

SURRENDERING TO HER GENERAL

RISE OF THE SADECS - BOOK ONE

SADIE MARKS



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

To Nox, who inspired an idea I loved enough to finally dive into the alien genre. Thanks for helping get the ball rolling on this one!

PROLOGUE

She remembered the day she became his so clearly it was like it had happened only yesterday, but since then, there had been so many changes. Her world had opened up to possibilities she hadn't even known existed. Who she was, her place in his life, those were things she was sure of now, but even with all that, he could still make her tremble when he wanted to. He could reduce her to that nervous slave kneeling on the floor and waiting to know her fate with just a look or a word—she hoped that would never change, but there was a certain worry that it would.

She'd expressed that to him one time too many, and he'd decided to show her just how little had changed about their relationship. He'd brought her back to the holographic relaxation suite for a bit of a refresher, a reminder of her very first day on the ship; of course, she hadn't known that was his plan when he escorted her there.

When she stepped inside, her eyes went wide; he'd programmed it to look exactly the same, and it sent a shiver down her spine that must have been visible because he kissed her neck and laughed. He ordered her to strip and then go to the center of

the room and kneel without speaking, and when she hesitated, he encouraged her with a hard slap across her ass to get her moving.

When she was exactly where he wanted her, he came up behind her, his legs pressing firmly against her back as he slipped a cold metal band down over the crown of her head. It settled just above her eyebrows and she wanted to ask what it was, but the order not to speak kept her mouth closed.

"This is a memory stimulator. I'm going to turn it on, and then I want you to think back to the first time you were in this room. You'll relive the memories of what happened here. It will seem like it's happening at normal speed, but it will actually be just a few seconds, and then after, pet, we'll see if we can't build on them while you're still in that vulnerable emotional state," he explained.

She tilted her head back to look up at him, and he brushed the back of his hand across her cheek. "Are you ready to be that nervous new slave again?" he asked.

She nodded slowly, and his hand moved to press something at her temple. Suddenly, she was plunged deep into memory. Part of her knew she was experiencing something that had already happened; her current memories weren't blocked, but it felt so real and complete that it was almost like her present life was a dream and the past was all there was.

She knelt on the stones and tried not to move. The room was warm enough even for her nude body, but she shivered anyway from nerves and more than a little fear as she waited. She knew the rules; she knew what she'd agreed to, but at the moment, she was facing a lot of unknowns. She understood that she was now a slave and would be for the next five years, by her own choice, but she didn't even know who her new owner would be yet. So much of her future was going to depend on that. She'd only just discovered that the rank of her owner would determine how much he'd have to share her with others and how many others there would be.

Share. It wouldn't just be one person to yield to. Who knew how many would be able to play with her body and mind; she certainly didn't. She hadn't yet had time to even think about what that meant.

Everything had moved so quickly since she'd woken up in her fresh new body. She'd been examined and prodded, and then there'd been a quick lesson on how to behave as a slave—but at no point had she been given any time to actually sort out how she *felt* until she'd been brought here to wait. Now all she *had* was time to think. Things weren't what she thought they were going to be, but she couldn't really say she'd been lied to. It was more that she'd gotten certain ideas about how things would go, and she'd been very wrong.

Still, she had to remind herself that she'd signed up for this; she'd wanted this. The reward they'd offered had been enough temptation for most people; what was five years of her time in return for the perfect body? Not cosmetic surgery, no hiding problems with nips and tucks, but a brand-new body grown to her own specifications. It had seemed more than fair, and they'd followed through as promised. There'd been some doubt, of course. Despite their advanced technology, she'd wondered if it was some kind of trick, but she only had to look down at her naked, flawless skin to see that she'd gotten exactly what she'd asked for.

