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Billy's Reward

A libertarian,
religious, erotic
fantasy

By Tom Alciere

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Billy's Reward

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CHAPTER ONE: THE TRAFFIC STOP

On a clear, sunny Saturday afternoon, people were sitting on their front porches on Elm Street when the traffic stop took place. The brown station wagon stopped, then the police car. "Got a brake light out." somebody pointed out.

"Yeah, sure enough." people agreed. The driver put the car in park, released the brake and shut off the ignition.

Two cops emerged from the police car and walked forward, on either side of the station wagon. "Good afternoon. Let me see your license and registration." demanded the one on the driver's side. "Step out of the car."

A 20-year-old Negro man emerged, wearing a black leather jacket. "Do you realize what we stopped you for?" the cop asked.

"Driving while black?" the driver guessed.

The other cop told a Negro woman on the passenger side, "Step out of the car, too."

"What's the matter?" she wondered.

"What have you got in your pocketbook?" the cop queried.

"Well, personal belongings." she said.

"Open it up." the cop ordered.

"No, I will not." she replied, shocked.

"Place your hands on the car." the cop said.

"No I will not. I'm not under arrest. I know my

constitutional rights!" she replied.

The cop grabbed her and pushed her against the car, taking her into a headlock.

Billy Americano ran down off the porch, behind the cop. Using his left hand to unsnap the holster and his right hand to borrow the cop's gun, he proceeded to settle the matter out of court. One blast later, the cop fell. Time was of the essence, as the other cop would soon be able to understand and react. Billy dashed around the rear of the station wagon, emerging to see the driver and the other cop struggling over the control of the arm with which that cop had drawn his own gun. Billy fired another two shots, striking the cop in the hips, below the bullet-resistant vest. Billy confiscated that cop's gun. Then he walked over to the passenger side, and, quoting from the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, called out, "Ladies and gentlemen, let this be a lesson to every cop in the United States of America. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures,..."

He pointed the gun down at the cop's head as the cop struggled to try to get up. Then he continued, "...shall..." Blam!

The cop fell, limp, as Billy continued, "...not..." Blam! another shot in the head. "...be..." Blam! "...violated." Blam! A final shot pierced the cop's head.

Billy knew it would only be seconds before enemy officers would be swarming all over. He made a run for it, through a backyard and onto another street, then started walking away. It would be no use, of course, since witnesses would rat him out. He made it another block, then drew his cell phone as he sat down in a coffee shop, while police cruisers sped by. He knew the number. It was even on his speed dial. "Yes, there's something I'd like to talk about. Are there calls ahead of me? No? Excellent!"

A few seconds later he explained, on the air, "You know something, Steve? Today the Bill of Rights got enforced. Not just the one in the United States Constitution, but the one in the New Hampshire State Constitution. The cops crossed the line, and they paid the price. Right now, my neighbors are ratting me out, telling enemy officers which way I ran and all. Someday, they may need a cop-killer, though. Steve, cop-killers are the only thing that stands between the government and total power to wipe out everybody's rights. This is the only thing that's ever going to work."

The arrest was made in the blink of an eye. Billy was

on the floor, cops holding him and handcuffing him.

In the cruiser, the arresting officer assured Billy,
"You're gonna get the death penalty for that."

"Live free or die." Billy answered.

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CHAPTER TWO: JAIL

Billy overheard the prisoners talking about stuff. It seems one guy had just survived a pre-dawn drug raid that morning, but he figured he had a pretty good idea who informed on him.

"Got a question for you." Billy mentioned. "Did the informant smash your window and throw in the flash grenade?"

"No, the cops did, of course."

"Did the informant break down your door?" Billy asked.

"No, of course not. The cops did." the prisoner replied.

"Did the informant pull your children out of bed and throw them against the wall?" Billy asked.

"No, the jerk that ratted on me wasn't even there."

"Did the informant threaten you at gunpoint? Did the informant trash your apartment? Did the informant steal your cocaine? Did the informant grab you, handcuff you, force you into a patrol car against your will and deliver you to the government's jail? No. The cops did."

"That's their job, though!" he reasoned.

"Only because they chose to sign up. They chose to

sign up when they knew, or should have known, that they would be instructed to grab innocent people, handcuff them, force them into patrol cars against their will and deliver them to the government's jail." Billy explained.

"Well," another prisoner said, "if he was actually selling cocaine, which I'm not saying he was, then how could he be innocent? I mean, it's against the law."

"The law is clearly wrong. The government has no right to restrict what kinds of drugs people can use."

"Hey, dude, I don't know what your trip is, but cocaine can kill people." another prisoner mentioned.

"Don't like cocaine, don't buy any. Some people want cocaine. Live free or die. And what's the difference, whether you die of a cocaine overdose, or from alcohol poisoning because you drank too much? Either way, you die of a drug overdose."

"But alcohol is legal." said the drug raid survivor.

"And the government had no right to make cocaine illegal. Selling cocaine does not violate anybody's rights." Billy declared.

"Ours is not to reason why. Ours is just to do or die." said one prisoner.

"Well, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to recite that little nursery rhyme." Billy said. The drug raid survivor laughed.

"Well," said the drug raid survivor, "what are the chances I'll be able to find those cops?"

"You get out on bail, you can find a cop anywhere. That's easy. Just remember, though, that you don't want to kill any private rent-a-cops." Billy answered.

"What? You mean, like just go out and kill any old cop?" he asked.

"Picture this." Billy explained. "The Battle of Bunker Hill, in the Town of Charlestown, Massachusetts, just north of Boston, 17 June 1775. A lot of men from New Hampshire were there. The British regulars are advancing up Breed's Hill and a Patriot, a survivor of the Battle of Concord, says, 'Let me see if I can spot the same exact Redcoat who wounded me eight weeks ago. See if I can spot him from the crowd.'"

Everybody laughed. Billy explained, "Like, Earth to you, an enemy officer is an enemy officer. What happens if you make bail and then don't show up in court? Every cop in the United States of America is looking for you. It's the fault of every cop in the United States of America that you have to face the charges. And if every cop in the United States of America is out to grab you, handcuff you, force

you into a car and drive off with you, then you are clearly justified in killing every cop in the United States of America."

"You're justified in *killing* them when they're only trying to arrest you?" one man wondered.

"Well, I suppose you could try to scare them away with a Boy Scout knife." Billy suggested. Again, everybody laughed.

"Look, on 7 October 2003, two armed guys walked into Senator Judd Gregg's second house, in McLean, Virginia." Billy recounted. "They grabbed Mrs. Gregg, tied her up, forced her into a car and drove off with her. They drove her to a bank and let her go inside when she agreed to withdraw ransom money and bring it to them. Obviously, if we could somehow put a gun in her hands, she'd be justified in shooting them."

"Yeah, but that's way different." One guy added.

Billy said, "It is different. You're right. Cops don't usually tie up their hostages, they handcuff them. And cops don't usually drive their hostages to the bank to withdraw ransom money. They let the hostages make one phone call and ask somebody to bring the ransom money. But no matter what the law says, you're still one hundred percent justified defending somebody, including yourself. Look at slavery. Slavery was wrong, but it was legal, in many States, and it was not unconstitutional there. The law was wrong. Not, 'We think the law is wrong.' but 'The law is wrong.'"

"Well, we have this thing called democracy. And there's a way to get the law changed." somebody shouted.

Billy answered, "Gang rape is democracy. Five say 'yes,' one says 'no way!' and the majority rules, electing one of themselves 'sheriff' to grab and handcuff the victim, and force the victim into the sheriff's car, and drive the victim to where the will of the majority is to be carried out. The victim had the right to vote, but fat lot of good that is, when you're vastly outnumbered by people who don't care about your rights. And the victim had the right to campaign, too, but like 'Please don't vote wrong! Pretty please!' They'd get off on it. But when voting and campaigning don't work, killing the sheriff might work. If the majority doesn't want the sheriff to die, they should have thought of that before they voted wrong. And if the sheriff didn't want to die, the sheriff never should have agreed to pull a stunt like that. The point is, just because the majority votes, does not give them the right to violate the rights of everybody else. "

A man entered the jail area. "Hey, everybody, I'm with

the Gideons. Our mission is to spread the word by distributing Bibles. They're free of charge. Would you like one?"

The guys accepted the free books. "Something to read, anyway." one of the men noted.

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CHAPTER THREE: RESCUE

It was midnight and the prisoners were asleep. Billy woke up to find a pretty girl with blue eyes and straight blonde hair in his cell, patting him to wake him up. "What in the world?" he gasped. She took him by the arm and lifted him out of bed. "Woah."

"I'm here to get you out, Billy. Get dressed. We must hurry." she explained.

"Oh. You must be a lawyer." he guessed. "They let you in, and then locked the cell door?" he puzzled. "You look kind of young to be a lawyer. Are you a lawyer?"

"Not exactly. Follow me." She pulled on the door and it slid open. "Come on." She led him out.

"I guess I have nothing to lose." He followed her out of the jail and through the police station. Doors opened in front of them. Billy's jaw dropped in total astonishment.

"Quick, let us go!" she said. She led him outside to a parked car, and opened the door for him. "Hop in."

As he got in, and closed the door, she got in on the driver's side.

"My name is Gabriela. I was sent here to get you out of jail." the girl said. As she drove away, he could hear

an alarm in the background. By the end of the block, he could see the reflections of flashing blue police lights. Gabriela drove faster and faster until she ran a red light, narrowly missing a tractor trailer.

"Woah, that was close." Billy noted.

"Don't worry, we're protected." The car proceeded into a patch of dense fog. When it cleared, Billy looked down.

"Excuse me, but, like, I see the ground getting lower and lower. We're like, um, flying." Billy observed.

"Not to worry, we'll be there soon enough." she assured him.

"Um. I'm lost. At first, I thought you were a lawyer." Billy asked.

"I am not a lawyer. I am an angel."

"Woah. Like, this gets better. But like, um, since when do angels come and spring prisoners out of jail?" he asked.

"Well, were you not visited by a servant, who presented to you the holy scriptures?" she asked.

"Oh, you mean, like, that dude that was handing out the Bibles?" he realized. "You know him?"

"I have met his guardian angel. But you marvel, so I call upon you to read, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the twelfth chapter, start at the sixth verse."

Billy opened the Bible and consulted the verse, reading to her:

"And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision. When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the LORD hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews."

"So your question is answered, is it not?" she asked.

"Well, yeah. It's not like I have to take your word for it. I'm reading it right here. Just what happened to me, except for the part where the angel ditches the guy." he noted.

Gabriela said, "That is important to check. You are doing the right thing to verify it, as it is also written in the Acts of the Apostles, in the seventeenth chapter, and the eleventh verse, where the Bereans are described."

"Um, wait a second. Let me read that with you. Verse eleven? Got it."

Billy read silently as Gabriela recited from memory, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so."

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CHAPTER FOUR: RIO

Billy watched through the windows as the car started descending. Gabriela explained, "We have been flying for a few hours now. This was planned so you could have time to accept and understand what was happening. It would have blown your mind to go faster. We're arriving in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil."

"Cool. Because there's no extradition treaty?" he asked.

"No. I just need you to trust me and do as I say." she told him.

"I guess I have nothing to lose." he replied.

The car descended into clouds. Then it touched down on a city street, in dense fog. "We have to take off and land in dense fog so people won't see us and flip out." Gabriela told him. Then she continued, "Here's the problem. We have no money. Take this fishing rod. We will stop by the riverside." Gabriela said.

"Going fishing? Cool!" Billy said.

"Check the Gospel of Matthew, the seventeenth chapter, the twenty-seventh verse." Gabriela instructed him.

Billy read it to her, "Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee."

"I think I catch your drift." Billy told her. He cast and brought up a rainbow trout, opening its mouth. "Check it out! A Canadian gold maple leaf, one troy ounce of gold." he noted.

"Bring it. I will show you where the gold dealer is." Gabriela said.

They walked through the city streets and arrived at the kiosk where a man was standing behind a table.

"Cuanto vale ista moeda?" Billy asked.

"Mil duzentos reais." he replied.

"Muito bõa." Billy accepted.

The dealer counted out 1,200 Brazilian reals.

"Obrigado." Billy said, taking the cash. They walked to an inn, where Billy rented a room. The innkeeper showed them to the room and gave Billy the key.

"So I guess this is where I'm gonna be staying now?" he asked.

"We," she corrected him. "If you don't mind sharing the room."

"Oh, I do not mind!" he assured her. They sat down inside. Then it hit him. "Um, wait a second. Back at the coin dealer, like, I spoke to the dude in Portuguese. I never studied Portuguese. And when I rented the room, I spoke to the clerk in Portuguese."

"Again, it is in the Acts of the Apostles, in the second chapter, start at the seventh verse." Gabriela explained.

Billy read silently as Gabriela recited from memory, "And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, Behold, are not all these which speak Galilaeans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born? Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judaea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God."

"So, does this answer your uncertainty?" Gabriela asked.

"Yes. I guess this all happened for a reason." he replied. He looked at her briefly, then looked away again.

"So, this may be overwhelming to you. You seem to be deep in thought." she said. He looked at her again, then looked away.

"Yes."

"Are you contemplating what has happened?" she asked. Again, he looked at her face, then looked away.

"Well, not exactly." he replied.

"Might I ask, what are you thinking? Tell me your thoughts." she said.

"Well, I can't, really. It's..." he stopped. He looked at her again. Then he looked away.

"It is what? You may tell me." Gabriela assured him.

"Let me think about how to turn my thought into words, and words that I can say to you." he requested. He took a

deep breath, then admitted, "You ask what are my thoughts. Please don't be offended when I answer you. I am, after all, a guy. And, after all, there is one thing a guy is always thinking about. Like, just because an angel comes and springs him from jail and whisks him to Brazil, doesn't mean he stops thinking about it. I'm, well, imagining that I'm running my hands all over your body. Like, rest assured, I'm only imagining. I don't mean to show you disrespect, but you asked."

"Let me tell you something. In Heaven, we do not admire a man because he is a famous singer or a star baseball player. We admire a man because of his character. You showed that, on Elm Street, where you bravely risked your life to fight back. I admire you for that. There were many angel girls who admired you for that. When the casting call was announced, I competed against a large number of them, for the honor. Your guardian angel selected me. I am quite fortunate to enjoy your company." Gabriela explained. "You are a good man."

Billy smiled. "I think I like what I hear. You know, I hope you don't mind my saying this, but, you have a beautiful body." he told her.

"I do not object to your saying that. I am flattered. I just acquired this body last night." she told him.

Billy took her left hand in his right hand and held it. His heart was pounding harder and harder. "You are beautiful. You are a real heart-stopper." Then he started talking more softly. "Listen, here's the deal. Don't let me get you angry at me. Stop me if you want." He started running his hands over her shoulders and her arms. She flashed him a big, wide smile. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. She kissed back. He held her and kissed her again, and again and again. They French kissed. He had told her that she could stop him if she wanted, but she didn't want him to stop, so he didn't.

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CHAPTER FIVE: RETURN

It was about four o'clock in the morning. Billy and Gabriela were sitting around, watching television. "Kind of boring, really." Billy said. "I mean, local shows, and they're all in Portuguese."

"Would you like to watch New Hampshire stations?" Gabriela asked.

"I don't think any New Hampshire stations are available here." Then he looked at Gabriela. "Oh, yeah, that's right. I forgot. You're here."

"Actually, that is quite understandable." Gabriela assured him. "Take a look in the Gospel of Matthew, in the sixteenth chapter, starting at the seventh verse."

Billy opened the tome and silently read while Gabriela recited from memory:

"And they reasoned among themselves, saying, It is because we have taken no bread. Which when Jesus perceived, he said unto them, O ye of little faith, why reason ye among yourselves, because ye have brought no bread? Do ye not yet understand, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? Neither the seven loaves of the four thousand, and how many baskets ye took up? How is it that ye do not understand that I spake it not to you concerning bread, that ye should beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees?"

"The apostles realized that they had failed to take bread with them," Gabriela explained, "They suddenly got worried. They needed to be reminded."

The New Hampshire news came on. The escape of Billy Americano, and the massive manhunt underway, were the big stories. A reporter was interviewing a state trooper. "Should people be concerned that this man might attack more officers?" the reporter asked.

"Talk about a biased reporter!" Billy said. "People should be a lot more concerned about what happens if cops don't get killed. Take a tour of the Holocaust Museum."

"Imagine the outrage the reporter would face if she dared to point out how obviously right you were, Billy. She's definitely required to pretend to think you were in the wrong, and to pretend that everybody feels the same way. It's psychological warfare, making people think that anybody who supports liberty is insane." Gabriela noted.

"You know, I've never thought of it that way." Billy admitted.

"Would you like to tell them your side of the story?" she asked.

"Well, I sure would. But how?" Billy replied.

"Let us go to that studio." she suggested.

"What? That would be suicide!" Billy said.

"Oh ye of little faith!" Gabriela joked.

Billy took Gabriela's left hand in his right. "Forgive me if I'm a little nervous about this." he said.

"Absolutely." She smiled and held his hand tightly.

"Let us get in the car."

"Well, of course I'm scared, but when I think about it logically, I know I must be doing the right thing." Billy decided.

Gabriela drove down the street and turned left. A few blocks later, she turned right. Then Billy saw the patch of dense fog and knew they were about to take off.

Rio de Janeiro got smaller and smaller down below. "We want to get to the studio during the newscast. We don't have much time." Gabriela said. "So this journey will be much shorter in duration."

"Wow! We're here now!" Billy noted. They drove out of the patch of dense New Hampshire fog and, a block later, arrived at the television station.

Billy and Gabriela went to the door and entered the lobby. "I wish to speak on your news program. I'm Billy Americano." The receptionist recognized him from the pictures that were all over the news. She pressed a button.

"News room." somebody replied.

"Billy Americano is here. Can you interview him?" the receptionist asked.

There was a pause. Then the news director replied. "Send him in."

"Well, much to our surprise, Billy Americano is here in our studio. Billy, what brings you here?" the woman who was on the air said.

"I just needed to point out to everybody, that no matter how obviously the cop is in the wrong, no matter how obviously the cop-killer is in the right, you as a reporter are still required to pretend you think everybody agrees

that the cop-killer is some kind of villain. You would be out of a job immediately if dared to hint that people have a constitutional right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures." Billy explained.

"Well," the reporter said, "you realize that the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that the police officer has the right to search a passenger's pocketbook if there's probable cause to stop a vehicle, right?"

Billy replied, "People who have a mind of their own and who can think for themselves can and will determine what is an unreasonable search and seizure. Allowing government-appointed judges in government-run courts to make all the decisions is to turn off our own brains. The cop clearly crossed the line, big time, and paid the price. The Bill of Rights never got through that cop's head, but bullets did."

"So don't you have any respect at all for the rule of law?" the reporter asked, putting on a stunned tone of voice.

"If you want respect for the law, make the law respectable." Billy declared. "The reasoning behind the court's ruling was that the passenger might have a gun in her pocketbook. But, gee, we'd never catch cops carrying guns, now would we? Talk about hypocrisy! Furthermore, people have a constitutional right to keep and bear arms. Furthermore, let's say you're walking down Elm Street and some pedestrian happens to be walking the other way. How do you know they don't have a gun? How do you know they aren't going to pull out a gun and shoot you? Do you have the right to frisk everybody that might have a gun? Of course not! And neither does the cop. Also, what if the cop tries to arrest the driver under some unjust law? That's exactly the reason behind constitutionally protecting the right to keep and bear arms. The Second Amendment was not written for sportsmen. The passenger was entitled to keep and bear arms in case the cop tries to arrest the driver. She could use the gun to preserve, protect, and defend the constitutional liberty of the people of New Hampshire." Billy explained.

"Are you suggesting that if an officer is arresting somebody, and you don't like the law, that gives you the right to shoot the officer?" the reporter asked, again hamming up the startled look and voice.

"Not at all. It's a question of whether the government has a right to impose that law." Billy maintained.

"So then, if an officer is arresting somebody, and you determine the government has no right to impose that law,

that gives you the right to shoot the officer?" she queried.

"No, it's not a matter of what I determine. It is a matter of what is actually correct. Just because Abolitionists thought slavery was wrong, didn't give them any right to march onto plantations and emancipate slaves. What matters is that slavery actually is wrong. That is why armed resistance would be justified. Slavery went on for too many decades, and could have been settled much sooner, by a small percentage of the population going about exterminating slave patrols, marching onto plantations, freeing the slaves." Billy said.

"So, it's not a matter of whether I think the law is wrong, but a matter of whether the law is actually wrong." Billy explained.

"So then, who is going to decide what laws are wrong?" she asked.

"You can, if you want, and then you can tell everybody what you determine, and the line of reasoning by which you arrive at that determination." Billy answered.

"Oh, I'm going to decide?" she replied.

"It's called freedom of speech. Ever heard of it? But you have to meet some rigid qualifications. You have to have a mind of your own, and be able to think for yourself." Billy said sarcastically.

"Of course, you can always take a tour of the Holocaust Museum and see where this country is headed if people don't fight back. The real reason the cop wanted to search the pocketbook was to see if she had drugs, which the government clearly has no right to restrict. It's her body and her life. If you don't like certain drugs, don't buy any. But if people vote to use their police force as a weapon by which to attack innocent drug addicts or their suppliers, I'm not the one resorting to violence if all I do is take the weapon away from them. Those voters are not pulling the trigger, but they're pulling the lever." Billy explained.

"So you're saying that the government has no right to impose drug laws. I'm sure you realize that a lot of people feel differently." the reporter said.

"So what?" Billy asked.

"Well, you have your opinion, but they also have theirs." she said.

"Ah, yes, the 'all opinions are equally valid' absurdity. There were the opinions of the Abolitionists, and the opinions of the racist slave drivers. Both were entitled to their opinion, but being entitled to an opinion

does not make that opinion correct. What makes the opinion of the Abolitionists correct was that it was consistent with liberty and justice for all. What makes the contrary opinion incorrect was that it was inconsistent with liberty and justice for all." Billy explained.

"This would be a good time for folks to draw the line. Waiting for the government to be good and ready to restore liberty is absurd. That is the doctrine of nonresistance against arbitrary power, and oppression, which the New Hampshire state constitution, in Part the First, Article 10, says is absurd, slavish, and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind." Billy said.

"If Freedom Fighters could put the State government on notice that they're going to kill ten cops every night until the state government calls off the War on Drugs and releases all the P.O.W.'s, the State government would have full control over how many cops the Freedom Fighters would exterminate." Billy said.

"And how is that?" she asked.

"Well, they decide how many cops they want the Freedom Fighters to exterminate, divide by ten, count off that many days on the calendar, and that's what day to comply with their demands. Right now, they figure our demands are just a big, funny joke, but they'll stop laughing when they have to pay the price for their noncompliance." Billy declared.

"Just what do you mean, when you speak of paying the price for noncompliance?" the reporter asked.

"Well, a lot of people act as if the speed limits are just a big, funny joke. They stop laughing when they get ticketed, and have to pay the price with money for their wrongdoing. Well, a lot of voters and lawmakers think our demands are a big, funny joke, too, but not when people fight back and they have to pay the price with cops' blood for their wrongdoing. Drive too fast, pay with cash. Vote wrong, pay with cops' blood. It's called deterrence." Billy said.

"You call it deterrence. Others would call it terrorism." the reporter challenged him.

"Actually, deterrence and terrorism are essentially the same thing, with the T-E-R coming from the Latin, which means, to frighten. Whether it's terrorism or deterrence depends on whether it is justified or not. Anyway, I can see out the window, that we don't have much time left. Let me just finish up quickly by pointing out that our side has certain advantages. First, the enemy never knows who will strike, nor when, nor where, nor how, and there are a lot of ways to take out a cop. Second, every time somebody

deprives the government of a cop, the enemy's dispatcher responds by sending the Freedom Fighter more targets. Third, our side cannot surrender, because nobody on our side has any authority to order anybody else on our side to surrender. Unlike when Lee surrendered to Grant and ordered the entire Army of Northern Virginia to surrender with him. So," Billy looked at the camera, "the time has come. Until the government calls off the War on Drugs and releases all the P.O.W.'s, cops are in season. The important thing to remember is that the resistance will not be organized, because the enemy can infiltrate and destroy any such organization, but the enemy cannot fight back against people making random attacks against the enemy's officers, especially people who are willing to make the supreme sacrifice to restore liberty. As Patrick Henry told John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses, on 29 May 1765, 'If this be treason, make the most of it.'"

Outside the building, swarms of police were assembled and were planning to enter. Gabriela took Billy by the hand and led him, pushing her way past the cops. As they ran toward the car, cops gave chase. Once boarded in the car, they sped on. Police cars in their way moved backwards and a path cleared. "About three blocks to the patch of dense fog." Gabriela said.

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CHAPTER SIX: THE ISLAND

Billy saw clouds and open ocean below him.

"I have something to tell you." Gabriela started. "You have been spared death. Furthermore, today you have shown great courage and faith. You will be rewarded. We will not be returning to Rio de Janeiro. We will be going to an island, a very special island. Nobody will bother us there. You will have everything you need. There will be no disease and no crime."

"Are we going to Heaven?" Billy asked.

"No, it's an island here on Earth, a small island, about one square kilometer. You will be the master of the island. We do not need to land in a patch of dense fog there."

"So, of all the people who have ever lived, I get to be the only one who never dies?" Billy asked.

"Oh, no." Gabriela explained, "Check your holy scriptures, Billy. Check the Second Book of Kings, in the second chapter, the eleventh verse."

Billy found the verse and read it to Gabriela: "And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

Gabriela explained, "Elijah went to Heaven without dying. You are just receiving some of your reward without first dying."

The car touched down on a grassy lawn in front of a large, dark-red, wooden house. "Let me show you around your new house." Gabriela said, her voice elevated with excitement.

"You seem happy." Billy observed.

"I am happy for you and I am proud of you. I am honored to be able to serve you." she said.

Gabriela gave Billy a tour of the house. "And since this is your island, from now on, I will call you *Master* because I am here to serve you." she said.

"That's beautiful. You have been doing an excellent job of serving me already. How can I reward you?" he wondered.

"All I want is to be with you, and be happy with you. I have, well, a crush on you." she answered.

Billy gave her a hug and a long, French kiss. "You are beautiful."

"Master, if it please you, I wish to lead you to the backyard." she said.

Twenty cheerleaders were practicing on the back lawn. Billy and Gabriela took seats.

"Do you like this, Master?" Gabriela asked.

"Oooh, they look s-o-o pretty." he said, his heart melting as he spoke. "And so young."

"Actually, they are much, much older than you are, but they just acquired the bodies of teenagers today. I am much older than I look, too." Gabriela explained. "Open the cooler if you'd like a cold beer."

Billy opened the cooler and drew one beer for himself and another for Gabriela. He put his arm around her and pulled her close to him while he sipped the beer and watched the pretty cheerleaders perform.

Billy finished his beer. "There's more beer in the cooler if you want another." Gabriela said. Billy looked at his empty beer bottle and considered it, but declined.

"They are finishing their performance." Gabriela said. "Follow me."

Gabriela led him to the basement door. "Looks like a locker room." Billy noted.

"Yes, Master. Let us sit at the end here." From that vantage point, Billy could see the fronts of twenty lockers.

Soon, twenty cheerleaders marched into the room and opened their lockers. "Excuse me." Billy spoke up. "You realize I'm in here?"

"Yes, Master, we know." a few of them replied as they got out of their cheerleading uniforms. Billy's heart started pounding faster and faster. One by one, they marched past him to the shower.

"Oooh, they are pretty." he told Gabriela.

"Would you like to join them in the shower?" she offered.

"They won't mind?"

"Not at all. These are just some of the angel girls that have a crush on you. Your guardian angel picked them out. They want to make you happy."

Billy removed his clothes and ventured into the shower room. "Hey, Master is here!" one of the cheerleaders said with a grin.

Billy walked up and started looking them over as they washed themselves in the shower. "At your service, Master." one of them said.

"At your service." another said as he looked her over. Billy moved his hands forward, and opened them, spreading his fingers. "Go ahead." she told him. "You may put your hands on me."

