



The Pleasure Machine
Don Julian Winslow

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Preface](#)

[The Secrets of Dr. Descartes](#)

[The Case of Candace W.](#)

[The Case of Lillian H.](#)

[The Case of Bethany P.](#)

[The Case of Amanda R.](#)

[The Case of Allison J.](#)

[The Case of Claire P.](#)

[The Case of Cynthia L.](#)

[The Case of Corea L.](#)

[The Case of Karen K.](#)

[The Case of Mariam B.](#)

The Pleasure Machine
by Don Julian Winslow

ISBN: 978-1-945648-65-6

A Pink Flamingo Media Ebook

Copyright ©2018 Don Julian Winslow

With the exception of quotes used in reviews, no part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying recording or otherwise without prior written permission of the publishers.

For information contact:

Pink Flamingo Media

www.pinkflamingo.com

P.O. Box 632 Richland, MI

Sex is power. It lays waste to our defenses. It overrides good sense, short-circuits the higher functions. Our universe constricts until it approximates the contours of our bodies; our breasts thud concussively as we grind into each other, our vocabulary reduced to Paleolithic grunts.

-- Cliff Burns

The Illustrated Guide to the Masters of the Macabre

Preface

From William Shakespeare's *Hamlet* to Richard Manton's "Captive," few themes provide such deep satisfaction as the tale of well-deserved vengeance. One can witness the popularity of this theme, by trolling the murkier depths of the Internet, where stories of some richly deserving, (and usually overbearing) character receives his or her just deserts in a case of sexual revenge; stories found with startling frequency among the fantasies of healthy men and women of all persuasions.

Here we find stories of lovers and strangers, inexorably compelled to perform sexual acts by means that are sometimes covert, often nefarious, but always highly effective. In the course of this literature one encounters various methods of inducing compliance -- ranging from the time-honored techniques of hypnosis, to the modern joys of biochemistry. It is in this tradition that *The Pleasure Machine* is offered

Don Julian Winslow
Copenhagen

An Interlude

You're totally wrong, Honey. You'll consent... without any violence.

Quite the contrary! You'll beg me to fuck you.

I just have to turn on this machine and you'll be groveling at my feet,

wetting your panties.

-- Faust to Claudia, in Milo Manara's *Click 2*

His eyes never left the willowy figure of the solitary blonde at the end of the bar. She sat bent over an open notebook in which she occasionally scribbled. A cup of Latte, sitting by her side, waited to cool. He was watching her closely. She had a sort of preppy look: just another young college girl, in her navy blue blazer and powder blue cotton blouse, worn with a pair of faded, but nicely-fitted jeans. His eyes took in her soft hair, caramel-colored and streaked with white gold. As she bent over her book, it fell forward in an enveloping cowl, gently curved ends lightly teasing her collar.

He waited, till he saw her move decisively, finishing off her coffee, and gathering up her things. Then he tensed, straightening up very slightly. Looking at Gavin, he gave an almost imperceptible nod. He got up and dropped some money on the table, just as she slid off the high stool, slung a backpack over one shoulder, and headed for the door. And he was in position, just two paces behind her by the time she had made her way to the street. Gavin was already outside, ambling along on the far right. He quickened his own pace, so that the girl would be between the two of them for the few crucial seconds they would have to have.

The unsuspecting girl's escort fell into place, flanking her, staying just a step behind. They waited till no one else was close by to close in. He never saw Gavin slip the stun gun out of his pocket, but he saw the quick move that brought it to the back of her neck, heard the muffled zap, and smelt the pungent flare of ozone. It happened so quickly she could

do no more than make a tiny “uumph” as she arched up, and then her body went limp, just as his hand shot out to come around her shoulders and grip her hard, so that when she collapsed, it was into his arms. Her head lolled back against his chest as he scooped her up and held her, half-dragging the unconscious girl towards the parked car. Anyone who bothered to notice might have thought the girl was suddenly ill, or perhaps had started drinking a little too early on that warm spring afternoon.

Chapter One

The Secrets of Dr. Descartes

My name's Block, John Block. And I'm a P.I. - Private Investigator, that is, officially licensed by the great state of New York. But I don't often tell people that. If I'm at a party or something, I just say I'm in 'information processing'. As I see it, my business is processing information... on people. We get it from some; give it to others, the ones who pay. I'm just a middleman.

When I first opened the agency, we took whatever we could get, but as time went by we began to specialize. You have to in this business. You see, it's important to build your reputation. In the PI business, reputation is everything. And from early on, the reputation I got was for handling, very discretely, those troubling, sometimes nasty things which our high-class clients like to call "intimate matters." Our agency soon began to specialize in confidential surveillance work -- spying, usually on bored wives with too much time on their hands; or on womanizing husbands who couldn't keep it in their pants; and once in while sending back reports on some playful girlfriend who liked to kick up her heels and get a little action on the side, maybe when boyfriend is out of town. I'm sure that's why Descartes wanted to hire me, because of our reputation, although the job he wanted done had a decidedly different spin to it. In fact, it was the strangest job I'd ever had, and that's saying a lot.