As she examined that fresh new body, she still felt that same sense of wonder she had when she'd first woken up, well, perfect. It was almost hard to believe it was really true, but there was no denying the clear peach skin, not a scar or blemish in sight. They had drawn from her every nuanced detail, every fantasy she'd ever had about her appearance, and they'd been meticulous in providing it. Even her hair was so changed as to be unrecognizable. It grew differently now.

No longer the plain brown mop of curls, the drab shade had deepened to a chestnut that was rich with colors and highlights

she'd never had before. She used to keep her hair cut short because it was too much work to pick out the snarls constantly and it couldn't be brushed without turning into a frizzy mess. Now, it cupped her head and caressed her shoulders in a sleek, shining fall.

When she'd looked in the mirror after she'd woken up, the only part of her that remained relatively unchanged was her eyes, because she'd always loved those. The lashes that framed them were thicker and longer, but the clear crystal-blue irises were the same. They were identical to her father's and when they stared back at her from the glass, she wondered what he'd think about her choices—about *this* choice. If he hadn't died when she was a teenager, maybe she could have asked him, but the decision had been hers alone.

She remembered sitting through the questions, looking at the diagrams with embarrassment as she outlined the problem areas she wanted fixed. She'd felt greedy at first, like she was asking for too much, but instead of scolding her for it, they'd pushed for more. With halting, embarrassed words, they'd pulled descriptions from her, and where she lapsed, they offered her suggestions and full-colored photographs to choose from. It was apparently important that there was no buyer's regret on her part.

She'd walked in ready to ask for less cellulite, scar removal, and if possible, a more compact shape without losing the curves—and she'd left with a thirty-page report that detailed everything from the shape of her toes and ring size, to the color of her nipples. She'd been shell-shocked, overwhelmed and panicked at the thought of looking like a super model, or her version of one anyway.

She hadn't been the only one. People who felt betrayed or trapped by their bodies showed up in droves. Most were turned away in the earliest stages, but for the few who were accepted and went on to pick their new bodies, there were identical looks of

stunned disbelief on their faces when they left clutching their copy of the file. Everyone wanted to feel secure and confident in their appearance, and ironically, some simply wanted less pain in their daily lives. For some few lucky ones, that wish might just be granted *if* they made it through the whole process. Seeing on paper what they might actually achieve made everyone even more eager to be accepted.

But this wasn't a charity, and the technology couldn't be bought, either—at least not yet. They'd been told that, someday, it might be possible if the treaties and negotiations being arranged worked out, but a lot of that depended on people like her—Pain Receivers, *they* called them.

It was funny; not that many years ago, masochists had been considered deficient or mentally ill; people no longer thought that. Those who enjoyed or needed pain, people who could turn pain into sexual pleasure, had become a hot commodity on Earth once *they* had arrived. Now many wished they had that ability. She wondered if, somewhere, there were little kids telling their teachers that they wanted to be Pain Receivers when they grew up, and the thought almost made her laugh. She barely cut it off in time to avoid making a sound and getting herself into trouble.

She'd been told to kneel here and be quiet, and she had a suspicion it would be a bad idea to disobey because someone was probably watching from outside the room and hoping she would. They were allowed to punish her if she messed up, and they looked for any reason to do so, she'd been told. She was heading into five long years of that from whomever bought her, but hopefully there'd be a lot of pleasure from her new owner as well. That wasn't likely to be the case here in this intermediary stage, and she was scared to find out how much worse discipline would be without the sexual attention to soften it.

During her final test, she'd had her first taste of punishment ever, but it had been purposely aimed toward arousing her, too.

That was the point of the test, of course. To make sure she could not only bear the pain but become sexually aroused from it—and she had passed with flying colors, making her one of the few chosen out of the many who attempted to sign up.

So many others would be desperate to be where she was now because the only way to receive the change was to fit the strict requirements of the Sadecs. They estimated less than one percent of the entire population would be eligible to volunteer and even fewer would make it to the end and be accepted as she had been.