"Oh yes, let us tell him this: When one of us says, 'at your service,' it means we are ready to please you however you wish." another said.

Billy looked at the one he was touching, then looked at Gabriela, who smiled back at him. "Well, that's very kind, but I don't think Gabriela would like that." he said.

"Oh, Master, I do not object." Gabriela explained. "Angels are not like Earth girls, who can be possessive. Go ahead and enjoy other girls."

"Sure, Master. We all have a crush on you." another one said.

Billy ran his hands over all twenty of them. Mostly, they just kept showering, saying "At your service." when he put his hands on them.

One Oriental girl had straight black hair down her back. He held her and kissed her. His heart pounded faster and faster. "Listen, I'd like to spend some time with you." he said.

Her face lit up with excitement. "Wonderful. Whatever pleases you, Master." she replied. "My name is Michelle. Would you like me to dress first, or follow you naked?"

"Umm," he thought about it and decided, "you might as well get dressed first."

"As you wish, Master." she said.

They went back into the locker room, where Michelle took a clean, dry towel. "If it pleases you, Master, you may dry us all off with our towels." she told him.

"That would be fun." Billy replied.

"Listen, everybody, Master wants to dry us all off with our towels." she said.

They lined up and waited their turns to get dried off. Gabriela was last. He dried her off, and kissed her.

"Oh, Master, I am so happy for you." she said.

Everybody got dressed and Billy led Michelle into the living room to sit and chat. "I wish I could find words to tell you how pretty and beautiful you are." he said.

"I just realized something." Billy started. "I don't have my glasses. But I can see perfectly. I didn't have them in the shower, and I could see all you you girls perfectly."

"Your body has been improved. There is no longer any visual impairment. You will suffer no disease, either. Nobody will be able to inflict any injury on you. You have also been endowed with more sexual power, so if you have sex, you can have sex again and again, as much as you want. You will not run out of energy." she explained to him.

"Wow! Gabriela will like that." he said. "And, like, there were nineteen more of you girls, too."

Michelle started to explain. "Master, let me tell you a cute story, and you will understand. Once upon a time, there was a hotel, with an infinite number of rooms, all of which were reserved. A visitor walked in from the boardwalk and had no reservation, so the clerk was about to disappoint him and turn him away. The manager said 'Wait. Just add the number one to every room reservation.' So the guest for room one got room two, the guest for room two got room three, and so on, all the way up the number line. Now, room number one was vacant, so the guest got to reserve it. As the afternoon wore on, various finite numbers of guests arrived, without reservations, so the clerk just kept adding the number of guests to everybody's room number. A billion people arrived, so he added one billion to everybody's room number, thereby freeing the first one billion rooms. Then an infinite number of guests arrived, without reservations. He couldn't figure out what to do, so he asked the manager. 'Double everybody's room number.' the manager said. So room one got room two, room two got room four, room three got room six, room four got room eight, all the way up the number line. Now, all the odd-numbered rooms were vacant, and so he rented them out to the infinite number of guests."

Billy puzzled over this for a moment. Michelle continued, "You see, Master, you have been spared death. You have an infinite amount of time to share with us. And we angel girls can skip time if we wish. So, whenever you want to spend time with Gabriela, you can. The time she cannot spend with you, she can skip as much of that as she wants. She loses nothing, because she always has eternity ahead of her. The same with the others. It is not as if they have to wait much time."

"Well, what if she decides to skip a day, and I want her to be with me during that day? How will she know how much time to skip?" he asked.

"I suppose I could explain that to you, Master, but I fear you may not be ready for that yet." Michelle said.

"I am kind of curious. Tell me, if you can do so without inflicting emotional harm on me." he asked.

"Very well, then. You see, Master, we angels serve as messengers. We can travel from Heaven to Earth or to any other planet and to any time. But there is one place where we can meet, independently of time. So, to skip time, Gabriela can go there. You tell me, or any other angel, that you want Gabriela back. I can go to the meeting place, and tell Gabriela the time and place where you are waiting for her. Then, as soon as I turn around, another angel girl will be telling me the time and place where you are waiting for me." she said.

"In the mean time, is she seeing other men?" he wondered.

"Oh, not at all. She does not want to, because she can spend as much time as she wants with you. She will seek another man someday, when you two break up." Michelle said.

"Break up? I don't want her and me to break up!" Billy gasped.

"Master," she said, holding his hand. "Consider this. Do you know what ten, raised to the power of one hundred is?"

"That's called a googol. That's an incredibly large number." he replied.

"And, ten raised to the power of a googol?" she asked.

"A googolplex. There's like, not enough space to write the number out in the observable universe." he stated.

"Just to boggle your mind for a moment, imagine a googolplex raised to the power of a googolplex, and that raised to the power of a googolplex, and so on, a googolplex times. Let us coin a name for that number and call it a *googoltrog*. Now, a *googoltrog*, raised to the power of a *googoltrog*, a *googoltrog* times, let us call that a *googolblit*." she said.

"That's the year the Chicago Cubs win the World Series?" Billy joked. Michelle laughed.

"That's a very long, long time. Yet it is, literally, an infinitesimally small part of eternity. So do not fear that the day may come, when Gabriela and you break up, as you will have plenty of time together first." she assured him.

Michelle continued, "Furthermore, you have a large

number of admirers. When word gets out that you treat us kindly, I'm certain you will have many, many more. You enjoyed watching our cheerleading performance. Well, that was only a small number of us. You should never run out of angel girls."

"Let me show you to the serve room." Michelle said.

"Gabriela showed me the serve room when she gave me a tour of the house. She did not explain this, though." Billy said.

Michelle smiled and told him, "Well, Master, the serve room is especially appointed for girls to serve you. There is the elegant waterbed with satin sheets. In this corner is the mirror square. Note that the south wall and the west wall have mirrors running from the floor to the ceiling, precisely one and one-half meters wide, and meeting in the corner. The bases of these mirrors are two sides of the square, and have three of its corners. You stand in the fourth corner, away from the walls. The girl stands in the center of the square and you can see her and two reflections of her. You may instruct her to pose or strip as suits your pleasure."

"You are beautiful." Billy said.

"Thank you. I wish you could know how much that means to me." Michelle answered. Then she continued. "Here is the shower and here is the luxurious bathtub. Here is a refrigerator stocked with various drinks."

"There are three kinds of girls you may enjoy to your heart's content." Michelle told Billy. "We angel girls will be here because we have a crush on you, and we are willing to serve you as you wish. We love it. There are prisoner girls, who are Earth girls who have been condemned to eternal punishment. These will be brought to the Torture House. Their punishment is your reward, and you have the unlimited privilege to molest and rape them as you wish. The Torture House is also the only place on the island where male guests will be found. It intensifies a prisoner girl's anguish to get gang-raped, you see, and sometimes up to five men will be gathered in a torture house."

"What kind of terrible sin could a girl commit to be sentenced to such a gruesome fate?" Billy gasped.

"Ours is not to reason why." Michelle said.

Billy's eyes popped open, and his jaw dropped. "What? Ours is not to reason why?" Then it occurred to him. "Oh, that's right! These are not the statutes and orders of men, who are imperfect at their best, and much worse at times, because of perfidity. Earthly governors, judges and magistrates need to be kept in check by people who have

minds of their own, and who can think for themselves. But such is not the case here. We who have been endowed with limited intelligence cannot deny the correctness of a ruling that, by definition, is correct."

"Precisely. Let me tell you, you may have male visitors in the Torture House, just to sit and chat and drink with the guys. An angel girl can bring you drinks and fetch you a prisoner girl if you wish. I will be happy to be your waitress, but I will be dressed, shall we say, a little more conservatively if you have company." Michelle told him.

"Well, yes, I enjoy you greatly, but I wouldn't want to share you." Billy assured her.

"Prisoner girls never get a rest. As soon as the men are finished with her, she is taken away. She has about enough time to dress herself again and she is thrust into another torture house somewhere else. It is continuous, day and night. She gets no sleep." Michelle said. Billy took a deep breath at the gruesome thought.

Michelle went on, "The other kind of girl will be the servant girl. These are Earth girls who have fallen short of Heaven. They are also your reward. They are first taken to a planet very much like this island, where they have everything they need. There is no crime and no disease, but they cannot be promoted to Heaven unless they agree to be a slave first. Unlike prisoner girls, the servant girls do not get transferred from man to man. They are one man's slave. They would not be found at the Torture House, but would be delivered to you here at your house, or wherever on the island you like. You can have one brought to this serve room. You may have as many of them as you wish. They are required to do everything you say."

"Right now, I just want you, Michelle. You..." Billy said, his voice trembling, "...take...my...breath...away." He looked into her brown eyes and put his hands on her shoulders. Then he drew her closer and kissed her. She took off her cheerleader uniform and stood in the center of the mirror square for him to admire. Billy stepped up to her and kissed her again. Then he removed her bra and dropped it on the floor. He ran his hands down her body to her waist, and pulled down her panties to her ankles. She stepped out. Billy stood up and unfastened her bra.

"Wait a second. Am I losing my mind? Didn't I just remove your bra?" he wondered.

"Yes, you did. You seemed to enjoy it. Go ahead, remove it." Michelle replied.

Billy unfastened the bra and gently slid it over her

shoulders, and down her arms. Then he got down and pulled her panties, to her ankles. Michelle stepped out.

"You seem to enjoy stripping off my lingerie."
Michelle said. "As soon as you strip off my bra, and look away, another materializes. Strip off my panties, another pair materializes. You cannot be watching, because it would be too much for your mind. But I am happy for you, happy that I can make you happy. Go ahead and strip me as long as you want. Just let me know when you want it to stop."

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CHAPTER SEVEN: STEPHANIE

Billy was watching the New Hampshire news. It seems more and more people were fighting back against the government. Cops were getting killed in random attacks that varied in scope and in *modus operandi*.

In Manchester, when one cop got gunned down, the area was immediately flooded with cops, but two other local residents joined the battle. One used his gun. Another used his pick-up truck, running over cops that were on foot. Then he engaged a patrol car unit in a head-on crash, emerging to confiscate their guns.

The cops thought they had won the battle when they shot and killed a man who was firing on them. They didn't know that other people joined the battle.

In Concord, members of the state legislature arrived to find a number of slain cops dumped on the steps of the State House, with notes stapled to their shirts. One said, "We're gonna keep slaughtering cops until you call off the War on Drugs and release all the prisoners of war."

Another note read, "Vote wrong, cops die. Don't like it? Don't do it."

Michelle walked in and spoke to him. "Master, this is Stephanie. She is your servant girl." Billy looked at her and his eyes lit up. She was gorgeous, with baby blue eyes and curly blonde hair, and she was all smiles.

"Have a seat." he said. "Speak to me." Michelle left the room.

"My name is Stephanie. I am from Texas. I am here because I did a bad thing, and was unable to get promoted to Heaven." she said.

"Don't mind my asking, but what happened?" Billy asked.

"Well, I wasn't really a bad girl. I went to church, and sang in the parish choir. I was a cheerleader for the high school football team. I was at a party. I let my boyfriend give me a ride home when I knew he had too much to drink. I knew it was wrong, because he would never have gotten into his car and driven it toward my house if I hadn't gotten in. And it wasn't just our own lives he was endangering, but the lives of other people. When somebody offers to commit a crime for you, a crime that endangers

the lives of innocent people, you must not accept the offer. Legally, I had done nothing wrong, but morally I did." Stephanie told him. "As luck would have it, he crashed into a tree. I was killed instantly, and he died a few hours later."

"I see." Billy said.

Stephanie said, "Here is my promotion card. Your signature on this card gets me promoted to Heaven immediately. I am your slave until you wish to sign it."

Billy accepted the card and read it. Then he said, "Let me show you to the guest room. That is where you will be staying." He showed her the modest sleeping quarters that would be her new home.

"Now let me show you the serve room." he said, leading her.

They entered the room and Stephanie looked around. There was a long pause of silence, which she broke. "So, Master, I guess I am your slave from now on. What will you have me do?" she wondered.

"Stand in the mirror square." he pointed.

She walked over and stood there. "What now?"

"Just stand there and look pretty." he replied. He stood and feasted his eyes on her.

Stephanie felt uncomfortable and asked, "What?"

"You know, Stephanie, if I were to have met you on a bus in Texas, I couldn't just spend the whole time looking at you. You would catch me and make eye contact, and try to chase me away with your facial expression. But here, I am your master, and you are my slave. I own you. So I don't have to stop looking at you. I can just feast my eyes on you." he observed.

An uncomfortable silence made her nervous. Several minutes passed, and Billy spoke. "Stephanie, take off your sweater." She unbuttoned it and slid it over her shoulders, and down her arms. "Hang it on that rack across the room." he instructed her.

"This is nice." Billy said. I like spending time just looking at you and watching you walk across the room.

Her sleeveless blouse revealed her shoulders. Her face turned red.

"Stephanie, go get your sweater and bring it here." he instructed. He was speaking softly, louder than a whisper, and slowly.

He watched her walk across the room to the clothes rack and get the sweater. "Put it back on, Stephanie." he instructed. She took a sigh of relief and put the sweater back on. Billy feasted his eyes on her.

"Take the sweater off again." he instructed.

"Well, actually, I really don't feel comfortable. If you don't mind, I'd really prefer to leave it on." she said, with her voice trembling.

"Take the sweater off, Stephanie. I am your master. You are my slave. You must do as I say."

Stephanie removed the sweater. "Walk across the room and hang it up." Billy instructed.

Billy watched Stephanie walk across the room and hang up the sweater. "Now come back and stand in the mirror square." he told her.

Billy feasted his eyes on her again. He looked at her and at both reflections of her in the mirrors.

"This is humiliating." Stephanie protested.

"If you think it's humiliating to take off your sweater, Stephanie," Billy replied, "imagine taking off your bra."

Stephanie's eyes popped. "You're gonna make me take off my bra?" she gasped in horror.

"I was thinking about it." Billy admitted. "Would that be a problem?"

"Well, of course! Do you think I *want* to get molested?" Stephanie replied. "And don't you think you're a little old for me?"

Billy feasted his eyes on her for a few minutes while he considered his options. "Stephanie, you'll have to return to the guest room for now." he followed her. She sat down on her bed.

Billy stood as he spoke to her. "I need some time to resolve my conflicting desires. You are a very good girl. You are so pretty and so precious, so young, so sweet. I strongly desire not to hurt you, but what I strongly desire to do, would hurt you."

Billy left the room. Michelle was waiting in the living room. "You have company in the Torture House." she said. They left the house and went to the Torture House. A man was sitting at the table.

"Billy! Pleased to meet you." he said. He was shorter than an average man, and had a noticeable smaller head, without a forehead.

"So, what's up?" Billy asked.

"My name is Joe Neandertal."

Billy smiled. "You're a neanderthal?"

"Yes, I am. Actually, the name comes from the German word for the Neander Valley. The name, *neanderthal* is archaic in German nowadays, so they say, *neandertal*. I am of the same species as you, *Homo sapiens*, but modern humans

like you are the subspecies, *Homo sapiens sapiens* while I am of the subspecies, *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*."

"Cool! You a cave man?" Billy asked.

"Yes, some years I lived in a cave." Joe said.

Michelle stood by, "Can I get you gentlemen anything to drink?" she asked.

"Two mugs of cold beer, please." Billy replied.

"So, what's up?" Billy asked Joe.

"Let me explain something here, Billy. In my day, I kept trying to get sex from the neandertal girls, but they kept rejecting me. Some of the other guys would grab the girls and rape them. Now if I'm too nice a guy to do that, and my next-cave neighbor is a rapist, whose baby is the girl going to have?" he asked.

Billy guessed, "Well, the rapist's baby, I guess."

"Right. Now we know that some behavioral characteristics can be inherited. Look at the maternal instinct to protect the young. That's been going on in mammals for millions of years. The better the mother is at protecting her young, the more likely the young are to live long enough to have offspring, who will carry on that trait."

"Yes. That makes sense." Billy agreed.

"Now, the problem was, these guys were raping the girls, and they were making baby boys who would grow up and, like father, like son, would rape girls. If us nice guys had to rely on our charm, we couldn't make baby boys who would rely on our charm, because we didn't get any sex." Joe explained.

"So, soon the population was overrun with rapists." Billy guessed.

"Not just that, but it showed in the girls. Big, muscular girls could defend themselves, so they only made a baby if they wanted to. Smaller girls couldn't defend themselves, and they got raped, passing the trait on to their daughters. They made baby boys who grew up to be rapists, like father, like son; and they made baby girls who were too weak and small to defend themselves, like mother, like daughter. The defining limit was when they were too small to endure childbirth." Joe told him.

"And big muscular guys," Billy hypothesized, "were more successful in raping girls, so the offspring would acquire the trait of being big and muscular."

"Exactly. However, I started a new trend. I rescued a damsel in distress, and she was so ungrateful, she wouldn't even have sex with me." Joe recalled.

"Imagine that!" Billy laughed.

"I said, 'Well, see if I ever rescue her again!' I started explaining to the girls in the village that if they'd show a little gratitude, they can get rescued. So this started a trend. Even the geeky and nerdy guys could get some, because girls would publicly promise they'd give it to any guy who rescues them from a rapist. Well, it may not be much fun to give it to a guy she doesn't even like, but at least we'd be patient and gentle with her. Not only that, but they'd be grateful and affectionate. That turned us on. We got some action for a while, but it didn't last long."

"Why not? What happened?" Billy wondered.

Joe explained, "Rapes became less and less frequent as we nerds and geeks eliminated the rapists. I invented a bronze knife, and that was useful for stabbing the guy in the back. That was good for one shot. She'd give it to me once. Then rape took on a whole new style, with all the guys in the village going to attack the next village, and they'd rape all the girls there after killing the guys that were defending them. Guys who were too nice to rape the other village's girls did not make baby boys with that trait."

"So, you see, Billy, you have inherited conflicting instincts. You inherited the traits of the rapist neandertals, and also the traits of the rescuer neandertals." Joe told him.

"Hey, now, are you implying that I inherited an instinct to rape girls?" Billy asked with resentment.

"Billy, remember when you lived in California, and you got a blind date through a personal ad?" Joe asked.

"Yes, I remember that." Billy replied.

Joe continued, "By the way, I must admit, that was clever, to communicate to her the title of the book you'd be reading in the coffee shop. To everybody else, you were just another patron reading a book, but the precise title assured her that the reader holding the book was you. Anyway, you saw her, and she was small and petite. That told your neandertal instincts she was pretty. Small and petite is pretty, because she is easy to rape. Then you sat down and started chatting. When she told you she was a karate instructor, your heart skipped a beat."

"You ain't kidding! I was shocked." Billy agreed.

Joe explained, "That's partly because she can defend herself. You would never have raped her anyway, but your neandertal instinct was triggered. It's also partly because her pretty little eyes weren't saying 'Thank you for rescuing me, you hero. How can I repay you? Your cave or

mine?' "

"You're right!" Billy realized.

"This neandertal instinct is also present in women. Women who fought back would either defend themselves successfully, and not make a baby with that trait, or they'd get killed, and not make a baby with that trait. Either way, they didn't make a baby girl with the predisposition to fight back. So, while evolution is usually the survival of the fittest, in the case of rape, it's the survival of the rape victims. That's why some girls don't want to carry guns. Their neandertal instinct says they don't want to hurt the poor, defenseless man who is only trying to rape her. But oh, boy do they fight back if their children are in danger." Joe pointed out.

"But, like, getting raped is one gruesome ordeal, isn't it?" Billy said.

Joe explained, "Evolution doesn't take that into account. Evolution only takes into account the making of babies. Death in childbirth is acceptable in evolution as long as the rate is low enough to continue the species. The pain of childbirth does not enter into the equation because it does not affect the rate of survival.

"Now, some girls would cry, and beg for mercy. If you're a neandertal guy and you get manipulated by that, you don't hurt the girl. You also don't make a baby boy who is manipulated by that. If you're a neandertal guy who enjoys the girl's helpless pleas, and proceeds to rape her, you might make a baby boy who enjoys those helpless cries, and is predisposed to rape the girl. Like father, like son. Girls who relied on crying and begging, got raped, and made baby girls who relied on crying and begging. So that's why you want to rape Stephanie. You have the genetic instinct that says, it would be lots of fun to rape her. You hesitate, because you have a strong sense of right and wrong. But let me remind you that the decision has been made to give Stephanie to you to molest and rape to your heart's content, as your reward, and logic should tell you, that that decision cannot possibly be wrong. As it says in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, in chapter eleven, verse thirty-three,..."

Billy interrupted, "Hold it! I have a Bible with me!"

Billy found the page and read silently as Joe recited, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

"You're right. The infallible judgment has been made, that she is to be my slave." Billy agreed. "And, by

definition, an infallible decision is correct. You know, she is a good girl, and all. I think that maybe I'll spend some time enjoying her helpless, pretty ass, and enough time will pass for the muscles in her body to be relaxed. That way, rape won't be painful to her, at least not physically."

"That's one way." Joe agreed. "In some ways, the ordeal won't be as bad as if she were still on Earth. If a girl on Earth gets raped, even in her own home, sometimes she feels guilty about having sex with a man, and thinks it's partly her own fault for leaving the windows open on a hot, summer day. She provided a man with somebody to rape, by her perceived negligence. She might even think she has sinned, and feel guilty about that. Stephanie knows that she's not sinning, because she has been instructed to obey you, by an infallible order. Another issue is that she won't have to face a family that knows she has been raped. That can be humiliating, to have to remain in a family or village where everybody knows. In some societies, nobody will want to marry a girl who has been raped. Another issue is the fear of catching some transmissible disease. Stephanie knows there is no disease here."

"All she did was accept a ride with a drunk driver, though." Billy said.

"The decision has been made to give her to you as your reward." Joe pointed out, then continued, "As time goes on, you will be given plenty more servant girls. Some of these died as older women, but have been rejuvenated in their new life."

"How's that? How did they become young again?" Billy asked.

"Well, the Mormons come closest to describing the process correctly, in the Book of Alma, in the fortieth chapter, in the twenty-third verse, where it says, 'The soul shall be restored to the body, and the body to the soul; yea, and every limb and joint shall be restored to its body; yea, even a hair of the head shall not be lost; but all things shall be restored to their proper and perfect frame.' In the resurrection, these girls were restored to their bodies as they were when they were young, and defects in their bodies were eliminated. Some girls will be in their twenties, others teenagers. Some may look kind of young for you, but don't worry. The infallible decision has been made to award them to you to molest and rape to your heart's content, for your enjoyment." Joe assured him.

Joe mentioned, "Remember, Stephanie, and many of your

future servant girls, will be spared some of the ordeal of being raped, such as the fear of getting a disease, the feeling of guilt, the shame of facing a family that knows. However, she will still feel extreme humiliation and anguish, and she will feel degraded. That is to be expected. When you strip her naked and violate her, she feels naked and then violated."

Billy said, "What bothers me is, like, why does Stephanie feel that way? I mean, she'll want to close the door when she showers, so I won't enjoy watching. I could see if there was some risk of offending me, but there isn't."

"Well," Joe explained, "that all started before my time, in the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve were naked, and they didn't feel that way. The third chapter of the Book of Genesis explains it, in verse seven, where it says,"

Billy interrupted, "Hold it, I have my copy in my pocket."

Billy read while Joe recited from memory, "And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons."

Joe explained, "That's when Adam and Eve said, like, 'Eek! We're naked.' That didn't apply to angel girls, so they do not hesitate to serve you. Angel girls also don't feel squeamish about performing oral sex for you, the way Earth girls would."

"Cool! How come Earth girls are inhibited that way?" Billy wondered.

"Well, during my day, there was an island, the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean Sea, where the girls positively did not mind performing oral sex. It was great." Joe answered.

"Then what?" Billy wondered.

"They all died out." Joe answered.

"Venereal disease?" Billy hypothesized.

"No. You just don't make a baby that way. The guys loved it, but then the population just died out. There were other societies where the girls were promiscuous that way. The guys preferred it, so they did that instead of making babies, and they didn't keep their birth rates up, while competing villages increased, and were able to raise larger armies." Joe explained.

"The survival of the most squeamish!" Billy observed. "This has been kind of like, you know, a father and son facts of life talk."

"Just a number of generations apart. Billy, I'll have

you know, I'm your seven thousand four hundred twenty-third great grandfather." Joe said.

"Awesome!" Billy lit up. "I've got a great-great-great whatever grandfather who's a caveman! Cool!" He looked at the empty beer mugs. "Care for another beer, great-great-great whatever Grandad?"

"I'd love one, Billy." Joe replied.

"Michelle." Billy called. "Could we get a couple more beers, please? Thanks." Then he looked at Joe. "Care to rape a prisoner girl?"

"That would be nice." Joe said.

Michelle brought the beers.

"And, could you bring us a prisoner girl, too?" Billy said.

"At your service." she replied.

Michelle returned, escorting a young, barefoot teenage girl who had dripping wet hair and was wearing a bath towel around herself.

"Since this is Billy's first time with a prisoner girl, I brought a new one. This is her first encounter as well." Michelle explained.

Joe and Billy looked at her and grinned. They smiled to convey their intentions.

"No, please don't!" she cried. "No, please don't!"

Michelle explained to Billy, "Here is a baseball bat. You may beat her mercilessly if she disobeys you. You may beat her mercilessly if she shows you any disrespect. You may beat her mercilessly just for fun if you want." The girl trembled as Michelle spoke. "Here is the hot torture iron. You may apply it to her flesh and burn her if she disobeys you. You may apply it to her flesh and burn her if she shows you any disrespect. You may apply it to her flesh and burn her just for fun if you wish. You may also apply excruciating electric shock by pushing this button. The amount of the shock can be set by this dial. Billy is Master here, so he alone decides, but he may delegate the privilege to his guest if he so chooses. I will leave you two gentlemen alone while you enjoy. Let me know when you are done, and I will escort her away."

"No, please don't!" the girl cried. They both smiled at her.

"Take off your towel." Billy said.

"I can't! I'm not wearing anything underneath!" she replied, figuring it was worth a try at least.

"I know. We want to see you naked. Take off the towel so we can see you naked." Billy replied.

The girl had heard all that Michelle had said about

the baseball bat and the hot iron. She cried as she slowly loosened the towel.

"More." Billy ordered. "We want to see you naked. Take off the towel so we can see you naked. We want to rape you."

"No, please don't!" she cried, even as she complied.

"That's right, now stand up on the stool so we can feast our eyes on you. Turn around." The girl complied again.

"You know what? You're naked and I get to put my hands on your breasts." Billy taunted. "And I get to leave my hands there for as long as I want, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"Please stop!" she begged.

"But I like to see you naked. And I get to put my hands on your ass and fondle you as much as I want. There's nothing you can do about it. You have no rights." Billy taunted. "Joe likes to see you naked, too. Joe, would you like to fondle her ass?"

Joe joined in. They spent half an hour taunting and fondling her. Billy told her to lie down on the table, and then he applied the chain around her neck and locked it. As she lay on the table, Billy looked into her eyes while he raped her. "You're naked, and I get to rape you." he kept telling her. "I get to run my hands all over your beautiful, naked body."

He locked his gaze on her face as she turned bright red and cried. When he finished raping her, he backed away and sat down to drink beer while Joe had his turn.

"Michelle, we're all done now." Billy said.

"Very well, then, I will take her away. In a few minutes, she will be in another torture house. It will be like this for her, all day, every day, for eternity. She will get no rest and have no rights."

"Well, that was fun." Billy told Joe.

"That's your reward." Joe replied. "Servant girls don't have it as bad as prisoner girls. They only get raped by one guy during their slavery. They also get some rest in between episodes. Furthermore, eventually the master signs her promotion card."

"How long does that usually take?" Billy wondered.

"There's no telling. That's the one thing that does not get discussed, because it is totally up to you, and you shouldn't be swayed by any outside influences." Joe said.

"By the way, raping prisoner girls is inflicting punishment to which they have been sentenced. When you perform this service, as you and I just did, it counts

toward your promotion." Joe said.

"Promotion?" Billy wondered.

