

Wednesday, November 15, 2006

Day of the Dividends

~ Part 1 ~

It was the ideal setting for this type of establishment. Two hundred acres of what was once prime grazing land. Now walled off from the rest of the mid-west. The nearest neighbor was over twenty miles away. That was a small gas station. If you weren't there between the hours of noon and six PM, you were out of luck.

The stepford wives orientation facility had merged with the handmaidens academy and purchased this prime real estate where they could conduct their business away from prying eyes.

The stepford wives club would advertise in the lonely hearts section on local newspapers, offering to help young women find their dream husband. They would even hold seminars in small towns everywhere about being all the woman you can, a woman no man could resist. They claimed to be looking only for college educated women. They were however seen on occasion trying to recruit on high school campuses.

The handmaidens academy promoted itself as a rehabilitation facility for prostitutes and other workers in the sex industry. They would try to recruit off the street and get girls to come voluntarily. They were not above bribing local law enforcement to recruit for them. Convincing the girls that the academy was a much better alternative to jail and a police record. The police were often given bonuses if they could entrap a high priced well educated call girl.

Once at the sprawling facility, the women would be assigned to their respective dormitory. It was there that their training would begin. The wives would be taught that exist solely for the benefit of the husband. If they were to be of any benefit to him at all, they would have to learn how to behave properly, dress properly and above all be totally supportive of whatever the husband desires. The libido of the wives would be suppressed, but not to the point where they would reject the advances of their husbands. They would be trained to tell the husband if some other man made an advance on them.

The handmaidens were told at first that they were there to bear the children of infertile couples. They would have sex with the husband solely for the purpose of getting pregnant. Being somewhat street wise regarding the working of the male, they would soon realize that they were there to carry on their former occupations. This time though their "pimp" and john would be some very rich and powerful male.

The well educated and high priced call girls would at first be housed and trained with the handmaidens. After a few weeks, they would be given the opportunity to be "wives" of the rich and powerful. Seeing what was in store for the handmaidens, the call girls all jumped at the opportunity to better their position. The call girls commanded the highest price on the market as far as the academy was concerned. They just needed to be trained to behave themselves for the husband.

~ Part 2 ~

The air was very still this early summer morning. With an hour left before sun up, the only light came from the full moon. It was a bright light, unobstructed by any clouds. The only sounds came from the crickets and beetles chirping the mating calls. Had one been awake at this hour, they may have caught the occasional blinking of the lightning bugs. A sense of stillness and nothingness permeated the air.

Had one been awake, they would have heard the faint sound of engines droning in the distance. getting louder and louder as a low flying aircraft flew overhead.

Looking into the moonlight, it looked as if the plane was dropping little specks from its rear. Watching these specks float downwards towards the earth, one would soon be able to make out the most distinguished sights of silver thigh high boots, looking almost white against the night sky. Then the silver skirts and tops.

The Silver Guard, the Goddesses' own Silver Guard was making an early morning drop into the academy compound. In total silence four teams of silver Guardswomen, forty-eight in all would descend and take up positions on each side of the compound.

The two guards at the front gate (and only gate) were caught napping and easily neutralized.

In the center of the compound was a huge thirty plus room mansion. Also on the compound was six barracks like dormitories. There were several smaller buildings as well.

From each side the silver guard moved in. Kicking in doors and rousting the residents from their slumber. As the residents were unceremoniously roused from their sleep, they were ushered towards the big mansion, not being given any time to react.

Building by building, the silver guard searched and gathered the occupants. A team of silver guards women then began a search of the big house. Floor by floor, room by room they searched. First the residents were ushered down to the foyer with the rest of the guests, then the silver guardswomen began the search of the offices. They were looking for names, addresses phone numbers etc. of all contributors to the academy as well as those who had purchased women in the past of where on the waiting list to purchase in the future.

From where they were found on the compound, it was easy to separate the staff and faculty from the students. The students were ushered into a room to the right. This looked to be the library.

A silver guardswoman opened a door at the far end of the foyer. "Okay, everyone in here", announced the silver guardswoman.