The government was fully on board to facilitate recruiting as many of those people as they could because the whole planet would be reaping the benefits of their service. A tier system had been negotiated that gave benefits for reaching each level, so the more who signed up and passed, the more alien gifts the people back on Earth would receive. But despite everyone who showed even the slightest hint of masochism being urged to volunteer, very few passed all the way through.

It wasn't just the need to be masochistic, there were plenty of those around on Earth, though apparently, that made humans somewhat unique in the universe. For most, though, a touch of spice was all they wanted. Just a little pain mixed in with the sex, and not all the time, either. In order to commit to five years as a slave, a special kind of personality was needed, and Kenzi apparently fit the bill. At least she'd passed the personality and temperament tests with very high scores.

She'd been surprised. She knew she had a submissive side in her because it colored all her fantasies. Thinking about being spanked, slapped, controlled and forced to her knees—those were the things that got her hot and bothered. Nothing turned her on more than the idea of being a slave girl to a dominant who wanted to cause her pain and pleasure both. Yes, that had drawn her like a bee to a flower and she'd eagerly volunteered as soon as the clinics

opened, but she'd never expected to actually pass. Not with *her* stubborn streak and need to control things.

Those traits were a good part of what had kept her from trying out submission before the aliens had come. She couldn't even date a man without trying to take over and run things. And of course, once her lovers sat back and let *her* be in control, she tended to lose interest in them, because she didn't *want* to be the one in charge. She dreamed of being able to let go of the reins, but most guys just seemed willing to follow her lead.

Some of that was her father's fault, if it was a fault at all. Kenai's father had been army first and then a police officer when he'd gotten out. He wanted to make sure his little girl could protect herself if it came down to it, which meant she'd been taking martial arts classes since she was barely old enough to walk. A little part of her was worried that if anyone actually tried to do the things she fantasized about, her self-preservation instincts might just cause her to kick their ass.

None of that was going to be an issue anymore, now that she'd volunteered; the Sadecs were warriors. They were stronger than most humans and skilled in ways she wouldn't be able to match. There was no worry that she'd hurt one, and she'd find out soon enough if it was worth it. As lovely as her brand-new body was, she was really hoping to get more out of the experience than just good looks.

She shifted, trying to ease the pain of the stone pressing into her knees, and a cramp seized her calf muscle. "Fuck!" she said as she quickly tried to get up. She forgot the rules in the grip of a nasty little charley horse.

A second later, a Sadec, who'd been watching from outside the room, as she'd expected, appeared, grabbed her by the hair and yanked her forward so she had to put out her hands to stop herself from falling on her face. "Ow! Hey!" she protested, struggling. "Please, I just had a cramp!"

"You were warned," he said simply. There was pleasure in that beautiful, melodic voice they all had, and she knew he was going to enjoy this a lot more than she was, but her body—her traitorous body—*did* find something exciting about the hand in her hair and the way he pushed her head to the floor and held it there. Her ass was still up in the air and she could feel a light tickling between her thighs as her body began to react, but a second later, something slashed down across one cheek with a meaty, smacking sound, leaving a swathe of fire.

She yelped and tried to roll to her side to get away from the pain, but he knelt down, and then her hair was being pinned under his knee so she couldn't move. He brought the painful implement down ten times, hard and fast, and there was nothing gentle or arousing about it. He made no effort to turn her on; he just set her ass on fire. It was probably the most painful thing she'd ever experienced and reminding herself that she'd wanted this did no good at all.

Ten harsh strokes were all it took to bring tears to her eyes, but she blinked them back stubbornly, and then he stood and pulled her back up onto her knees. "Wait here and be silent," he repeated, and then he left, still holding the strap he'd just used on her, and she was alone again.

She bit down on her bottom lip to hold back a whimper, praying that the nearly inaudible sound wouldn't bring him back in to punish her further. Her heels were pressing into her sore, aching backside, and she was afraid to move in case she caused another cramp. But in spite of her misery, she could feel a slow pulse between her thighs as the patch of curls covering the folds of her sex dampened.

