

City of Obsequium

Lindsey Greene

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Chapter 1

Obsequium

It all happened so fast. One minute my friend Lacey and I were out drinking and having a good time, and the next we're in the back of a police cruiser on our way to jail for underage drinking – we are both twenty with less than two months before turning twenty-one, and peeping. It was all Lacey's idea. She said she knew several places where she peeped in on the occupants having sex and somehow convinced me to join her. First time out and I find myself carted off to jail.

There was no trial as on the advice from our attorney my friend and I pleaded guilty. After three days in the county jail we stood in front of Judge Arnold Simmons as he doled out the sentence for our petty crimes.

“Lacey Greene and Sonja DeFranco, you are found guilty of underage drinking, peeping, trespassing, and unlawful recording. You are both hereby sentenced to one year of community service at Obsequium.”

Obsequium. The name sounded sinister in my mind as we were carted back to jail. I tried to place the name, but I had never heard of it and none of the guards or even my attorney would tell me anything about it.

The next day I was led from my cell and onto a transport bus along with fifteen other young women. We were cuffed and shackled to our seat and told to remain silent. Every word spoken would get everyone an extra day at Obsequium so we kept our mouths shut tight. I saw Lacey being led to the bus behind us and I wondered just how many were being taken to this mysterious place to serve out our sentence.

The buses took us to a small airport where we boarded a private plane. It was about this time I was getting incredibly worried. We could be flying across country, or to another country altogether for all I knew and the thought scared the hell out of me. But, with the threat of an extended sentence, I remained silent.

The flight was just shy of eleven hours and took us deep into international waters where a small island awaited our arrival. As the plane descended below the clouds I could see what appeared to be an airport runway and off to the right a city.

A tall, well-built police officer stood up from his seat and faced us, the look on his crater-covered face one of disdain. “Listen up ladies,” he said sneering at us “we'll be arriving at Obsequium in one hour. This will be your home for the duration of your sentence so get used to it. Before we arrive, however, there are some rules you will need to know. First and foremost, you are to obey every command given without hesitation or complaint. Dissention will not be tolerated here and even the smallest infraction will be punished severely.”

His grin crept me out. He had the look of a predator preparing to pounce and his eyes were as filled with lust as I had ever seen. I always thought it was illegal for male guards to search or even serve in a female prison, but every policeman on the plane with us was male.

“Secondly,” Officer Reynolds continued “you will each be given duties to perform which you will do to the best of your abilities. If you fail to carry your weight, you will not eat. Third, to prevent any of you attempting to conceal weapons, food, or anything else you will be stripped of your clothing for the duration of your incarceration.”

“What do you mean stripped of our clothes!?” I blurted out. “You can’t do that to us! We have rights!” I clapped my hand over my mouth as my eyes grew wide. I looked around to see everyone staring at me with intense hatred. My outburst just added another seventeen days to our sentences. Officer Reynolds smirked at me.

“We’re in international waters now sweetheart. We have our own laws here and you will all obey them to the letter or you will be punished. Now, Officers Hitchens and Lawrence will remove your cuffs and shackles. You will stand up and remove your clothes – *all* of your clothes. You will then fold your clothes and form a line in the aisle for final inspection before the walk to Obsequium.”

“Before anyone opens their mouth to protest, remember the consequences,” Officer Hitchens said looking in my direction. He was an evil-looking man with short black hair and goatee and beady little eyes that were undressing me even before he removed my binds.

Once free I stood up without complaint and removed my clothes – folding them neatly as I took each piece off. Holding my clothes in my hands I joined the back of the line. It moved slowly and from my position I couldn’t see what was going on, but I had a feeling it wasn’t going to be good.

I didn’t see what was going on until I was third in line. A young blonde woman stepped up between Officer Reynolds and Lawrence. She was ordered to bend over with her hands on the back of the seat. When she did so the two men ran their hands over her body, not missing a single spot. I could see her bit her lip to prevent from yelling out and I knew my turn would be coming up soon. I watched as Reynolds kicked her legs open with the side of his booted foot as he ran a finger along her slit to her asshole. He pushed the finger in and rotated his hand left and right.

“She’s clean,” Reynolds said slapping her on the ass.

“Join the others,” Officer Lawrence told her. “Next,” he said to the scared brunette in front of me. She stepped up and was told to assume the same position as the blonde before her. She took a step back, nearly tripping as she stumbled into me.

“Fuck you assholes!” she screamed. “This isn’t legal! You have no right to do this to us! This is tantamount to rape and you know it! You even think about touching me and I’ll rip your fucking dicks off!”

I counted every word she screamed at them. Thirty-seven more days. My shoulders slumped and I pushed her forward away from me and towards the Officers. She gave me a seething look over her shoulder and then assumed the position for inspection. Officer Reynolds was not easy on her. He squeezed her breasts and tweaked her nipples. After shoving three fingers into her pussy, he pushed them mercilessly into her ass causing her to wail in pain.