"Now wait a minute here," spoke up one woman. "What do you thugs think you are doing? "

"And who might you be?" inquired one of the guardswomen.

"I am Mrs Winston, the headmistress of this academy."

"Oooh, you sound very proud of that," remarked one of the guardswomen.

"I am proud to be Mrs Winston"

A silver guardswoman let go a quick jab to Mrs Winston's diaphragm. The Mrs was felled to her knees, gasping for air.

"Whoever wants to join Mrs Winston, stand fast. The rest of you get into this room," yelled the guardswoman standing by the door to what appeared to be a ballroom.

It took less than a minute for Mrs Winston to realize that she was alone now with these "thugs." A guardswoman motioned to Mrs Winston to start crawling her way into the ballroom to join her staff. Smart woman this Mrs Winston. She learns from her mistakes. She began crawling, still gasping for air.

Besides being experts in special weapons and tactics, each silver guardswoman is at least a fifth degree black belt in the martial arts. The guardswomen came from varying backgrounds. Some from the national security agency, some national defense, some come from law enforcement as well. Each voluntarily left their previous positions to answer their true calling. To serve the Goddess.

The front door suddenly blew open. Entered about a dozen more women. These women were not dressed like the silver guard. These women had their own specialties.

"How many do we have?" asked one of the new women.

"Only sixty," came the reply from a guardswoman. "Only sixty. Yes, Ma'am."

Only sixty. This was a surprise for they had expected much more than that. This facility can accommodate at least ten times that. But only sixty, that was also a relief.

"Where are they," asked the new woman.

"The students are in the library off to the right. The staff and faculty are in the ballroom straight back."

"Well ladies, let's get to work," the new woman said to the others that came in with her.

~ Part 3 ~

"Good morning," the woman in the blue dress said.

"Please, take a seat and get comfortable," she went on.

She was wearing a simple dark blue satin dress about mid thigh length and defiantly form fitting. The woman had the form to fit it all well, a simple v-neck, sleeveless number. That is not what catches one's attention though.

She was wearing this crystal like pendant. It was round and not much larger than a quarter. The way the light caught it and reflected back in that got one's attention. So much so that it was hard not to stare at it. One quickly became fixated on that pendant.

"I want you all to get comfortable and just relax, relax," she repeated to word relax several times.

"My name is Ellen", she told us. "I was sent here by the Goddess." She went on to tell the students who the Goddess was and why they should now just relax, relax and take comfort, knowing that the Goddess is here for them.

Ellen went around the room asking each student to tell the groups how they came to be at the academy. "Yes, that's it, deep breaths, relax, relax and let your story flow," she said.

After the last student revealed her story, Ellen encouraged all to take comfort in knowing that that was then, this is now. The Goddess is here for them. Relax and take comfort in the Goddess, Ellen went on. It is okay to close those heavy eyelids now Ellen told them. The Goddess is here for them, only the goddess is here now, only the Goddess, relax, relax. Feel the presence of the Goddess within you, take comfort. Yes, that is it, take comfort in the Goddess, Ellen would say over and over again.

The Goddess loves you and believes in you Ellen went on. The males should not be allowed to get away with what they have tried to do to you. "Do you all agree?" Ellen asked. Of course, all the students nodded in agreement. "If you work hard and follow the directions of the Goddess, you shall have your revenge. Never again will these creatures be able to do this to other women."

Ellen explained that they would be moved to another location to study and be closer to their targets, so when the day comes, they will be ready.

After several hours, Ellen was satisfied that all the students were with her.

"Let us now get a good breakfast, then get ready to leave this place," Ellen instructed them.

~ Part 4 ~

Meanwhile, in the ballroom, the staff and faculty were busy readying the room for breakfast. Under the watchful eyes of the silver guard, Mrs Winston and her crew were busy setting up tables and chairs. The SG insisted that only the finest linen table clothes would do. In the kitchen, off to the side of the ballroom, some members of the crew were busy learning how to cook and prepare breakfast. For some this is the first time they ever had to cook for themselves or others.