It was mortifying to realize that she was getting turned on by the whole situation. It wasn't just the pain; it was the humiliation and the helplessness of knowing she was completely under their control and would be until the end of her contract—trapped. If

nothing else, the waiting was giving her time to think about that and how she'd ended up there in the first place.

And while she was vaguely aware that she'd done all this before, and that *he* was somewhere nearby waiting for her to rejoin their life together, the emotions attached to the memories were so real that when he removed the band from her head, she felt a shock not unlike being plunged into an ice-bath.

"Now, slave girl...let's see if we can't give you some new memories to reassure you that you will always be my slave."

When aliens finally came openly to the third planet from the sun, originally called Earth by its inhabitants, it was not with explosions and war. Nor was it with enlightenment and offers of assistance, which meant not one movie had gotten it right. It was tourism that brought aliens in hordes to visit Earth.

More than one race had been watching the planet from afar. Some found it entertaining to watch their struggles, others found it a fascinating experiment. Living on the only inhabited planet in their solar system, the Earth people were more isolated than many cultures in the universe. It gave scientists an interesting perspective on how life could grow and adapt without outside assistance. There was also a great curiosity about what ideas they would develop if they thought they were alone.

It was chosen, somewhat arbitrarily, from a list of planets with similar isolated circumstances, and then deliberately kept that way for the purpose of study. A three-thousand-year quarantine banned all other cultures from interfering with the fledgling race so that they could be watched as they built themselves up into a culture sophisticated enough to step into space on their own.

The study officially ended in 1961 local time, when a Russian cosmonaut was successfully launched off the planet to complete a rotation around the Earth. The ability to leave the planet had long been deemed as the pinnacle moment in a race's development and it was the moment Earth people, who called themselves humans, went from being test subjects to real people in the eyes of the universe.

That's when things truly began to get interesting. For years, Earth had been a source of entertainment for other cultures. An interesting curiosity with a side of education—not unlike a nature documentary—and many who watched the monthly episodes cheered for their accomplishments and lined up to be the first to visit the planet when the experiment was over. So many people had been invested in the growth of the little planet that the Council of Affiliated Sentient Beings had to step in to keep them from being entirely overrun with tourists as soon as the quarantine ended.

There was a great deal of concern, given the movies and books the humans had created, that they might panic upon finding out they weren't alone in the universe and blow themselves up somehow. The paranoia of the humans was amusing to some, but most felt a need to protect them from themselves, at least a little bit. They had to negotiate, too, with science teams who weren't willing to step back *quite* yet and saw this only as the next phase in their studies. Eventually, an agreement was made to introduce Earth people to the rest of the universe slowly, with an eye towards preparing them for the real truth.

Tourists would be allowed in small numbers but disguised as humans to fit in. Advanced holographic morphing technology made it easy enough for most races to blend, and the few who simply could not be disguised well enough were made to wait, much to their chagrin. Scientists were given permission to continue their studies but would taper them off slowly, and then,

one hundred years to the day from the first space launch, humans would be greeted openly with the truth. The decision caused a lot of frustration in some quarters but, overall, was accepted as a reasonable solution to a rather unique problem.

But barely fifty years into the adjustment period, an interesting development occurred. The first of the warlike Sadecs set foot on the planet and discovered something they'd never found before—people who were willing, in fact, eager to accept pain and some who could even turn it into pleasure. Not all humans, not even a fraction of the population, but enough to change everything. The Sadecs were sadistic by nature, and it had been suggested that the similarity in the words was no coincidence, but none of their race enjoyed receiving pain so there was nothing to balance that desire to give it.

It had long been thought that this interest in causing pain was what spurred their warlike tendencies, for which they'd been sanctioned a number of times. As a member of the Affiliate of Sentient Beings, their victims were supposedly restricted to unaffiliated planets, and technically, Earth currently fell into that category, or would have but for the protections the council had placed on it. Luckily, those protections would continue until the humans had been given time to metabolize the truth and make some decisions.

