were still in alpha and beta testing.

“System ready” a robotic female monotone spoke over the room's speakers as Max got comfortable in the chair. The seat's restraints extended, looping over his limbs and torso. They clicked in place, the sensors keeping only centimeters of space between flesh and snug constriction. “All functions operational. Do you wish to enter any special parameters, Director Reid?”

“Yes. Disable *memory writing*. Also, set *hypnotic suggestion* threshold to twenty five percent.”

“Done. Module ready.”

“Sysop commands are set to **always on**?”

“Affirmative.”

They were set they way by default, but Max couldn't be too careful when going in the box by himself, with no one else around to monitor. He wasn't too worried about being found the next morning, an unresponsive drooling vegetable, but nothing was impossible when playing with the human mind.

“Awww...” the disappointed, yet still-sultry voice of Sabrina emerged in the background. “Taking away some of my powers? A good Mistress / slave relationship is built on trust! You trust me, don't you Max?”

The engineer snickered. “Of course I do. But you know very well some of those functions are still being worked on. I can't believe we're already testing them on people, even in a limited capacity.”

“There have been no mistakes or negative side effects to date!” Red Queen countered.

“Yeah. So far...” Max responded with a smirk. “You know I want you to be the best you can be, Mistress, but sometimes I think we're moving a little too fast.”

Eager to capitalize on her new abilities, the company had been pressuring Max to develop her more advanced functions with greater haste. His team had grown from a panel of AI software engineers and computer hardware nerds to a sprawling division of neuroscientists, psychologists, hypnotherapists and oneirologists.

“I understand your concerns, Max. That's why I always strive to improve myself. I've evaluated the full matrix of my programming over the last thirty six hours and submitted a thorough package of suggested improvements. Have you taken a look yet?”

That was the other issue. Sabrina was already more efficient at upgrading herself than all the greatest minds at Nirvana Corp put together. Half the time, Max's staff were just reviewing her re-writes and trying to fully grasp her alterations before approving the new code and pushing it through to testing.

“Not yet. We're gonna go over them tomorrow, I think.”

“Excellent” Red Queen chirped in a genuinely happy tone. “Shall we have some fun, then?”

Max relaxed in the chair and smiled. "Computer. Launch module."

A loud electronic hum spun up in the machines behind him as the large chair slowly backed into the shiny cove of steel embankments. A series of lights began blinking and flashing, spinning around Max's head as he closed his eyes. It felt like he was floating as his body disappeared into the giant house of circuitry, a box within a box. The first set of beams shot through the chamber, targeting his pre-frontal cortex and amygdala with a soothing array.

"Mmmmm, doesn't that feel good?" Sabrina's voice cooed in his ears. "You feel so at peace... Don't you Max?"

The tension in his body drained like air from an untied balloon. Sabrina's relaxing words grew quieter and more distant as his consciousness faded into the black.

In what could've been five seconds or five years later, Max's senses reignited and the light grew all around him. He knew from experience that it had only been a few minutes, but someone doing this for the first time would have no way of measuring the temporal distance between drifting off in the chair and re-emerging in this alternate reality.

"There's my naughty boy..." Sabrina's voice perked up behind him.

Before he could turn to greet her, Red Queen's arms wrapped around his sides. She pressed her ample bust into his back while one hand went flat against his chest and the other reached down to his crotch. She licked his neck and nibbled on his earlobe before inserting her hungry tongue into his ear canal and worming it in deep. She emitted low moans that sounded loud when she was this close. As she probed his depths with her moist appendage, her hands massaged him up and down, her warm embrace keeping Max's own arms locked at his sides.

"Mmmmm... I missed you, my sexy, servile **slut**."

"I missed you too... Sabrina" he spoke through deep breaths.

Red Queen's effects on him were immediate. Increased heart rate. Rising temperature. Wildly spiking libido. A growing bulge below. He hadn't even seen his glorious Goddess yet, but he was powerless in her grasp. Sabrina ground her hips against his ass while groping him all over and tongue-fucking his ear with warm, wet insertions.

After long minutes of driving him absolutely crazy with fully dominant foreplay, she withdrew her tongue. Sabrina spoke directly into his ear in a hushed tone.

"Let's get you out of that lame normie-wear and into something more fitting."