“Aghh! You fucking son of a bitch!” the woman cried. “Take your fingers out of me! You’re hurting me!”

“You don’t know the meaning of the word, sweetheart,” Officer Reynolds replied. He added a fourth finger to her ass and fucked them in and out harder and faster. “Anything else to say you worthless criminal bitch?”

“FUCK YOU!” she yelled. “You...you’ll regret...doing this to us!”

“I just love a troublemaker, don’t you Lawrence?”

“Sure do, boss. I love making them break.” He shot me a quick glance that told me he was keeping an eye on me as well. After another three minutes of ramming four fingers in and out of the woman’s pussy, he pulled them out and pushed her towards the steps leading out of the plane. I stepped up and assumed the position without even being asked, and without even the

slightest of peeps. I already knew their game and I wasn't going to give them the opportunity to take their aggression out on me.

I got away with two fingers wiggling around in my ass for a couple of minutes and I joined the others on the runway. As pissed as I was for the woman before me adding weeks to our collective sentences, I was glad that I was no longer the hated one.

"Line up ladies," Officer Reynolds commanded. Once we formed a single line he descended the steps of the plane and looked us all up and down. "Officer Lawrence, how many days have been added to the convict's sentences?"

"One-hundred-and-twenty," Officer Lawrence replied. Four months! Four months had been added thanks to several women, myself included not being able to follow a simple order to remain silent.

Officer Reynolds walked to the front of the line. "Follow me ladies, and keep your mouths shut. When we reach Obsequium you will be permitted to talk again, however, every word uttered between now and then will add a week to everyone's sentence." Without another word he turned around and walked in the direction of the city I had seen from the air. No one opened their mouths during the eight mile trek.

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As we approached the city one thing became obviously apparent. Only the women were naked. Obsequium looked like any other small town in America. There were houses, office buildings and storefronts lining either side of the narrow streets while neatly trimmed trees and bushes added a splash of green.

Running down the center of the street along a narrow path of grass were several dozen carved wooden frames with short chains hanging from the top. This is where Officer Reynolds led our group. Men poured from home and store alike while the women bowed their heads and did their best to avoid looking at us.

"Line up in front of punishment row and keep your mouths shut," Officer Reynolds commanded us. We did as we were told and half a dozen men approached us carrying boxes. They grabbed wide leather cuffs from the boxes and went down the line placing them on each of our wrists and ankles. When we were all cuffed, they stepped back and Reynolds continued.

"As part of your rehabilitation, we will begin with a punishment of twenty lashes across the back and chest. Step into one of the frames and raise your hands over your heads and spread your legs." We all did as told and the men that cuffed us secured us to the frame by the short chains hanging from the top. Our legs were secured in place by being attached to hooks near the bottom of the side poles. "After your punishment you will be taken and interviewed to determine the best possible position here in our little community."

More men joined the others until there was a man for every woman chained to the punishment frames. They all held wicked looking floggers in their hands and wore sinister grins on their faces.

"Feel free to cry out as much as you want," Reynolds said. "From this point on you are permitted to talk freely until told otherwise."

"Aahhgghhh!" I wailed at the thick triangular leather tips of the flogger's tassels bit painfully into my back. It was quickly followed by another and another. The next landed on my breasts and I think I may have blacked out momentarily from the excruciating pain. I was not alone in my agony though. The entire row of new arrivals was wailing in agony while our tormentors smiled with glee.

When the last swat landed across my belly, the man that had flogged me moved behind me and grabbed my hips. He pulled me back several inches and I felt the tip of his cock pressing against my ass. Hanging my head in shame, I quietly sobbed as he pushed into me.

“Get used to it ladies,” Officer Reynolds said as he walked up and down the line. “You will be fucked in your asses for all to see every day for the next month. Why, you ask? Simple. To strip away any last bits of pride you may have. You belong to Obsequium now and you will learn to follow every command the second it is given. Isn’t that right, Julia?” he said turning to a petite raven-haired woman sweeping the sidewalk a few feet away.

“Yes Master,” Julia quickly replied.

“Come over here and suck my cock.”

“Yes Master.” Julia placed her broom against a tree and walked over to Officer Reynolds. Sinking to her knees she reached up and undid his pants, pulling them down and taking his half-hard cock into her mouth while cupping his balls in one hand.

“You see ladies,” Reynolds continued as Julia sucked his dick “this is what you will learn. This is what your station in life will be from now on. During your stay with us you will perform your daily duties as well as specialized training to better service the community. When you leave here, and you will leave here don’t you worry, you will all be obediently trained submissives ready and willing to please man and woman alike. You will be as docile as a kitten and as loyal as a puppy for your future Masters.”