

# Streaking Venus

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Also by Raud Kennedy

Mad Rabbits  
Stick Out Your Tongue  
Top of the World  
Sex on the Beach  
Twice Dead  
Black Oak  
Glimpses

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# Venusian Kisses

The water spilling into the chamber rises past my ankles. It's clear, and cold as liquid oxygen like all things at these depths of sixty-nine leagues beneath the sea. I'm in Squid City, an underwater metropolis on the H<sub>2</sub>O planet, Sashimi, a planet dominated by giant squids, the Lologos. My clear Kevlar dry suit is tight. As the water level in the airlock chamber quickly rises, I struggle to get it over my thigh high black leather boots with stiletto heels. You see, I'm a hired whip, the bitch who gets called in when those who can afford me feel so guilty they're in dire need of a few lashes, their backside paddled, and I'm the best there is, la creme de la creme, the best with a whip, the firmest paddle. I'm the leer in the eyes of anyone who's ever been in need of a good spanking. I'm Paddle Squad Leader Mistress Venus-Venus, doing a little solo work from the Paddle Corps to gain some zilver, the best damned dominatrix in the Latexo System. When I'm through, my clients' consciences are clear and ready for a brand new day of fucking up other people's lives. God I love giving satisfaction.

Tonight's client is a particularly evil son of a bitch who needs a submission session practically every time I pass through this sector. His name is Calimarinius, the

giant squid who rules Sashimi. He dialed me up complaining about having pangs of guilt over stuffing his gullet with half the guppies in the oceans of Sashimi. I didn't buy it, there's far too many guppies for that, but my paddle will get to the root of it. You see, being a domina isn't just about giving some creep a spanking and relieving them of their guilt through pain, it's about helping that creep discover exactly why he's a creep, not to help him not be a creep, but so that he can transcend himself and become even creepier. This is the wide open universe where everything, and then some, goes.

The rising water reaches my shoulders. I put on the helmet and check the seal to make sure it's tight, then test the air. It smells like my perfume that I bought on the Triple Moons of Heraditas, the Essence of Quasar. It comes in three parts, each part held on one of the three moons. I had to buy a vial on each, then mix them to get it just right. It cost me five free spankings, but it sure does smell worth it, like golden nipples on a shanty town dancer.

The doors open and I swim out into the Great Hall of Calimarinius's giant underwater palace made entirely of the milky white bones from Sperm Whales, the Loligos' mortal enemies, or at least until the giant squids killed most of them. The only whales left are starving in concentration camps, beached on the surface and kept alive with a series of large humidifiers like those found in the produce sections of supermarkets. There's maybe a hundred left, and every now and then to celebrate his birthday, fat Calimarinius sets one loose in the ocean and lets his squidies hunt it down for kicks. Hell, it's none of my business, I'm just the therapist. If I tried to right every wrong in the universe, I'd have to start off by giving a good spanking to the guy who designed it in the first place and I've yet to receive a bemoaning call from him or her or whatever created this mess.

“Ah, there you are, Venus-Venus,” Calimarinius says, his deep bass voice vibrating the ocean depths. He’s sitting in the center of the Great Hall with his tentacles sprawled around himself caressing with his suction cups the dead whale bones that make up the floor. He probably misses those days of old with their wars and deep underwater violence.

My whip is worthless in this liquid environment, so I detach my paddle and approach him. “It’s Mistress Venus-Venus to you, you suction cup covered slug.” I stop and float a meter in front of what I take to be his face. He has two eyes, one on either side of his body. They’re the size of watermelons, and opaque like black holes, not something you’d want to wake up next to in the middle of the night. “So, Cal, what is it you’ve done this time to ladle on the guilt? I don’t buy your story about binging on guppies. You couldn’t give a rat’s ass about killing when your stomach is involved. How many stomachs do you have anyway?”

One of his eyes rolls around in its greasy socket. “You underestimate me. I’m actually quite sensitive.”

I turn the paddle in my hand. “I’m beginning to think you just like the pain. A big fat masochist is what your are.” I ready the paddle, always confused about where his butt is. I point at where I think it is. “It’s there, right?”

He chuckles. “On the contrary, my dear air addicted pet, I regret that you won’t be using your lovely paddle on me this visit.”

From behind the walls of bones swim two giant squids spewing trails of purple ink as they sweep in and wrap their tentacles around my arms and legs. It’s a good thing I have the dry suit on or else those suction cups would really give me a case of blotchy skin.