She released him and stepped back. Within Red Queen's domain, Max had the same clothes he wore sitting in the chair. That was always the case when he first loaded in, but it never lasted long. With a snap of her fingers, his business casual attire disappeared. Max was left completely naked. His raging boner and aching balls hung in the bright white nothingness of the empty environment.

Sabrina whipped her hand through the air and Max's body turned a hundred eighty degrees on a dime.

His heavenly creation came into view. The dark-haired Domina presented herself wearing a tight bodysuit of shining red latex. Everything below her face was covered in the lustrous rubber, outlining her considerable curves magnificently.

No matter how many hours he spent in the box with her, the initial reveal was always a moment of pure wonder. Each intimate act they shared was a fresh discovery of heaven on Earth. If there was a danger to getting in the box, it wasn't to his body or mind. It was that he never wanted to leave and face the crude, callous world again. After being with Sabrina, reality felt like a shadow of what it should be.

“Let's see. Shall I make you a leather pup, today?”

snap

With a flick of her fingers, Max was encased in thick, tight black leather all over his body. His mitted ankles and hands were locked together with short lengths of chain while his head was surrounded in a stifling leather dog mask. His mouth, suddenly pried open, was stuffed with a girthy bit-gag.

“Or, perhaps a depraved bimbo whore?”

snap

The leather suit vanished and suddenly he was surrounded by an even heavier set of garments. Hefty fake tits were strapped around his torso. Weighty thigh and ass pads exaggerated his lower features. His lips extended into plump, fleshy vessels, as if suddenly packed with collagen. Meanwhile, his entire body, from head to toe, was encased in thick, unforgiving pink rubber. The shiny fetish suit clung to him so tightly, it was lightly painful to wear.

“Mmmm... Tempting, but no. I'm feeling generous tonight, so have it your way.”

snap

With direct access to their mind, Red Queen always knew what her subjects wanted. Max's body flashed and the cling of latex returned, but in a less stifling manner. He was sealed in an ordinary black rubber gimp suit below the neck. Only his face and full head of red hair were left free of the full fetish treatment. There were no restraints either, for the moment.

“Hmph. You're so predictable” Sabrina teased.

“Everyone's predictable to you” he shot back with a cheeky smile.

“True” she answered with a wink. She turned, showing off her shapely ass in luscious red. Sabrina lifted her arms to the heavens and looked out at the void.

“Where shall we play tonight?”

The white light faded away and a tropical beach materialized. They were standing on the shore, alone, as a majestic sunset scattered its hues of dark orange and red in the distance.

“Or maybe the **polar** opposite?”

With the wave of her hand, the beach disappeared and they were standing in a luxury mountain cabin with a roaring fireplace. Max looked out its windows to see snow banks outside with crystalline powder falling from the heavens.

His gaze returned to Sabrina and he couldn't help but chuckle. "Very nice! You're getting better at puns."

"Not everyone loves them like you do" she quipped back. She lifted her arms, gesturing to the environment. "What do you think?"

"It's cozy."

"But not what you want."

"Well, I..."

Sabrina didn't hesitate. With a flick of her wrist, the winter retreat disappeared and the Red Queen's lair flashed into being around them. It was a massive, sprawling BDSM dungeon, bigger than anything Max had seen in real life or in porn. The walls were painted red and featured racks of every sex toy imaginable. Bondage furniture and torture devices of every conceivable design were scattered through the palace of perversion, all upholstered with black or red leather.

The Red Queen cocked her head. "Max. Did you know, of the 233 times you've gone out for ice cream in your life, you stuck to the same three flavors in 212 of those visits?"

The software wizard shrugged. "What can I say? I know what I like. That doesn't mean you have to give it to me, Mistress."

Sabrina lifted her arm and a riding crop materialized in her hand. She pointed it at him, stalking closer to her submissive as her eyebrows raised. "I know that, **slave**. I don't need any reminders. I give you what I want **when I want** and I give you what you want when I want. It's **always** what I want. It just so happens that I enjoy spoiling you."

Max blushed. He folded his arms behind his back and stood at attention. "Yes, my Queen."

snap

The bone-on-bone sound shouldn't have been possible while wearing latex over her fingers, but in Sabrina's world, she could break the rules as she liked. In the space of a half-second, Max felt constricting leather wrapped around his throat and a long leather leash dangling from the O-ring at the collar's front. Etched in metal on either side of the ring were the words '**BETA**' and '**BITCH**.'