Then Welcome Day had come, and everything changed for the isolated little planet. There had been panicked attacks that did no damage and were quelled with no harm to the frightened people. Once they were assured that no invasion was imminent, the adjustment had happened quickly. Gifts probably hadn't hurt. A number of races were there, willing to bestow gifts of advice and technology to help the humans advance past the problems they'd made for themselves, and as the air and waters cleared, humans became willing to accept the offers of friendship and trade.

The Sadecs, alone, had been held back from making their offer of trade. The will of the council declared their offer needed to wait

until the humans were over the shock, and two years later, they finally allowed the warriors to step forward. Already, the Earth had changed a great deal because of the enhancements, but the Sadecs had something special to give. They were the only race who had access to the technology necessary to not only grow a new body, but to transfer a complete consciousness into it, memories and all, with no retraining necessary. The last was what made their offer so appealing to most volunteers, of course. Growing a new body through cloning was something humans could already do.

They could even fix various issues in the strands of DNA, solving some of the genetic diseases that had plagued humanity for centuries. Sadly, they'd created new problems through short-sighted mistakes. A tweak that seemingly made humans resistant to cancer, had, in the second generation, caused birth defects with a one hundred percent fatality rate. The death toll had been high, and after that, research in these things had been halted almost completely; only the most basic genetic tampering was allowed. Humans did tend to overreact to mistakes, and many alien scientists had been chomping at the bit for years to get in there and explain exactly what they'd done wrong.

But cloning had remained legal and widespread. The bodies were used for organ transplants, marrow and blood donations, and people who could afford it usually had a fully-grown clone stashed in cryo in case of emergencies. People who lost children sometimes chose to have them cloned to try again, too, but in no circumstance had scientists been able to figure out how to transfer consciousness from the old body to the new.

Clones were essentially an identical new person who might be medically useful or might look like the loved one who had been lost, but that was it. The Sadecs had no such limitations. Their science was far advanced and seemingly without limits. Kenzi had some doubts before she'd experienced the magic herself, but she'd

simply gone to sleep in one body and woken up in her new perfection. Her fears about needing to learn to walk and talk all over again had come to nothing—there'd been no noticeable transition for her, but it came with a price tag attached.

During their years of investigating the planet in disguise as fellow humans, the Sadecs had discovered masochism by accident, but when they found out there was a whole section of people who wanted to be hurt, they quickly infiltrated the BDSM underworld on Earth as dominants. It didn't take long to realize that they enjoyed causing pain to willing victims—and having them enjoy it in return. Causing pain was nothing new for them; they were a warlike race and that hadn't changed when their society advanced and their technology grew more sophisticated. They'd barely launched themselves off their planet before they were plotting to attack others—but never had their victims begged them for pain the way some special few on Earth did.

It was intoxicating. It was addicting and arousing. They wanted—they *needed* more.

There was horror across the stars at the idea of a fledgling race being exposed to the Sadecs and their cruelty, and yet some saw it as a chance to temper those violent urges. The Sadecs were known and feared because of their penchant for destruction, but ever since groups of them had begun to visit Earth, it seemed like those habits had slowed significantly, which was a relief for the people who lived on nearby planets. Sanctions or not, the Sadecs were unpredictable and didn't always follow the rules.

It was possible that the uniqueness of having a victim who enjoyed being hurt was a fad that they'd get bored with and they'd go back to attacking every ship that accidentally crossed their territory, but in the meantime, their attention seemed taken up with trying to figure out how to get their hands on people of Earth so they could satisfy their urges. It had started with kidnapping their

human submissives and lovers, but the Council of Affiliated Sentient Beings had put a stop to *that* before they'd gotten many.

