

Lidia's New Job

Emily Sinclair

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AUTHORS NOTE: The Rome, Wisconsin/Domination Farm setting used in this episode of LIDIA DAYES EROTICA was borrowed from Crimson Rose's "Sluts in Training" series and used with the author's permission.

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Diana paced the living room of the vacation cabin she shared with her best friend and lover Lidia as she thought about their future together. Deep down at the core, she was a sex slave thanks to the training she received during her year with Billy Boyd and their recent trip to the Domination Farm only served to reinforce the notion. And while she loved Lidia more than anything in the world for saving her from being sold off to some unknown overseas Master where she would never be heard from again, there was a small and growing part of her that knew her lover would never give up hunting down the human scum of the world no matter the cost.

Finished with her shower, Lidia walked out into the living room and saw the worried look on her lover's face and the fingers trembling as Diana nervously chewed on her thumbnail.

"What's the matter?"

"We need to talk."

"I'm not going to like this am I?"

"Honestly, Lidia, I don't know. But it has to be said or I'm just going to keep it bottled up inside and eventually come to hate you for it."

"Then by all means tell me what's got you so upset. You know you can tell me anything, right?"

"It's you," Diana sighed. "I mean, not you personally, but your job. I know I said I wouldn't be much of a friend to keep you from the job you love, but what kind of friend are you to put me through this nightmare day in and day out? Do you have any idea how much I worry every time you go trotting off to rescue some poor damsel in distress? I know you're good at your job, great even, but one of these days you're going to come home with more than a freshly branded ass. If you come home at all. I'm sorry, but I can't do this anymore. I can't live my life worrying whether or not I'll ever see you again."

"What are you saying, Diana? Do you want me to quit my job? Yes, I said I'd do it so spend the rest of my life with you, but tell me, how are we going to pay the fucking bills if I quit? Hell, after everything we've been through the last couple of years I'm lucky the bureau hasn't fired me for good. What are we going to do for money? Maybe we could get a job as strippers or in porn. Is that what you want?"

"You know it isn't. What I want is..."

"For me to quit the only job between us. A job I am damn good at and one which, I might add not only keeps a roof over our heads, but has insurance that pays all those medical bills we've racked up. What do you want from me, Diana?"

"Nothing! I don't want a damn thing from you," Diana fumed, now more pissed off than merely upset. "I change my mind. I do want one thing from you. Take me back to the Domination Farm. I was happy there and that's where I'll be if you ever quit that horrible job and want to spend an actual life with me."

"That's three days in the wrong directions and you know damn well I'm on a timetable here. Holbert is not going to let this vacation of mine drag on forever. When we get home you can turn around and drive back in your own car if that's what you want, but I am not taking you back now."

"Fine, whatever." Huffing, Diana stormed into the bedroom and slammed the door. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she cried. Balling her hands into fists, she punched the bed as the anger welled to the surface. All she wanted was for her best friend in the whole world to understand her point of view, to acknowledge that what she did for a living was dangerous in the

best of times and to take steps to change that, but instead all she got was slapped down. Or at least that is what she had felt happened.

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The rest of the drive home was done in silence with Lidia putting in nearly eighteen straight hours just to get it over with. Pulling in the driveway, eyes bloodshot and barely refusing to open, she left all of her newly bought fetish clothes and toys in the back seat and trunk, got out of the car and went inside without even bothering to look back to see if Diana was following. As pissed off as she was at her friend for ruining the final days of their vacation together, all she wanted was to get a good night's rest and forget it ever happened.

But Diana, who had slept most of the way home and was side awake was not going to make sleeping easy for Lidia as she stomped around the house, slamming doors and loudly complaining to herself that she had to drive all the way back to the farm they had just left three days prior.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Lidia yelled, finally hearing enough of her friend's bitching. “I swear to god if I hear one more fucking word out of your ungrateful mouth I'll bury you where no one will ever find the body!” Slamming the bedroom door closed, she flopped back into bed. But anger and frustration kept her from falling asleep until long after Diana left the house.

Waking late in the afternoon, Lidia reluctantly got dressed, pulled the car in the garage since she was far too tired to do so the night before and proceeded to unload the bags and boxes into the kitchen to later be cleaned put away when she had more energy to do such an arduous chore. Sitting a box of various plugs, dildos and lubes on the table, her phone began ringing. Thinking it was Diana calling to bitch some more, she ignored it, but after the fifth call she picked it up and answered in a huff.

“What in the fuck do you want? I don't have time for your shit right now!”

“Excuse me?” Director Holbert said.

“What? Oh god, sorry, Sir, I thought you were Diana calling. She stormed out last night in a huff to go back to the Domination Farm.”

“I see. Are things okay between you?”

“I'm not sure, Sir. She said she was fine with me taking the new position, whatever that may be, but then all of a sudden she demanded I quit to spend more time with her. I pointed out that we wouldn't get very far with neither of us working and suggested maybe she wanted us to go into porn or something and, well, anyways, I still have two days of forced vacation left so why are you calling Sir?”

“I'm just calling my favorite Agent to see how she's doing. I happened to catch about eighty percent of the stuff you and Diana did at the farm and I have to say I'm getting more than a little concerned for your physical and mental wellbeing.”

“It was your damn idea we go there Sir!”

“I know it was. And I also know you think deep down all those piercings and brands will only serve to give the impression you're a trained sex slave for all the horrible human traffickers you go after, but you have to stop and ask how much is too far?”

“Nothing, I repeat *nothing* is too far to bring that kind of scum to justice! If I have to cover every square inch of my body with humiliating and degrading stuff to infiltrate their organizations and bring them in then that's exactly what I'll do!”

“You're missing the big picture here, Agent Dayes,” Director Holbert said using her last name, a sure sign he was about to say something she really was not going to like. “Your face and

body is known the world over thanks to the things you've done, not to mention the debacle with Massive Dynamics and the Lidia series sex androids."

"I don't see what that has to do with anything Sir. They were shut down thanks to me and the androids were taken off the streets or otherwise permanently and remotely deactivated."

"The point, Agent Dayes is that your face and body are intimately known. Can you honestly not see what this means for your career in the field? Every asshole from the lowest pimp to the highest human trafficker will see you coming a hundred miles away. What chance do you think you have of infiltrating their organizations when you've been plaster on every television screen and computer monitor the world over?"

"You're taking me out of the field, Sir?" Lidia asked, barely able to contain her rage. After years of putting herself through hell, being screwed every way imaginable, allowing her body to be marked with tattoos, piercings and brands and subjecting herself to training as a sex slave just to bring in the worst of the worst she now saw her world crashing in on her.

"We can talk about it more when your vacation is over, but I want you to think about what you've been doing the last couple of years and ask if it's really what you want to do for the rest of your career in the bureau. I'll see you in three days, Lidia."

Hanging up the phone, Lidia threw it across the kitchen. It slammed against the edge of the doorway leading into the living room, bounced right and skidded across the tiled floor where it came to a stop halfway under the refrigerator. Furious, she left the boxes and bags of sex toys and clothes sitting where they were and stormed up to her bedroom. Having no idea why she went to her room like a scolded child, she went back down to the living room and began pacing back and forth.