“Guano!” I swear as I struggle to get free, but it’s no use. They’re far too strong. Calimarinius is laughing at me, and I calm myself, not wanting to give him the

satisfaction of feeling like he's won, which he hasn't.  
"What the hell is this about, tentacle head?"

More chuckles. Their vibrations reverberate in my helmet. "'Hell' being the operative word. You were right about those guppies. I could eat all the guppies on Sashimi and still feel no remorse. It's ironic that just when I'm about to do something that might cause me some guilt, like sending you on your way, you won't be around to ease my conscience. The universe is strange that way, always the tease, like you."

"Get to the point, sushi brain."

One of his tentacles rises and brushes my face plate. "I happen to be a bit short of funds right now, and you know how irritable my squidies get when I can't provide them with the treats they've grown accustomed to. You see, you're worth a lot of zilver, Venus-Venus, if sold to the right species. It's too bad, too, because I'm going to miss our little sessions, Mistress. You're the best domina I've ever had."

"If I'd known you were this big of a son of a bitch I would've given you the ultimate guilt relief with an acid enema. Who're you selling me to?"

"The Freudians."

"The Freudians? Never heard of them."

"They don't get out much, if at all. You won't like them, but they'll love you."

"How much are they paying you?"

"I'll know after the auction."

"The auction?"

"Yes, the auction." His eyeballs turn to point at the droog squids holding me. "Take her to the Crock ship, and make certain she doesn't escape. A loose domina of her caliber would give us all the runs."

"You're going to regret this, Calimarinius. I'll be back, and I'll hold an auction of my own and sell you off as bits of sushi."

“I rather doubt it. When the Freudians are through with you, there won’t be much left of that renowned spirit of yours. You’ll be drained of all emotions like a sponge is dry in the desert.”

“We’ll see about that, shrimp breath.”

“I don’t breathe.”

“I’ll make certain of that.”

“Shut her up,” Calimarinius groans with a lazy motion of one of his eight legs. The squid on my left wraps a tentacle around my neck and reality fades to black.

I wake to a pounding drum like I have a thirteen alarm hangover from drinking too much budwily juice, but when I open my eyes I’m aboard a slave transport ship surrounded by aliens and shackled to a bench between two human males, and the pounding in my head is the sound of a drive engine powering up. The ship’s a pit, dark and rank with aliens sweating fear. Calimarinius is going to pay. No self-respecting domina can allow this to happen and still wear her whips with pride until she’s gotten payback. Maybe I’ll marinate him alive in mescal before serving him to the masses.

On my right is a skinny guy who looks like a lamp post out of the 21st Century, all bones with a head too big for his frame. The lug on my left is pure designer genetics. His parents must’ve gone all out on him. He has violet hair, green lips, orange eyes, a video chip star body, and probably porn star equipment underneath those flamboyant pink baggies he’s wearing. Beach Boy for hire is what comes to mind. He looks tasty, but I’m not big on designer studs. Sexing with one of them isn’t much different than being with a silicone skinned android. They can design the looks, but not the personality, and the way a person is in the sack has more to do with their personality than their looks, and a lot of these designer kids have had it too easy, leaving them with an underdeveloped personality and an

overdeveloped ego. Sex with them is a bit like eating fat free food. It fills you up but doesn't satisfy.

As the pitch of the drive engines winds up in preparation of breaking Sashimi orbit. I turn to the lamp post looking guy and say, "Do they serve peanuts on this flight?"

I can almost hear his neck creaking as he slowly turns his head and looks at me through glasses as thick as Eldon Tyrell's. "I hope you're not going to crack jokes the whole way there?" His voice is high and nasal like a crayfish on speed.

"Touchy, aren't you? Just making friends."

Without averting his gaze from mine, he adjust his glasses, making his eyes wobble behind the lenses like giant fish in a bowl. "They're going to eat me, you know."

He didn't look very appetizing. Guano if I'd go down on him. "Who is?"

"Cricklers, the bone marrow eaters."

Yeck. Talk about a thought to put you off of your food. "Well, maybe you'll give them a killer case of heartburn."

"They don't have hearts."

"Not many species do." What a mood lifter. He's going to make this trip last a millennium. "You've got something on your glasses," I lie to get him to stop staring at me through his magnifying glasses like he's checking my skin pores for dirt, then turn to the designer beef cake on my other side. "What's your story, stud?"

He turns toward me groggily like he's high on something, probably acid grass, and his orange eyes twinkle at me like binary stars. "Wow, where did you come from? You're hot, babe."

"I know. You're not bad yourself for designer goods."