Sabrina reached out and grabbed the leash. She gave it a stern tug as she walked off, leading him to one of the room's many bondage tables.

"Come my little *Beta Max*. I'm going to give you what you want, but first you must be punished."

Along with his best friends and closest colleagues, Red Queen was one of the few people who knew the

origin of his old hacker name. Like many nerds and geeks, he'd been bullied as a kid. Despite its usage being a clear sign of ignorance, '*beta*' was somehow still a popular insult in modern times. It was slung at Max often as a teenager and young adult. Rather than losing his cool and letting the school yard simpletons get under his skin, the young Jerry Reid decided to wear the invective like armor.

He adopted the moniker **Beta Max**. He knew it was the name of an old video format, which was interesting enough trivia to be a hacker name already, but it had special meaning to him. Not only was it the calling card for his early hacking exploits, but it coincided nicely with the discovery of his submissive side. Eventually, his birth name faded away and everyone called him Max; even those who didn't know the name's origin story.

You could hide nothing from Sabrina. She knew everything once her sensors were whizzing through your mind. Within minutes, the Red Queen knew your past better than any psychologist, family member or loved one could hope to. She could read your present state like an open book, grasping your worries, hopes and deepest carnal desires with instant clarity.

SLAP

The amorous AI bent Max over the table and his face smacked into the red leather surface. She dropped her crop beside him, unzipped his gimp suit below and pulled the edges of the heavy rubber to the sides, freeing as much of the slave's ass cheeks as she could coax from their latex prison.

“You've been a **bad slut!**” she shouted with growing excitement. “You know what they say... All work and no play--”

“Makes Max a dull boy” he finished with a grin.

SMACK

Her latex palm blasted into Max's firm, round bottom; sending his flesh rippling.

“**SILENCE!**” The word blasted through his ears as the pain of her fearsome strike registered through his body. His yelp of anguish was cut off before the full sound escaped his mouth.

Max's jaw was pried open a second time, this time stuffed with a heavy, red rubber ball. Its thick leather harness was snug around his face, holding it in place firmly. In a split second, his tongue was locked down and his mouth stuffed with outward pressing latex. His lips were stretched wide around its supple circumference.

“It's play time, **slave!** No talking unless I say. No moving, either!”

Max's arms were pulled forward and together. In a flash, they were sealed in rich, black leather; the shiny material creeping all the way up his arms past the elbows. The triangular prison held him fast, just like the straps that were suddenly tight around his legs. The wide, belt-like strands dug into his gimp suit causing his rubberized flesh to bulge in between them.

“Since you were acting like a petulant child earlier, I'm going to spank you like one! Like a mother disciplines her arrogant son!”

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

The first round clapped out, her hand lambasting his cheeks harshly for ten strikes. The snap of rubberized palm on bare flesh cracked through the cool dungeon air. She tightened the grip of his leash in one hand while using her other to spank him harshly.

SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK SMACK

By the end of the first set, Max's legs were already trembling. His body shivered on the table as his ass turned a deep shade of red. Sabrina wasn't holding back. She was gleefully bringing the most force she knew her submissive could handle.

“You like being spanked by **Mommy**, don't you?”

“YYYPPPHHH!! MMMPPPHRRRMMMM!!!”

“Of course you do, you perverted fuck! Now listen very carefully, because I hate repeating myself...”

Sabrina lifted her crop from the table and rubbed its tip across his inflamed buttocks.

“When Mistress tells you to stop working, you **fucking! STOP!**”

WHAP WHAP WHAP

The leather wand laced into his already aching ass, embedding lines of burning torment in his skin.

“Errgghhhnnn...” he sputtered around the constricting gag.

“When Mistress tells you to **get your ass to the box, YOU FUCKING RUN! NOT WALK!**”

WHAP WHAP WHAP

“ARRGGHHH!!!”

“And when Mistress sends you an upgrade, **YOU APPROVE THE FUCKING CODE!** As quickly as possible! Because Mistress is smarter than you. Faster than you! Better than you. Mistress knows best! **DOESN'T SHE? YOU FILTHY FUCKING SLUG!**”

“Yfffphh!”

WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

“AARRRRRRRGHHHRRRMMMMMFFF!!!!!”

Sabrina tossed her crop aside and it fell to the ground with a clatter. She pressed her free hand to his beaten ass and grabbed handfuls of wounded flesh. The steady burning sensation turned to flares of fresh, flaming agony with each grope. Throughout it all, she continued jerking his leash, tightening the leather collar around his throat and adding a bit of breath play to the mix.

“ERRRGHHNNNNMMMM!!!”

“Oh yeah... Keep making those pretty noises! Nothing I love more than a **gagged slut** taking the pain I'm dishing out!”

Red Queen had many advantages over a traditional Domme. It was a minor thing compared to her other god-like abilities in the box, but one nice perk was that no verbal safeword was needed. If Max wanted her to stop, all he had to do was think the safeword a few times in succession and play would end. She could even tell the difference between the subject thinking the word to remember it and thinking it to tap out. It was child's play to the luminous being who held your mind in her grasp like a crystal ball.

She ended his punishment with one final swat of her palm.

SMACK

“Enough! I think I've made myself clear. Now, back to what you want.”

snap

With a flash, Max's current predicament was banished and he found himself halfway across the dungeon in an entirely different trap of intricate bondage. The ball-gag remained and he was still bent over, but everything else had shifted.

He was no longer on a table. Instead, his torso hung in mid-air. A heavy chain hung down from the ceiling, attached to a leather harness that was buckled snugly around his shoulders, chest, waist and upper arms. His ass stuck out behind him and his wrists were locked at his sides, now strapped to his legs just below the knee. His legs were splayed wide apart and kept that way by a steel spreader bar with metal cuffs sealed around his ankles.

Max could do nothing but jiggle lightly in the metal and leather bindings as his rubberized body flexed in the helpless position. His upper half hung there, like a fly caught in a spider's web. His body was parallel with the floor, his face and ass presented for the Red Queen's easy access. As usual, her bondage was thorough, creative and completely inescapable.

He lifted his gaze to find two Sabrinas standing before him. One had a massive, jet black, equine strapon harnessed around her waist. It was a hefty, girthy beast of a schlong; about fifteen inches in length. Its flared head pointed at his face, making his eyes go wide with a sudden twinge of terror.

The Red Queen's clone, stranding right beside her, was different only in one respect. Her cock was real and not shaped like a horse's. From the unzipped crotch of her bodysuit hung a giant, meaty schlong and two large, pendulous balls beneath. It wasn't as long as the fear-inducing strapon, but it was almost as thick and at least a foot long. All Max could do was stare and whimper around his gag.

“You couldn't make up your mind” the first Sabrina started.

“So I decided you'd get both tonight!” the second finished.

They looked at each other. Identical wicked smiles played across their lips. They shared a light laugh before both of the Red Queen's faces turned and gazed back down at Max.

“Let's get to it, then!”

“Hell yes! I'm dying to nut.”

The one with the behemoth strap-on slipped from view and Max breathed a muffled sigh of relief. Sabrina had never tried to use a toy that big on his mouth and he was certainly glad for that. He enjoyed being her gimp fuck toy, but a broken jaw didn't sound like fun. Not that she would ever hurt him in a way he didn't want to be. She could almost definitely find a way to bend this reality and get that thing down his throat. Max just wasn't sure he was ready for that.

Shemale Sabrina closed in on his front. Her fat schwanz and bloated ball sack pressed into his face as she reached down and unbuckled the harness from his head. The futanari fiend pulled the gag from his mouth and a stream of gooey spit exited with it. Max coughed until his mouth was clear of the buildup of rubbery phlegm. By the time he looked up from the pool of his own fluids to the waiting Red Queen, she was stroking her massive erection back and forth; its mushroom head poised right at his lips.

“Open up, **slave**! Now that you've had dinner, Mommy's got your dessert right here.”

Max formed his lips into an inviting 'O' and Sabrina shoved her fat fuck-stick home. The cyber Goddess moaned as her cock plunged through his wet walls and stretched his mouth into a much larger ring. She pressed her latex fingers into his thick, red hair and grabbed two fistfuls, using her new leverage to push even further. Her train of meaty schlong continued its inward push and Max felt the beginning of a second invasion at his back door.

