

Dominated Journalist

Faye Valentine

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“Hello?” Megan groggily answered the phone

“Listen very carefully,” an unfamiliar female voice replied. “If you want to know where your roommate goes all hours of the night, if you want the scoop of the decade you’ll get your ass out of bed, dress in dark clothes and go to the old Sigma Epsilon sorority house on the eastern side of campus. And don’t forget your camera.”

“What? Who is this? What in the hell are you talking about?”

“You have your lead Miss Howell.”

The call ended and Megan lay there in bed with the phone to her ear for several seconds as her tired brain processed this new information. Where her roommate Jenna went all hours of the night was one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of the last two semesters, or at least to her it was. With only a handful of places open twenty-four seven, and finding her at none she came to the conclusion that Jenna went off campus, but now she was being told otherwise and despite having gone to bed only two hours ago, she was feeling the journalistic bug biting her ass into gear.

Jumping out of bed, fueled by curiosity, Megan dressed in a pair dark jeans and a navy blue tee shirt. Quickly pulling her hair back into a ponytail, she grabbed her camera, slipped her shoes on and was out the door. Though there was no curfew, she felt as if she was somehow breaking the law by being out so late and so stuck to the shadows as much as possible as she made her way across campus.

As she neared Sigma Epsilon, she ducked behind some bushes and watched for several minutes, snapping pictures of the supposedly unused house using the night vision feature to avoid flash. Making sure the coast was clear, she fast-walked the last two hundred or so feet and pressed herself against the back of the building and listened. Nothing. But she did see a sliver of light shining through a crack in the curtains like a beacon calling for attention.

Sliding along the wall until next to the window, Megan took a deep breath and held it as she turned around and peeked through the heavy burgundy curtains. *OH MY FUCKING GOD!* She thought as she saw two young, naked women lying on the floor in a ‘69’ position. Though she did not recognize them she figured they had to be students as they were far too young to be professors. And then a third woman entered the room – dressed in a pair of strappy boots and a red corset, a large strap-on hanging between her shapely legs.

Placing the camera to the window and getting the best possible angle, Megan hit the shutter button and watched as the third woman positioned herself behind the woman on top of the ‘69’ and pushed the dildo into her hard. *Jesus Christ! What in the hell is going on here?* Moving along the back of the house to another window, she peeked in to see two male professors. One she recognized as Professor of Biology, Raymond Gantz. The two naked men were strapped to Saint Andrews crosses while two more corset wearing women flogged them. And Megan knew that she would never be able to look at her favorite professor the same way again.

An arm clutched around Megan’s chest as a hand clasped over her mouth and drew her back away from the window flailing about and trying to scream for help. “You’re in deep shit now, missy!” the woman holding Megan said. “Blue, grab her feet and let’s get her into the house. I’m sure Black will be interested to know we have a peeper spying on us.”

Horrified, Megan continued to struggle as a young woman dressed in a miniskirt, strappy boots and blue corset grabbed her by the ankles. And like a sack of potatoes she was carried to the front of the house and inside where the insanity only increased.

“Pink, go get Black,” the woman holding Megan’s upper body said to yet another corset wearing woman and it did not take the captive long to realize the women were being called by the color of the corsets they wore.

“Ooff,” Megan grunted as she was unceremoniously dropped to the floor. “W-What in the hell is going on here?”

“Private party, bitch. And we don’t like crashers,” the woman that was holding her upper body as she was carried into the house replied. Megan recognized the green corset wearing woman as Professor of Physics Miranda Holms.

“I think I’ll just be going now,” Megan said scrambling for the door.

“Sorry doll, but you’re not going anywhere.”

“You can’t keep me here against my will you fucking lunatic! I’ll have you fired for this! You’ll all be fired and expelled!”

“Megan?”

Megan swirled around to see her roommate Jenna standing in the doorway dressed in her favorite black miniskirt, black corset and black strappy boots. “JENNA! What in the hell is going on here? Tell these crazy asses to let me go!”