"Yes. Right now you are master of an island on Earth. However, you can be promoted to be master of an Earth-like planet. Usually, people don't get any reward until they die, and they go all the way to Heaven, but you get some reward while you earn your way up." Joe said.

"Why is that?" Billy wondered.

"Well, there are some big plans for you, and you have to be on Earth to complete them. You started a rebellion in the United States of America, and more and more people are deciding, enough is enough. If liberty cannot prevail with ballots, then liberty must prevail with bullets. But there is still more to do. You will need to return to your land, and lead the enlightened on in rebellion against the enemies of liberty, depriving the enemies of liberty of their police forces." Joe told him.

"I will have the courage to do so, because I have faith, this because I have seen, shall we say, great works. I was scared going back to New Hampshire to go on TV, and I will be scared again, but I will have courage." Billy declared.

"The news media is covering the rebellion because it is interesting. Challenging the discrepancy between the actual language of the State constitution and the judicial misinterpretations, does not exactly keep the couch potatoes fascinated, so they would tune out. That's why the news media do not cover that. They make it sound like people are crazy idiots for disagreeing with the court rulings." Joe pointed out.

"Well, the State constitution is not exactly infallible, either. Slavery was not unconstitutional, either under the State constitutions or the United States Constitution, when it existed in the South. But slavery was wrong, because the slaves were human beings, and were endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." Billy said. "The Abolitionists did not accept slavery. Likewise, nowadays, our side will not accept any doctrine, instruction, ruling, order, regulation, ordinance, statute, treaty or constitution to the extent that the same is inconsistent with liberty and justice for all." Billy said.

"Even the Bible." Joe mentioned. "The Bible says to obey the king. All that was rejected in the Declaration of Independence, which postulates that all men are created equal." He paused and continued, "I am sure you will do well, and it has been a pleasure talking with you, Billy. You are a wise and good man. Serve with courage, and enjoy

your reward.”

Joe got up and shook hands with Billy, then walked away. Michelle escorted Joe out of the room.

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CHAPTER EIGHT: STEPHANIE, AGAIN

Stephanie was sitting on the bed in her room, waiting. Billy walked in and said, "Stephanie, follow me."

"Yes, Master." she sighed as she stood up and followed him to the serve room.

Billy looked into Stephanie's eyes and said, "Stephanie, you are my slave. I am your master. You agreed to a deal whereby you gave up all of your rights. Furthermore, my reward is to enjoy you. You are beautiful."

Stephanie couldn't speak.

Billy spoke slowly in a calm, low voice. "Stephanie," he said, "stand in the center of the mirror square, so that I may feast my eyes on you."

Stephanie knew she had to comply.

"Stephanie, take off your sweater." Billy said.

Again, Stephanie knew it was mandatory.

"Stephanie, go hang up your sweater on the rack in the opposite corner of the room." Billy said, then watched the wiggle in her ass while she walked over there and hung the sweater on a hook on the vertical wooden pole. "Now return to the center of the mirror square." Billy instructed her.

Stephanie had no choice. "You know, this is quite a reward I have been given." Billy noted. "Stephanie, go get your sweater." He watched her ass wiggle as she walked over and retrieved the sweater. "Return to the center of the mirror square." he instructed her. "Now put the sweater back on."

Billy feasted his eyes on her for a few minutes, then said, "Stephanie, take off your sweater again, and go hang it up. That's right." He fixed his gaze on her the whole time. "Return." he said.

"Stephanie, untuck your blouse from your skirt. That's right, let your blouse hang down. That is very pretty. I enjoy feasting my eyes on you, Stephanie. Now unbutton your blouse. That's right, Stephanie. Oh, Stephanie, you are so beautiful." Billy took a few minutes to gaze at her, then continued. "Stephanie, open up your blouse. That's right, more...more...more. That's good. I am very happy to have a slave as beautiful as you are. Stephanie, slide the blouse over your left shoulder and down your left arm. That's right, Stephanie." Again, Billy feasted his eyes on her. The cold, silent pause was broken when he continued, "Stephanie, slide the blouse over your right shoulder now. That's right. I like that bra, by the way. Stephanie, go hang up your blouse."

Stephanie walked across the room as Billy watched. "Now return." he commanded. "You know, I enjoy seeing your reflections in the mirrors, too. It intensifies the pleasure. Stephanie, go get your blouse." he commanded. "Return. Put your blouse back on." He smiled. "Button it back up again, Stephanie, and tuck it back into your skirt." he said.

Stephanie had just finished tucking in her blouse when Billy commanded, "Stephanie, unbutton your blouse. That's right, and untuck it from your skirt. Stephanie, open your blouse. That's right. More." He paused a few minutes to feast his eyes. "Now slide your blouse over your left shoulder and down your left arm. That's right, Stephanie. Now slide it down off your right shoulder, and down your right arm." He stopped again. Stephanie blushed when she saw him staring at her. "Now go hang up your blouse again, Stephanie." he said, watching the wiggle. "And return."

For a few more minutes, Stephanie stood in the center of the mirror square as Billy enjoyed looking at her and her reflections in the mirrors. Her face turned red again. "Stephanie, unhook the back of your bra." He commanded her.

Stephanie was in tears as she reached behind her back and unhooked the hooks. "Master," she said, "how far are you going to make me go?"

"We'll see, Stephanie." he answered. He viewed her as she stood. "Turn around, Stephanie, I want to see some different angles. That's right, Stephanie. You sure are pretty. Now turn and face me. That's right. Now slide the bra strap over your left shoulder. That's right. And down

your left arm." Stephanie used her right hand to hold the bra cup as she complied. After a few minutes of the sight, Billy continued, "Now, Stephanie, slide the bra strap over your right shoulder, and down your right arm."

Again, Billy spend a few minutes feasting his eyes on the sight of Stephanie using her hands to hold her bra to her chest. "Stephanie, I want to see you from another angle. Turn around, Stephanie, so I can see you and your reflections from different angles. That's right. Now turn around again, Stephanie. Again. I really like feasting my eyes on your beautiful body." he said.

Stephanie turned to face Billy, tears in her eyes. She knew what was next. "Stephanie, you hold your bra to your chest so I won't see your breasts. I want to see your breasts. Stephanie, lower your left arm to your side. That's right." She used her right hand to hold up both cups.

"Oh, no!" Stephanie said, tears rolling down her face.

"Now, Stephanie, I want to see your bare breasts. Stephanie, grasp your bra in your right hand and lower your right hand to your right side, so I can see your bare breasts." Stephanie trembled as she complied.

Billy enjoyed looking at Stephanie for a minute, and then commanded, "Stephanie, go hang up your bra." He watched again as she walked. "Now return." he said.

"This is very nice, Stephanie. Turn a little more to your left, so I can enjoy the different angles. Turn all the way around. Yes, now go get your bra, and return."

Stephanie walked back to the rack, took her bra in her left hand, and returned to the center of the mirror square. Billy stared as she held the bra in her hand. "Put your bra back on." He said.

Stephanie struggled to reach behind her back to hook the hooks.

"This is very pretty, too, Stephanie. I like seeing your bare breasts, but I also like to watch you remove your bra. Stephanie, remove your bra again." Billy said. She took a deep breath as she obeyed him. "That's nice, Stephanie. Now go hang it up again. That's right, now return."

"Stephanie, take off your shoes." Billy commanded. They were bright red high heels. She bent down and removed them. "That's right. Now go hang them up, and return. That's right. This is pretty. Now go get your shoes and bring them back. Oh, this is precious. So sweet, so young, so innocent. Put your shoes back on. That's right. I like watching you dress and undress, Stephanie. This is my

reward. This is wonderful! Now stand up, and turn around, that's right, now take your shoes off again. Yes, that is nice. Now hang them up. That's right, now return. Stand in the mirror square. Face me, and remove your panty hose. That's right. Both legs. This is good. Yes, now go hang them up. Ah, yes." Stephanie blushed again and took a deep breath.

"Now go get your panty hose, and put them back on. I want to watch that." Billy commanded. That's right. I like to watch you. Turn around slowly so I can feast my eyes on you. Again. Ooh, that's nice. Again. Very good. Now take off your panty hose, Stephanie, I want to watch that. This turns me on. Now go hang up your panty hose again, and return. You're topless and barefoot, Stephanie. Lift up your skirt so I can see what you have on underneath. Higher. That's right. White panties. You have only your skirt and your panties on." Again, Billy paused a few minutes to stare at her. "You know, Stephanie, I get to look at you and feast my eyes on you for as long as I want. Turn around, Stephanie, and face the corner. Yes, that's right, Stephanie. You're topless and barefoot, but I want to see even more of you. I want to see you in just your pretty white panties. Stephanie, unzip your skirt. That's right, Stephanie. Now let it drop on the floor. Yes, that is s-o-o pretty." Stephanie blushed again.

"Now go hang up your skirt, Stephanie, on the rack, and return. You look very pretty in just your panties. You don't like this, because I get to see you in just your panties. But I like it, for the same reason. Yes, now stand in the mirror square and turn around slowly, three times. That's nice. You know, Stephanie, you're almost naked!" Billy said.

Again, Stephanie blushed.

"Now, Stephanie, go get your skirt, and put it back on. I want to watch that. I like watching the wiggle in your ass when you walk. And I don't have to take my eyes off of you. Yes, that's right, put the skirt back on. Yes, now turn around. Face the corner. Yes, now face me. Bend over and let me watch your bare breasts hang down." Billy said. Stephanie braced herself by placing her hands on her legs as she bent over. "Excellent. I just want to watch your breasts dangle. Oh, you're so beautiful." Stephanie began trembling.

Billy continued, "Now, Stephanie, unzip your skirt again, and let it drop on the floor. Yes, you really look pretty, especially when you blush like that. Now step out of your skirt, and pick it up. You're almost naked,

Stephanie! Yes, and oh, so pretty! Go hang up your skirt again, Stephanie. I like watching you walk around when you're almost naked. I enjoy feasting my eyes on you. Now return to the center of the mirror square. Stand up tall, and turn around slowly. Yes. Again. I enjoy seeing you and two reflections of you moving at the same time. Turn around again. Yes. Now turn around the other way. You know, Stephanie, this is all very beautiful, but there's just one thing. You're still wearing your panties."

"Oh, no!" Stephanie gasped. "Oh, no!"

Billy said, "Oh, yes, Stephanie! It is all very nice to see you in your panties, but you're not naked. I want to see you naked, Stephanie. Totally, and completely naked. Don't worry, Stephanie. You're a cheerleader. A cheerleader is supposed to be pretty. And you are pretty. And I want to feast my eyes on your naked body. Yes, Stephanie, take your left thumb and insert it into the left side of your panties."

Stephanie put her left thumb into her panties and looked up at Billy.

Billy instructed Stephanie, "Now move it down a little...more...more. That's good. Now the right thumb. Insert it between your panties and you. That's right, now move down. Yes! This is pretty. You know, Stephanie, you don't want to take off your panties, because you don't want me to see you naked. But I do want to see you naked. I am your master, and you are my slave, Stephanie. So, I get what I want, and you don't get what you want, unless it's the same thing as what I want. Turn around and face the corner."

Her panties were halfway down her ass. Billy glanced at her reflections and then at her. He spent a few minutes enjoying the view. Then he said, "Now turn and face me, Stephanie. You know, your panties are down just low enough, that I can just start to see your bush." Again, Stephanie's face turned bright red. "Stephanie, pull your panties down just a little bit more." He paused for a few minutes to look at her. "Now pull down your panties and let them drop. Oh, yes! Step out, Stephanie. Oh, you're s-o-o pretty when you're naked. Go hang up your panties, Stephanie, I want to watch you walk around naked. That's right. Now return. Stand in the center of the mirror square, Stephanie. That's right. Stand up straight and tall. Turn around, slowly. You know, I get to look at you naked for as long as I want, Stephanie."

Billy paused for a few moments to stare, then continued, "Now, Stephanie, go get your panties and return. That's right. Stand in the center of the mirror square,

naked. I can see you and two reflections of you. This is truly a reward. Now put your panties back on. That's right. Now I get to see you in just your panties. You're very pretty in just your panties. Turn around again, two times. That's nice. Face me, Stephanie. Bend over, so I can see your breasts dangle. That's nice. Now I want to see you naked again. Take off your panties, Stephanie. That's right. Let them drop on the floor, and step out. Yes. You're naked again. Go hang up your panties again. And return to the mirror square. I want to look at you naked, Stephanie. That's right. Bend over so I can see your breasts dangle. Look at me, Stephanie. I get to look at you for as long as I want. Turn around slowly, Stephanie. That's good. Now turn around the other way."

Billy waited a few minutes. "Go get your panties, and put them back on." He instructed.

Stephanie retrieved her panties from the hook on the rack, returned to the mirror square, and put them on.

"By now you've noticed that when you strip, you have to take everything off once, put it back on, and then take it off again." Billy observed. "Well, when you get dressed again, you have to put something on, then take it off, and then put it back on again. I like to see you naked, and I like to see you topless, and I also like to watch you dressing and undressing." Billy told her.

After staring for a minute, Billy continued, "Now you've put your panties back on, but you have to take them off again. Stephanie, pull down your panties and let them drop to your ankles. That's right, Stephanie." She took a deep sigh as her panties remained at her ankles. "Step out, Stephanie. You're naked. Turn around slowly. I like seeing you naked, Stephanie. You're pretty. Now hang up your panties, so I can watch you walk naked over to the rack. That's right. Now return to the mirror square and let me look at you again. I like seeing you naked, Stephanie. I get to look at you as long as I want."

Billy oogled a few minutes and then spoke even more softly and slowly. "The ...girl ...has ...to ...strip ...totally ...naked ...and ...the ...man ...gets ...to ...look ...at ...her. Look, ...she's ...totally ...naked!"

A few minutes later, Billy continued instructing Stephanie. "Stephanie, go get your panties. Return to the center of the mirror square so I can watch you put them on. That's right, Stephanie. I like looking at you in your panties, Stephanie. You're pretty. Turn around in the mirror square, Stephanie. That's right. Now, go get your panty hose, Stephanie. Walk over to the clothes rack and

get your panty hose. I like watching you walk around, Stephanie. You have a nice body. Return to the mirror square and put your panty hose on, so I can watch you. This is a nice reward I get. That's right, put your panty hose on. Now stand there in just your panties and your panty hose, Stephanie. I want to look at you. Stephanie, you're still topless, and I get to see your bare breasts. Stephanie, You look pretty in just your panties and your panty hose. Now, Stephanie, take off your panty hose, and go hang them up. That's right. Now return to the mirror square. Turn around slowly, Stephanie. I like watching this. Stephanie, go get your panty hose, and return to the mirror square. That's right, Stephanie. Oh, I like watching you walk around when you're almost naked. Now put on your panty hose. That's right. Now turn around, slowly. That's right. I like watching your bare breasts as you turn. Now, go get your shoes, Stephanie. That's right. Oh, Stephanie, you are s-o-o beautiful. Stephanie, put your shoes on. Yes, I like watching you get dressed. Yes, now stand up, Stephanie. You look pretty in those shoes, Stephanie. Turn around, slowly."

Stephanie continued complying. "Take your shoes off, Stephanie. That's right. Now go hang them up. Yes. Stand in the center of the mirror square. I get to see your bare breasts, Stephanie. It's okay. That's the privilege I have been given as my reward. You have to do everything I say, and you are my property. I like feasting my eyes on your bare breasts, Stephanie." Again, her face grew red.

Now Billy instructed Stephanie, "Stephanie, go get your shoes, and bring them back. That's right. Put them on again. Yes. Let me feast my eyes on your beautiful, young body. Stephanie, go get your skirt. Yes, that's right. I like watching the wiggle in your ass while you walk. Stand in the center of the mirror square, and put your skirt on, Stephanie. That's right. I enjoy watching you get dressed, Stephanie. Stephanie, now that your skirt is back on, lift up the front of your skirt, and let me see your pretty panties. Yes, that's nice. Now, turn around, Stephanie, and pull up the back of your skirt. I want to see up your skirt. That's right. Now, Stephanie, unzip your skirt. Let it drop on the floor, Stephanie. That's right. Those are nice, pretty panties. Stephanie, go hang up your skirt. You're pretty. I like looking at your bare breasts. Stephanie, turn around slowly in the mirrors. Yes. Do that again, Stephanie. Yes. I can keep doing this as long as I want, Stephanie. Stephanie, go get your skirt. Put it back on in the mirror square. That's right. You're beautiful.

You're dressed from the waist down, Stephanie, but you're still topless. I like to look at your bare breasts, Stephanie. Face me, Stephanie, and bend over so I can see your breasts dangle. That's nice. I can stare at you for as long as I want, Stephanie."

Stephanie was shaking and blushed again. Every so often, Billy's words would fill her with embarrassment.

Billy said, "Stephanie, go get your bra. Bring it to the mirror square. Put it on. That's right. You're still pretty. Now, take off your bra again. That's right. Go hang up your bra again. I am happy to have you as my reward. I get to see your bare breasts. That's right, Stephanie. Turn around in the mirrors, so I can see your bare breasts from different angles. That's right. Now go get your bra again. Bring it back, and put it back on. That's right. Turn around again. Stephanie, you're wearing clothes, but you're still pretty. Stephanie, I don't have to take my eyes off you. Stephanie, go get your blouse, and put it on. That's right. I enjoy watching you get dressed, Stephanie. Tuck your blouse into your skirt. That's right. That's very pretty. Now, remove your blouse. That's right. Unbutton your blouse and remove it. That's right. Now go hang it up, Stephanie. Return to the mirror square. Turn around, while I watch you. That's nice. Now go get your blouse, Stephanie, and put it on in the mirror square. That's right, button it up and tuck it back into your skirt. Now, Stephanie, lift up the front of your skirt so I can see your panties again. That's right."

The last item would be her sweater. "Stephanie," Billy said, "go get your sweater. Now let me feast my eyes on you before you put it on, Stephanie." He stared for a minute. "Stephanie, put your sweater on. That's right. Now turn around in the mirror square. That's right. Now, Stephanie, unbutton your sweater, and take it off. That's right. I get to see more of you without your sweater on. Go hang up your sweater, Stephanie. Return to the mirror square and let me oogle at you. That's right. Now, go get your sweater, Stephanie, and put it on. Yes, that's pretty. A cheerleader is supposed to be pretty. I got a very good reward to get a slave as pretty as you are. Stephanie, have a seat. You're all dressed again."

"I'm sure glad that's over." Stephanie sighed.

"Yes, Stephanie, the first stripping cycle is over." Billy said. Stephanie's eyes popped open and her jaw dropped. She was horrified. "In a stripping cycle," Billy continued, "everything comes off twice, and after I oogle your naked body, everything goes back on twice."

Billy stared into Stephanie's eyes. "You know, Stephanie, I've been in strip joint bars, and I've had to pay money to see the pretty girls get naked. What really bothered me was that I could see them, but I couldn't touch them. When a man puts his hands on a girl, sometimes she enjoys it, and sometimes she dislikes it. What bothered me was that it was so difficult to find a girl who wouldn't mind what she should enjoy. Well, Stephanie, the second stripping cycle will be different."

Stephanie put her head in her hands and started crying. Billy told her, "That's right, Stephanie, a second stripping cycle. You'll notice that, so far, there has been no physical contact between us. I have never touched you. Well, in the second stripping cycle, I will remove your garments, and I will run my hands all over your beautiful body. I'm looking forward to it."

Billy put his right arm around Stephanie, and placing his palm on her right shoulder, and drew her close. "It's okay, Stephanie, I want to see you naked again. And I want to fondle you." he said.

Billy started talking softly and slowly. "The ...man ...gets ...to ...strip ...the ...pretty ...girl ...naked ...and ...fondle ...her ...as ...much ...as ...he ...wants." Stephanie started shaking.

Billy continued, "It's okay, Stephanie. A man likes to run his hands over a pretty girl's body. Stand in the mirror square and let me unbutton your sweater. That's right. The second stripping cycle has begun, Stephanie. I get to remove your sweater, Stephanie. Here, go hang it up. That's right. Now return to the mirror square. You know what, Stephanie? When I remove your blouse and make you put it back on again, I'm going to run my hand down inside your blouse, under your bra, and fondle your breast. Right now, I'll just fondle you through your clothing."

Stephanie started crying. Silent tears rolled down her face.

"Stephanie, go get your sweater and put it on. Yes, stand in the mirror square."

Stephanie put her sweater back on. Billy put his arms around her from behind, and whispered in her ear, "I ...get ...to ...strip ...you ...naked!" as he started unbuttoning the sweater.

"Go hang up the sweater, Stephanie. That's right. Now return here. I want to fondle your ass." Stephanie returned to the mirror square. Billy put his arms around her and put his hands on her ass, through her skirt and panties. Then he whispered, "I ...get ...to ...molest ...you." She continued trembling. He unbuttoned her sweater and removed it,

telling her to hang it up again. Then he removed her blouse, telling her to hang it up.

"Sit down next to me, Stephanie." he commanded. He ran his hands down both sides of her body. Then he told her to get her blouse and put it back on. He stood behind her. "Now I'm going to run my left hand down your blouse, and under your bra, Stephanie, and I'm going to fondle your right breast."

Stephanie's face grew redder and redder as he fondled her right breast with his left hand, then her left breast with his right. Then he unbuttoned her blouse and slid it down her arms. "Go hang it up, Stephanie."

He watched her hang it up and return. "Have a seat, Stephanie. I want to take off your bra." he said. He unhooked the hooks behind her back and released the bra. Then he slid the straps off her shoulders. "Stephanie, I get to fondle your breasts as much as I want. Hang up your bra. That's right, Stephanie. I don't just get to enjoy seeing your bare breasts, I get to enjoy feeling them and touching them. Go get your bra and put it back on, Stephanie, so I can remove it again."

Stephanie took a deep breath, and walked over to the clothes rack. Billy oogled as she returned and put the bra back on. Then he removed the bra and started fondling her breasts again. "Go hang this up again, Stephanie, and return here so I can play with your breasts some more." he said. Tears began rolling down Stephanie's face again when she sat down and Billy resumed fondling. Then he removed her shoes. "Hang these up, Stephanie, and return here so I can play with your breasts some more. That's right, sit here. I like fondling your breasts with my fingers and with my palms."

After a few minutes, Billy told Stephanie to get her shoes and put them back on. Then he removed them and told her to hang them up. "You're so pretty." he said.

"Now I'm going to take off your panty hose, Stephanie. That's right. Stand up." Billy said. Stephanie stood in the mirror square as Billy pulled down each leg of her panty hose. "Now, go hang these up. I want to run my hands over your bare legs." he commanded.

Billy oogled as he watched Stephanie walk. She took a deep breath as she sat down. Billy started running his hands over her legs. Stephanie started shaking again. Billy told her to go get her panty hose and put them on, and when she did, he removed them.

"Now, sit down here. I want to spend some time fondling you." he commanded. "I get to strip you naked,

Stephanie, and I get to fondle your breasts. You really are a pretty girl. You know, all you have on now are your skirt and your panties. When I take those off, you are going to be completely naked." he reminded her. "Stand up, because I want to remove your skirt. That's right. I'm unzipping your skirt. I'm going to drop it on the floor. Pick it up, Stephanie, and hang it up. I want to watch you walk back and forth in just your panties."

Billy just stared at Stephanie when she returned. Then he commanded, "Stand in the center of the mirror square, Stephanie. I'm going to fondle your ass through your panties, with one hand, while I fondle your breasts with the other." Billy gazed at her face while he enjoyed her body with his hands. Then he commanded, "Go get your skirt and put it back on, so I can remove it again. Put your skirt on in the mirror square. That's good. Now hold still while I unzip it and remove it again."

The skirt dropped to her ankles. Billy said, "Now hold still, Stephanie. Before you go hang up the skirt, I want to run my hands up and down your legs." He stroked her legs a few times. "Stephanie," he said, "go hang up your skirt now, and then return and sit beside me." Stephanie had only her panties on. Billy watched her walk back and forth. When she sat down, he put his arm around her. and said, "Stephanie, you really are a very precious reward. I enjoy touching your nice, soft skin. I really enjoy molesting you, Stephanie. You're almost naked, and I get to do whatever I want, and you have to do everything I say." He put his right arm around her back and fondled her right breast with it, while he ran his left hand over her bare legs. "I enjoy this, Stephanie." He ran his left hand down the inside of her panties. "Stephanie, stand up. I was to take off your panties, so you'll be naked." Stephanie took a deep breath. Again, tears started rolling down her face. She stood up slowly and got in front of him. Billy stood up, and ran his left hand down the front of her panties while he ran his right hand down her ass. "I'm going to take off your panties, Stephanie, and you're going to be naked." He pulled her panties down to her ankles. "Step out, Stephanie." Billy handed the panties to her. "Go hang this up, Stephanie, so I can watch you walk back and forth naked. That's right. Oh, you're so pretty when you're naked, Stephanie. Sit down beside me, so I can run my hands over you. That's right, Stephanie."

Stephanie's face turned red again. She was shaking and trembling. Billy said to her, "There, there, Stephanie. You don't have to cry. Everything is all right. I enjoy

molesting you, Stephanie." He ran his hands over her for a few minutes. "You're naked, Stephanie. I like seeing you naked. I enjoy fondling your naked body. Stand in the center of the mirror square so I can fondle your naked body while I feast my eyes on you and your reflections, Stephanie. I remember when you were shocked at the idea I would make you take off your bra, Stephanie. Now I'm fondling your naked body." Billy spent a few minutes groping and fondling. Then he said, "Stephanie, go get your panties."

Stephanie went back to the clothes rack and returned, panties in hand. Billy said, "This time, stand in the mirror square as you put your panties on. That's right, Stephanie. Now stand still so I can take your panties off and see you naked again. That's right. I enjoy taking off your panties, Stephanie. Now, go hang up your panties, so I can watch you walk naked across the room. Now return here so I can spend more time putting my hands on your naked body. That's right. I get to spend as much time as I want putting my hands on your naked body, Stephanie, and there's nothing you can do about it. You're my slave. This is beautiful. I am happy to have a slave as pretty and as precious as you are, Stephanie."

Billy spent a few minutes running his hands over Stephanie's body and then said, "Stephanie, go get your panties again. Stand in the mirror square and put them on. That's right. Now I'm going to sit down and you're going to stand in front of me while I pull your panties down. That's right. Stephanie, I'm pulling down your panties. You're going to be naked. Stephanie, now step out. That's right. You're naked, and I get to watch you walk across the room naked and hang up your panties. Go on, Stephanie, hang up your panties. That's right. Oh, you're so pretty. Now return, and sit beside me. I want to put my hands on your pretty body." He spent a few minutes fondling Stephanie's breasts. Then he told her to go get her panties, and put them on.

"Now pose in the mirror square, so I can see you and two reflections. You're almost naked. I enjoy touching your beautiful, soft skin." Billy said. Then he ran his hands over her shoulders, her back, her arms, and her breasts. "Now go get your panty hose, Stephanie, and put them on. That's right, Stephanie. Now hold still while I fondle you. Yes, this is nice. Now I'm going to take off your panty hose and run my hands over your legs, Stephanie. This is nice. You have nice, soft, pretty legs, Stephanie. Hang up your panty hose now."

Billy oogled as Stephanie hung up the panty hose and returned.

"You know what I want to do now, Stephanie. I want to spank you. I don't want to spank you hard, but I want to spank you. Sit, down, Stephanie. Now bend over my lap. That's right. More. I'm going to fondle your breasts with my left hand while I gently spank you with my right. I get to do this because you're my slave, Stephanie. I get to do anything I want. You have to do everything I command you to do. You have no rights, Stephanie." As he spanked her, he observed, "I can spank you for as long as I want, Stephanie. It feels nice to spank your sweet, soft ass while I fondle your breasts with my other hand. You're almost naked, Stephanie."

Billy continued gently spanking Stephanie and then told her to go get her panty hose and put them on. Then he said, "Stand in front of me, Stephanie. Put your hands on my shoulders. I want to fondle your sweet breasts. I enjoy doing this, Stephanie. A man enjoys fondling the breasts of a pretty girl. A lot of times, the girl doesn't like it. I can tell you don't like it. But I enjoy it. Now, go get your shoes, and stand in the mirror square and put them on. Then return here so I can fondle your breasts some more, Stephanie. I enjoy fondling your breasts."