In return for being allowed to keep those few they'd taken already—and those interviewed by council representatives hadn't wanted to leave anyway—the Sadecs were willing to discuss future alternatives. With council mediation, the government of Earth and the generals of the Sadec armies were able to come to an agreement. Earth received various boosts in technology, and the Sadecs received the right to tempt volunteers to enter consensual slavery. Neither the council nor the generals felt it worth mentioning that they'd already grabbed a few dozen slaves, but from there on, everything would be on the table.

Strict guidelines were set up to ensure that all volunteers were, in fact, willing and a department was set up in the Earth government to screen volunteers before passing them on for further testing—because while the Sadecs would take those who were just willing to suffer for the payment, what they wanted most were humans who would suffer *and* enjoy it. Being able to inflict pain on those fragile bodies and watch as they writhed in pleasure and begged for more had become the drug of choice for many of them.

In their time on Earth, some Sadecs had become quite skilled at delivering just the right amount of pain, and it had become a mark of pride to be able to bring a human to orgasm while hurting them, so they'd set out to learn all of the tools and techniques they could, even attending classes and reading human books that described such things.

What had been purely physical sadism at first had branched out to incorporate the mental aspects as well. Kenzi had heard a story that one of their number, a female named Landrii, had become so skilled, she'd begun teaching classes on Earth, herself, under the name Mistress Lilith. When Welcome Day came and the people of Earth were officially initiated into the truth, she'd stepped out of her disguise like the others, and not one of her

slaves had run. They'd been among the first to sign up to be volunteers, in fact, though Kenzi bet they hadn't been as pleased when they found out they couldn't all stay with Landrii.

The story went that she'd gotten a signing bonus for grooming all of them and used it to purchase her favorite, though that may have been wishful thinking. At least *those* slaves had known what they were signing up for; Kenzi had had no idea when she volunteered. She was only just starting to understand now. She hadn't even known all the facts. Like most humans, she'd had a limited view of the situation until she'd arrived on board.

She was positive she'd never run into a Sadec before Welcome Day and definitely had never experienced their exquisite pain until she'd passed all but the final test. In fact, she'd never even worked up the nerve to play any BDSM games with other humans, though she'd known it was inside of her from her earliest childhood memories.

Fighting against her own nature had kept her from so much. Instead of seeking external pain, she'd inflicted it on herself when depression set in. She hated herself for wanting things that felt wrong, and it had spawned a number of self-destructive habits; some had left scars on her body that shamed her, others left scars in her mind that kept her locked in a never-ending cycle of self-hate when her relationships invariably failed because she hid too much of herself from her lovers.

When the world woke up one morning with everything changed and new opportunities on the horizon, she'd been as stunned as everyone else, but the news had sent her flying emotionally. If humans weren't alone in the universe, then there were really no limits. The Earth started to change around them, and everything began to get better. She'd still been on that excited high two years later, when the announcement came offering rewards for those brave enough to submit.

For the first time in her life, she dove out of her comfort zone

and embraced the possibilities. She'd presented herself at the nearest volunteer clinic as soon as it officially opened, and bold as brass, she had signed on the dotted line. Maybe it had been mostly to prove that she could, and she hadn't entirely believed she'd be accepted. Submissive fantasies aside, that stubborn need to control would disqualify her, she'd thought.

To her surprise, she passed the first wave of tests. Those had been a combination of knowledge-based and emotional temperament exams, and she seemed to be exactly what they were looking for because she was quickly ushered into the second phase. They almost lost her then, because while they now knew she could handle everything on a mental level, there was no point in going forward if she wasn't able to give the physical reactions the aliens preferred.

When they'd explained about the physical testing that would be the last phase, she'd almost run. Even the milder medical testing before then had been hard to get through and very embarrassing, but it was nothing compared to the final test.