“No can do.”

“What? What do you mean, no can do? You can’t keep me here against my fucking will! Oh god, please tell me you’re not as insane as the rest of them!”

“Insane? Hardly. Why are you here?”

“I got a call giving me a lead to a story that brought me here. Now what in the hell is going on?”

“She has a camera, Mistress Black,” said Professor Holms.

“Take the card out and destroy it,” Jenna replied.

“You can’t do that! This is university property!” Megan protested even as the camera was yanked from her hands. “What the fuck, Jenna! Why are you doing this?”

“Because I can. Now shut the fuck up. You really shouldn’t be here Megan. You really, really shouldn’t. I don’t know who gave you that call, but they didn’t do you any favors. You’ve stumbled upon this campus’ most closely guarded secret and we cannot let you go.”

“What do you mean you can’t let me go? You can’t seriously think you can hold me prisoner!”

“We can do whatever the hell we like,” Jenna said flatly as matter of fact. “You have no idea who you’re dealing with here.”

“Then please enlighten me. Who am I dealing with here?”

“It doesn’t matter. You have two choices now Megan. You can either go blab about what you saw here – in which case we will ruin you. Or you can agree to be trained by us.”

“Ruin me? Trained? What in the fuck are you talking about? I thought we were friends!”

“We are. And that’s why I strongly suggest you take the training as the alternative will result in you becoming a homeless nobody.”

“You’re out of your god damned mind! Let me out of here right now or so help me I’ll see to it that each and every one of you is arrested for kidnapping and blackmail at the very least!”

“You don’t understand the gravity of the situation you are in Megan. You don’t understand the reach of our influence. Green, go get the two princesses.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I see the way you’re eyeing that window,” Jenna said to her roommate. “I bet you’re wondering how badly you’ll be cut if you had to jump out of it to escape. Well, let me put your mind at ease. The answer is none, because you cannot jump through that, or any other window in this house. They’ve all been replaced with bulletproof glass to prevent such drastic measures and the doors are all steel so good luck breaking one down. I’m sorry Megan, but you’ve really stepped into it this time and there’s absolutely nothing I can do to help you.”

“So, you’re just going to throw me to the wolves? You’re going to blackmail me into...what exactly?”

“Like I said, you have two choices. Rat on us, or join us. The former will not only ruin your college career, but any hope of a future as well. Our reach is great and we have the power and means at our disposal to see to it that not even McDonalds will hire you, let alone any newspaper or magazine you ever hope to work for.”

“And if I join you?”

“Then you will be trained as a sex slave and guaranteed the best possible job in your field upon graduation.”

“SEX SLAVE! Jesus fucking Christ, Jenna! Do you hear yourself talking? You’ve lost your damn mind!”

“No, actually I’m pretty sane. I am also in charge here so I can make things as easy or as difficult as you want them to be.”

“OH MY GOD!” Megan gasped when Green finally returned with two women in tow. She recognized them immediately as Rachel and Michele Stanton – the stunning redheaded, heterochromatic twins of Mayor Eric Stanton.

“This is only a sample of our reach,” Jenna said. “The princesses are in training to be sex slaves. Isn’t that right?” she said turning to the two sisters.

“Yes Mistress,” the twins replied at the same time.

“Go back to your training now.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“The mayor’s daughters! Does he know?”

“Of course he knows. He’ll deny it of course, but he knows this is the best chance his girls have of ever making it in the real world. They’re not the brightest of women, but with our training they will become independent and productive members of society not reliant on daddy’s money to survive. You have a choice to make now Megan. Do you have your life ruined, or do you accept your new lot in life as a sex slave?”

“How about option three: none of the above. Just let me go Jenna and I won’t tell anyone about this.”

“No can do. The only way you’re walking out that door is either to pack up and leave campus, or as our newest member in training.”

“And what’s preventing me from joining and then leaving to tell everyone what I saw here?”