Stephanie didn't say a word. She put her shoes on in the mirror square as Billy oogled. Then she stood in front of where he was sitting, and put her hands on his shoulders. Billy spent a few minutes fondling her breasts and told her to sit down while he took off her shoes. "Hang these up again, Stephanie." he said. "Then return here so I can spank you. I enjoy spanking you through your panties while I fondle your breasts." Stephanie hung up the shoes. She returned and bent over Billy's lap again. Billy spanked her gently with his right hand for a few minutes while running his left hand over her breasts. Then he gently pawed her back. "Now go get your shoes and put them on again." he commanded her.

Stephanie put her shoes on in the mirror square while Billy watched. "Hold still while I fondle you." he said. "That's good. I enjoy fondling your nice, soft skin. Now, go get your skirt, and put it on in the mirror square. That's right, Stephanie. That's a pretty skirt. Lift it up, so I can see your panties. That's right. That's pretty. Lift it up in the back so I can see the reflection of your panties in two mirrors. That's nice. Now hold still while I unzip it and drop it on the floor. That's right. Now go hang up your skirt. I enjoy watching your breasts bounce

back and forth as you walk." Stephanie hung up the skirt. "Now go get your skirt, and put it back on in the mirror square while I watch. I enjoy watching you dress, and I enjoy stripping you naked, too, Stephanie. That's right. Now, lift up your skirt again, so I can see your panties. That's right. Let me put my hands on your legs, Stephanie. Oh, your skin is so soft and precious. Stephanie, go get your bra, and put it on in the mirror square."

Stephanie did as she was told. Then Billy instructed her, "Turn around slowly, so I can watch you and your reflections. That's right. Now hold still while I remove your bra. I like seeing your bare breasts, Stephanie. I like feeling them, too. Lift up the back of your skirt so I can fondle your ass. Hold your bra in one hand. I'll fondle your ass with one hand while I fondle your breasts with the other."

Billy continued, "Now, go hang up your bra and return. I'll sit down, and you sit next to me. I'll fondle your breasts. I'll put my right arm around you to fondle your right breast while I fondle your left breast with my left hand. I get to fondle your breasts as much as I want, Stephanie, because you're my slave and I am your master."

Billy fondled her breasts for a few minutes, then commanded, "Now go get your bra, and put it on." Stephanie retrieved her bra from the clothes rack, and walked to the mirror square, where she put it on.

"Now, go get your blouse, Stephanie, and put it on, tuck it into your skirt, so I can unbutton it and remove it again." Billy said. Again, Stephanie complied.

Billy unbuttoned the blouse and ran his hand under Stephanie's bra. Then he pulled her blouse gently off her shoulders and down her arms. "You have a nice body." he said. "Hang up your blouse, Stephanie, and return here. That's right, I like feasting my eyes on you. I don't have to look at you and then look away. I can keep looking at you." he said. "Now, bend over my lap again. I don't want to spank you, Stephanie, I want to reach under your bra with my left hand to fondle your breasts, and reach up your skirt to fondle your ass through your panties, with my right hand." he commanded. Stephanie was shaking as she complied. Billy fondled her as he had described. "Now, go get your blouse and put it back on again in the mirror square. Then bend over me again so I can fondle you some more." he said.

Stephanie had no choice. She had to do everything Billy said. Billy fondled her body some more and said, "Stephanie, now go get your sweater, and put it on. I like

feasting my eyes on you, Stephanie. Put your sweater on in the mirror square, and turn around slowly so I can feast my eyes on you. That's nice. Let me fondle you through your sweater. Oh, this feels nice, Stephanie. Now, hold still, while I remove your sweater and fondle you some more. That's right. I get to grope you and fondle you as much as I want, Stephanie." She held still as Billy removed her sweater and fondled her until he told her to hang up the sweater.

When she returned, Billy was seated. "Sit down with me, Stephanie. I want to feast my eyes on you while I fondle you through your clothing. This is very enjoyable." he said. After fondling her that way for a few minutes, he said, "Stephanie, go get your sweater and put it on again. That's right. That's very pretty. Stand in the mirror square and turn around slowly so I can watch. You're very pretty, Stephanie, and I don't have to take my eyes off you. That's nice. Now, walk over here, Stephanie, and sit on my lap, so I can hold you and talk to you."

Stephanie sat down on Billy's lap, her legs hanging over his left leg. He put his right arm around her and held her right shoulder, placing his left hand on her lap. Then he said, "You're all dressed again, Stephanie. I remember when you said it was humiliating just to take off your sweater. In the second stripping cycle, I got to fondle your naked body. I'll bet that was even more humiliating, Stephanie, but not to me. I enjoyed fondling your naked body."

Stephanie was shaking. She started crying profusely. "You look scared, Stephanie. But that's okay." Billy said.

She trembled and cried for a few minutes. Then Billy broke the silence. "Stephanie, I really enjoyed the first stripping cycle, where I saw you naked. I enjoyed the second stripping cycle, where I fondled your naked body to my heart's content." He paused a moment, then asked "Stephanie, I have a question. Are you a virgin?"

Stephanie nodded. "Yes, I am." she replied, her voice trembling.

Then Billy continued, "Well Stephanie, in the third stripping cycle,..."

Stephanie put her hand on her face as she shook. Billy confirmed her fear. He spoke more slowly. "In the third stripping cycle, Stephanie, ...I'm ...going ...to ...rape ...you."

Stephanie was stunned. "No! Please don't." she sobbed.

Billy calmly continued, "Oh, but I will, and I will enjoy it. Good girls like you would never have sex with me. So the only way I can enjoy sex with a good girl like you

is to rape you. It will be all right, Stephanie. I will enjoy it. But after I rape you, Stephanie, you won't be a virgin anymore."

Stephanie trembled as she sobbed. "Please! Please don't do that!"

Billy reached his left hand under her blouse and her bra to fondle her right breast. "Oh, but I will, Stephanie. I get to do anything I want to you. And because you are a pretty, attractive girl, I want to have sex with you. I will enjoy this reward." he said.

Billy spent a few minutes cuddling with her. "Stephanie," he whispered, "you're beautiful, ...and ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you!"

"Stephanie," Billy said, "prepare for take-off. Hold still while I remove your sweater. I'm going to rape you, Stephanie." Billy pulled the sweater off her shoulders while she trembled. "Now, go hang up this sweater." Billy commanded. Stephanie hung up the sweater. Then Billy said, "Now return, and sit beside me. I want to molest you for a while. Then I am going to rape you, Stephanie."

Stephanie sat next to Billy. He put his arm around her and said, "You know, Stephanie, you said it was humiliating to have to stand there without your sweater on while I feasted my eyes on you. I get to feast my eyes on you, Stephanie. I don't have to look at you and then look away. I get to keep looking at you, and I get to molest you and rape you, Stephanie. I'll bet that's a lot more humiliating, Stephanie. The privilege of molesting you and raping you is my reward. Now, Stephanie, go get your sweater. This will be the last time you ever wear that sweater as a virgin. The next time you wear a sweater, you won't be a virgin anymore, because I'm going to rape you."

Stephanie walked over to the clothes rack and returned. She looked at Billy. He pointed to the mirror square. She stood in the center of it and put her sweater on. "Face the corner, Stephanie." Billy commanded. Stephanie turned around. Billy stood behind her and put his arms around her. He started with the top button, saying, "Stephanie, I'm taking off your sweater. You'll never wear this sweater as a virgin again. I'm going to strip you totally naked, and rape you, Stephanie. You're beautiful." He handed the sweater to her and told her to hang it up.

"Now return, Stephanie, so I can molest you some more before I rape you." Billy said. "That's right, Stephanie. Stand in front of me and pull up your skirt, so I can see your panties." Billy slid his right hand between her legs.

"Sit down." Billy said. He started stroking her face

with the back of his hand. Tears still rolled down her face. Billy took off her shoes and told her to hang them up. He watched as she walked. "Now go get your shoes, Stephanie, and put them on. This will be the last time you ever wear shoes as a virgin, Stephanie. I'm going to strip you totally naked, Stephanie, and I'm going to rape you."

Stephanie cried as she went and retrieved her shoes, and put them on. "Stephanie," Billy repeated. "You will never wear shoes as a virgin again. The next time you put shoes on, you won't be a virgin anymore, because I will have had sex with you, by raping you." Billy removed the shoes and handed them to her, instructing her to hang them up and return.

Then Billy said, "Now, Stephanie, hold still while I remove your panty hose. That's right. And I like to touch your legs while I do this." He pulled down her panty hose. "Go hang these up, and return, Stephanie, so I can molest you some more. I enjoy stripping you naked and molesting you, Stephanie. And then I'm going to rape you."

Stephanie returned and looked at Billy for her next instruction. He said, "Stand in the mirror square, Stephanie. You are pretty when you are barefoot. You are so young and so sweet, so precious. And I have the privilege of molesting you as much as I want, and raping you. Turn around slowly, Stephanie. That's right. Now, go get your panty hose, and put them on in the mirror square. This will be the last time you ever wear panty hose as a virgin. The next time you put panty hose on, Stephanie, you will have had sex with me, so you won't be a virgin anymore."

Stephanie put her panty hose on. Billy said, "Now stand in front of me again, Stephanie. You know, Stephanie, taking off your panty hose is part of stripping you naked. I get to strip you naked, Stephanie. When I rape you, you are going to be naked." Billy pulled down her panty hose again, telling her to hang them up and return. Then he said, "Stand in the mirror square, Stephanie. Let's see now, you're wearing a blouse, a bra, a skirt, and panties. I think I'll take off your skirt next, Stephanie. That will be the next part of stripping you naked." He unzipped the skirt and let it drop. "Now, Stephanie, go hang up your skirt. Yes, you look very pretty as you walk back and forth. Now return. Stand in the mirror square. I want to fondle your ass through your panties." Billy fondled her for a few minutes, and said, "Now, go get your skirt, and put it back on again, here in the mirror square."

Stephanie walked back to the clothes rack and retrieved her skirt, then put it on in the mirror square.

Billy stroked her face with the back of his hand. "You know, Stephanie, this will be the last time you ever wear a skirt as a virgin. The next time you put a skirt on, you won't be a virgin anymore, because I'm going to rape you." Billy unzipped the skirt and dropped it. "Go hang it up, Stephanie. I enjoy watching you. Then return, so I can continue."

Stephanie hung up the skirt and returned. "This is nice." Billy said. He started gently stroking her face with the back of his hand. "The ...man ...gets ...to ...rape ...the ...pretty ...girl!" he said. He put his arms around her. She stood still.

"Now, I'm going to take off your blouse, Stephanie." Billy said, as he unbuttoned the blouse. He slid it over her shoulders and down her arms. "Now you're just wearing your bra and your panties, Stephanie. You're beautiful. So precious, so young. Go hang up this blouse, so I can watch you walk back and forth in just your bra and your panties. That's right. Now I'm going to sit down, and I want to spank you, Stephanie, but I want to spank you the other way, so bend over my lap from this side, and I will fondle your breasts with my right hand while I spank you gently with my left." Stephanie bent over Billy's lap and Billy began spanking gently and fondling. "I get to rape you, Stephanie." he said. "Now go get your blouse, Stephanie, and put it on, for your last time, as a virgin. Put it on in the mirror square, so I can see you and two reflections. That's right. Put your blouse on. You look pretty in that blouse, Stephanie. Now I'm going to remove your blouse, Stephanie, and you'll never wear it as a virgin again. That's because I get to ...strip ...you ...naked, ...Stephanie, ...and ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you!" he told her. He unbuttoned the sleeveless blouse and slid it over her shoulders. "Go hang this up, Stephanie, and return."

Stephanie hung up her blouse and returned. Billy said, "Stand in the mirror square and turn around slowly. You look pretty in just your bra and your panties. Face the corner, Stephanie, I want to fondle your ass. That's right. Oh, this feels good. I'm really looking forward to raping you, Stephanie." She cried.

Billy didn't say a word. He unfastened her bra as she stood there, in the center of the mirror square. He slid the straps over her shoulders and down her arms. He stroked her face with the back of the fingers on his right hand. Then he took a deep breath, and started fondling her breasts. He handed her the bra. She looked at him. He pointed to the clothes rack. She walked over and hung up

the bra, and returned to the mirror square. Billy sat down and stared. Then he spoke. "Stephanie, ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you!" He stood up. Stephanie trembled as Billy fondled her breasts. "Now go get your bra, and put it back on, for your last time as a virgin." he said.

Stephanie got the bra and returned to the mirror square to put it on, as Billy stared. He stood up and walked to her. She trembled as he put his hands on her arms. "Please, stop! Please!" she sobbed.

"Oh, no, Stephanie. I get to rape you." Billy said. He took a deep breath, and unhooked her bra. He slid it off her shoulders and down her arms. "You're never going to wear a bra as a virgin again, Stephanie. I'm going to rape you." He fondled her breasts. He handed her the bra, and she hung it up. "Sit down, Stephanie. You're beautiful, and you're almost naked. All you have on are your panties." He put his right arm around her and started fondling her right breast. "You're almost naked, Stephanie. I get to fondle you as much as I want. And ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you!" he said. Stephanie cried uncontrollably.

"Stephanie, I'm going to take off your panties. Then you're going to be naked. I'm going to enjoy your body. Then you're going to put your panties back on. After I take off your panties a second time, ...I'm ...going ...to ...rape ...you!" he said softly. "But first, I want to spank you some more, Stephanie. Bend over my lap, so I can spank you gently. I don't want to hurt you, Stephanie, I just want to molest you and rape you." Billy fondled Stephanie's breasts and her ass. He gently spanked her and then fondled her ass again.

Billy said, "Now stand up, Stephanie, and hold still while I strip you naked. That's right, Stephanie, you're going to be totally naked when I strip off your panties, and I get to look at you." He put his right ear against her stomach, and wrapped his arms around her, fondling her ass. He fondled her with his fingers while he pulled down her panties with his thumbs. More tears ran down Stephanie's face. Billy worked the panties down to her ankles and whispered, "Step out, Stephanie. Go hang up your panties. You're naked, Stephanie, totally naked, and I get to watch you walk around naked. Now, return here, Stephanie, and stand naked in the mirror square, so I can see you naked and see two reflections of you at the same time. I get to rape you, Stephanie. That is truly a precious reward, the privilege of molesting you and raping you. I am your master and you are my slave, and I intend to enjoy this to the maximum."

Stephanie trembled and cried as Billy ran his hands all over her. Then he reminded her, "You're ...NAKED! And ...I ...get ...to ...RAPE ...you, ...Stephanie. Oh, Stephanie, this is so precious!"

Again, Stephanie tried in desperation, "Please don't! Please just stop! Please." She looked at him as she cried.

"Stephanie, walk naked across the room and go get your panties. This will be the last time you ever wear panties as a virgin. Go put them on in the mirror square, so I can enjoy watching you and two reflections of you. it's almost like three naked Stephanies putting on their panties. That's right, Stephanie. Put your panties on. Pull them up. Now I'm going to sit down, and I want you to sit with me so I can fondle your body. You're almost naked, Stephanie. I want to enjoy this. Stand up in front of me, Stephanie, and put your hands on my shoulders. That's right. I want to fondle your breasts. This is nice, Stephanie. Now hold still. I want to remove your panties, Stephanie. Then you're going to be ...NAKED. And ...I'm ...going ...to ...rape ...you!"

Stephanie sobbed as Billy pulled down her panties. Then he said, "Go hang up your panties, Stephanie. I get to watch you walk around naked. And I get to rape you, Stephanie. You're s-o-o pretty, so naked, so young."

Stephanie walked over to the clothes rack and hung up her panties. Then she walked back, and sat down, holding her face in her hands. "Please stop! Please! Please!" she sobbed.

Billy said, "Stephanie, before I rape you, I want to molest you a little more. I get to molest you as much as I want. I want to spank you gently, Stephanie. Bend over my lap."

Stephanie bent over Billy's lap. He fondled her breasts as he gently spanked her. "This is nice, Stephanie. I get to put my hands on you, ...and ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you!" he said. "Now stand in the mirror square. It's almost like having three naked Stephanies. I get to fondle your ass, Stephanie. Oh, so soft, so cuddly. You have a nice ass. I get to run my hands over your nice, soft skin, too. And ...I ...get ...to ...RAPE ...you!"

Stephanie's face grew red. Billy instructed her, "That's right, Stephanie, ...I ...get ...to ...RAPE ...you ...now. Go on over to the bed and sit on the edge of it. That's right. Now lie back. Open your legs, Stephanie, so I can rape you. That's right. I get to feast my eyes on your bare breasts. I get to run my hands all over your naked body while I rape you. Oh, Stephanie, I'm running my hands over you."

Billy dropped his trousers and his briefs. He stared

at the face of the helpless Stephanie. "Now you're not going to be a virgin anymore, Stephanie. Oh, so pretty, so young, so soft, so beautiful, and ...the ...man ...gets ...to ...RAPE ...her!" he said. Stephanie could only cry and sob.

Billy repeatedly reminded her, "I'm raping you, Stephanie, and I enjoy this. I enjoy your naked body." Eventually, he started breathing more heavily. Muscles all over his body got tense. He could feel tingling. "Oh, oh! Stephanie. You're naked...and I just raped you. Now you're not a virgin anymore." he said.

Billy stared at Stephanie, and then said, Stephanie, get up. We're going to take a shower. And in the shower, I get to see you naked some more. And I get to put my hands on your naked body."

Stephanie rose and followed Billy. He opened the shower door and turned on the water. "Wash yourself, Stephanie. I enjoy watching you do things when you're naked. You're pretty. I really enjoyed raping you." He fondled her in the shower and also washed himself. Then he shut off the water. "Step out, Stephanie, I want to dry you with this towel. That's right. I get to dry you off. This is nice because I get to feel your body through the towel. Oh, you're so soft and young and pretty."

Billy dried himself off and put clean clothes on. Stephanie wrapped the towel around herself. Billy led her to her bedroom. "Put these on, Stephanie. See-through panties and a see-through nightgown. These will be very pretty on you."

Stephanie put the panties and the nightgown on. "Sit down on the bed, Stephanie, so I can fondle your breasts through your nightgown." Billy said.

Stephanie cried and her face turned red.

"Stephanie, I'm going to rape you again now."

Stephanie shrieked. "No! No! Please stop!"

Billy continued, "Only, this time, you're going to eat me, Stephanie. You're going to perform oral sex."

Stephanie gasped. "No! I really can't take that! Really, I'd just go all to pieces!"

Billy said, "Stephanie, that's what rape is. Total violation."

Billy stood up. "Get down on your knees, Stephanie." he said. Then he unfastened his trousers and dropped his briefs. Stephanie shook and trembled. "Lick." he commanded. Stephanie hesitated.

"Now." Billy commanded.

Stephanie stuck out her tongue and licked.

Billy said, "That feels good, Stephanie. Keep licking."

Yes, that feels good. You're pretty. Now all the way in, Stephanie, that's right. Massage with your tongue and your lips. That's right. I'm lucky to have a slave as pretty as you are. And I get to rape you as much as I want, whenever I want, and however I want. And, Stephanie, you have to swallow. You must not spit anything out. That's right, Stephanie, all the way down, and keep massaging with your tongue. Oh, this feels good. But remember, Stephanie, if you ever want me to sign your promotion card, it's not enough to obey me. You must also please me and satisfy me."

Stephanie wrapped her arms around Billy's waist, spreading her fingers on his ass while she worked. Billy said, "Oh, I like that." Then Stephanie held him tighter.

"Ah, such an innocent, pretty young girl!" Billy said. His body started trembling. He placed both hands on the back of Stephanie's head and pressed it toward him. "Oh, oh, that was nice."

Stephanie didn't say a word. Billy put on his briefs and his trousers, and left the room.

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CHAPTER NINE: MICHELLE

Billy walked into the living room, where Michelle was waiting. "Wow, Stephanie was so sweet!" he said. "I just got finished raping her twice, once between the legs and then once in the mouth. That was beautiful."

"Well, Master, I'm glad you enjoyed it." Michelle said. "The privilege of molesting her and raping her to your heart's content is your reward. If you wish, you may also apply sleep gas to her. If you desire to molest or even rape her while she sleeps, this assures that she will not awaken. Or, you may apply a measured dose, to ensure she will awaken to discover, to her horror, that she is getting raped."

"Actually," Billy said, "I kind of wish there was some way I could comfort her. I mean, I enjoyed her helplessness while I was raping her, but she is like, totally shattered."

"Nothing you can do can comfort her, Master, because you are the one who shatters her. Would you like to give her a kitten? The kitten can befriend her." Michelle said.

"A kitten! That would cheer her up, in between rapes. I think I'll do that." Billy said.

Michelle excused herself and left the room, returning a moment later with a small, white kitten with grey spots. "He will be her friend." she said.

Billy entered Stephanie's room to find her sitting up on the side of the bed, head in her hands, sobbing.

"Stephanie," Billy said softly, "I can see you're not taking this very well, so I brought you a new friend." Stephanie looked, and took the kitten.

"He's so cute!" Stephanie said. "But why are you giving me a kitten?"

Billy replied, "Because the kitten will be your friend, and help you cope with all the raping I intend to do to you."

Stephanie patted the kitten as Billy left the room. He returned to the living room to chat with Michelle. "You are

doing a truly excellent job." he told her. "And you are beautiful."

"Thank you, Master." she replied, her smile widening. "And you are a true hero. Master, you are doing a truly excellent job of defeating an unjust government. You inspired many people in your land to break the chains of bondage and fight back against tyranny. You also explained an important thing, that tyranny will not be defeated by organized militia, but by random attacks performed by individuals. A lot of supporters of liberty were waiting for a recruiter to show up at their houses, muster book in hand, to recruit them."

Billy commented, "Michelle, you know how you said that I can put my hands on you as much as I want, and you'll do whatever I want? Well, I just wanted to assure you that you may put your hands on me if you enjoy it. I want you to enjoy my body if you want."

Billy put his arms around Michelle and hugged her while she hugged him back. He kissed her and French kissed her. "You know, Michelle, when I rape Stephanie, I'm satisfying my sexual urge. You give me true affection. You make me happy. How do I know if I love you?"

"Well, the answer is in the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, the thirteenth chapter." Michelle replied.

Billy found the page and read silently as Michelle recited, "If I speak with the languages of men and of angels, but don't have love, I have become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but don't have love, I am nothing. If I dole out all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but don't have love, it profits me nothing. Love is patient and is kind; love doesn't envy. Love doesn't brag, is not proud, doesn't behave itself inappropriately, doesn't seek its own way, is not provoked, takes no account of evil; doesn't rejoice in unrighteousness, but rejoices with the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will be done away with. Where there are various languages, they will cease. Where there is knowledge, it will be done away with. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is complete has come, then that which is partial will be done away with. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child. Now that I have become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror,

dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I will know fully, even as I was also fully known. But now faith, hope, and love remain—these three. The greatest of these is love.”

“I admire you, Billy, and it pleases me that you enjoy my affection.” she replied. “I need to explain to you that you still have some more work to do to free the people of your land. This, too, will count to your next promotion. You can be promoted to be master of your own planet. Even if you get promoted to Heaven, Master, you may want to be promoted within Heaven.”

“You mean, like, there’s ranks of Heaven, too?” Billy asked.

Michelle answered, “Again, the holy scriptures answer your question, Master. Read the Second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, the twelfth chapter and second verse.”

Billy found the verse and read it to Michelle. “I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven.”

“So if there’s a third heaven, there must be at least three heavens.” Billy reasoned.

Michelle explained, “On this point, the Muslims are the ones with the truth, for in the Koran, in the twenty-third chapter, or surah, the seventeenth verse says, ‘And certainly We made above you seven heavens; and never are We heedless of creation.’ This is not inconsistent with the existence of a third heaven, of course. If there are seven heavens, one of them can be the third one. When Joe raped that prisoner girl, he inflicted punishment on her, and that counts toward a promotion from one heaven to another.”

Billy observed, “So when somebody is happy, sometimes we speak of the person as being in Seventh Heaven. That comes from the Koran. That’s interesting.”

“You are on an important mission, Master. You are to restore liberty in your land, enabling the demanders of liberty to get their demand met.” Michelle told him. Read the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, the sixty-first chapter, the first verse.” she told him.

Billy found the passage and read it to her. “The Spirit of the Lord GOD is upon me; because the LORD hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;”

“With your service,” she assured him, “the supporters

of liberty will force the enemy to call off its War on Drugs and to release all the prisoners of war, as you have been demanding."

"That is marvelous news. But, how long before I go on another mission? How will I know what to do?" Billy asked.

"An election is coming up." Michelle said. "You need to take action now."

Michelle led Billy out to the car, and they got in. She drove around and then accelerated on a straight-away, driving off a cliff at the end. The car climbed higher and higher.

"That was a good test of my faith, driving off the cliff like that." Billy admitted.

"We're going to Washington, D.C. today. You will be on national television. You will be broadcast, in fact, all over the world." Michelle told him.

After a few minutes in the sky, they descended into a patch of dense fog. "Wouldn't you know, a traffic jam." Billy lamented.

Michelle found a parking spot to near the studio, and led Billy in. The locked doors opened before them. Inside the studio, they were discussing the large numbers of cops that were being "murdered" around the country, and what should be done to put a stop to it.

Billy joined the panel.

"Billy Americano?" the host asked.

"In the flesh." he replied.

"How did you get in here?" the host asked.

"I've got ways." he replied. Michelle took a seat off-camera.

"Let me point something out." Billy said. "The Freedom Fighters are demonstrating an ability to deprive the government of its cops. They are not organized, so they cannot storm a legislature, but even if they could, it would do no good to shut down a legislature if this would create the need for a new one. It would do no good to raze a capitol if this would create the need to erect a new one. It would do no good to de-activate a State or federal constitution, if a new one would have to be adopted. It is only necessary to reform the old government. The old constitution can be amended to say exactly the same thing as the new one would have said. And what good would it do to destroy a government if the legislature of the new government is elected by the same people who care little about their own rights and naught about the rights of others?"

"The Freedom Fighters are able to enforce our demands."

Let me explain what these demands are: Liberty and justice for all. We do not accept any doctrine, instruction, ruling, order, regulation, ordinance, statute, treaty or constitution to the extent that the same are inconsistent with liberty and justice for all. We never did. We never will.

"It is necessary to bring the governments of the world into compliance with our demands. All governments must repeal all laws that prohibit any act or omission that violates nobody's rights. Every law must be scrutinized to determine if the prohibited act or omission violates anybody's rights. Because this process is carried out by humans, who have a propensity to be imperfect, the process will be imperfect. The umpires at the ballgame may be imperfect, too, but that is tolerable as long as they are doing the best they can to be accurate, not doing their best to ensure the home team wins.

"Abolitionists did not accept the United States Constitution to the extent that it required interstate return of fugitive slaves. Congress could have made the District of Columbia a haven for such fugitives, but members refused to perform their respective roles in that process.

"To force politicians to perform their respective roles in the process of complying with our demands, they must be, and they are being, put on notice that they must pay a price, with the blood of their beloved cops, for their non-compliance. At one point, the Governor of New Hampshire, went on television, saying, in effect, 'Come on, Freedom Fighters, this is the fourth time this week you've killed a cop because he was enforcing an unjust law.' And that's right up there with 'Come on, officer, this is the fourth time this week you cops have written me a ticket for going the wrong way on this street.'

"However, it is not enough to make legislators pay the price for their non-compliance. It is necessary to force voters to recruit and elect candidates willing to comply with our demands. In some cases, candidates are on the ballot, who are quite willing to comply. There's also plenty of time between now and the election for the voters to identify and recruit people willing to comply with our demands, and to elect them by write-in votes. Voters must, however, go beyond the information that their televisions spoon-feed them. You may feel the best candidate has no chance of winning, but it's your fault, if you vote against that candidate. Vote wrong, cops die. Then who are you gonna call when you need a toilet plunger shove up your

butt? Who are you gonna call, when the 9-1-1 dispatcher says there are no cops left, because you voted for candidates who support unjust laws, and the cops all went out and got themselves killed trying to enforce those unjust laws?