Remembering it now while she was kneeling here, alone and vulnerable with a burning ass, was probably not the best idea, but once it had crossed her mind, she couldn't really stop herself. Her cheeks flushed, and she shifted to press her knees together tighter as a drop of arousal tickled between her thighs. She didn't know why she was so embarrassed; after all, these reactions were why they had wanted her to begin with, but still the humiliation level was high, as it had been during the testing.

"YOU UNDERSTAND what's about to happen?" the examiner said. Mrs. Harshaw, according to her laminated badge, was an older professional-looking woman with greying hair tucked up in a neat bun at the back of her neck. She looked like a sweet grandmother

type and it seemed at odds with the things she'd just been explaining.

"Y-you're going to do things to me to see how I react," Kenzi said, hesitating over the exact words because she found them impossible to say. She hoped her vague response would be enough for the other woman; it wasn't.

Mrs. Harshaw shook her head firmly. "Please be specific, Kenzi. We need to be sure you know exactly what's going to happen here. We don't want any unpleasant surprises on either side," she said. Her stern look softened the tiniest bit after a second, and she added, "I know this is difficult to talk about, but, well, let's be honest, if you can't even answer the questions—experiencing it is going to be impossible, right?"

Kenzi sighed, nodding her reluctant agreement. There was that, but when she'd fantasized about these things, it had been in such a different environment. All the books she'd read, fiction mostly, had been filled with romance and sexy encounters—not clinics where everything would be recorded and studied.

After a second, she forced herself to answer, trying to ignore her flaming face. "All the pamphlet said was testing may include spanking, light bondage, and sexual touching. Y-you explained in more detail, about, um, implements, and y-you said that since I've n-never done these things before, it would start slowly." She looked at Mrs. Harshaw for approval.

"Correct." The older woman hesitated then closed Kenzi's file and pushed it aside as she leaned in. "Listen, I'm not really supposed to tell you every little thing that's going to happen because my superiors feel that listing it out will make it seem too clinical and you won't be able to respond naturally, but I *can* tell you that the Sadecs enjoy breaking in newbies. People like you, who have the fantasies and desires but have never *actually* experienced these things, are at the top of their list. It's very rare to find someone who has never been spanked at all, not even during sex,

by a lover, or as a child, for punishment. You will be extremely desirable to them."

She paused there, her eyes flicking nervously to the mirror that covered most of one wall. Kenzi had noted it when she'd entered, and because she'd seen a lot of old movies, she had immediately guessed, correctly, that it was a one-way mirror with people or recording devices behind it. Every room she'd been taken to on all her visits had the same type of mirror. Since there were plenty of other, less obvious, ways to watch someone, she had to think it was deliberate. They wanted to remind her that she was being watched.

It had made answering these questions harder, wondering who was back there listening. Mrs. Harshaw seemed to be debating whether or not she'd get in trouble if she said anything else, but after a few seconds, she continued with one last bit of information.

"Your response testing will be extremely brief if your body reacts as strongly as I expect it will. They won't want to 'pop your cherry', so to speak, in a setting like this. They'll want to turn you over to them still inexperienced, because you'll be more valuable," the examiner said. And that was important. Her value mattered to everyone involved because the more she was worth, the more she'd help her planet reach the next tier of rewards.

"So, if you want to avoid the extra embarrassment, just try to relax and let yourself go," the woman advised, keeping her voice low. She sat back immediately and busied herself with the file again as if they'd just been exchanging pleasantries.

Since Kenzi was sitting there in embarrassingly damp panties just from discussing these things, she was pretty sure her body was going to react strongly, too, but the advice was worth remembering. It made sense when she thought about it. Being stressed and tense would mean dragging things out, so they could get what they needed. The quicker she gave in, the faster things would go. She

had to admit this wasn't how she pictured her first spanking, though, and no matter how much they tried, it *was* going to feel clinical.