He holds his arms out in front of himself and admires them. "Aren't I?" His eyes gloss over in self love, then

clear as he turns to me again. His voice suddenly becomes very clear and crisp. “Sorry about that. The self love package was on special when my parents went shopping for personality traits. It has totally messed with my head.” His eyes gloss over again. “You’re a love doll. With our looks, we’d make a great pair. Bet our babies would be out of this galaxy, Miss Universe material.”

Personality design obviously hasn’t been perfected yet. “Your name isn’t Biff, is it?” I ask.

“Wow, that’s amazing. You’re not a mind reader are you?”

I doubt there’d be much to read. “No, I just knew a Biff in a former life and you remind me a lot of him. You can call me Venus-Venus.”

“Hi, Venus-Venus. I dig your boots, babe. What’s the whip for?”

He must be spaced. My position of authority is recognizable by my whip to anyone in the known universe. “Domina action.”

“Paddle Squad Leader, no doubt.”

“No doubt.”

“Dudette, without all you domchicks, the universe would be a real downer with nobody to ease our guilt. Besides, it always gives me wood when I’ve been naughty.”

I motion at the inside of the ship. “So how’d you get your cute butt in here?”

“I was solar surfing in the Banned Zone of Moralis Majoritus. I kicked in someone’s pie hole when they tried to give me an enema injection of religion. Screw that. They don’t have a clue where god’s at.”

Lamp Post leans forward and shushes us. “If you two keep talking, the guards are going to put any spanking you do to shame. Those Crocks are lethal.”

Above us are alloy grates that form a crisscross of walkways. The guards are Crocks, called that by Earth

origin species because they resemble crocodiles walking on their hind legs like trained circus bears. They pace the walkways back and forth carrying electric shock prods ten cubits long. I've encountered Crocks before, and Lamp Post is right, they're lethal, but they can't spank worth orbiting beans, no wrist control.

The sound of the engine surges, about to break orbit. "Here we go. Hold onto your lunch," Biff says, leaning forward and grabbing his bare knees.

"Why?"

"The drive engine is out of alignment."

"Guano," I say. An out of align drive engine means the acceleration isn't constant, but comes in surges. It throws us forward and back like a ball attached to a paddle with a rubber band. A big heap of an alien two benches up from me is the first to lose his lunch. The only aliens not bothered are the ones who ingest their food through photosynthesis. You can't exactly puke up sunlight. Even the Crock guards are looking close to tossing their cookies. If I could get my hands on one of their shock prods, I'd have a chance of getting my svelte ass out of this jam.

I take one of the black lacquered chopsticks holding up my hair and go to work on the anklets shackling me to the bench. Their ancient circuitry is no match for my feminine touch. They snap open and drop to the deck. I scan the guards and choose my mark, one on the verge of making a really big mess. He's got slave trader sickness written all over him. I've seen it before. Comes from raping too many slaves up their on his catwalk. Selling damaged goods has become the norm for him. Poor sucker won't know what hit him. I make my move and spring forward.

"Venus-Venus, don't!" Biff snaps as he grabs my arm and pulls me back onto the bench. He's strong. Must be

those designer muscles of his. Hmmm. My mind starts to wander along carnal lines, then I snap out of it.

“Let go or you’ll be next,” I say as I jerk my arm free.

“Watch,” he says, then spits into the air. Even his saliva is colored. Three feet above our heads a turquoise stream vaporizes in an unseen laser field.

“Black guano,” I say with a whistle. “Thanks, Biff, that would’ve given me a seriously bad hair day. I owe you a free spanking. These Crocks aren’t as slack as they look.”

Lamp Post leans forward with a faint smile on his lipless mouth. “What do you think happened to the mental midget who had your seat before you?”

I almost lose my head in a laser field and this is what he says, what a cretin. “You must’ve gone to charm school. What were you before you ended up on this milkshake mixer? A mortician?”

“Ha, ha, very funny. For your information, I’m tattooed as an undesirable in more star systems than you’ve probably been to.”

Smug little creep. An undesirable was a criminal of sorts. It doesn’t make much sense though because what is criminal in one system might be cause for worship in another. “I wouldn’t be too sure about that. I’ve been to quite a few systems myself.”

“Spanking your way across the universe, no doubt,” he says snidely.

Miserable little pud. Some people aren’t worth arguing with, so I kick him in the shins.

His shackles rattle as he grabs his shins. “Owe, what was that for?”

“For being born.”

Biff taps me on the shoulder. “Don’t believe a word he says. He’s a con artist.”

“Like you can solar surf? Impotent poser,” Lamp Post says.