"We are near the point now in the armed resistance where the enemy will be unable to maintain law and order, because too many of their cops are being slaughtered, and the risk is so great, that people refuse to sign up. In some cases, certain misguided individuals have taken advantage of the reduced ability to enforce necessary laws, and they have taken to violating those necessary laws. People need to stop violating the rights of others. Some crimes, such as looting, can be stopped by the local residents of the neighborhood, and the people need to be willing to band together and confront and stop the looters. Other crimes cannot be stopped this way. It will be necessary to tell people to stop voting wrong, before the police are so thoroughly exterminated that recovery becomes impossible. Let Congress and the members of the State legislatures take notice now, that they have an opportunity to start complying with our demands before the election. When the government calls off the War on Drugs and releases all the P.O.W.'s, that's when it's time to stop slaughtering cops, for thirty days.

"However, there will still be a plethora of unjust laws, and identifying them and demanding the repeal of them, in exchange for which, the supporters of liberty will extend the call not to slaughter any more cops, will be the next task for our side.

"The call to refrain from slaughtering cops must be published by local committees in defense of liberty. Furthermore, whenever these committees, which have yet to be formed, observe that unjust laws remain in another jurisdiction, they have the right to point this out in their monthly declarations, but they must be careful to verify everything, and it is the responsibility of each Freedom Fighter to verify the facts, or to verify the reliability of the local committee from which he or she derives such information."

As Billy spoke, his words were transcribed and carried around the world. Millions of people watched live while millions more would watch replays. Reporters noted that the girl he was with was not the same one who was with him in New Hampshire before.

Michelle escorted Billy out of the room and through the waiting crowds of cops. The cops tried to seize them,

but their hands were unable to grasp them firmly. Outside the building, the two fled through the crowds of cops even as a sniper in another building started shooting those cops. Nine cops were shot, seven of them fatally, before the sniper was killed. Police bullets striking Billy and Michelle bounced harmlessly off their bodies.

"Hey, look, we got a parking ticket!" Billy laughed as they jumped into the car. Police and National Guard vehicles blocking the way moved aside. Michelle drove through the streets of Washington, D.C., leading a pursuit to the Jefferson Memorial, where the road was closed off before them. As she turned toward the Tidal Basin and the Potomac River, the waters parted to leave a dry path to Virginia. Michelle took that path. Five Metropolitan Police cruisers did too. Michelle and Billy made it to Virginia, where they entered a patch of dense fog and the car took to flight. The five cruisers were swallowed up when the river closed in on them.

"Billy, you did an excellent job today. It will still be necessary for you to remain on this Earth for a time. You are needed to educate the masses how to enforce their rights." Michelle said. She also told him about a new servant girl who would be delivered to him back on the island.

The car flew off, undetectable by radar, to the island where Billy was Master.

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CHAPTER TEN: BETTY

"Billy, this is your new servant girl, Betty." Michelle said. "A new guest room is prepared, so Stephanie can keep her room." she explained.

"So, Betty, what happened?" Billy asked.

"Well, I got turned away from Heaven because I reported some illegal aliens to the Border Patrol. I was told this was a terrible sin." Betty said.

"Why did you do it?" Billy asked.

"I didn't want a bunch of Mexicans living in my neighborhood." she replied.

"Did you own the neighborhood?" Billy asked.

"No, of course not." she said.

"So what gives you the right to hire gun-toting goons to round up these people and force them to board jets bound for foreign countries?" Billy asked.

"I didn't hire them." she said. "The government did."

"Members of Congress that you voted for, Betty. Did you think you were voting in secret? I have a list of every candidate you ever voted for. You were being watched, and every vote has been recorded." Billy said.

"I had the right to vote for whomever I wanted." Betty replied.

"Legally, yes, but morally, no. You have no right to elect candidates that you know very well will use the coercive power of government to violate the rights of innocent persons." Billy said.

"You know," Betty said, "you remind me of a guy I used to work with. That guy said it was a sin to report illegal aliens to the Border Patrol."

"Well, you just got turned away from Heaven for it. Therefore, it must be a sin." Billy said.

"I don't agree with that opinion." Betty declared.

"That's interesting. You disagree with an opinion that, by definition, is infallible." Billy replied.

"I have the right to my opinion." Betty noted.

"You have the right to any opinion you want, however ridiculous it may be." Billy said, as he walked around

behind her. "But having a right to your opinion does not give you the right to commit violence against other people."

Betty said, "Well, the Mexicans move in and speak Spanish, I hear it all the time in the stores, they wind up on welfare and put their kids in the public schools, and that raises everybody's taxes."

"They have every right to speak whatever language they want, to each other. You voted for candidates who support welfare, Betty, lots of them. And the Mexicans don't raise your school taxes. Illegal aliens can't even vote. Besides, those guys were from Guatemala." Billy replied.

"What's the difference?" Betty asked.

"Just a matter of the degree of poverty to which you returned them." Billy replied. He started putting his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't you touch me!" Betty shouted.

"I certainly will!" Billy replied. "You are my slave. You made a deal and you gave up all your rights. I am your master and you are my slave. I can do whatever I want to you, and you are required to do everything I say."

"They didn't tell me this when I gave up my rights." Betty said.

"You gave up all your property rights, Betty. Your body is property. You should have known that. Now, hold still." Billy said, as he put his hands on her stomach.

"Oh, great, I haven't had a cigarette in two days and now I've got this creep putting the moves on me." Betty grumbled.

"So what are you going to do about it, report me to Human Resources?" Billy mocked.

"You know, I did that to a guy at work once." Betty said. "The same guy you remind me of. I couldn't believe it, he asked me for a date."

"What a sick perverted man, asking an adult woman for a date!" Billy mocked.

"He won a pair of concert tickets, and he asked me out. He was a real loser." Betty said.

"He must have been, if he was desperate enough to ask somebody like you." Billy taunted.

"Well, like, why would he think I would want to date him?" Betty asked.

"I see. He was supposed to know he wasn't good enough for you." Billy taunted.

"He got fired for it. I was glad to see him go. I mean, the guy was like, a total idiot. I asked him who he voted for for President, and he told me some name I had

never even heard of." Betty said as Billy put his hands on the back of her dress.

"I see. If you are uninformed about the candidates, then he's the one who's the total idiot." Billy taunted.

"Well," Betty said, "his name was Billy Americano. He's probably at home right now, playing the five-finger solo with his right hand."

"Actually," Billy said, as he reached up the front of her skirt and slid his hand down the front of her panties, "that's not what he's doing right now with the five fingers of his right hand."

"Well then, what is he doing with the five fingers of his right hand?" Betty asked.

"Fondling your pussy." Billy replied.

"No! No way!" Betty shrieked, her eyes popping wide open. "You?"

"Billy Americano, in the flesh. But now you will call me by my new name, *Master*. And now that I think of it, I'll give you a new name, too. From now on, Betty, your name will be *Fondlepuss*, because I get to fondle your pussy."

Fondlepuss' face grew redder and redder. Billy walked away to speak with Michelle.

"I'd like a day at the beach today." Billy said.

"Anything you wish, Master. I will have lots of angel girls to tantalize you." Michelle replied.

Before long, Billy, Michelle, Stephanie and Fondlepuss were walking along a sandy beach populated with hundreds of angel girls in skimpy bikinis. Billy stopped where he saw four of them playing volleyball. "This looks like a nice spot." He gazed at the beautiful girls as they played.

"What's the score?" he asked.

"Oh, we're not keeping score or anything, Master." one of them replied. "We're just playing for your enjoyment."

Billy walked up and said, "Since you girls have no objection, I'd like to undress each of you, one at a time, and drape your swimsuits over the net."

"Whatever pleases you, Master!" another one replied.

Billy walked up and stripped each angel girl of her bikini, draping it over the net. He could watch them with the ocean in the background.

"Stephanie, strip naked. I want to put my hands on you." he instructed.

"Oh, and Fondlepuss," he said, pronouncing her new name as a taunt, "strip naked and get down on your knees. I've got a job for you."

Fondlepuss slowly stripped off her clothes and got down on her knees. Billy motioned for Stephanie to draw

closer to him, so he could hold her.

"Fondlepuss, eat me." Billy said, pulling down his swim trunks.

Fondlepuss took a deep breath. Her face grew redder and angrier with Billy's taunts. She started licking.

"All the way down, Fondlepuss, while I watch these pretty girls play volleyball naked, their bikinis dangling from the net. All the way down, Fondlepuss." Billy said. Then he taunted, "Hey everybody, get this. Fondlepuss got me fired because I asked her for a date. I was supposed to know I wasn't good enough for her!"

The girls laughed. Fondlepuss' face grew redder again.

Billy continued, "Get this. She doesn't think it's a sin to report illegal aliens to the Border Patrol. She just got turned away from Heaven for doing it, but she doesn't agree with that infallible opinion!"

"Oh, Fondlepuss doesn't agree with that opinion. And she's so wise and smart." one of the girls playing volleyball taunted.

"Yeah, like, when she had never heard of the person I voted for for President, that made me the idiot! And you know," Billy taunted, "those Guatemalans were able to earn a living and support their families before they got deported. Now, their children don't have enough to eat,..."

Billy paused. Then he gave the punchline, "...but Fondlepuss sure has enough to eat!"

The girls laughed. Fondlepuss was furious.

Billy continued, "You know, after she reported me, and before I got called to the office, she had a good laugh. She told me she had the perfect date for me, and to follow her and she'd introduce me...to the fag in the office! She thought that was pretty funny. Now she's the one who has found herself a new job!"

"And Fondlepuss is my slave until I'm good and ready to sign her promotion card." Billy observed.

Billy watched the volleyball game and started breathing faster. "Swallow everything, Fondlepuss!" he ordered. Then he turned to Stephanie and smiled.

"Stephanie, you're beautiful." he told her. She blushed.

Billy said, "Now let me go wash Fondlepuss' saliva off me and I'll be back. Michelle, you did an excellent job preparing this day at the beach."

Billy walked down to the water and waded out up to his waist, then returned. As he walked past the angel girls playing volleyball, he suddenly became enchanted with one of them and her smile. She had soft, light skin, blue eyes and golden brown straight hair.

"Hello." he said, as he put his arms around her.

The girl cuddled back and gave him a hug. "My name is Angelina." she said.

"Angelina, I want your affection." Billy said softly.

Angelina kissed him and replied, "You have it. I am enchanted with you. I have a crush on you."

"I would be honored to bring you to the house." Billy said.

"Of course, Master." she replied.

"I know. I knew you would willingly go with me. I just want to treat you with respect. I want your affection, your respect, your time and your body, and I want to give you my affection, my respect, my time and my body." Billy told her. Angelina smiled.

"I think I know what I'll do." Billy said. "Fondlepuss will have to spend her days naked, dusting in the house with a cloth. Just to humiliate her, I'll walk up behind her and start putting my hands on her ass and her breasts, once in a while, and I'll have her eat me each day." he decided. Fondlepuss' face turned red and angry.

Michelle walked up to Billy and kissed him. "Just let one of the angel girls know when you want me to return. I'll leave you and Angelina alone for now." she said.

Billy told her, "Actually, Michelle, there's something I want you to let them all know. I desire all of them. I will not reject any angel girl, no matter how many of them there are. If they desire my affection, this makes me happy, and I am pleased to share it with them, one at a time."

Angelina put her left arm around Billy as they walked, and she grinned.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN: CRYSTAL

It was still dark out one morning when Billy woke up Stephanie. "Listen, you're beautiful. You've been a good, obedient slave. I've decided that today I'm going to sign your promotion card." he said.

Stephanie's face lit up. "That is wonderful!" she said. Her eyes lit up, too.

Billy continued, "Follow me. Before you go, I want to lead you out to a beautiful, open field, and watch you strip naked and eat me."

Stephanie followed Billy on a half-hour walk. The moon above was full, so not many stars were visible. When they arrived at the field, Billy said, "Strip. I want to watch you strip naked in the moonlight."

Stephanie nervously removed all her clothes. "Now?" she asked.

"Now." Billy said. Stephanie got down on her knees and started licking.

Billy said, "You know, Stephanie, I've been raping you for weeks now. I've really enjoyed it. You have a nice body and a nice personality. I know there will be other girls, but I'll be thinking of you when I'm raping them."

Stephanie could not speak. She was too busy pleasing her master.

Billy could feel it. He pushed Stephanie's head toward him. "You're beautiful." he told her. "Too bad I'm not going to see you again." He took the promotion card in his hand, then looked at her. "Stand up, Stephanie, I want to kiss you goodbye." he said. Then he had a second thought. "Actually, I think I'll rape you goodbye. Lie down on top of your clothes in the grass!" he instructed her.

Stephanie laid down and opened her legs. "Anything you wish, Master." she said.

"You make me feel really good, Stephanie. You're so pretty, so innocent, so helpless, so naked." Billy said.

He cuddled with her while he raped her.

"Now put your clothes on. You don't want to go to Heaven naked, do you?" he said.

Stephanie put her clothes back on. Billy turned around and scribbled his name on the card, then turned around again. Stephanie was gone. He left the card on the ground where he had just raped her, and started to walk away. When he looked back, the card was gone, too.

Once back at the house, Billy saw Angelina. "So, Stephanie just got promoted." she said.

"Yes. You knew?" he asked.

"I knew. Your newest servant girl is now in the guest room that Stephanie used to have." Angelina said. "Stephanie's kitten has been given a new home also."

In the guest room, a pretty Negro girl waited. She had brown eyes, and her hair was braided down the sides.

"Hello, my name is Crystal. You must be my new master." she said.

"Crystal?" Billy asked.

"Billy?" her eyes opened. They sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Yes, it is I. What are you here for?" he asked her.

"Well, after the layoff, I was on unemployment. I knew they would have hired me back where I used to work, but I didn't even apply there, because I wanted to continue collecting. It was easier. And then I voted for candidates that promised not to cut welfare and unemployment benefits. That was stealing." she explained.

"You remember Betty, that rude girl that used to work with us? Well, she's here too. She got me fired because I asked her for a date, and now it's payback time." Billy told Crystal.

"She was impossible. You know, there was one pregnant woman with asthma who started there as a temp, and Betty wouldn't stop smoking on the job, so the woman had to quit her job, and Betty didn't even care. Nothing would get between Betty and her cigarettes. And I remember when she offered to fix you up with that fag, just to get you mad." Crystal said.

"Her new name is Fondlepuss." Billy said. "I rape her in the mouth every day now, just to humiliate her. I'm told she was angry because of what some man did to her when she was little, but she had no right to take it out on me. As I recall, you turned me down because you had a boyfriend."

"Actually, I made that up." Crystal said. "I kind of liked you, but I was worried about what everybody at work would think if I started dating you. You know, the way they put you down and all."

"I see." Billy said.

Crystal looked into Billy's eyes and said, "Please tell me you found a girlfriend."

"Well, I was doing okay, I guess. There was this one young lady at a party, drunk as could be, and when it was time for everybody to leave, I knew she'd never make it home, so I let her stay in my apartment, which was right next door. She kept telling me I was a sweetheart, and a doll, and she was putting the moves on me." Billy said.

"So you took advantage of her drunkenness?" Crystal gasped.

"Oh, no." Billy replied, "I guilt-tripped her. I let her sleep on my sleep sofa. When she woke up, I brought her a big glass of water, to help relieve the dehydration, because alcohol dries people out. I brought her some food. I told her what happened. I told her all about how I really, really wanted to, but I felt it just wouldn't be right to take advantage of her condition. Then I asked her if I did the right thing, and she said, yes, she felt I did the right thing. Then I continued to explain that I decided to wait until the alcohol wore off. I had the phrases all figured out. I said that, if she absolutely, positively did not want to, now that she was sober, I obviously could not make her do anything. She was free to leave. But then I guilt-tripped her, saying this means poor me, I lose because I did the right thing. Is that really what she wants to do?"

"Oh, you didn't!" Crystal laughed.

Billy went on, "Yes, I did, and it worked, too. At first, she didn't want to, but I told her she'd need to stop drinking, or this would happen again, and she never knows what the guy will do. Furthermore, I told her it's not fair to the next guy if he loses because he does the right thing. Then I offered her a ride home either way. That makes it look attractive, to accept the free ride, but I knew she wouldn't feel comfortable accepting a free ride from a guy whose heart she had just broken. She counter-offered to eat me, and I accepted, suggesting we should take a shower so I'd be clean. Well, I was clean, she ate me, and afterwards, she got dried off, got dressed, and then left."

"Well, I should be surprised at you, but considering you didn't have much luck, I guess that's to be expected." Crystal replied.

Billy continued, "Then I started getting dates on the internet. I got all dressed up, and went to a professional photographer, which gave me a big advantage on the dating

sites, because my photo looked good. Dating sites are cool, because it's like I could just walk up to a stranger on the subway platform and ask her for a date. Rejection is just a click on the hit counter. Nobody gets rude just because they were asked for a date. After all, they're on a dating site. I developed a style for the first date, where I'd tell her the title of the book I'd be reading, and she'd know me by that, and then I'd take her out to the movies, always a comedy movie, so we could enjoy each other's laughter.

"After the movie, I'd explain to her that, like many a guy, I wanted to cuddle up to her and run my hands all over her, but I wasn't sure if she had objections. This was my excuse if she was disappointed.

"One woman I cuddled up with, on her sofa, suddenly stopped me as I was putting the moves on her. I said I was sorry and all, and she told me not to worry. She said it was kind of like, I was cruising along on the scenic route, and as I approached a certain curve, the light turned red, and I stopped. She said I would have been in trouble if I hadn't stopped, but there was nothing wrong with stopping when the light turns red. I used that analogy on later dates with other women. I sometimes put them in the driver's seat, explaining that I would not blame them if they stopped at a red light. It's my body, so of course I had every right to stop them, I said, but they wouldn't be in trouble. This created the illusion that I was the kind of guy who might stop her, too."

"That was clever." Crystal noted. "I'm glad you found a way to get dates."

Billy lamented, "It was no fun being left out, and I dealt it back, too. One night, after midnight, I was walking by this self-serve gas station, and then somebody pulled in, and got out to pump gasoline, but the place was closed. When she got back in, her car wouldn't start. The battery was dead. I could hear the baby crying in the back seat. She was a young mother. I just found out recently, she was en route to the doctor because the baby had an ear infection. I was just so angry at womankind for treating me as worthless. I mean, I offer my heart, my affection and my body, and that's about everything I have to offer, and nobody even wants any of it. It was infuriating. It went on for too long. I didn't need to vent my anger with violence on that young mom. I simply kept walking, and left her there. I was parked just around the corner, and I had jumper cables. Maybe if I could have gotten a date once in a while, like everybody else, I wouldn't have been so

angry, and I would have jump-started her car for her, just like anybody else would. But I didn't. What goes around, comes around. People don't always realize the consequences of what they do, or how important it is to make sure everybody gets enough."

Crystal was shaking her head. "Well, if that's how bad it got, I'm glad you got over it."

Billy said, "Now, let me break this to you. You're my slave, and that also means you're my sex slave. But, frankly, I don't want to force you to do anything you don't want to do. You were nice. You don't get promoted until I sign your promotion card. That doesn't happen before you please me and satisfy me. So just take your time warming up to me."

"That will happen. I'm glad you're not just gonna rape me today or anything. You're a decent kind of guy, and I can warm up to you." Crystal said.

"Actually, if we're cuddling, it's more like I'm cruising along on the scenic route, and I have diplomatic plates. I'll still stop at the red light, because I want to. And I don't have to guess whether you object, because I have diplomatic immunity anyway." Billy said, as he put his arm around her. "Besides, I have plenty of angel girls available. If you're not ready yet, I can go see Angelina, or ask her to call for Gabriela or Michelle. You haven't met Gabriela or Michelle, but they're nice. They all have a crush on me, and that makes me feel good."

"Well, if you have all these angel girls, then why would you want to rape servant girls? Why do you need sex slaves?" Crystal wondered.

Billy explained, "It's different. I want to treat angel girls with respect, because they treat me with respect. I don't want them to be my sex toys. That's what my servant girls will be. I could never speak to Angelina the way I spoke to Stephanie. And I do enjoy the looks on the servant girls' faces when they're embarrassed and humiliated and helpless like that."

"Well," Crystal observed, "I can see you're having no problems in the Girls Department now."

"Would you care for a drink?" Billy offered.

"Well, actually, I..." Crystal started, then continued, "...yes. At first, I was worried you were out to get me drunk and take advantage of me. But, hey, I'm your slave anyway." She laughed.

Billy took two chilled wine coolers out of the refrigerator, handing her one. When she couldn't open the twist-off cap, he opened it for her. "Damsel in distress."

he joked.

"I like cold wine coolers, Master." Crystal said.

Billy told Crystal a story. "Listen to this, Crystal. Once upon a time, there was a man who was single, and went dating. He would take the young lady out dining and drinking, and he would pick up the tab. Then he'd take her out to the movies, also paying for them both. All the while, he was wondering if he would be able to get into her pants. Of course, he wouldn't know until after he had spent his money. He'd win some, he'd lose some. Then on Election Day, as he was on his way into the polls, a candidate for mayor was there, campaigning. The man listened to the candidate state his objectives. The candidate wanted to crack down on prostitution, which he said was on the increase on city streets. Men were going downtown and paying money for sex. He would also crack down on the use of video poker machines for gambling. 'You have my vote.' the man said. 'Prostitution and gambling are terrible vices that need to be eliminated in our city.'"

Crystal laughed. "That's one thing I liked about you. You were always so smart about political stuff like that, and you had such a way with words."

Billy put his arm around her back, and started working his way up, slowly. When he approached her breast, she said, "Umm, red light."

Billy stopped, and moved his hand back a little. "Okay, I'll stop at the red light." He paused and sighed. "Listen, I'm going to go see Angelina. You can just chill out here. In time, you will feel comfortable being close to my body. Meanwhile, don't feel at all guilty. Angelina will take good care of me."

"That's very thoughtful of you, Master. I appreciate it." Crystal said. She took another sip of her wine cooler as Billy left the room.

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CHAPTER TWELVE: ANGELINA

Billy walked into the living room to spend time with Angelina. She was happy to see him. She told him, "Your efforts have been very successful in your land, Master. The legislatures of five States have repealed their drug control statutes. New Hampshire is one of them."

"Excellent! If ballots didn't work, bullets will." Billy replied.

"The day is coming when you will need to return to your land to implore the Freedom Fighters to suspend their efforts." Angelina said.

Billy sat down and watched the New Hampshire news on television. It seems that New Hampshire supporters of liberty had formed local committees and a State committee, the Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire. Similar committees had formed in other States. The Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire was issuing a public statement. The spokeswoman faced the camera as she spoke.

"At this time," the spokeswoman said, "it appears that New Hampshire is in the process of claiming victory. The government has repealed its drug control statutes, and inmates who are prisoners of the War on Drugs are being identified and released as we speak. The release has not been complete, but it appears now that the efforts of the Freedom Fighters would not be put to best use within this State. Freedom Fighters, hear me out. Do not kill any more cops within the State of New Hampshire, that are not border guards, before the election results are announced; and do not kill any more cops in New Hampshire, that are not border guards, if the outcome of the election is a victory for liberty. There are plenty of cops in other States that still have not been killed yet.

"Since we are calling for a discontinuation, let me explain that this appeal expires at the end of November, Greenwich Mean Time. Let the enemies of liberty remember that our demands have teeth. We demand the repeal of all zoning restrictions, the repeal of all unjust gambling restrictions, the repeal of taxes on humans, the

elimination of government-run indoctrination centers, the repeal of all curfew ordinances, and the rescission of all extradition demands promulgated in consequence of unjust laws. Furthermore, we demand the release of all innocent persons confined to mental institutions." the spokeswoman declared. "In the past, our demands have been treated as a big, funny joke. With the slaughter of larger and larger numbers of cops, the enemy has finally stopped laughing and started complying. This is the beginning of the end of tyranny." she said.

A spokesman faced the camera to continue the announcement. "Because alcohol is a drug, we have forced the New Hampshire Legislature to repeal all laws restricting the sale thereof. Alcoholic beverages are available at all hours, to persons of any age. However, we note that some producers are only willing to deliver their product to the holders of licenses. That is their right, because the product is their property. The legislature is addressing the issue of increased temptation to drink and drive, by increasing the penalties for that crime. When you undertake to drive a vehicle that you are too clumsy to handle properly, you create a random danger to the public, recklessly endangering innocent people. You still have a free will, whether to try to pass when there's oncoming traffic, but you do not have a free will, whether to crash because of poor control, impaired reaction time, or impaired depth perception. It's like throwing the dice, you have no control over what number comes up. This random, reckless endangerment, not the increased likelihood of a conscious decision to commit a secondary crime, is the violation of the rights of others, and to secure these rights, governments are instituted. Similar restrictions need to be in place concerning driving while under the influence of other drugs. The question will arise, how drunk is too drunk? How stoned is too stoned? How high is too high? Well, these are judgment calls, just like when rain falls during a baseball game. How much rain is too much? The important thing is that these judgments must not be made by the home team's manager, while his team is ahead in the seventh inning, because he is clearly biased. The job of the umpires isn't to please the crowd. Too many legislators thought their job was to please the crowd in the stands. The job of the legislators, however, is to determine, as best they can, what is fair in making judgment calls, in those cases that are not answered by applying principles."

Billy told Angelina, "I'm very proud of what these

people did."

The newscaster faced the camera. "The sniper who shot four police officers in a surprise attack in Nashua yesterday, died this afternoon of gunshot wounds he received in the shoot-out. Three of the officers died in the attack, the fourth is in stable condition at St. Joseph Hospital in Nashua. The sniper said he chose to participate in Operation U.S.A. Freedom to make the government pay the price for what he called 'its deliberate wrongdoing.'"

Billy commented, "That Freedom Fighter made a very big sacrifice, but it will not have been in vain. Even if the enemy didn't face defeat, at least he made them pay the price for their deliberate wrongdoing. As it turns out, he helped force the government of the State of New Hampshire to surrender in the War on Drugs and to release all the P.O.W.'s."

Angelina cuddled a little closer to Billy. He cuddled a little closer to her. They French-kissed for a few minutes.

Billy said, "I'm delighted that liberty is winning. I am happy to see people fighting back and winning, for a change. The enemies of liberty created an environment in which anybody who disagreed with them would be considered, by a lot of people, to be crazy. They were very successful with their psychological warfare."

Angelina grinned as she cuddled with Billy. He took her by the hand and led her into the serve room. "Master, how may I serve you?" she asked.

"Actually, I wish to serve you also. I enjoy your affection. Angelina, I want to please you." Billy told her.

Angelina began unbuttoning Billy's shirt and running her hands over him. "I love the way you hold me so affectionately, Master. Your gentleness speaks to me." she told him.

Billy held Angelina and she smiled, so he just kept holding her. "It makes me happy to have you to accept my affection." Billy said. Then he removed two cold wine coolers from the refrigerator, opening one for her and one for himself.

Angelina looked into Billy's eyes. Billy looked into hers. Then he looked at his bottle of wine cooler and reminisced, "You know, I brought home a date once, and offered her a drink, but I was careful. First I told her that if she's one of the people who really shouldn't drink, I strongly encouraged her not to drink; and if she simply does not wish to drink, I promised not to be offended. Then I offered her rum and cola with ice. She was somewhat taken

aback by my precautions at first, but then I explained how important it was, and later, she agreed with me."

"Well, Master," Angelina said, "once again, you did the right thing."

After two hours in the serve room, Billy and Angelina took a shower. Billy dried Angelina off and she dried him off, and they got dressed in clean clothes. They sat down to watch more New Hampshire news.