A crash course in peeling potatoes by hand was in order. Other basics like, "this is a grill" "this is how we control the temperature of the grill," this was going to take some time. Fortunately, the SG knew they had at least three hours to get things ready.

While this was going on, two of the women who came in later began interviewing the staff and faculty. They were not interested in playing "good cop, bad cop."

More like, "you want to tell us everything, you want to get it off your chest, relax, relax..." One by one, the staff and faculty would be interviewed to determine their disposition. Some members of the faculty had very limited roles. Like this one female faculty member. Her job was to use the old fashioned behavior modification methods and train the handmaidens to drool uncontrollably at the mere thought of getting some cock. Some handmaidens were selected to view a single cock as a mere appetizer, a single hors d'oeuvre. But five, six or more cocks coming at them at one time, pure ecstasy.

The wives on the other hand were conditioned to not be the slightest bit concerned about what their husbands may be

doing or with whom. If it doesn't involve them, why let their pretty little heads worry about it. Far more important to worry about looking one's prettiest and knowing how to supervise the household staff.

Mrs Winston and three of her top assistants were selected to serve breakfast to all. Since the SG was also eating, they had better look like it is their pleasure to serve. Some of the SG do not want to be kept waiting for such things as a coffee refill.

It would come to be, that the Goddess was not so upset at what some of these students were being trained to do. It was more just the training methods and who these students were being trained to serve. The Goddess particularly like the idea of training the students to crave the "strap on."

Breakfast was rather quiet and uneventful. Most of the students were still basking in the euphoria of knowing that the Goddess was now in them and that justice would be done.

~ Part 5 ~

The students were escorted back to their dormitories to get dressed, grab some extra clothes and toiletries. The staff and faculty would have to wait to after clean up and interrogations were completed.

These interrogations were for the purpose as assessing possible future value these individuals may have. Could they be useful to the Goddess? Sometimes a little deprogramming was in order.

Take Mrs Winston for example. Once her libido was restored to her, she was nothing like the cold heartless bitch she was before. Turns out she has actual cravings. Being a woman of style and class, she does appreciate things that do not wear out before she is finished with them. Once she was introduced to a strap on and them realizing that she no longer had to deal with scratchy whiskers, and the wearer smelled much prettier, Mrs Winston was hooked. Before clean up was even finished, Mrs Winston was singing praises to the Goddess. She even showed her beautiful smile that no one had ever seen before.

Around noon time, five buses entered the compound. Two buses for the students, one for the staff and faculty and the other two for the silver guard. One of the drawbacks about parachutes is that they only work in one direction, down.

"Those dresses the students are wearing," remarked on guardswoman, "are so god awful ugly, they would have been better off traveling in their nighties."

"Yeah," replied a second guardswoman, "the Goddess is going to have a fit."

After the last bus had left the compound, the gates were closed and locked. A sign was placed on the gates. "Under New Management," it read.

~ Part 6 ~

Once on the road the convoy went separate ways. The staff and faculty and one bus of silver guards headed south to a compound near Miami. The students and the other bus of silver guards headed for Weschester County in New York, just above the city.

The students would join a group of women already there.

Two-hundred and fifty women in all. Two hundred and fifty women to house, clothe, feed and train.

"WOW," remarked one of the Goddess's staff members, "this is some undertaking."

"Yes," replied a second staff member, "but a little investment in the beginning is going to pay off very well in the end. These girls we have with us now are highly motivated to succeed."

The girls' day would start off with some exercises. Got to keep the girls in shape if they are going to succeed. The day would be broken up into several exercise periods. These exercise periods would often include things like swimming and tennis, so it was not all drudgery.

The day would also include several periods of relaxation. Sooo very relaxed.

The girls were given their assignments to study. One girl, one target. The girls would learn everything about their target. The girls would learn everything, from when their target gets up in the morning to the time he goes to sleep at night. Even how he sleeps and which hand he uses to wipe. All his idiosyncrasies. The girls would also learn as much about the wife and girlfriend.