I jerk my thumb at Lamp Post and ask Biff. “Do you know this guy?”

He nods and gives me a hang dog look. Something is up here.

“Can you solar surf?” I ask.

“Yeah,” he says.

“No he can’t,” Lamp Post says.

“What is this, Laurel and Hardy? You guys are a con artist shag team, aren’t you?” Biff is about to speak, but I raise my hand. “No, don’t tell me, your last scam went sour and you two ended up here.”

“Thanks to Skinny,” Biff says, pointing at Lamp Post.

“How was I to know that fat squid was allergic to slugs. I figured he’d be shooting them back like oysters on the half shell.”

“Slugs?” I ask.

“Slugs,” Biff says.

“Slugs?” I ask again.

“Yes, slugs,” Lamp Post snaps. “Haven’t you ever heard of slugs in space before?”

“Only the retro rock band. I use their song, Ooze Trail, when making my more distinguished clients grovel at my feet and lick my boots.”

“Slugs are a delicacy, you blonde bimbo.”

Now Lamp Post has gone too far. I fix him with a stare that would melt a tunnel through an ice planet. “I’m going to take my time deciding on just what humiliating task to assign you as punishment.”

“If we get out of this, Venus-Venus, you can give Skinny my free spanking,” Biff says. “Seeing that might make me feel better.”

“No one’s spanking me,” Lamp Post whines.

I raise my left eyebrow in query at Biff. “Nail head paddle?”

“Will it hurt?”

“Big time.”

Biff smiles. “Then definitely.”

The ship’s engine winds down as the back and forth motion lessens to a mild jostling.

“It’s about time,” Lamp Post says, looking around the ship. “Stupid piece of junk.”

One of the Crock guards overhears him and approaches. “You there! Shut your hole!” he commands. Obviously he’s just been itching for someone to pump a few volts into, and it looks like Lamp Post is going to get some free anti-depression shock therapy. Serves the little cretin right.

Lamp Post raises his arms in front of his face. “No, please no,” he pleads as the shock prod swings in his direction through the force field. He faints from fear before it touches him.

When the slave transport ship lands, everyone’s shackles snap open like shark jaws releasing their kill. The crock guards assemble in force, shock prods ready, and we’re led out of the ship into a giant corral. We’re the livestock at a cattle auction. Biff and I are forced to drag the still unconscious Lamp Post from the ship by his armpits. I hope his stink doesn’t leave a permanent residue on my hands. In a morass of alien noise and smells, we prop him up between us and gaze around at the thousands of aliens surrounding us. Some are standing, sitting, laying down, slithering, bubbling. Some aliens I can see when I wish I couldn’t because they turn my stomach, others I can see only every other moment as they phase in and out of this dimension.

Above us are the Seven Suns of Sparta. They bare down on us, pushing the temperature to the human survival threshold. My healthy glow turns to plain sweat. A few more hours on this rock and I’ll be baked brisket, only edible by starving carnivores, not svelte nubile babes. Few species choose to come to this planet with its endlessly orbiting radiation, but that’s why they hold the

auctions here. The uncharitable climate encourages the buyers to pay up and make room for the next odd ball alien looking to buy a slave or two, or maybe just a slab of meat for his soup pot.

Holding up Lamp Post is trying my patience, and Biff isn't helping much. "Hey, Biff, you hold this sack of bones. He's your shag team partner."

"Oh, sorry. It's just that I've never been around so many species of aliens all at once before." He leans over and shakes Lamp Post's face, but it doesn't do any good. He's still out from the faint before the shock prod hit him, the wimp. "Why don't we just lay him on the sand?" he asks.

"Sure, if you want his brain to pop like a kernel of corn in a greased frying pan. Or maybe you'd like your pal to get pulped under the clods of one of these aliens?" I jerk my chin at one nearby who has feet the size of a yeti. Biff slacks off again, distracted by a gigantic green worm giving birth to itself. "Come on butch, use those designer muscles of yours."

"Sorry," he says and takes hold of him.

I let go and shake my arms out. In the heat, each individual blonde hair on them tingles as if about to burst into flames.

"I didn't have a mother, you know," Biff says, completely out of nowhere. The heat must be frying his brain. They say the first thing to go when your brain gets cooked is your ability to think coherently.

"Really, I didn't know that about you, Biff," I say sarcastically.

"I'm the product of a same sex marriage."

"Two women, I assume."

"No, just dominant and submissive."

"Hmm... I see." Like I said, they can design pretty much any kind of life form these days. "Sorry for asking, but they were human, weren't they?" Being raised by a