The reporter faced the camera, saying, "Meanwhile, the Massachusetts Legislature refuses to comply with the demands of the so-called Freedom Fighters. Massachusetts officials are furious that officials in New Hampshire hesitate to return a suspected drug dealer who allegedly shot and killed a Massachusetts state trooper on October 3, during a traffic on U.S. Highway 3 in Tyngsboro, and then fled north, into New Hampshire. The Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire demands that the suspect be set free and given political asylum in New Hampshire. Article IV of the U.S. Constitution requires New Hampshire officials to deliver him up, to be extradited to Massachusetts, but a spokesperson for the Committee says, quote, 'Our side does not accept any doctrine, instruction, ruling, order, regulation, ordinance, statute, treaty or constitution to the extent that the same is inconsistent with liberty and justice for all. We never did. We never will.' Unquote.

"Well, more Massachusetts police officers have been handing in their resignations over the past few days, often citing the increased danger. One former Lowell Police sergeant joins us now, to explain why. Sergeant, what led to your decision?"

The screen showed the cop at a remote location. "The decision of Massachusetts lawmakers to continue using us cops as weapons of violence, to enforce laws that they know very well they have no right to impose, impelled me to resign. They have been put on notice that my fellow officers and I will be exterminated if lawmakers continue their deliberate wrongdoing, and their reply, essentially, is that this is perfectly okay with them that we go get ourselves killed. That's how little they care about our lives. Well, I was willing to risk my life to protect the people in Lowell, but I'm not willing to get myself killed enforcing unjust laws." the cop said.

The reporter asked, "You knew when you signed up, that the Massachusetts General Court imposed these laws, so why did you sign up?"

The sergeant answered, "Well, I felt that there was a need to enforce the necessary laws. At the time, I was

willing to enforce unjust laws, because accepting that duty was the only way I could sign up to perform the necessary duty of enforcing necessary laws. That decision was wrong, but the increased armed resistance by the Freedom Fighters deterred me from continuing to do what was wrong."

The reporter asked, "Why do your fellow officers remain on duty?"

The sergeant responded, "There's a strong resistance among officers to avoid what they call getting 'Stockholmed' or persuaded by seemingly reasonable arguments, to defy the government and take the side of the gunmen, whom many cops still consider to be terrorists. They build a wall between themselves and the arguments and decide, no matter how sensible the arguments are, they're not going to support that cause."

The reporter faced the camera. "Around the country, there are about half as many cops now, as there were before so-called Operation U.S.A. Freedom began."

Billy told Angelina, "Well, if the members of the Massachusetts General Court don't want more cops to die, all they have to do is stop using the cops as weapons of violence against innocent drug dealers who are peacefully minding their own business."

The reporter faced the camera, saying "Quebec provincial authorities have closed Route 257, the only highway leading from the province into New Hampshire, saying they did not want to condone smuggling. Border inspections on the U.S. side in Pittsburg, New Hampshire have been made impossible because of the actions of the so-called Freedom Fighters."

Angelina put the palm of her right hand on Billy's chest, saying, "I am so proud of you, Master. And this is only the beginning." They hugged and French kissed. She changed the channel.

The man on the screen said, "This is Freedom Television, the voice of the New York City Committee for Liberty, live twenty-four hours a day. This station is paid for by viewers like you, making voluntary contributions, and is available via the internet around the world."

A woman faced the camera. "We're back now. We were talking about the future of Operation U.S.A. Freedom and its implications around the world. Jim, you had something to say."

The man spoke. "Well, let me say that if you were walking out to your car in the studio parking lot, and armed men were trying to grab you, and handcuff you, and force you into their car against your will, I have every

right to rush in there and defend you, by any necessary means. There's no numerical limit to the number of attackers I am entitled to kill to defend you. Likewise, you have every right to defend me if it happened the other way around.

"If the attackers happen to be cops, that only makes a difference if they have legitimate authority to detain you. They do not have legitimate authority to detain whomever they please. They need a legitimate excuse, and unjust laws, and especially statutes that conflict with constitutional rights, statutes that are not even laws because they are void, are not a legitimate excuse. People have just as much right to shoot cops who are trying to enforce a curfew ordinance as they have a right to kill any other armed attackers trying to force somebody into a car. The fact that enemy-appointed judges in enemy-run courts uphold the statutes makes absolutely no difference if the statutes are actually unconstitutional; and even if they are not unconstitutional, we will not accept them if the government lacks authority to impose them. Slavery was not unconstitutional in many States in the South, for decades, but slavery was clearly unjust.

"Now, the right to rescue a person being kidnapped, whether by the cops or by any other violent criminals, does not end halfway across Main Street. People have a right to run across Main Street to rescue a person being kidnapped, whether by cops or any other violent criminals. Likewise, this right does not end at the double yellow line on State Line Avenue. If the Texarkana, Arkansas cops are trying to kidnap somebody, it makes no difference that the rescuers are residents of the Texas side, running across State Line Avenue to make the rescue.

"Likewise, this right does not end at Canusa Avenue in Beebe Plain, where one side of the street is in Quebec and the other side is in Vermont. If the *Sûrete du Québec* is trying to kidnap somebody, Vermonters have just as much right to rescue the victim as if the kidnappers were any other violent criminals who happen to be in Beebe Plain, Quebec. People have a right to travel. The Government of Canada has no right to impose immigration restrictions and Vermonters have every right to violate those restrictions and to kill any cops that try to stop them. Vermonters, of course, have every right to cross the line into Quebec to stop the Quebec cops from enforcing any other laws the province or the Canadian government have no right to impose. So Operation U.S.A. Freedom is only the first phase of Operation Global Freedom. If members of the Canadian

Parliament did not want Vermonters to exterminate Canadian border guards at the ports of entry, then members of the Canadian Parliament should have thought of that before they voted wrong. Naturally, we fully support the right of Canadians to rescue innocent people when they are being kidnapped in the United States.

"This international aspect of the right to defend against aggressive acts of government will become more relevant when armed resistance here in the United States becomes less necessary. Right now, a few State committees for liberty have urged Freedom Fighters not to exterminate any more cops within their jurisdictions, and in one shoot-out this morning in Boston, Massachusetts, it appears that three of the Freedom Fighters were from New Hampshire. They had an effective strategy, where one Freedom Fighter takes out one enemy officer directing traffic, the enemy dispatcher sends the Freedom Fighter more targets, the Freedom Fighter is holed up and surrounded, but the enemy did not know that two more Freedom Fighters were lurking in nearby buildings, with high-powered rifles. The exciting part was when one local resident joined the fight by confiscating a wounded cop's gun as a prize of war, and using it on cops. She was only able to kill one cop before being killed in action, but it was encouraging to see this spontaneous work. What's more, by joining the battle, she created a diversion, and while cops were shooting her, one Freedom Fighter was able to kill one cop and wound another. Of course, as soon as the members of the Massachusetts General Court decide they don't not want any more cops to get exterminated, they know what demands to comply with."

The other commentator said, "I believe this is not the first time men from New Hampshire have gone to Boston to fight tyranny. Remember, on 17 June 1775, when the British won a victory on Bunker Hill, a lot of men from New Hampshire were fighting on the side of the Patriots. Jim?"

Jim replied, "Well, first of all, that battle, the so-called Battle of Bunker Hill, was not won on Bunker Hill, it was won on Breed's Hill, in Charlestown, Massachusetts, not Boston."

The other commentator defended his statement, "Actually, Charlestown is a section of the City of Boston."

Jim replied, "It's part of Boston now, but it was the Town of Charlestown until 1847, when it became a city, and it remained the City of Charlestown until it was annexed into Boston in 1874."

The other commentator backed down, "Okay, so it's not the first time men from New Hampshire have gone to Suffolk

County..."

Jim shook his head. "It was Middlesex County until the annexation in 1874. The Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Breed's Hill in the Town of Charlestown, Middlesex County, Province of Massachusetts Bay. Remember Longfellow's poem about how Paul Revere would be waiting on the opposite shore, in Charlestown, that is, and, quote, 'sound the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm?' unquote. Charlestown and the entire route to Concord were part of Middlesex County, and Revere, contrary to the poem, got captured along the way."

Angelina cuddled with Billy. "You know, Master, Crystal is asleep now. If you want, you can apply sleep gas to her and rape her while she sleeps. You can either have her awaken to discover that she is being raped, or let her sleep through it."

"That sounds fun," Billy said, "but it's more enjoyable to cuddle with you. It is exciting to see successful rebellion against tyranny, and it is exciting to receive your affection."

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN: VICTORY

Billy entered Crystal's room. "I'm ready now, Master. Thank you for giving me time to warm up. I don't think I could have handled it otherwise." she said.

"Why not?" Billy wondered. "I mean, what stops you from pleasing men? You know they want to put their hands on you, and that's why you don't like it."

"Well," Crystal said, "it's kind of difficult to explain. I don't really know."

Billy unbuttoned Crystal's blouse and reached inside to unfasten the front of her bra. "Let me run my hands over you, and see why you don't like it." he said.

Crystal explained, "Well, my body is mine, and it scares me if I don't exercise control over it."

"Let's take a walk over to the serve room." Billy said. "There's a waterbed in there, and the mirror square."

Crystal followed Billy. "Oh, dear." she said.

"Are you nervous?" Billy asked.

"Who, me, nervous?" Crystal joked. "I'm only shaking like a leaf."

"You know," Billy told her, "if somebody on Earth could somehow cure that inhibition thing, they could put a lot of the sex industry out of business. Like, a man goes downtown and buys a prostitute, who is working for her pimp. Meanwhile, another woman wishes she could get a date. If somebody could just tell her that this guy needs some, I mean, why can't they do that?"

Crystal noted, "That's one thing I noticed about you, Master. You're always analyzing everything."

Billy reminisced, "There was that lady I took home when she was too drunk, and when I guilt-tripped her in the morning, she gave it to me, but I could tell she didn't like it. Like, I really wanted to run my hands over her without it bothering her. I enjoyed running my hands over her in the shower. What is it that makes women dislike that?"

"Well, you can't really simplify things that much." Crystal replied.

"The future happiness of the world is at stake." Billy said. Then he observed, "The internet is making it a lot easier for people to connect."

Crystal observed, "I think part of the problem is, women overhear people putting a woman down because she gives it away. They have derogatory comments, and a woman doesn't want people she knows talking about her like that."

Billy observed, "They're not doing themselves any good. They deter the other woman from making sex readily available to guys who have trouble getting dates. When a woman is drunk and such a guy has a chance to take advantage of her drunkenness, one factor on his mind is how badly he needs some. And if she's drunk and inviting him, it's her own fault if she gets pregnant."

"Religion is another factor." Crystal noted. "Single women may feel it's a sin to have sex outside marriage, or to aid or assist a man in finding somebody he can have sex with, outside marriage."

"Well, their religion does not require them to put down women who feel differently." Billy observed, removing Crystal's blouse.

"It definitely is a factor." Crystal said. "But murmuring about a woman who makes guys happy is another factor. People need to reply to that kind of talk, I guess."

Billy said, "A man who can't get any is unable to focus on other things, too preoccupied with his own plight to serve the community. I know, because I was there for too long. When you ask out the ladies at work, and you run out of ladies, what are you supposed to do, wait until they hire more? You can't go to church to get dates. A lot of couples met spontaneously at church events, but joining and attending church just to meet women is pretty low, and it stands out. What's best for the community is that guys have what they need. Then the guys can spend their time with the woman, instead of spending their time trying to find her. Like, a guy has two choices. He can work overtime plowing snow, or he can go to the singles bar and try to get a woman. Well, the streets and sidewalks need to be plowed. If he can plow the snow and then, afterwards, easily find a woman to go out with him, it's better for the community. The less time he has to spend looking for sex and affection, the more time he can spend improving his own lot, and the lot of the community. If he's single and an opportunity arises to do volunteer work, he can consider how necessary the work is, not how many single women he might meet who are volunteering there."

Crystal unzipped her skirt and removed it. "You're right. I never thought about that."

Billy continued, "Trouble is, I've tried explaining things like this, and you'd be surprised how many people are too stupid to follow it. I hate it when I explain something and somebody says they didn't understand a word I just said. And idiots like that get to vote."

"And they got more dates than you, too." Crystal said.

"It's not so bad that one guy gets more than another. The problem is when some guys don't get enough, or don't even get any at all." Billy said. "Anyway, I don't want to talk about it. The quickest way to get a female turned off is to start unloading emotional baggage on her."

Crystal put her arms around Billy and put the left side of her head against his chest. He put his hands on her ass and fondled through her panties. She relaxed and comforted him. He moved his right hand up her back and held her. "This feels good." he said. She smiled.

"So, you think I have a nice body?" Crystal asked.

"You've got a nice ass." Billy replied. "And I want some." She put the palms of her hands on his sides, and smiled at him. He looked into her eyes. Slowly, she drew away from him and stood in the center of the mirror square, so he could feast his eyes on her. She looked at him and smiled.

Billy stood up and walked over to Crystal, putting his right hand over her breasts and his left hand on her ass. "This feels nice." he said. She unbuckled his belt, then unbuckled his pants and pulled them down. She stood up as he stepped out. He smiled as he looked at her.

"Let's take a shower." Crystal suggested.

"Excellent idea." Billy replied.

Crystal led Billy to the shower and adjusted the water while he removed his briefs. Then she removed her panties and took him by the hand, smiling at him.

Billy lit up. "You look happy." he observed.

"I am happy." Crystal said. They stepped into the shower and ran their hands over each other. Without being asked, she got down on her knees to start licking him.

"This feels nice." Billy said, putting his hands on her shoulders. He didn't tell her to go all the way down, he didn't push her head towards him, and he didn't tell her not to spit anything out. After a few minutes, he pressed his hands on her shoulders. His muscles tightened up and he started breathing harder. A tingling sensation ran up and down his body.

When Crystal stood up, Billy put his arms around her

and said, "Thank you." She smiled as she put her arms around him. She sprayed the shower head on him to clean him off and then shut off the water. He took a clean towel and dried her off. Then she took one and dried him off. She placed both towels in the hamper and took his right hand in hers, leading him to the waterbed. His face lit up.

Crystal didn't say a word, she simply gestured for Billy to lie down on the waterbed. She climbed on top of him, one leg on each side, and put her hands on his shoulders. He looked at her face while he fondled her breasts, as she pressed her hips toward his. "Thank you." he said. She just smiled at him. She moved her hands down from his shoulders onto his chest.

"Oh yes," Billy assured her, "by all means, if you enjoy touching me, touch me. I do not object. I want you to enjoy me."

"Somehow, your smile makes me feel less nervous." Crystal observed.

Billy put his hands on Crystal's legs and started feeling. She opened her mouth as her body tightened up. She started moaning with pleasure, louder and louder as he fondled her ass. He started running his hands over her, faster and faster, and started feeling his whole body tingle. Breathless, he took her by the arms and drew her toward him to hold her in his arms. "This is nice." he said. She smiled. "Let's go take another shower."

Crystal adjusted the water and let Billy run his hands all over her. They were only in there for two minutes.

"Take a walk over to the mirror square." Billy said. "I want to enjoy your body some more."

Billy led Crystal to the mirror square, where he dried her off with a towel. "Now I'm going to fondle you to my heart's content." he told her. He feasted his eyes on her reflections in the mirror while he feasted his hands on her breasts and her ass. "I can keep doing this for as long as I want." he observed.

"Go right ahead." Crystal replied.

Billy spent time running his hands over Crystal's body, then took her by the hand and led her to her room.

"Get yourself dressed." Billy said. He went to the serve room to put his own clothes on, then went to the living room to speak to Angelina.

"The election results are coming in, Master. I can find out the results before they are announced, of course, because these things are known to angels." Angelina said.

"I prefer to watch Freedom Television. We're kind of, on the same wavelength, no pun intended." Billy replied.

The reporter was explaining incoming election results. "The result from the East Coast so far show that about one-third of the winners for the U.S. House of Representatives are candidates we have identified as willing to comply with our demands. This is actually more promising than it sounds. To block a bill appropriating money for the U.S. Border Patrol, for example, we need 218 members to vote against the bill, if all the members are present. If one-third of the members, or 145, are opponents of the U.S. Border Patrol, then only 73 more need to be deterred by armed resistance. Freedom Fighters will be encouraged not to kill federal cops in the districts of the remaining 362 members. Of course, the New York City Committee for Liberty does not advocate, solicit, order, or otherwise attempt to persuade anybody to exterminate any federal law enforcement officers. We simply name 145 Congressional districts and ask people not to exterminate any feds in those districts. It's perfectly legal to ask people not to kill any feds in Montana, for example. If we ask people not to exterminate any feds in Montana, we're not specifically saying they should exterminate any in North Dakota. If the Congressman from North Dakota wants us to add his State to the list, all he has to do is comply with our demands. We turn up the heat by calling on the Freedom Fighters not to slaughter any more feds before the House rollcall vote on that bill, and not to slaughter any feds in any district where a U.S. Representative voting against the bill got elected. It's perfectly legal, even in America, to encourage people to look over a House rollcall vote and see which members voted our way. The Freedom Fighters, meanwhile, put those members on notice that every federal law enforcement officer in their district will be exterminated if they vote for any more funds for the Border Patrol. Drive too fast, you pay the price with cash. Vote wrong, you pay the price with cops' blood."

Another commentator faced the camera. "Well, on the U.S. Senate side, it appears that a majority of the candidates winning are those whom we have identified as supporting our demands. The problem is, only one third of the seats come up for election every two years, but as long as the House does not pass the appropriation, the Senate can't do any harm by itself. Another important factor here is that the members themselves will explain their case informally within the Capitol and the office buildings in the Capitol Complex, as they ride in the elevators or dine in the cafeteria. The new members may be able to explain to the returning incumbents that the job of the umpire is to

make accurate determinations, not to please the home team's fans in the stands. They are to determine what is a right, and what is not. Too many lawmakers think their job is to please the majority of their constituents, no matter how badly this violates the rights of some number of innocent persons."

Another commentator spoke. "Here's some important news. Of the 160 seats in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, it appears 110 have been won by candidates we have identified as willing to comply with our demands. That's almost 69 percent. Meanwhile, only 228 seats of the 400 in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, or 57 percent, have been won by such candidates. In New Hampshire, remember, the State government has already complied with the demands of the Freedom Fighters. Law and order is largely restored there, and the wholesale extermination of cops there is largely over. The issue is somewhat less pressing there, than in Massachusetts, where the the collapse of law and order appeared imminent as the voting began. Voters saw that if they didn't elect members willing to comply with their demands, they could not expect any protection from the government. For the Massachusetts Senate, we see, similarly, 28 seats, or 70 percent, being won by candidates we have identified as willing to comply with our demands, while in New Hampshire, only 13 seats, or 54 percent, have been won by such candidates."

The scene changed again. "I think a large part of our job will be working with lawmakers, both in the State legislatures and in Congress, to develop plans to phase out unjust laws. For example, here in New York, the statutory drinking age has been lowered from 21 to 20 this week. Thursday, it's 19 and then it drops one year every Thursday after that, to reduce the chaos that might otherwise occur. News of 20-years-olds dying from alcohol overdoses will warn 19-year-old men and women to drink in moderation if they choose to drink at all. Congress really needs to look at how to open the borders, given the surge of people that would flood across after decades of restrictions. I liked the proposal from the Texas Committee for Liberty, of doubling the quotas every year, giving first dibs to the ones that can speak English the best. As these ones move in and settle the most successfully, they'll start sending money home to support their families, boosting the standard of living in Mexico and elsewhere, so their less-fluent siblings will be less inclined to cross the border, things being better at home than before. Of course, as Operation U.S.A. Freedom becomes Operation Global Freedom, the

Mexican federal government and its 31 state governments will be pressured to repeal poverty in Mexico, also Mexican cops will be deterred from enforcing poverty, and these two factors will be a major help. But after a few years of doubling the quota, there will be more quota than applicants, and at that point, the border will be totally opened. This plan is inconsistent with strict application of the principle of liberty and justice for all, but in time, our side wins totally, and there's light at the end of the tunnel."

Angelina looked at Billy. "You have one final mission to make to your land."

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN: THIRD VOYAGE

The sun was rising as Angelina and Billy got in the car. "The election results are in." Angelina told Billy. "As you know, things turned out even better on the West Coast than on the East Coast."

Angelina drove forward, speeding toward the edge of a cliff, and over the edge. The car climbed higher and higher into the sky.

"Are you nervous?" Angelina asked.

"Well, this kind of thing takes courage, but I have seen this before, and I can believe." Billy replied. "It's not really blind faith. I really need to thank you for your help. You and Gabriela and Michelle, of course. I can't claim all the credit for restoring liberty. It couldn't have happened without your help, or without the actions of the Freedom Fighters."

After five minutes, the car touched down in a patch of dense fog in the Far Rockaway section of Queens. Angelina drove through busy traffic into Manhattan, and parked the car in a garage.

"This is the building where Freedom Television has its studios." Angelina told Billy. She led him to the elevator and up to the seventh floor.

"Billy Americano." Billy announced to the receptionist. She froze. She looked at him, and her jaw dropped.

"Let me call our program director." the receptionist said.

After a few minutes, Billy was in a recording studio, being interviewed by two members of the New York City Committee for Liberty, one man and one woman.

"It's got to stop." Billy said. "Enough is enough. When we say, meet our demands or we exterminate your cops, that also has to mean, we stop exterminating your cops if you meet our demands. They have to have some incentive to comply. It is not necessary to continue to exterminate any more cops during November."

The woman asked, "Do you feel victory has been

achieved?"

Billy responded, "We will never do away with all injustice. However, with both ballots and bullets, we have forced the voters to elect candidates willing to perform their jobs to the best of their abilities, not to please majority of their constituents to the best of their abilities. The question of whether the runner is safe or out has a right and a wrong answer. The job of the umpire is to make that determination as best he can. More lawmakers have been elected who are willing to apply this approach, instead of applying the deplorable principle of democracy, which is no better than gang rape. The majority does not have the right to gang rape a person, because this is inconsistent with the natural rights of that person. So they cannot acquire any such right by voting amongst themselves. So there will be a continuing process, of demanding revision of the statutes to bring them into consistency with liberty and justice for all."

The man asked, "Who is going to determine which statutes need to be repealed, then?"

Billy replied. "Anybody who has a mind of his or her own and who can think for himself or herself, will decide whether a statute is consistent with liberty and justice for all, and has the right to explain his or her determination and, much more importantly, the line of reasoning which leads to that determination. It doesn't matter who governs, as long as they govern correctly."

The woman spoke. "As you know, the New York City Committee for Liberty has examined the city laws, the State laws, and many, many federal laws and laws of other States. Do you feel we have been doing a good job?"

Billy responded, "Your committee has been doing an excellent job. The important thing to remember, however, is to review the conclusions of the other committees for liberty, and when flaws are found therein, to speak up to their members. These committees are elected by nobody, so they can filter out the input they receive, as they see fit. They select their members, according to their own by-laws. They have staff, who can review the facts. Anybody who doesn't like his or her local committee is free to start a competing one.

"Another important thing to remember is to verify the facts set forth by the other committee. Before you tell Freedom Fighters not to slaughter cops in New York during December, and then remind them that there are plenty of cops in Connecticut that still haven't been killed yet, and that a certain unjust law still has not been repealed in

Connecticut, you need to verify that the unjust law still has not, in fact, been repealed. Why should Freedom Fighters waste their bullets slaughtering cops over an unjust law that has actually been repealed? Who will direct traffic?"

The woman asked, "Do you feel this peer review process will be effective?"

Billy replied, "Absolutely. The Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire has your respect. The last thing you would want is to promulgate a declaration and have it debunked by them because of a serious flaw. This will keep you on your toes. Furthermore, if there is such a flaw, they will find it, and their telling you about it is important. The trouble is, committee members don't have unlimited time to hear all arguments. To decide which arguments you will hear, is difficult, because you need to judge arguments you haven't heard."

The man spoke. "Well, our approach is to give equal time to the supporters and opponents, and our staff seek out the brightest spokespersons for each side, inviting them to present their cases. These guests usually study our principles first, and explain how they think their case is consistent with our principles."

"That's a good way to do it." Billy said, "because you cannot be knowledgeable about everything. This process will be important in determining what's the best way to phase out unjust laws. It's also important in figuring out how to express disapproval of the exercise of certain rights. You may not approve of fatal drug overdoses, even though you demand the repeal of statutes prohibiting the same. Supporting the right to freedom of the press does not constitute approval of every editorial in the New York Times."

The woman asked, "So what are you saying now, it's time to declare victory and stop slaughtering cops?"

Billy responded, "It's time to declare temporary victory and give the enemy time to comply with more of our demands. Our refraining from slaughtering their cops demonstrates that they have this incentive to comply with our demands. People still have every right, as before, to use deadly force against cops, or any other violent criminals, that are committing an act of kidnapping."

The man spoke. "Well, thank you, Billy, for joining us here on Freedom Television, the voice of the New York City Committee for Liberty. We'll give you about half an hour head start before we air this interview. Once we air the interview, we know the cops will be here asking where you

went."

Billy got up and left the studio. Angelina was waiting for him in the front lobby. "I liked the way you did this." he told her. They boarded the elevator to the parking garage. Angelina drove through the streets of Manhattan and then the Bronx, reaching a patch of dense fog. The car climbed into the sky.

"You did an excellent job." Angelina said. "And as a messenger, it is my duty to inform you that you will not be returning you your island. You will be rewarded with a planet."

"Will Crystal be there?" Billy wondered.

Angelina replied, "Yes, because you have not signed the promotion cards for Crystal or Fondlepuss, they will both be there. Furthermore, a lot of other servant girls will be there. It is my honor to bring you there today and teach you about it."

Billy looked out the window. Earth was getting further and further away. Luna loomed large in the window.

Angelina told Billy, "Your planet is the same size as Luna, 3472 kilometers in polar diameter, but it is just like Earth in many ways. The gravity is the same as on Earth, because of dense matter below the surface. One-fifth of the surface is a salt-water ocean, one-fifth is a fresh-water ocean, and three-fifths is dry land. Many of the species of plants you know from Earth will be there.

"The salt water and fresh water oceans almost meet along an isthmus, three kilometers wide, and that's where the city is. The climate is always enjoyable, because of the way the planet rotates along an axis sometimes points directly to the planet's star. The orbit is only about two rotations long, so every part of the planet gets even exposure."

"Lots of girls there?" Billy asked.

"Right now, one thousand servant girls." Angelina replied. "They gave up their rights and agreed to slavery until such time as you wish to sign their promotion cards. They are all yours to molest and rape as much as you want. Furthermore, that one thousand is only the beginning. You may have as many more as you see fit, but be careful not to overcrowd your planet."

"It will take me quite some time to rape a thousand girls." Billy observed. "And to rape them to my heart's content, will take much longer."

Angelina reminded him, "You have plenty of time, Billy. Remember, you have been spared death. You have all of eternity to spend on your planet. If you spend a finite

amount of time raping each girl, that's literally an infinitesimal part of eternity."

The car touched down on Planet Billy. Angelina and Billy alighted.

"This is beautiful." Billy said.

"Let's take a walk" Angelina suggested.

She led him down the street into the city, where pretty girls were everywhere. "You'll notice the streets are different here from what you would expect. There are no cars, so everybody just walks down the street. Every building has a serve room for you. If you feel like raping one of these girls, you just escort her into the nearest building, and into the serve room. The girls work different shifts doing various things. Some enjoy sewing garments. They work only to have something to do, to pass the time away until you wish to molest or rape them. That building over there is the Torture House, which is the only place on the planet where men would be. You may chat there with deceased ancestors or your guardian angel can select some men to sit and chat with you. You will be served prisoner girls to rape there, or you may just sit and chat and drink with the guys."

Billy noted, "My planet is much smaller than Earth, but that's perfectly fine with me, because it's plenty large enough."

Angelina led Billy down a stairway. "This is the subway." she told him.

"I notice everything here is very clean." Billy said.

"Yes, I guess you are accustomed to subways being different." Angelina said. "Now let me tell you, Gabriela and Michelle are waiting in this subway station for you."

Billy followed Angelina onto the subway platform. Gabriela and Michelle were pleased to see him. Michelle smiled and said, "Master, we are so proud of you. Look at your reward. We wanted to be with you at this happy time."