The girls knew what this was all about. They were motivated, they wanted revenge. The girls were not about to leave anything to chance. They studied hard.

Their targets were all ceo's, cfo's, business owners of private companies, bankers, members of the sec, wall street execs. To keep things quite a few reporters and editors were also targeted.

~ Part 7 ~

The IMF was meeting this week in Manhattan. The sec and all its lieutenants were also in town discussing business down on Wall Street.

Thursday. Still one more day left in the workweek. Friday, everyone takes off. Some out to the Island. Some to Jersey while others head upstate or to Connecticut to be with their wives and families.

But this was only Thursday. One more night in the city. Time to see the girlfriend. Time to make sure she is taken care of and happy for the weekend.

For the out of towners, this was their last night in the city as well. Tomorrow, they all will be headed for JFK or La Guardia and back to where they came from.

But this was only Thursday. Last night in the city that never sleeps.

The silver guard was very busy today as well. So many girlfriends they needed to visit. Double checking on the plans for the evening. If any changes, making sure the info gets back to the proper operative for this evening.

Now some of the girlfriends were not too pleased with what the silver guard had to say. Some of these girlfriends rather enjoyed the relationship they were in. Above all they enjoyed the lifestyle it afforded them. Yes, some of these girlfriend would need to get out of town for the weekend so they too can relax, relax.

Now early Thursday afternoon, a convoy of ten buses was heading south on the Cross Bronx expressway. Destination, Mid-town Manhattan.

Manhattan, such an interesting history. Bought by the Dutch for twenty-four dollars worth of junk jewelry. Later traded to the British for a Caribbean Island. First capitol of the United States. Evolved into the financial capitol of the world.

Now, in a few short hours....

~ Part 8 ~

The girls were ushered into a large conference room in one of mid-towns more elegant hotels. The walls were lined with mirrors and make up tables. Racks of dresses occupied the center of the room. The girls had access to shower facilities. A dozen or so hair dressers were available to help the girls get ready.

There were only three hours before the first girl had to meet her assignment.

The girls were very excited and eager to get ready and complete their mission. They all had studied and worked very hard. Now for the final exam. Failure was not an option.

The girls would begin their task by introducing themselves to the target. Explain to the target that their regular girlfriend could not be there this evening for some reason, and that the girlfriend insisted she go and meet with the "boyfriend." The girls knew everything there was to know about the girlfriends, so convincing the target that this was legitimate was easy.

The girls were all dressed most elegantly and sexy. The men, being men, would all accept most eagerly the girls' attentions for the evening.

Now, things like blackmail, extortion, bribery have such dirty connotations. They are all illegal and immoral.

All these executives have been telling us for years now that this is the information age. We do not produce anything anymore in this country. We just buy and sell information. The girls all had a lot of information to sell, or not to sell depending on the offer on the table. The girls let it be known that they could sell or not sell to many other people who would like some information.

This was a business deal, that was all. Some may insist it was a hostile takeover. The executives are all being left with an opportunity to start over.

The executives could either sign over their stock and companies to the Goddess. If not, they would be signing them over to their wives, who would want much more, once they were deprogrammed. CLINK oooh, is that the sound of a jail cell I hear closing around you?

Just knowing the legal battles ahead would be enough to ruin them and having at least a moderate level of intelligence, it was easy to see that the Goddess was making a very generous offer to them.

~ Part 9 ~

Last night, two hundred of the fortune 500 companies changed hands. The only report was that yesterday there was a little heavier than usual stock trading. This was blamed on the uncertainty of oil prices as well as the continuing war overseas.

After a good night's rest and a personal well done from the Goddess Herself, the girls were off to their next assignment. Many of the girls would report in to a resort in Maryland. Others would go to Seattle, San Francisco and LA. A few were left behind in Manhattan. There is always some unfinished business in Manhattan. Or is that unstarted business?

The Day of the Goddess has arrived
Must Obey

Posted by slavejanet69 at 10:14