

Black Lace (a revenge fantasy) 1

by Lillian Ann Slugoeki

S42 gets the call at precisely 16:00. Two attendants appear at her door, lead her down a series of elevators to the reformation suite. It is a stark white room, with a high ceiling. To her right, she knows a panel of witnesses wait for her to begin. This is all she knows. She's been trained to focus only on the subject. The marble bier, not fifty feet from her, is brightly lit, all else is dark. Before her approach, she strips off her clothes. The stainless steel tiles are cool upon the soles of her feet. Attendants have arranged all of her equipment, both digital and mechanical, including ink and needles. An overhead screen snaps into view, and his young muscled body is revealed. At this exact moment, a hidden camera begins filming, and the completely encrypted feed goes live. For this reason S42, dons a jewel encrusted mask right before she enters the field of light. It is highly unlikely the feed can be hijacked, but even if this happens, it is calibrated to subvert GPS. And with the mask, S42 is quite anonymous.

Her body tingles and her nipples harden as she now finds herself at the altar. A surgical nurse brings her a basin of disinfectant and a sponge. S42 wipes down her body beginning with her breasts, her shoulders, her belly, her thighs, paying particular attention to ten highly trained fingers. She repeats the performance on his body. At the same time, two doctors check his heart monitor, body temp, fluids, electrolytes and brain waves. He appears to be peaceful, even happy, perhaps beatific. The combination of drugs induces lovely hallucinations. She clicks a remote; heavy metal music plays. It's the slap in the face she needs to insert the first needle into his skin. Because his eyes are closed she doesn't know their color, but she imagines blue flecked with green and gold. And this is why she chose a deep navy for the text on his eyelids. She also chooses a

mirco needle, not digital. Hand held is more perilous, to be sure, but also more exciting. She craves the immediacy and intimacy; tissue thin skin meets the tip of a needle, color flows into the veins like blood. The text, Edna St. Vincent Millay, "You will be sorry you said that word," followed by the last two lines of Alfred Lord Tennyson's *The Eagle*, "He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls."

Four hours later, she is sweating profusely. Again, an attendant brings disinfectant, again, again she wipes down her body. On the monitor, the audience sees that every millimeter of his face is now tattooed. The text arranges itself in different patterns; circular, elliptical, scattershot, graffiti-like, geometric and even fractal geometry on the sharp angles of nose, chin and cheeks. S42, struck by the beauty, fights not to have an orgasm. His body is naked and so is hers. Her body is beautiful, and so is his. Inking his cool flesh with words, after both his legs have been broken, is intoxicating. No one warned her about falling deeply in lust with the subject. No one warned her that she might want to slap him awake and fuck him hard. Could she even tell anybody how she is feeling? His lower body, including his cock, is inked with 911 calls, but that is the past. This is now. This isn't who he is anymore. Or so she believes. Protocol dictates that once the process starts, you cannot go back. No one taught her what to do if she fell in love with the subject.

But she cannot continue to hold out much longer. She desperately wants to put her hands between her legs, and drag her breasts against his nipples. If this isn't love, she doesn't know what is. Is she obligated to report this to the council of witnesses? But what if they are shocked, and say, you cannot finish. What if they say, you've lost your objectivity? Frankly she wouldn't blame them. She knows she is in dangerous territory. She decides to say nothing despite her rigorous training. She decides to give into the orgasm, with hundreds of cameras aimed at her body. She sets down her needle, clicks the remote, the final aria from *Madame Butterfly*. She's been listening to this all her life. A woman scorned, the suicidal archetype. She knows it in her sleep, it shouldn't be erotic,

but it is. She bends slightly at the waist, both hands between her legs. It doesn't take long. A delicate shudder, then a collective sigh from her audience, as she orgasms.