"I am glad to see both of you." Billy told them. "I'll have plenty of time to spend with all the angel girls who want to spend time with me. Now let me see, all of these girls are my property?"

Gabriela answered, "Absolutely. Enjoy them. There is a serve room at the end of the platform for you, if you would like to spend time with any one of us, or with any servant girl who catches your eye. The dress code today is bikini tops, and short skirts with white panties underneath, with sandal shoes. You will dictate the dress code for tomorrow and the future. Days are the same 86,400 seconds in duration here as they are on Earth."

Billy looked around the subway platform. Dozens of girls were waiting, dressed as Gabriela described. He walked up behind one and put his hand on her ass. She jumped, and turned around. "It's Master." he told her. She gave him a dirty look. "Hold still while I molest you." he said. Her face grew angry as Billy lifted the back of her skirt and ran his right hand inside her panties. He reached around and ran his left hand over her breasts, underneath the bikini top. Other girls stood nervously nearby. He fondled the girl for a minute, then released her. "That was fun." he said. The girl walked away shaking, and sat down and sobbed.

Another girl sitting on the same bench lamented, "So this is what it's going to be like on this planet. We're sex slaves, and that guy gets to walk up and molest us whenever he wants."

"I was really scared he was going to rape me." the trembling girl told her.

Billy walked up behind another and started playing with her ass. She stood still and waited for him to finish. Billy told the Gabriela, Michelle and Angelina, "Maybe I'll spend my evenings with an angel girl, and my days enjoying the servant girls. I really enjoy this freedom of being able to walk right up to any girl I want and start molesting her." He walked up to another girl and removed her bikini top, fondling her bare breasts.

"Whatever your pleasure, Master." Angelina told him.

Gabriela said, "To pass the time, Master, I teach at the school. I have a class scheduled in about twenty minutes. The subway will take us there."

The subway train arrived and all boarded. In ten minutes, they arrived at the station Gabriela said was where the school was. The angel girls led Billy upstairs. Billy took Angelina to the serve room on the first floor to cuddle.

"Michelle and Gabriela were very pleased to be with you today to enjoy your happiness." Angelina said.

"That was very good of you to arrange for them to be here." Billy said.

"Would you care for a wine cooler, Master?" Angelina asked.

"Why sure." Billy said. Angelina served him a bottle of wine cooler while she opened one of her own.

"Master," these students have a dormitory. None of their rooms have locks on the doors. No building on this planet has locking doors. There is no temptation to steal or do any other crime. One reason is because everybody has

everything he or she needs. Let me take you on a tour."

Billy followed Angelina to the dormitory building. She led him down the corridor, to the end of the building. "This is the passageway," she told him. "This passageway is off-limits to servant girls, but you may enter. It is off-limits to me also, unless you allow me to escort you. Do you allow me?"

"Absolutely." Billy replied.

Angelina led Billy down the passageway, which was one meter wide. Windows allowed him to view inside the girls' bedrooms. "These are special windows," she told him. "You can see them, but they cannot see you. Thus, you can spy on any girl in the dormitory. At the end of each passageway is a message screen telling you about shower activity. When a girl steps into the shower room, this is detected automatically, and you can walk up to that floor and watch her undress and shower, without her knowledge. You can also enter her room and surprise her in the shower, molesting her or raping her as you please. You may also enter the room of a sleeping girl, and surprise her, using sleep gas if you wish."

Angelina led Billy out of the dormitory and back to the school. Gabriela was teaching a class. Billy stood outside the classroom, where the students could not see him, and listened.

"Every one of you girls is a slave to Master." Gabriela said. "Every one of you must go through what's known as an *ordeal*." She wrote the word, *ordeal* on the chalkboard. "The ordeal starts the first time Master rapes you, and ends when he signs your promotion card. At that moment, you get promoted to Heaven."

One girl raised her hand. "How much time will it take, once the ordeal starts, before Master will promote a girl?"

"First of all," Gabriela explained, "Master does not promote you. He signs your promotion card. Then you get promoted. As for how long that will take, that's entirely up to Master. Eternity is infinitely long, and he can promote you at whatever time he happens to be good and ready."

Another girl raised her hand. "I got arrested for underage drinking, and the cop raped me in the police station. It was a very terrible experience. Why do I have to go through such a thing?"

"The privilege of molesting and raping you has been given to Master as his reward." Gabriela said. "Remember that no matter how long your ordeal lasts, it will be literally an infinitesimal part of the eternity you spend

in Heaven once you get promoted. You agreed to be slaves as a way to get promoted to Heaven. Let me add that part of your ordeal will not apply. When you were raped by that cop, you may have felt guilty, that you had done something wrong having sex with a stranger. You may have felt shame that your family knew what had happened to you. Well, your family is not here. There will be no such shame. Another issue is the fear that you may have contracted some disease, but here there is no disease. So, to that extent, the ordeal will not be as bad. However, Master has the privilege of raping you as much as he wants and as long as he wants. When you are stripped naked and violated, you will feel naked and violated. Remember that your promotion happens at the end of your ordeal, so it may be to your advantage if your ordeal starts sooner, rather than later, so you get it over with."

Another girl raised her hand. "My friend is here on this planet, too. What if I want me and my friend to get promoted at the same time. Can one of us ask Master to start our ordeals together?"

Gabriela replied, "I will ask Master if it is okay to request that he start the ordeal of you and your friend. Remember that, during your ordeal, you have no rights whatsoever. However, it might please Master to allow you to make such a request, and if so, then you may request it."

Another girl raised her hand. "I'd like to get my ordeal over with as soon as I can. I mean, I dread getting raped and all, but I want to get to Heaven. How do I speed up the process?"

"You can't." Gabriela explained. "It is totally up to Master what girls he will rape and when, for how long, and how. I do know, however, that he enjoys raping a girl in the mouth about as much as raping her between the legs. Of course, you have no rights whatsoever, so you have to please him any way he wants. Remember that he will not sign anybody's promotion card before she has pleased him and satisfied him. You cannot get out of performing any kind of sexual service Master wants. Now, let me explain, that each ordeal may consist of any number of *episodes*." She wrote *episodes* on the chalkboard. "An episode consists of one or more rapes, one right after another. When Master walks away, it is the end of that episode, but there's no telling when the next one will be. Master has the privilege or raping you as much as he wants, whenever her wants, and however he wants. Again, you have no rights whatsoever."

Another girl raised her hand. "So then, we just live on this planet until Master happens to feel like raping

us?"

"That leads me to the next point." Gabriela said. "Before your ordeal, you may have to go through any number of *molestations*." She wrote the word, *molestation* on the blackboard. "A molestation is when Master desires to enjoy your body without raping you. During the molestation, he may very well decide to rape you, in which case, your ordeal starts then. In other cases, he might just put his hands on you and fondle you for a few minutes, and then let you go on your way. Naturally, Master can molest you whenever he wants, wherever he wants, and however he wants. Again, you have no rights whatsoever."

Another girl raised her hand. "What if I get so scared and so embarrassed that I start crying?"

"That's okay." Gabriela said. "Master does not object to your natural reactions to rape or molestation. He will not take it personally that you do not like getting raped or molested. Master understands. He will, of course, do whatever he wants. He won't stop just because you cry. You cannot impede his enjoyment of your body by crying. No matter how much you dread it or object to it, it will still happen."

The same girl asked another question. "What if a girl starts kicking and squirming and fighting Master?"

Gabriela explained, "Master is protected, so you cannot inflict harm on him. He can, however, beat you with a baseball bat or torture you with a torture iron. These things would be more commonly used in a torture house, on prisoner girls, than on servant girls. However, Master can use them on any slave he wants. He can beat you with the baseball bat if you disobey him, or if you show him any disrespect, or just for fun if he wants to. He can also torture you with the torture iron, which is extremely hot, if you disobey him, or disrespect him, or just for fun if he wants to. He can keep you on this planet for millions and billions of years, torturing you every day, if he wants. As it happens, I've noticed Master prefers to enjoy girls sexually, but do remember that you are totally at his mercy."

Billy led Angelina down the hall to speak to her, so that the girls in the classroom could not hear. He told her, "There are ten classrooms in this school. Tomorrow I want two hundred new girls, not ones who are already here but ones who don't yet know what this planet is about. I want the youngest girls I'm allowed to have. It's not for me to decide how young is too young. I want them to be Canadian girls. I want them to be dressed in white blouses

and bras that unsnap in the front as well as the back, white panties, plaid skirts, blue-green plaid on an off-white, white knee socks and black shoes. I want them to wear pastel-colored barrettes or pony-tail holders."

"Consider it done, Master!" Angelina said. She continued to show him around. "Let's go for a walk." she said.

Angelina led Billy down the street. "This building is the library. A lot of girls enjoy reading books from Earth, and there are millions of these volumes here. Girls also volunteer to serve as librarians, just to pass the time." she said.

One girl was standing on a stool to reshelve books. Billy walked up and put his hand up the back of her skirt, feeling her ass through her panties. She jumped, then saw who was doing it. Her face grew red and angry as Billy continued running his hands over her panties. He walked on. "It's really cool to be able to molest any girl I want." he said. Two girls were sitting at a table, reading books. Billy walked up behind one and untied her bikini top in the back. She jumped at first, then started shaking as he ran his hands over her breasts. He walked away. The girl put her face in her hands and started crying. Billy walked back and said, "It's okay. You don't have to cry. I enjoyed fondling you." He walked away.

Angelina led Billy out of the building and down the street. "This is your home." she told him.

"Well, I'm tired, and I'd like to rest now. If you don't mind, I'd like to get some sleep." he said.

"As you wish, Master." she replied.

"I would truly be honored by your company." he whispered in her ear.

"You know I am always willing." she said.

"Yes, but I want to treat you with respect. You have been doing an excellent job." he said.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN: SCHOOL

It was morning and Billy awoke beside Angelina. "Everything is ready for you at the school." she told him. "Two hundred girls, all Canadian, the youngest ones you're allowed to have, are dressed as you specified."

"Let me rape Fondlepuss and then we can go." he said. Fondlepuss was waiting in the serve room. Billy made her get down on her knees, and he raped her in the mouth as he did every morning. Then he took a shower, and dressed himself. Billy and Angelina walked to the school. The girls were waiting, sitting on folding chairs in the auditorium.

Billy walked up on the stage. "Girls, I am Master. You do not get promoted to Heaven until I am good and ready to sign your promotion cards. There is no limit to how much time I can require you to wait. You are my slaves. You must do everything I say. You will be getting your classroom assignments and seat assignments, twenty girls to a classroom. When you get your assignment card, go directly to that room and seat."

Angelina assigned each girl to a room and seat number, and each girl walked to that room, taking her assigned seat. Then Billy went to Room One, taking the teacher's chair.

"Room one, seat one," Billy said, signaling for the girl to walk up to the desk. The girl walked up. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Monique." she replied.

"That's a pretty name." Billy said. "Where are you from?"

"Sherbrooke, Quebec." the girl answered.

"Monique, lift up the front of your skirt, so I can see your underpants." Billy instructed her. The girl's jaw dropped. Her eyes popped open. "That's right." he said. She turned red as a beet as she complied.

"Turn around." Billy said, "Lift up the back of your skirt." Again, the girl complied. "That's good, now go back to your seat. Room one, seat two." he called.

The girl walked up to the desk.

"What is your name?" Billy asked.

"Bridgette." the girl replied.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Sudbury, Ontario." she replied.

"Lift up the front of your skirt. I want to see your panties." he instructed. The girl complied.

"Turn around, and lift up the back of your skirt." Billy said. Bridgette complied.

"Room one, seat three." Billy called. A girl walked up to the desk. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Lucia." she replied.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

"Saint John, sir." she replied.

"Call me Master, not sir." Billy said.

"Yes, Master." Lucia replied.

"Now, are you from St. John's, Newfoundland?" he asked.

"No, Master, that's St. John's, the possessive. I am from Saint John, New Brunswick, which is always spelt out, S-A-I-N-T, and never abbreviated."

"But when you said 'sir' afterwards, I could not tell, because the next word started with an s." Billy noted.

One by one, Billy called each girl up to his desk. After the twentieth girl, he called Monique back.

Monique walked up to the desk. "Unbutton your blouse." Billy instructed. Monique slowly unbuttoned her blouse. "Unfasten the front of your bra and spread it apart."

Monique opened the front of her bra, revealing her breasts. "Hold still. I want to do touchy-feely." Billy said, as he ran his hands over her bare breasts. "Now, stand over by the side wall, with your blouse and bra open. Bridgette!" he said, calling the next girl.

Before long, twenty girls stood side by side along the side wall of the room, away from the windows, their blouses and bras open. Billy walked up and started fondling their bare breasts, twenty pairs in a row. Then he returned to his seat. "Monique!" he called.

Monique walked up. Billy slipped her blouse and her bra off her shoulders and down her arms. "Now you're topless." he noted, placing the blouse and bra on the desk. "Hold still. I want to do touchy-feely some more." he told her. He fondled her breasts and then reached up the back of her skirt to fondle her ass through her panties. "Now place these on your desk and stand along the wall." he said, handing her her blouse and bra. Monique trembled as she walked away. Billy called, "Bridgette!"

Bridgette walked up and faced the same humiliation.

One by one, Billy called each girl up to strip her topless.

The wall along the side of the room was soon lined with topless girls wearing black shoes, white knee socks, and blue-green plaid skirts covering their white panties. Billy called Monique up to the front of the room. "Sit down on my desk, facing me. Remove your shoes and your socks." Monique took a heavy breath, and removed her black shoes and her white knee socks, placing them on the desk. "Stand on the desk." Billy instructed. Monique stood up on the desk. "Lift up the front of your skirt." he told her. She complied. He stared. "Get down here." he instructed. He fondled her breasts again. "Place your shoes and socks on your desk, and then stand along the side of the wall." he instructed.

Billy called each girl up to the desk to remove her shoes and socks and to get her breasts fondled again. Each girl had to place her shoes and socks on her desk, and stand topless and bare-legged along the wall. When all twenty were thus, he called Monique up.

"Stand on the desk." Billy said. Monique climbed up and stood on the desk, facing Billy. "Unzip your skirt. I want to see you in your underpants." he said. Monique unzipped her skirt and let it fall. Her face turned red. "Turn around." Billy said. She turned around. He gazed at the backside of her. "Now get down here. I am going to do more touchy-feely." he told her. Monique trembled as Billy fondled her breasts, and then fondled her ass through her panties. "Monique, you're almost naked." he observed. "Go put your skirt on your desk, and stand along the wall." Tears rolled down her face as she complied. Then he called Bridgette and made her unzip and remove her skirt, molesting her the same way. After molesting all twenty girls this way, Billy rose and instructed them, "Turn around and place your hands on the wall. I am going to do more touchy-feely to all of you."

The girls turned around and faced the wall. Many of them started crying as Billy ran his hands inside their panties to fondle their asses, then ran his hands over their breasts. He spent only a few seconds on each one, but that was all it took to humiliate her.

"Monique." Billy called. The girl held one arm over her breasts as she approached. "Stand up on the desk." he instructed her. She stood up on the desk. "You're almost naked, Monique. But you're not naked yet. I want to see you totally naked. Pull down your underpants and get naked." he instructed her. Monique trembled, and her face grew red again, as she complied. "Turn around I want to see you

naked from other angles." Billy instructed. Monique turned all the way around for him as he stared. "Now lie down on the desk, up on your right elbow. Put your left arm on your left side. I want to see you naked like this. Bridgette!" he said.

Bridgette approached the desk. "Stand up on the desk and pull down your underpants. I want to see you naked." he said. "I want to see you standing naked while Monique is lying down in front of me." Bridgette removed her panties. "Turn all the way around." Billy told her. Bridgette turned all the way around.

Billy instructed, "Monique, get down from the desk. I want to do touchy feely. Bridgette, lie down on the desk. Lucia, get up on the desk and pull down your underpants so I can see you naked."

Monique climbed down and stood next to Billy. She cried as he ran his hands over her naked body. She trembled even more when he put his hand on her crotch. Bridgette laid down as instructed, facing Billy while Lucia got up on the desk and pulled down her panties for Billy to enjoy. After Lucia turned all the way around, it was time to send Monique to place her panties on her desk and then stand naked against the wall. Billy made each girl pull down her panties, then lie down naked on the desk, then stand next to him so he could run his hands over her.

When all the girls in the classroom were standing naked against the wall, Billy left the room and went to Room Two. The girls there were unaware of what had happened in Room One, and were equally astonished and shocked. When he was done, twenty naked girls lined the wall of the room, and Billy went to Room Three.

After Billy finished Room Ten, he ordered all the girls to line up out in the hall, facing the wall. He gave this order in each classroom. The naked girls lined both walls of the hall. Billy started at one end and fondled their asses, working his way down the hall. Then he worked his way up the other side of the hall. It took him half an hour to fondle 200 asses. Then he ordered them to turn around, and he fondled 200 pairs of breasts the same way. Some girls cried, others trembled. Others sulked. Some blushed.

Billy selected Ashley, from Vancouver, British Columbia, and Janice, from Trois-Rivieres, Quebec, telling them to follow him to the serve room. "Girls, I'm going to rape you now. Ashley, I'm going to rape you in the mouth while Janice stands next to me, so I can run my hands over her. Then all three of us are going to take a shower, and

I'm going to rape Janice between the legs. Janice, I'm going to rape you on this waterbed."

"No! Don't do this! I won't be able to handle it!" Janice said. Ashley broke down and cried.

"That's enough crying." Billy said. "Now start complying. Get down on your knees. That's right. Janice, I get to do touchy-feely all over your naked body while I enjoy what Ashley is doing." He dropped his trousers and his briefs. Ashley closed her eyes as she cried.

After a few minutes, Billy told Janice to sit on the waterbed and face him, so he could look at her. He feasted his eyes on her naked body. Her curly black hair was tied in two pigtails, held with pastel blue ponytail holders. "You girls are pretty. You're young. You're naked. You're my slaves. I get to rape you, as my reward. I enjoy this." Janice's face turned pale.

Billy gestured for Janice to stand up and walk toward him. He resumed running his hands over her. When he finished raping Ashley, Ashley was totally shattered. She had a look of intense sadness and anger. Billy brought Ashley and Janice to the shower and ran his hands over both of them, and washed himself off. Then he dried himself off, and then the girls.

"And now," Billy said, "Janice, I'm going to rape you." He put his arms around her and held her tight. "I get to hold you for as long as I want. I get to do touchy-feely on you wherever I want, and for as long as I want. I get to rape you as much as I want, and I can take as long as I want to rape you. You are totally at my mercy."

"No!" Janice shouted. "Stop it! Don't do this! Stop now!" she screamed louder and louder, but to no avail.

"I enjoyed seeing you naked today." Billy told Janice. "I enjoyed making you strip totally naked. I like putting my hands on your breasts, so I'm going to do this as much as I want."

Janice cried, then screamed some more. Ashley sat in the corner and cried. After Billy finished raping Janice, he continued running his hands over her body for a while while she cried. Then he got dressed and walked away, leaving two girls totally shattered. He went to see Angelina.

"Master," Angelina greeted him, "tomorrow I have an adventure in mind for you. I think you will enjoy it. Do you want me to tell you about it now, or would you prefer a surprise?"

Billy gave Angelina a hug. "I know you won't let me down. I'll let it be a surprise."

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN: SEASHORE

Angelina and Billy were cuddling in bed as dawn broke. "If you'd like, we can go on today's adventure now." Angelina said.

"I must first tell you, that I really appreciate everything you've done for me." Billy said. "You've been doing an excellent job."

Angelina replied, "Thank you, Master. I love hearing that from you."

Angelina led Billy out the front door and down to the subway. Billy looked around at the servant girls waiting on the platform. This time, they were dressed more conservatively than before, now wearing short dresses, nylon stockings and high-heeled shoes, all shiny and attractive.

"This is a nice dress code." Billy said.

"Thank you, Master. We angel girls tell the servant girls what they can wear unless you say differently." Angelina replied.

"They look like young ladies who work in an office. They are outrageously pretty." Billy observed. He walked around for a few minutes and selected a girl to molest, then grasped the front of her dress with both hands and ripped it open, exposing her bra and her slip. The girl screamed, but to no avail. Billy opened her bra in front and started fondling her breasts as the girl's face turned red.

Billy continued running his hands over the girl's breasts and her ass until the subway train arrived. Billy and Angelina boarded. The molested girl fastened her bra, and stepped onto the train, holding her torn dress together.

Two stops later, Angelina led Billy off the train and upstairs, then down the street to the pier. "We're going to that island. It's called Seashell Island." Angelina said.

"Is this the fresh water ocean or the salt water ocean?" Billy asked.

"This is salt water." Angelina replied. "There's a small settlement on the island. We'll be going by yacht." She led Billy onto the yacht and sped off. An hour later, they docked at Seashell Island. Billy and Angelina tied up the yacht and walked ashore. Angelina led Billy along the clean, sandy beach. They walked with the ocean on their left.

"Here's where we go into the forest." Angelina said. She led him up a path just into the forest, where they sat down. Billy enjoyed the scene. He kissed Angelina.

A few minutes passed, and Billy saw a cute girl walking along the beach, with the ocean on her right. She was gathering seashells and placing them into her bucket. She wore beach sandals, denim shorts, and a bikini top. Her hair was braided on both sides. Billy watched her walk by.

"Go for it." Angelina whispered. "I'll wait for you in the yacht."

Billy waited until the girl walked by, then snuck up behind her. Then he ran up and surprised her. With his left arm, he reached around her left side and grabbed her right breast, while he placed his right arm around her right side. She screamed as she dropped the bucket of seashells. He held her like that, then released her. She turned around, panting for breath.

She turned around to see who it was. Her eyes opened wider. "Master?" she said. "Why, what a surprise to see you so soon."

"Unfasten your bikini top and pull it apart so I can see your bare breasts." Billy instructed her.

"Yes, Master." she replied. Shaking, she unfastened the front of her top and slowly pulled the parts away from each other. She held it open.

"What is your name?" Billy asked, as he looked at the girl's breasts.

"Rebecca." the girl said.

"Where do you live?" Billy asked.

"I live with two other girls in a cottage, in the forest, about one kilometer from here." Rebecca replied.

"You are still shaking." Billy observed.

"Yes, Master. I am scared." Rebecca replied.

"Why are you scared?" Billy asked.

"I am terrified that you are about to rape me." Rebecca said.

Billy grinned as he stared. Tears started running down Rebecca's face. "If you wish, you may rape me here on the beach." she said. "Or if you wish, you may rape me in the cottage. There is a serve room there, all set up for you."

She looked at his face, shedding more tears as she continued. "Or, if you wish, you may rape me in the forest, along the way. The ground is all covered with pine needles, and is nice and soft. I am totally at your mercy, Master, and I must serve you however you say."

"Strip naked." Billy instructed.

"Yes, Master." Rebecca said. She pulled the bikini top over her shoulders and slid it down her arms. Then she kicked off her sandals. She blushed when she saw Billy staring at her as she slowly pulled down her shorts.

Billy said, "Leave everything here. The bucket, the shells, the clothes. Leave it all on the beach and start walking naked to the cottage." He watched and feasted his eyes on Rebecca as she complied. She led him along the beach to the path that led to the cottage. Billy walked alongside her, watching her.

After walking about ten minutes in the forest, Billy looked around and said, "This is a nice place, Rebecca. A nice place for me to rape you."

"As you wish, Master." Rebecca replied. She looked at him for his next instruction. Tears started running down her face again. She started shaking as Billy smiled.

Billy just feasted his eyes on her. Then he said, "Let us walk out of the path, and onto this nice carpet of soft pine needles."

Rebecca followed Billy about five meters off the path, then looked at him. Billy enjoyed seeing her from another angle, with a different background view. "Rebecca," he said, "I'm going to rape you here." He put his hands on her breasts and her ass and enjoyed for a while. Rebecca trembled. The humiliation made her cry more. Billy ran his fingers over her crotch. "You know, if we were on Earth and I were to meet you on the beach, I'll bet you probably wouldn't even open up your bikini for me to see your breasts. Earth girls cover themselves up so we guys don't get to see you naked. You know we'd enjoy seeing you naked, but you don't let us. Even though Earth girls enjoy sex, they still refuse to do it, and I think that's just to keep the guys frustrated. But now, things are different. Here, I get to see you naked for as long as I want. I get to put my hands on you as much as I want. You're totally naked, Rebecca. You don't even have any clothes with you."

Rebecca's face grew redder and redder with Billy's words. Then she spoke. "Yes, Master. Of course, here I am totally at your mercy. Yet, as much as I dread getting raped, I know that you are going to rape me to your heart's content, and there is nothing I can do about it."

"Rebecca," Billy said, "get down on your knees." Billy dropped his briefs and his trousers.

"Yes, Master." Rebecca said, as she got down. Billy got closer to her mouth.

"Open wide." Billy said. Rebecca was shaking as she opened her mouth. "Massage with your tongue and your lips. Put both hands on my ass and rub my ass gently."

Rebecca complied with Billy's instructions. He reached down and started stroking the side of her face with the back of his hands. The back of his fingers became wet with Rebecca's tears.

"Keep doing that, Rebecca." Billy instructed. "On Earth, girls get to make the guys pay a lot of money to do this. And I understand why a lot of girls don't like to do it. On Earth, girls get to make the guys pay a lot of money for sex between the legs, too, even though the girls enjoy it. They know the guys need it, so they refuse to provide, just to make the guys suffer. But here, you have no rights. I own you, and you are my slave. I get to rape you as much as I want, and however I want."

Rebecca continued massaging with her tongue and her lips. Billy spoke to her. "I remember suffering on Earth. Sometimes I would have to go for long periods of time without sex, because the girls wouldn't let me please them. Here, I get as much as I want."

Billy looked down at Rebecca. He started breathing harder and harder. "Swallow, Rebecca. You must swallow. You cannot spit out anything." he instructed her.

"O-o-h!" Billy said. His muscles tightened and a shiver went down his spine. He started breathing faster and faster.

In a minute, Billy caught his breath and pulled up his briefs and trousers. "Now," he said, "let us go to the cottage."

Rebecca cried as she rose to her feet. Billy gazed at her as she walked back to the path and then toward the cottage. He put his hands on her ass and her breasts every so often.

"Now you can see the cottage, Master." Rebecca said, pointing in that direction. A few minutes later, they arrived at the front door. Billy opened the door and walked in. Rebecca followed.

Two Oriental girls were sitting in the living room. They were surprised to see Billy. Then their eyes and mouths opened wide with the horror when they saw Rebecca walk in naked.

"I just raped her in the forest." Billy explained.

"Her clothes are still on the beach." He walked up to the girls in the living room. They had straight black hair and brown eyes. Billy looked the girls over.

"What's your name?" Billy asked one girl.

"Sanifa" she said.

"And what is your name?" he asked the other.

"Marcella" she said. She had a red flower in her hair.

Billy looked at Marcella and said, "Marcella, let us go to the serve room. I want to rape you."

Marcella stood up. Billy took her by the hand and led her. In the serve room, he ripped open her blouse. Buttons flew, and landed on the soft shag carpet. Marcella could only look helplessly at Billy as he pulled the blouse down her arms and dropped it. Then he reached around her and unfastened her bra in the back. "Marcella, you are beautiful. I get to rape you. You don't get to make me suffer sexual deprivation on this planet. I get to have all the enjoyment I want. There is nothing you can do about it."

Marcella kept looking around. She was horrified at the thought of getting raped. She looked back and forth, then at Billy. Billy pulled her bra down her arms, then ran his hands over her bare breasts. She was shaking.

"Marcella, I get to rape you. Pull up your skirt." Billy instructed. Marcella lifted up the front of her skirt, revealing her panties. Billy put his hand down the front of the panties and left it there. "This feels nice." he said. "Sit down on the waterbed."

Marcella sat down on the waterbed and kept crying. Billy looked into her eyes and she blushed. He took off her high-heeled shoes and then her nylons. He sat in a chair and relaxed, gazing at her. Then he sat down next to her and started running his hands over her breasts and her legs. "I get to rape you, Marcella." he said. "You don't get to make me suffer like Earth girls do. I get to look at your bare breasts and run my hands over them for as long as I want, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Billy got up and sat down in the chair, giving Marcella a long stare. "Stand up." he said. When she rose, he used both hands to rip her skirt along the zipper and then the seam, then dropped the torn garment.

