

The New Morality

The Mayor desperately wanted to maintain Courville's reputation as a respectable town, even when other places were applying the new law without any regard for decency or sensitivity. He was not a prudish man, but nor he did not think that a civilized town such as Courville should be allowed to descend into savagery. The new law was a scheme devised by the national government, supposedly as part of the President's campaign against immorality. The law decreed that any woman who sold her body on the street should be arrested, stripped naked and given a public whipping. Such punishment would, the government believed, completely destroy the unlicensed prostitution that blighted every town. The President did not seem to mind the sex trade but he wanted it to be confined to registered brothels, whose owners paid a hefty tax for a government license. Most people, including the Mayor of Courville, figured that the new law was merely a mechanism by which the national authorities could force brothels, pimps and whores to register and pay taxes.

Courville was a small town but it already had three licensed brothels, which were always busy. At night, however, the downtown streets were walked by dozens of illegal, unregistered prostitutes. These hookers were young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty, many of them with addictions to drugs or alcohol, all of them enslaved to ruthless pimps. The Mayor felt pity for such unfortunate females and wanted to help them rather than punish them, but he had to abide by the new law. Reluctantly, therefore, he ordered the local police to begin arresting the streetwalkers.

The first girl to be arrested was a petite brunette of nineteen called Lori Laverne. The police booked her for cocaine possession and illegal prostitution, before referring her case to the Mayor, who reluctantly authorized her punishment. Lori had heard about the new law but never expected it to be carried out. She screamed and cursed as she was hauled away by two policewomen, whose task was to prepare her for the ordeal. The bewildered teen demanded a lawyer, but was told that the new law had special powers that prevented any defense. There would be no trial, nor any hope of a reprieve. The punishment would begin within one hour of her arrest.

Lori was an incredibly beautiful girl whose stunning good looks had not yet been marred by her drug habit. Her cowardly pimp fled in his car when she was arrested, leaving the frightened teenager all alone. At the police department she stood sobbing in her cell while the policewomen removed her clothes. The stripping was rigorously supervised by several

male sergeants and the Deputy Mayor. These men were large, overweight guys who were almost as old as Lori's grandfather, but they openly leered at her nakedness when her skimpy underwear was ripped away. One of the sergeants had a bulge in his trousers where his erection stiffened at the sight of the young hooker's nubile body.

In accordance with the new law, Lori's wrists were handcuffed behind her back and she was led out onto the main street of the town. The inhabitants of Courville were going about their daily business, hurrying along the sidewalk or browsing the stores. When they saw the nude brunette with her escort of male and female police officers, the citizens looked up in startled fascination. Many people stopped to stare, rightly guessing that Lori was the town's first recipient of the President's new anti-prostitution law. Soon, a large and curious crowd gathered to observe the scene. Most folk looked on in silence, their eyes appalled by the spectacle but captivated by the image of a gorgeous naked girl being paraded along the main street on a sunny afternoon. A few protesters yelled at the police, calling them savages for displaying a nude woman so publicly. However, the exciting prospect of seeing a beautiful teenage prostitute being severely whipped was too tempting for most citizens. A noisy, boisterous mob followed Lori and her entourage towards the stone-paved square in front of the Mayor's residence.

The Mayor, his chubby wife and several local dignitaries were waiting in the square. They stood near a tall wooden post that had been set up a few days earlier. At a height of six feet from the ground the post was adorned with two dangling ropes. Other ropes lay curled at the base. A muscular police sergeant stood beside the post, his black-gloved hands uncoiling a leather horsewhip.

Lori almost fainted when she saw the whip. She yelled in panic, trying to struggle free as her escort dragged her towards the post. Her brown hair flailed around her shoulders as she shook her head in protest. But she was too small to resist, and soon she was pressed against the post. Somebody pushed her face into the timber while her handcuffs were removed. Then, while she screamed and swore, her arms were raised high above her head and her wrists were tied to the upper set of ropes. Strong hands held her legs so that she could not kick her captors when they bound her ankles to the lower ropes.

By now, a crowd of several hundred citizens was gathering to watch the punishment. Anybody who yelled insults at the police, or who cursed the President, was promptly arrested. Most folk, however, seemed happy to watch the show in silence. Around ninety percent of the onlookers were male, many of whom tried to conceal the evidence of their arousal under their coats. The Mayor's wife glanced down at her husband's groin and

suggested in a furtive whisper that he should fasten the lowest button on his jacket. The small number of female spectators included a group of elderly nuns who praised the President's new law while muttering prayers for Lori's salvation.

The young prostitute writhed in her bonds, unwittingly swaying her slim hips in a sensual rhythm. Her bare bottom jiggled like a ripe peach, its deep cleft narrowing as she clenched her supple buttocks. The leering eyes of the audience lingered on her shapely teenage ass, which retained the pertness of youth. Some of the men among the audience were secret but regular clients of Lori. Like all her customers they reckoned she had the firmest rear in town, though they were definitely eager to see her cute buns being whipped.

The burly sergeant now stood several paces behind Lori, waiting for the agreed signal. At a nod from the Mayor, the cruel flogging commenced. The sergeant swung the whip in a high whistling arc, bringing it forcefully down on the terrified girl. She gave a lung-bursting yell, her lithe body stiffening. A pink horizontal stripe reddened on her slender back. It was immediately followed by another, then another, and many more, until her skin bore a pattern of livid crimson welts. Lori never stopped screaming, nor did she stop cursing her tormentors. Her mouth still snarled furiously, even when her exhausted lungs could barely manage a hoarse whispered groan.

The sergeant next directed the whip at Lori's bottom, laying lash after lash across her twitching buttocks. A man in the audience started taking photographs, until a policeman barged through the mob to confiscate the camera. Two college boys at the front of the throng counted aloud and in unison the strokes that struck Lori's pert derriere, their chant reaching twenty-six before the punishment switched to her legs. Fifteen lashes seared across her twitching thighs, the pain turning her defiant yells to pitiful sobs and whimpers.

"Enough!" the Mayor shouted, his voice rising above the noise of the flogging. "The punishment is now complete."

"But sir," the sergeant protested, panting heavily as he paused in mid-stroke. "The law demands one hundred lashes for every prostitute."

"The punishment is complete," the Mayor repeated. "Seventy-five lashes is sufficient for a teenage girl. Disperse the crowd, please." Wiping sweat from his brow, the sergeant coiled the whip into his belt before barking orders to the other officers. Many of the spectators grumbled, feeling that they had been cheated by the Mayor's leniency. Some arrests were made, mostly of sexually-aroused men who tried to dash forward to grope the whipped

hooker. A noisy group of female students from the university hurled abuse at the Mayor, calling him a cruel barbarian for allowing such a depraved spectacle, but they were hauled off to a waiting police truck.

The Deputy Mayor accompanied a local doctor to the whipping-post, where Lori hung from her bound wrists like a rag-doll. She was still conscious, but her mind swam in a dizzy haze of pain and terror. The doctor examined the vicious red welts on her back, buttocks and thighs, his fingers soothing the soreness with cream from a hospital jar. A second crowd began to gather, mustering some distance away to observe the young prostitute being untied from the post. At that moment, a journalist from the local TV news shoved a microphone under the Mayor's nose and asked for an opinion.

"This has been a great day for justice and morality," the Mayor answered solemnly. "Today we have sent a strong message to the streetwalking whores who spoil our fine old town." "Has Lori Laverne learned her lesson, do you think?" the journalist asked. The Mayor shrugged nonchalantly and said: "I doubt it."

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