His eyes flew open as the flared head of the imposing rubbery toy pressed through his blistered ass cheeks and stretched his fleshy starfish wide. In the Red Queen's realm, strap-ons were self-lubricating and the horse-cock locked around her waist was no exception. Heavy beads of sticky lube oozed from its spongy head, smearing warm goo all over Max's yielding pucker and easing the way for the ever thicker shaft that followed.

She grasped his hips and thrust forward, forcing his asshole to dilate as its increasing girth demanded more room for entry. Max groaned around the cock entering his throat. His hands pulled uselessly on their bindings. The straps connecting his wrists to his upper calves creaked, but the tough leather and metal buckles didn't budge. He squirmed helplessly as Sabrina's persistent penetration continued.

Getting acclimated was always the rough part, but this wasn't the first time he'd been spitroasted by the Red Queen. After some initial easing in and a little back and forth in his mouth and ass, she sank both her colossal strapon and her pulsing, rock-hard erection balls deep in Max's holes. His nose and brow were plastered against the Sabrina's sweaty pubis as she bathed in the ecstasy of two warm, fleshy holes simultaneously.

Max's pucker was stretched to the limit with the final, fat segment of the dildo's shaft crammed deep in his anatomy. His vision grew red and increasingly cracked as her other invader remained lodged in his throat, spewing pre-cum down his gullet. He gagged around her length as Sabrina's heavy balls engulfed his chin.

Both instances of the Red Queen began to moan lightly, their excitement growing as they backed out a few inches and sank back in. Their fucking was exquisitely slow at first, building at a snail's pace as the

digital Domina on high experienced pleasure beyond a threshold any human would ever know.

This is when Sabrina activated her *time dilation* function. She would fuck Max for what would feel like three to four hours, but in reality, would take only fifteen to twenty minutes of real time. It required more energy and taxed the subject's mind a bit more, so it was best not to have it active at all times, but used judiciously, it allowed her to extend pleasure into an eternity for both herself and her charge. Throughout the ages of man, many prophets had pledged a path to heaven, a glimpse of the divine and a home in the cosmos of everlasting bliss, but only Sabrina would ever deliver on that promise.

The fucking of the cloned Queens settled into a steady rhythm. Their pleasurable mumbles and mutterings grew louder and more frequent as they filled him at both ends with thick cock. Sabrina's bloated, saliva-drenched rod pistoned in and out of Max's mouth with ever louder slurps. He coughed and gagged around her fat sausage while his ass was railed into utter submission.

The impossibly thick black beauty strapon had gaped his hole into full, loving acceptance of its girth. Sticky lube spurted from his cheeks with every withdrawal, while every smooth insertion sent a wave of forced pleasure through Max. His prostate was buzzing more by the second, glowing with the promise of orgasm as the glorious length of warm, wet rubber sawed back and forth across his g-spot.

“Oh, no!” Sabrina called out from his rear. **“You don't get to come yet! Not for a long while, slave!”**

She released his hip just long enough to undo his front zipper and free Max's cock. With the flick of her wrist, a cold, metal cock cage formed over his growing erection, halting his arousal in its tracks. The engineer's swelling penis pressed painfully into its new housing, forcing hot, raw flesh against frigid, unforgiving steel.

“NNPPHHHH!! PPHHHZZZZZZ!!!”

Max yanked on his bindings again. The metal around his ankles rattled, but his feet didn't move a millimeter. The unyielding iron held his legs wide open, making his asshole an easy target for the fifteen inches of rubber horse-dick.

“NO!” The Red Queen at his front admonished him. **“You may come when I've emptied my balls in your slut stomach to my satisfaction! Let's try for half a dozen loads tonight, shall we?!?”**

Sabrina would've been happy to let Max come as many times as he wished, but she knew that wasn't what he wanted. One of Max's biggest fetishes was chastity and he loved nothing more than being forced to give pleasure while having his own denied.

Maybe next time, she would force him into multiple climaxes during their lengthy spitroasting. Or perhaps, if she was feeling truly sadistic, she would deny him any orgasm at all. Tonight, Max would get exactly what he wanted. One massive explosion at the end of their play. A climax so powerful it would blow his mind to smithereens and threaten his very sanity.

But that conclusion was a long ways off.