Marcella froze. Billy put his hands down the back of her panties. "I get to rape you!" he whispered. He pulled her panties down her legs to her ankles. "Step out." he told her. Then he sat in the chair.

Marcella stepped out of her panties.

"Sit on my lap, sideways." Billy said. Marcella sat,

with her left side next to Billy's chest. Billy ran his right hand over her legs while he looked into her eyes. "This is the serve room. It is here for you to serve me. I get to rape you. I get to rape you as much as I want. I get to rape you whenever I want. I get to rape you however I want." He put his left arm around her and fondled her left breast while he was talking with her. Marcella was frozen, nervously looking away at things in the room. Billy put his hand on her crotch.

Marcella sat helplessly as Billy alternately looked at her naked body and into her eyes. "You're naked." Billy observed. "You're not wearing anything except the red flower in your hair. I get to see you naked. I enjoy seeing you naked. You don't like it because I like it."

Billy was silent for a few minutes as he ran his hands over Marcella. "You know, when I rape you, two things will flow. A little fluid will flow out of my body into yours, and all the happiness will flow out of your body, into mine. Getting raped leaves a girl emotionally shattered. A man is pleased, and the girl does not like that at all. The girl is totally humiliated because a man was pleased."

Billy ran his hands over Marcella's breasts. "You know," he said, "when metal touches metal, electricity can flow from one to the other. When my hands touch your breasts, pleasure flows out of your body and into mine. It pleases me, and it displeases you to please me. All your life, you prevented guys from even so much as seeing your bare breasts."

Billy continued running his hands over Marcella's body, whispering "You're naked." to her. He continued this for quite a while, then said, "Lie down on the waterbed. I'm going to rape you."

Marcella started sobbing as she obeyed the instruction. Billy remained seated and spent a few minutes feasting his eyes on her. Then he rose and said, "Marcella, I get to rape you. You are my reward. You have no rights whatsoever. You are pretty. I'm going to rape you." He removed his clothes, and climbed onto the waterbed, on top of Marcella. He kept saying, "Marcella, I get to rape you." as he slid back and forth. Marcella went totally limp and closed her eyes, unable to face up to what was happening to her.

Billy closed his eyes and put his hands on Marcella's sides. After a while, he stopped saying, "I get to rape you." and started saying, "I just raped you."

Billy got up, and Marcella put her hands over her face as she sobbed. Billy removed the flower from her hair and

left it on the waterbed. He led her to the shower, and turned on the water. "I just raped you. You're totally naked." he kept saying. He ran his hands over her in the shower. After the shower, he dried her off and made her dry him off.

"Sit in the chair and wait for me." Billy said. Marcella took the seat. Billy went to the living room.

"Rebecca, Sanifa, let us go to the serve room." They followed him in. Marcella's torn clothes were still on the floor.

"Sanifa, I'm going to rape you now." Billy said. He reached his right hand out, grasping the front of her blouse, and ripped it open. She was horrified. He gently removed the blouse over her shoulders and arms, and dropped it on the floor. "Get naked. Now!" he ordered. She cried, and complied. Billy spent a few minutes running his hands over her breasts and her ass, then said, "Here's how it's going to be. Marcella, get your flower and put it back in your hair. Then sit in the chair, totally naked, and look pretty while I gaze at you. Rebecca, you stand next to me so I can run my hands all over your naked body. Sanifa, eat me."

Sanifa got down on her knees and started licking. Rebecca stood next to Billy. He kept looking at her and then at Marcella.

"Sanifa, use your tongue to massage me." Billy instructed. "All the way in."

Billy continued running his hands over Rebecca. Then he noted, "Back on Earth, if I saw Marcella on the bus, I couldn't just spend the whole time looking at her. But here, I am the master, so I get to decide. I decide whether you girls will have sex with me, or eat me. I decide Marcella has to sit there and let me look at her naked body. That red flower in her hair makes her look prettier. Marcella, I enjoy looking at your naked body. Rebecca, I enjoy touching you." Marcella blushed as tears rolled down her face. Rebecca froze.

"Sanifa, you must swallow everything. You must not spit anything out." Billy warned. "Rebecca, I get to fondle your ass for as long as I want." he observed.

Billy started breathing harder. He put both hands on Rebecca and held her more tightly. "Sanifa, I get to rape you!" he said. He started saying it over and over, more slowly, until he was almost moaning it. "Sanifa, you're naked. Rebecca, you're naked. Marcella, you're naked. Let us all take a shower now. Marcella, put your flower on the waterbed."

Billy and the three servant girls got into the shower. Billy spent some time running his hands over each girl. He dried each one off, and made the girls dry him off with towels. "I like having three naked girls dry me off." he stated.

Billy got dressed and said, "Now let us go. Do not put anything on, except you, Marcella. You put your flower back into your hair. We're going for a walk through the forest, to the beach. Marcella, you first, then Sanifa, then Rebecca."

Billy followed his slaves out the door and down the path that led back to the beach. "Marcella, stop and turn around. I want to see the front of your naked body." Billy said. Marcella turned to show Billy. "Sanifa, stop and turn around." Sanifa turned to show him.

It took quite a while to get back to the beach, as Billy slowed his slaves down by putting his hands on them and feasting his eyes on them along the way, much to their chagrin.

"We're going to the pier, where a yacht is docked that will take us back to the city." Billy announced. All four of them walked to the dock and boarded the yacht.

Angelina greeted Billy. "Master, I am so happy to see you again." she said. Billy and Angelina untied the yacht from the pier. "So tell me, did you like this adventure?"

Billy answered, "Yes, I enjoyed it immensely. I really enjoy the freedom I have on this planet, to molest and rape any girl I want. I'm bringing these three with me to finish their ordeal in the city."

"That is your reward." Angelina noted. "And, as a messenger, it is now my duty to tell you that a decision has been made to give you girls even younger than the ones you enjoyed at the school. I do not know how you will feel about this. You know you have the right to do to them as you wish, but the question is whether you want to."

"Those girls at the school were young and pretty. I really enjoyed molesting them, and raping Ashley and Janice." Billy replied.

When the yacht arrived at the city pier, Billy and Angelina tied up. "Marcella, Rebecca, Sanifa, follow me." Billy instructed. The three naked servant girls stepped out of the yacht and onto the pier. They walked with Billy and Angelina down the street. Billy put his hands on them as they walked, fondling their asses as they descended the stairs into the subway. He fondled their breasts as they all waited for the train. Once aboard, Billy made them stand up naked while he sat and feasted his eyes on them.

When the train arrived at the stop near Billy's house, he told them to follow him upstairs. He assigned them separate rooms. Then he fondled their asses as they walked into their rooms, and then he walked away with Angelina.

"Master," Angelina said, "Let me introduce you to Cynthia. Gabriela has set up Room Five upstairs for her, with new clothes her size."

Angelina led Cynthia to Billy, and Billy gasped. He took a deep breath.

"Hello, sir. You must be my new master." the girl said.

"Yes, I am Master." Billy said, reaching out his hand to shake.

"I am Cynthia." the girl told him. "I am a slave now, so I am wondering what kind of work I will be doing here." She had straight brown hair and blue eyes. Her fingernails were painted bright red.

"What happened? Tell me about yourself. You look like you are dressed up for church, except you don't have a hat." Billy said, to put off having to tell her.

The girl explained. "Well, I was dressed up and ready to go to church on Sunday morning, except I didn't have my hat on, so I went down to the basement to get it, and I saw my brother playing with matches. He asked me if I wanted to play with matches, too, and I did. I knew I wasn't supposed to play with matches, but it looked fun. So we lit a few matches, and then a pile of rags that my father had used to wipe up turpentine, caught fire. When I inhaled the fumes, I passed out. By the time the fire department got there, I was dead. Here is my promotion card."

"Such a pity." Billy said. "Well, it is late now, and you won't have any work to do today. Let me just show you to your room, young lady. Keep your promotion card with you, by the way."

Cynthia followed Billy up to the third floor, where he showed her Room Five. "In here is your bed, a nice, comfortable waterbed. There is your dresser and your new clothes. In here..." Billy said, and paused, until he could resume speaking, "...is the shower. You have plenty of nice, clean, white towels. It is always nice and warm in my house, so no blankets or top sheets are needed in bed."

Billy stepped back out of the room and found Angelina in the hallway. He closed his eyes. "Oh, my. She is so precious, but so young! And look at me, and my age." he said.

"Well, you know it is not immoral or improper, by definition." Angelina said as they walked down the hall.

"If you want, you can sit in Room Seven and watch her through the special windows. She'll never know. The windows are two-way mirrors, but there's perfect reflection on one side, and perfect transparency from the other side. Totally soundproof, too. And they don't fog up, either."

Billy said, "I just can't...can't shatter her emotionally. She is just too precious, and too innocent."

Billy walked away to Room Seven, and sat in a seat by the window, watching Cynthia. At first, she was simply looking over the new clothes in the dresser. Billy relaxed, and just watched her. After a long day, it felt good to relax in the easy chair and watch her.

Eventually, Billy's heart started beating faster and faster. Cynthia walked into the shower room and looked around. He calmed down when she brought the clean towels into the bedroom to examine them. She put the towels up against her face. Then she took to looking over her new clothes some more.

Cynthia set a flannel nightgown on the waterbed, and then returned to the shower, with towels in her hand. Billy's heart pounded harder and harder. He watched her place the towels back in the rack. Then she went and sat down on the side of the waterbed.

Billy opened the refrigerator in Room Seven and removed a cold wine cooler. He sat back down in the easy chair, watching Cynthia. He set down the unopened bottle. Somehow, he just was not in the mood for a drink.

Again, Billy's heart started pounding faster and faster. Cynthia got up and walked to the shower. This time, though, she kicked off her shoes. Billy's breaths got deeper and deeper. Cynthia unzipped the back of her dress and took it off. Then she removed her slip and her stockings. She casually removed her bra. She turned on the water, adjusting it for a moment, and then slid her panties down her legs and stepped out of them. Billy watched breathlessly as Cynthia washed herself off and then dried herself. He watched as she put on her flannel nightgown. Then she got down on her knees beside the bed to say her prayers. Then she shut off the light and went to bed.

Billy walked out of Room Seven and went to see Angelina.

"You know, Master, I am ready to please you any way you wish." Angelina said.

"I know." Billy whispered. "It's Cynthia. She just looks so innocent, I mean, s-o-o innocent! I just cannot do something that will shatter her emotionally. But she is so pretty, so young, so naked, so beautiful. I get to rape

her. That is my reward. She is cute. I don't know."

"Would you care for a drink?" Angelina asked.

"No, thanks. I'm just not in the mood for a drink."

Billy replied. "Let's just cuddle for a while."

"You are the master." Angelina observed. "It is all up to you. You could sign her promotion card right now, without even molesting her, if you wish. I will never attempt to influence these decisions."

Billy spent time cuddling with Angelina. Then he asked, "Could you bring me the sleep gas?"

"Why yes, Master." Angelina answered. She left the room, returning a minute later.

"You set the time with this dial." Angelina said, "Set it for eighty if you want her to sleep through it, or about thirty if you want her to wake up to discover that she's being raped. You put this mask over her face. If she starts to wake up, just apply sleep gas again if you want."

Billy took the sleep gas canister with him to Room Five. He set the dial for eighty and then opened the door and walked into the dark room. Cynthia was sound asleep. He applied the mask over her face and released the sleep gas. Then he set it down and turned on the light.

For a few minutes, Billy just stared, contemplating Cynthia as she slept. Then he unzipped the front of her nightgown and removed it. She had nothing on underneath, so now she was lying naked on the bed. Billy sat back and watched her sleep naked.

Billy spent a while gazing at Cynthia. Then he got closer and started running his hands over her breasts. He could hear her breathing softly as he gently ran his hands up and down her naked body. "Cynthia, you're naked, and I get to rape you." he whispered.

After touching and fondling Cynthia to his heart's content, he rolled her over on the waterbed and ran his hands up and down her body some more, spending much time fondling her ass.

"Cynthia, you're naked, and ...I ...get ...to ...rape ...you." Billy whispered. He rolled her over so she was sleeping on her back, and applied the sleep gas again. He fondled her breasts, and turn the light down low. Then he got undressed and got on top of her. He ran his hands all over her young, innocent body as he raped her. He could hear her breathing as she slept through it all. He could feel his whole body tingle with excitement. "Cynthia, you're naked." he whispered again, "...and...I...just...raped...you."

Billy climbed off Cynthia and put his clothes on. He looked through her pocketbook and found her promotion card.

He held it against the wall with one hand and signed it with the other. When he turned around, Cynthia was gone. He set the card on the waterbed and walked away.

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN: THE FUN HOUSE

Billy woke up in the morning as Angelina slept beside him. He sat up, then got up and walked around. He strolled around the house for a while, then returned to Room Five to retrieve the sleep gas he left there. He brought it to Room Three, where Sanifa slept.

Before opening the door, Billy set the dial to thirty, then he opened the door and walked in. He placed the mask over Sanifa's face and applied the gas. It only took a few seconds to apply.

Sanifa was wearing flannel pajamas, which Billy removed. Then Billy began running his hands over her body while she slept. "Sanifa, you're naked." he whispered.

Sanifa breathed softly while Billy enjoyed gazing at her and touching her. He gently ran each finger over her nipples. Then he took off his own clothes and got on top of her. He had to push her legs apart. He ran his hands over her arms, then her legs, then her arms again. He spent more time fondling her breasts. Then he got undressed.

In a few minutes, Billy found himself raping the sleeping Sanifa, while he ran his hands up and down her body. A few minutes later, Sanifa started to move more and more. Billy continued pounding away.

"Sanifa,...I...get...to...rape...you." Billy whispered..

"What?" Sanifa said. Then she opened her eyes.

"Aye-e-e-e!" Sanifa screamed at the top of her lungs. Billy kept on pounding her into the waterbed.

"I get to rape you whenever I want, wherever I want, and however I want. That means I get to rape you while you're sleeping." Billy told her.

"Stop it!" Sanifa screamed. "Stop it! Stop it!"

Billy continued raping her as he taunted, "I get to rape you, and there's nothing you can do about it. You're not even safe when you sleep. I can walk right in here and just start raping you."

"Stop it! Aye-e-e-e!" Sanifa screamed again.

Billy continued, "That's not going to work, Sanifa. I get to rape you as much as I want. I get to put my hands

all over you. I get to see you naked. There's nothing you can do about it. You have no rights, Sanifa, none whatsoever. You're totally naked and I can rape you as much as I want."

Sanifa continued squirming, screaming and then crying.

"You have no rights." Billy taunted. He started breathing harder and harder, excited at Sanifa's helplessness. His muscles tightened up.

After Billy finished raping Sanifa, he climbed off her and sat down. "Now lie still so I can see you naked." Billy instructed her. Sanifa used her hands and arms to try to cover up parts of her trembling body. She looked at Billy and cried some more.

Billy gazed at Sanifa for an entire hour, taunting her about her helplessness. Then he said, "It was so much fun, I think I'll do it again!"

"No!" Sanifa cried. "Please don't! Pl-e-e-ase don't!"

"That doesn't work, Sanifa. Nothing you say does any good." Billy told her. "I get to rape you as much as I want, and I want you to be totally, completely shattered."

Billy walked up and started fondling Sanifa's bare breasts. Then he climbed on top of her and raped her again.

"There, Sanifa. You are now totally and completely shattered. I really enjoyed it." Billy said, as he left the room.

Angelina was sitting in the living room as Billy walked in. "There's a surprise for you today, Master." she said.

Billy smiled and said, "I enjoy the surprises you angel girls prepare for me. I liked Seashell Island yesterday."

"Let me show you the way, then." Angelina said. She led Billy out to the street and down to the subway. Four girls were already on the platform, waiting for a train. Billy walked up to one of them, ripped open her blouse, sending buttons flying. Then he unfastened the front of her bra to fondle her bare breasts. Then he walked up to another one and lifted up the front of her skirt with one hand, pulling down her panties with the other. Then he fondled the asses of the other two girls.

When the train arrived, Billy and Angelina paid no mind to the four girls who boarded with them. A few stops later, Angelina led Billy off the train.

"I haven't been to this stop before." Billy observed.

"Gabriela, Michelle and I have prepared something special here." Angelina said. She led him upstairs. "This is a special serve room, Master. There's the usual

accommodations you've seen, such as the waterbed and the mirror square. But here is a special seat. You sit in it and enjoy us. There is no seat back. I stand behind you, and you rest on me. I am propped up by this. If you like, I can shave your head so my breasts press up against the skin on the back of your head.

"We have arranged a parade of pretty girls, both angel girls and servant girls, to march past you. You can have a girl eat you or climb on top of you. This seat has a motor in it, and her knees will be on these pads, which will be raised and lowered by the motor, making for a regular motion during sex if you wish.

"As the girls parade past you, from the direction of your feet, each one will do a strip show for you, then get down beside you so you can fondle her ass or her breasts while you feast your eyes on the next one. There will be lines on both sides of you.

"Just tell us when you want to get up and stretch out. There's also a door over there which leads to the Torture House. Let me know when you are ready for that, so I can put some clothes on, since there will be other men in there.

"Keep in mind, Master, that some of the girls parading by you will be angel girls and some will be servant girls. I know you prefer to treat us angel girls with more respect, but we enjoy pleasing you."

"I think I'll take you up on that shave." Billy said. "I'll enjoy having your body up against my head."

Billy sat down in a chair and Angelina gave him a crew cut, then shaved his head bald. Then she cleaned his head. Billy stood up and walked over to the special seat, undressing and sitting in it. Angelina undressed and stood behind him. Billy sat back, leaning against her, and resting the back of his head on her breasts. She started running her fingers and her hands over his chest.

Gabriela walked in and stood by Billy's right side. "Hello, Master, may I strip naked for you?" she asked.

"Why, certainly." Billy replied. Gabriela removed her party dress and then her lingerie.

Gabriela said, "We have everything planned for you, Master, in such a way that we expect it to please you. If you happen to prefer any changes, do let us know."

"Well, just one thing." Billy noted. "I make a point of having Fondlepuss eat me once a day, just to humiliate her. I'd like to have that happen at some point later today."

"Consider it done, Master. May I climb up?" Gabriela

said.

"I'd enjoy that." Billy answered.

Gabriela climbed up, facing Billy, and placed one leg on each side of him, on the pads. Angelina was still running her fingers and her hands over his chest. Gabriela moved forward, running her hands over him, and soon they were having sex again. "It gives me great pleasure to be with you, Master, especially to please you."

"I want you angel girls to know that I really appreciate everything you do for me." Billy replied. Gabriela and Angelina smiled.

Michelle walked in, wearing a one-piece bathing suit, and stood by Billy's left side. "May I strip naked for you, too, Master?" she asked.

"That would be excellent." Billy answered.

"These girls will be in all different costumes." Angelina told Billy. "You seem to like variety."

Soon Billy was fondling Michelle's ass while dozens of girls queued up to serve him. A minute later, he was fondling a servant girl's breasts with his right hand while he fondled Michelle's ass with his left hand. Gabriela was still up over him, having sex.

The girls parading past him were randomly dressed in bathrobes, nightgowns, bikinis, one-piece bathing suits, lingerie, office attire and street clothing. Some were wrapped only in bath towels.

Billy looked at Gabriela and both smiled. He took his hands off the girls on his sides to fondle Gabriela's breasts. Soon he was breathless. Angelina continued gently running her fingertips over his chest.

Gabriela climbed down and walked away as the parade continued. Billy could tell a girl was an angel girl when she asked for permission to climb up.

Scores of girls had paraded past Billy when he decided it was time to stretch out. Angelina and Billy took a shower and dressed, then went through the door to the Torture House.

Billy was delighted to find Joe Neandertal, his seven thousand, four hundred twenty-third great grandfather. He looked at the other men present.

"Well, if it ain't the Dude on the Deuce!" Billy said, as he shook Thomas Jefferson's hand.

Jefferson replied, "You refer, of course, to my portrait on the two-dollar Federal Reserve Note."

Billy replied, "Exactly. I worked at a place in New Hampshire where one customer always paid his account with two-dollar bills. Too bad so many banks are run by morons

who can't figure out it's time to reorder them when they run low. Of course, it's not really the proper role of the government to issue money, and even if it were, the U.S. Constitution leaves that power to Congress and not to the Federal Reserve."

"You're right, there. You know that I had a certain amount of respect for the U.S. Constitution." Jefferson said.

Billy observed, "Just like the rest of us. When it suits your purpose. Along comes the opportunity for the Louisiana Purchase, totally unconstitutional, and you went for it."

"This is true." Jefferson agreed. "Well, let me introduce you. This is Patrick Henry."

Billy shook hands with Mr. Henry. "Pleased to meet you. You were more my kind of guy. Jefferson was cool, don't get me wrong, but you were more like a regular people kind of a guy, not so aristocratic."

"I really admired the way you told them off." Henry said.

Billy observed, "Kind of like the way you started your Liberty-or-Death speech in Richmond. 'Should I hold back my opinion at such time, through fear of giving offense, then I should consider myself as guilty of an act of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all Earthly kings.'"

Jefferson made the next introduction. "And this is Matthew Thornton."

"I've heard of you." Billy replied. "You signed the Declaration of Independence for New Hampshire, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on the fourth of July, 1776."

"Actually, I didn't sign until the nineteenth of November." Thornton replied. "I just want to thank you for what you did to restore liberty in my State. You made me proud of my ties to New Hampshire. When liberty could not be defended with ballots, you inspired the supporters of liberty to defend it with bullets. I supported armed resistance in my day."

"Well, I wasn't born in New Hampshire." Billy admitted.

Thornton replied, "Neither was I. I was born in Ireland."

Billy said, "Well, guys, welcome to Planet Billy. Jefferson, Henry, you guys care for some arrack punch, just like the old days at Raleigh Tavern? Or anybody care for some cold beer or wine coolers, or maybe a prisoner girl to

gang rape?"

"Well, I suppose we could take a vote on that." Jefferson joked. "You were wise to see the folly of democracy. We cannot give each other authority to gang rape somebody. Here, however, that authority has been given to you, and is beyond question."

"Well, this is truly excellent." Billy said. "I have plenty of pretty angel girls who have a crush on me, and will do anything I want, and I have plenty of slave girls whom I can force to do anything I say. I can hardly believe this is really happening."

"It's not." Henry said. "You know me. I tell it like it is. This planet does not exist, and neither do you, Billy. It's all a fictional story written by Tom Alciere in 2004."

Then Thornton observed, "You know, the author was once a member of the New Hampshire Legislature. So was I. He got elected in Nashua, and I got elected in Londonderry."

Billy sighed and said, "Well, I guess this story will be useful when a guy is cuddling up with a special woman. He can make believe he is molesting servant girls on a subway platform, or any of the other scenarios in the story."

"Fiction has great social value beyond that." Jefferson told him. "I described this in a letter I wrote to Robert Skipwith on the third of August, 1771."

Billy asked, "What did you say in the letter?"

"That's one question that always boggles my mind." Jefferson said. "I realize some people mean no harm, but do you actually expect me to recite the entire document on a question prompt?"

"Well, no, but I'm curious about what it says." Billy replied.

"Then read the letter." Jefferson replied. "Anything I can say about the text of a letter would be different from the complete text of the letter, which nowadays is available on the internet."

"So, no Planet Billy?" Billy asked.

"No Planet Billy." Angelina replied. "I'd love to have sex with you one last time before the story ends, Master, but I cannot, because neither one of us exists."

"That's too bad." Billy lamented.

Angelina said, "However, there is something much better. It's called Heaven. If you like Planet Billy, well, literally, you ain't seen nothing yet. Do you still have that Bible?"

Billy pulled the book out of his pocket. "Right here!"

he said.

"Look in the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, the ninth verse of the second chapter." Angelina said. She recited from memory as Billy read silently "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Billy noted, "Well, I guess that's why the author couldn't describe Heaven, and had to describe something less. It says here, Heaven isn't even imagineable. I had to wonder about the servant girls being misled into agreeing to be slaves, without full disclosure what they were getting into."

"You can't get into Heaven without dying first." Henry said. "Hate to break that to you, but you know I tell it like it is."

Angelina noted, "It would be much tougher if you die in the act of your own deliberate wrongdoing."

"What if I fight back against an unjust government, say I slaughter a few cops and get killed in the shoot-out?" Billy asked.

Jefferson replied, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

THE END

GLOSSARY

The Bible citations are those of the King James Version, except that

1 Corinthians 13 is the Hebrew Names Version of the World English Bible, <http://www.ebible.org/bible/hnv>

Angel girls - Female angels who are crazy about Billy. They are willing to serve him sexually in any way that could please him.

Angelina - An angel girl whom Billy met while watching four angel girls playing volleyball naked on the beach on his island.

Ashley - A servant girl at the school on Planet Billy. She was from Vancouver, British Columbia.

Betty - A servant girl on whom Billy inflicts intense humiliation because of how she treated him when they worked together on Earth. Billy renames her Fondlepuss.

Billy - Billy Americano, also known as Master, and the subject of the book.

Bridgette - A servant girl at the school on Planet Billy. She had Seat Two in Room One. She was from Sudbury, Ontario.

Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire - An organization of persons who support liberty, who express their demands and offer guidance to Freedom Fighters.

Crystal - A servant girl who used to work with Billy on Earth and was somewhat fond of him.

Fondlepuss - A servant girl originally named Betty. See Betty.

Gabriela - The first angel Billy meets. She springs him from jail.

Janice - A servant girl at the school on Planet Billy. She was from Trois-Rivieres, Quebec.

Joe - Joe Neandertal, Billy's 7423rd great-grandfather, explains things to Billy while Joe is a guest on Billy's island.

Lucia - A servant girl at the school on Planet Billy. She had Seat Three in Room One. She was from Saint John, New Brunswick.

Marcella - A servant girl who lived with Rebecca and Sanifa in a cottage in the forest on Seashell Island.

Master - What servant girls and angel girls call Billy.

Michelle - An angel girl, one of twenty pretty cheerleaders to whom Gabriela introduces Billy on his island on Earth. Michelle spends time with Billy while Operation U.S.A. Freedom goes on.

Monique - A servant girl at the school on Planet Billy. She had Seat One in Room One. She was from Sherbrooke, Quebec.

New York City Committee for Liberty - Like the Committee for Liberty in New Hampshire, a group of supporters of liberty who express their demands and offer guidance to Freedom Fighters. They operate the Freedom Television channel around the clock.

Planet Billy - A planet the size of Luna. Billy's reward is to be Master of the planet. One-fifth of the planet is a salt-water ocean, and one-fifth is a fresh-water ocean.

Prisoner girls - Girls guilty of serious sins, condemned to eternal punishment in the form of continuous, brutal rapes and gang rapes, all day, every day. These rapes take place in torture houses.

Rebecca - A servant girl who lived on Seashell Island. Billy first saw her while she was collecting seashells on the beach.

Sanifa - A servant girl who lived in a cottage with Rebecca and Marcella on Seashell Island.

Seashell Island - An island in the salt water ocean on Planet Billy, inhabited by a small settlement of servant girls.

Servant girls - Girls denied admission to Heaven because of sins not serious enough to condemn them to the eternal status of prisoner girls. Billy receives them as sex slaves, to reward him. They are his slaves until he is good and ready to sign their promotion cards. When he does sign, they are instantly promoted to Heaven and disappear from Billy's presence. Unlike prisoner girls, they are not gang-raped, and get to relax between rape or molestation episodes.

Stephanie - A servant girl turned away from Heaven because she accepted a ride with a drunk driver. She is Billy's sex slave for a time period, while he lives on his island on Earth. She was from Texas.

Texas Committee for Liberty - A group that demands liberty, and proposes a gradual opening of the borders.

Torture houses - Houses where prisoner girls are brought to be punished brutally by rape or gang-rape. After the episode, they are brought at once to another torture house for their next episode.