How could it not when a stranger was about to bend her over and touch her in intimate ways, probably while making notes on a clipboard about her arousal response time. She'd thought the earlier tests had been bad enough, but those had been solo activities at least. Short clips of BDSM videos had played while she sat alone in a small booth, hooked up to monitors that tracked her reactions, and judged which things turned her on. She'd been soaked by the time they'd come to unhook her, but at least she could pretend they didn't know.

What she had pictured wasn't exactly what she found when she was led to a room for the final test. The rest of the facility resembled the offspring of a hospital and an office building, but this room was straight out of a BDSM novel. She stopped short in the doorway with a little gasp, staring at the furniture, covered in black leather, and the display of implements that covered an entire side of the room. The only things that seemed off were the pristine white walls, which matched the rest of the building.

The examiner chuckled. "I know, shocking, isn't it? It seems to help set the mood with many people, though. Go on inside," she said, giving Kenzi a little nudge.

Kenzi obediently stepped into the room, turning as she moved to see everything. When she was facing the door, she gave the other woman a curious look. "Are you the one who..." she trailed off, looking uncertain.

"Am I the one who's going to test you? No, dear, not me. I just do the interviews; they've hired professionals for this part. It's very important that there aren't any mistakes about these things; after all, five years is a long time to regret your choice, and if you can't enjoy pain, then you will definitely not enjoy being a slave for them," Mrs. Harshaw pointed out gently.

"But...I thought they'd take volunteers anyway, even if they didn't get turned on?" Kenzi asked.

The woman hesitated and then nodded. "In some cases, yes. Some Pain Receivers don't experience arousal from the pain, but they still need it. We rarely pass those types when they are inexperienced like you are, though, dear. In most situations, those are people who have lived a lifestyle where they've received pain frequently and found it necessary," she explained.

"Oh. I guess that makes sense," Kenzi replied. She tucked her hands into her pockets to still the shaking as her eyes were drawn to the wall of implements—whips and paddles mixed with more mundane items like hairbrushes and wooden kitchen spoons. Almost every possible item that could be used to spank someone hung there and a shiver rolled down her spine when she pictured feeling them.

She knew many people had specific items that they hated or loved so it made sense there'd be so many to choose from. There had been questions on her forms about that, but she'd had to leave them blank because she'd never actually felt any of them. All she could answer was which ones had been a focal point in her fantasies, and that was a pretty wide selection. She wondered what they'd pick to use on her now.

"Just go ahead and get undressed, Kenzi. You can keep your panties on if having them removed is part of your fantasies, but in the end, everything will come off," she said gently. "I just need to know what your preference is for the testing. Male or female?" she asked.

"Oh! I get to choose?" Kenzi asked, surprised that she had the choice. For a second, she wondered if she shouldn't ask for another woman; maybe that would be less embarrassing. She'd always chosen female gynecologists for that reason, but no. This was about getting the best reactions from her body. Her fantasies

had always run to alpha males, so it would probably be better to stick with a man. "Male, please."

"Very well; he should be in to take care of you in just a few minutes. Remember, this is about setting the mood and preparing you—don't forget, with the Sadechs, you *will* be a slave, so you'll want to be obedient when he enters, or he might make it harsher as a lesson," the woman warned her.

Kenzi frowned; she didn't entirely understand what that meant. This was just another test. Granted, it was an odd one that would test her erotic responses, but it was still part of the process. "Am I supposed to pretend I'm a slave for the testing then?" she asked.

The woman gave her an indecipherable look and shook her head. "Kenzi, if your body reacts to this, you won't be pretending. This is the last step. All the paperwork is signed, and you were given the opportunity to change your mind last week. When you showed up this morning, you entered into a binding contract. If what happens here arouses you, you will pass the test, and if you pass, you *will* belong to them. Good luck, dear," she said. There was a look of compassion on her face as she left the room, closing the door firmly behind her.

Kenzi, still kneeling on the stone floor, was pulled even deeper into the memory of what had happened next. She no longer felt discomfort as she dropped further into recalling that final test.