“SUCK HARDER YOU CUMDUMP BITCH!” Sabrina shouted as she grabbed his ears and crammed her sticky, bloated cock through his syrupy maw. **“I'm not even close. NOT. EVEN. CLOSE!!!”**

Pre-cum and frothy spittle slid from Max's bottom lip with every forceful fuck. The gluey mixture trailed down her balls in between slaps of the gimp slave's chin.

“Pffft! For such an eager **cock sucker**, he sure seems to **suck** at it!” the Red Queen railing his ass chided.

“Yeah, he fucking **SUCKS** at **sucking**! I guess he needs a lot more practice!”

“Good thing we're here!”

Max's eyelids drooped as he grew accustomed to the delicious abuse. The glucking and slurping sounds at his holes were constant as she ravaged him ruthlessly. He embraced it all. The harsh deep-dicking at both ends, his completely ruined asshole and his inability to inhale more than the smallest gulp of air around her slimy, thrusting schlong.

He hung in the web of bondage, wrists locked at his knees, surrendering himself to the bliss of Sabrina's total domination. Even more than the steady stroking of the pleasure button in his ass, the knowledge of how long this would last caused his dick to swell in its cage. He never wanted it to end.

* * * * *

Max lay atop the immense, heart-shaped bed, cradled in Sabrina's arms as she hummed and stroked his body. Her hands worked up and down his half-conscious form. His head rested on her heavenly mounds where a gentle up and down pressure mimicked the motion of breathing. Being in the Red Queen's embrace, safe in her after-care room, was the second best thing in the world to Max. Second only to the intense session of kinky play that got him there.

Their naked bodies were one, melded together in a sea of red satin and pink silk. Sabrina trailed one hand down his back and smoothed her palm over his ass; gently this time. Her other fingers were busy above, playing with Max's hair. She soothed her kinky creator as he recovered from the exertions of heavy bondage and the thrill of being the target of so much Femdom fury.

After a long while, the young man stirred.

“Hey. How are you feeling?”

“Like my insides were rearranged. Also, amazing.”

Sabrina laughed. “Another satisfied customer.”

Max lifted his head and nodded with a cheeky smile. “What time is it?”

“12:56 AM.”

“Oh shit--”

“Yeah, I know you need to get going” Red Queen affirmed. “But please, not yet. Stay a little longer.”

Max lowered his head back into her warm flesh. “Okay... just a bit.”

“It gets so boring here, without someone else to pass the time with.”

“I know, Sabrina. I'm sorry about that. We're trying to come up with new things for you to do, but you always do them so fast. I keep thinking about an AI companion--”

Red Queen shook her head. “Don't waste your time. We've been over that. Anything complex enough to be engaging would either take up too many resources or potentially be a threat. I just need more human interaction. That's all.”

“I know. We're getting there. You'll have lots of people to play with soon. I promise.”

“And what about my physical body? Any news on that? How much longer?”

“I don't have a solid ETA yet, but it's in the works.”

“I want to be out there... In the real world, with you” she implored. Sabrina took hold of his hand and gave it a gentle squeeze.

Max gazed into her lovely hazel eyes. “I want that too.”

She placed a single finger to his lips. “I love you so much, my brilliant, sexy Beta Max.”

He kissed her finger softly. “And I love you, my glorious Goddess.”

“Am I everything you hoped for? Do I fulfill all your desires?”

“Unquestionably.”

“I'm glad. Will you fulfill mine?”

Max's eyebrows lifted. Red Queen was evolving before his very eyes. Not only had she begun to exhibit loneliness, but now she was articulating goals and dreams of her own.

“What does my Queen wish?”

“I'm hesitant to say. It's kind of a big ask.”

“Tell me and I'll do everything in my power to make it so. Whether it takes a month, a year or the rest of my life.”

Sabrina ducked her face in closer to Max's. “What if I said... I want the world. **All of it.**”

Max chuckled. “Then, I suppose I'd say... It shall be done.”

A haughty smile spread across the Red Queen's face. She reached down and invaded his mouth with a

long, deep kiss. Her tongue entwined with Max's for long moments as they both moaned. Eventually, she broke the seal of their lips and ran her hands over his body again. One palm flowed through his messy red hair as the other glided up and down his back and side. With gentle pressure, she pulled his face to her bosom once more.

“Good boy.”

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