Of course I had seen my share of pretty weird clients in my time. With offices on the upper East Side, I attracted a decidedly wealthy clientele; and not all of them were too well wrapped. I was used to dealing with eccentrics. Rich folks have their little peculiarities, maybe not more than most of us, but the difference is that they can indulge theirs. Even so, the job Descartes offered me absolutely took the cake.

The most important thing Descartes wanted, was someone who could keep his mouth shut. He made that perfectly plain to me the first time we met. It was in a nondescript dive he had somehow picked out. Not the kind of place where you'd expect to run into a man like Dr. Adrian Descartes. In fact, it always puzzled me -- why he should want to meet with the hired help at all, considering he had an army of flunkies to handle such unpleasant tasks. I figured it was because he liked to know the man he was dealing with. Some men are like that; they need to know who they're dealing with, to look them in the eye. It's something you can't do over a telephone.

We met just across the bridge near Fort Lee, along a strip of highway that was typical Jersey -- anonymous clutter. Tucked between a gas station and an outlet selling discount shoes was a little shack with its blue neon "BAR" flickering behind the dirty plate glass window. Descartes' instructions were, like the man, quite detailed. I liked that. I was to go into the bar at 11:00 and take a booth in the back, and order a beer. When I asked how I'd know him, he said not to worry -- he'd know me.

And so it was that I met the crazy Doctor for the first time, although I didn't know he was crazy then. In fact, he seemed quite sane: cool, confident, a man in control. He had changed from suit jacket to a blue windbreaker, probably thinking he wouldn't seem too conspicuous in this workingman's bar. It didn't work. He still stood out, looking decidedly out of place with his classy style, those neatly creased, expensive suit trousers he wore; the half-open jacket revealing a fine white shirt and hopelessly regimental tie; the tight knot neatly in place.

The man who sat across the table from me was tall, narrow shouldered, with a high forehead and thinning but perfectly combed, gray hair. He was soft spoken, and his face was not unfriendly, but there was a tightness around his watery blue eyes that gave him one of those no-

nonsense, don't-fuck-with-me looks. I knew that look, having seen it once or twice before on other faces: rich and powerful men -- men who were used to getting their own way, and were coldly ruthless to anyone who stood in their way. That look told me this was a man to be listened to; a man to be taken very, very seriously.

Like most influential men, Descartes was used to giving orders, and to seeing them carried out by an army of yes-men. But now he wanted to talk about a different matter, something more personal, and he meant to deal with me directly, although he seemed to find it all... slightly distasteful. I was used to that. After all, I was only the hired help, but he needed me, and so he tried a smile and complimented me by assuring me that I had been recommended most highly by several of his acquaintances. He had been assured that our firm was thoroughly discrete; that I was a man to be trusted, even in the most "delicate" situations. It made me sound like a boy scout. I didn't say anything. I just nodded, while he went on to tell me that those were very qualities he needed for the job he had in mind, a job that would involve my exclusive services. I must personally handle the matter, and for that he was quite prepared to meet my price.

Now I had done a little homework and I knew something about this guy. The man is fabulously wealthy; once the head of one of the biggest pharmaceutical firms in the world. You'd know its name, in fact, you probably have a bottle with that name on it in your medicine chest right now. Having more money than any human being could possibly spend, he packed it all in one day, and went off to retire.

What I didn't know then, but only later found out, as all the pieces of the puzzle starting falling into place, was that upon retirement he opened his own private "clinic" tucked away in the hills of upstate New York. It was a place where they treated the rich and famous for all the usual addictions, and quite a few unusual ones as well. Its main attraction

was that it was far from the prying eyes of snoopy tabloid reporters. That clinic was a well-kept secret -- one that only his exclusive clientele knew about, and then only by word of mouth. But what even they didn't know about was the labs he had up there, labs that kept right on working on several pet projects of his, developing what he once told me were "biomedical devices". At first, I wasn't sure what he meant. But I soon found out.

Now he explains that he's taken a personal interest in one of the research project his lab is working on. I wait; my face expressionless, interested, politely noncommittal. My professional face, I call it. I've had a lot of practice at this.

For the project, they need certain information collected on a group of subjects, women, all women as a matter of fact, who have been singled out for study. (He never said why it was only chicks they were interested in; I never asked.) But by now he has my full attention! He lowers his voice and leans across the table, as if he's afraid he'll be overheard, although the only two hangers-on are at the bar out front, and they aren't hearing anything by that time.

This is one very careful guy. From time to time they will want to have a certain chick followed, her every movement recorded, he tells me. I nod in understanding. This something I know a little about. So far, it all sounds very routine; your typical surveillance job. You know the sort of thing: follow the broad, watch her closely, take notes, report on where she goes, who she sees, etc. He understood that that was the sort of thing I did, he asks, suddenly all innocent-like. This guy is *not* a very good actor. I just nod.

At this point, he says that he has to know if I want the job or not. Just like that! Once I've signed on he expects me to be sworn to secrecy, otherwise, he'll pay me for my time, and I can be on my way. He waits.

I'm not real sure about all of this, and I get the definite feeling this bird is not telling me the whole story, but I decide I can live with that. It wouldn't be the first time a

client didn't come across square with me, at least at first. In the end they always do. They like to confess, like I was a priest or something.

So, I tell this guy it all depends on the fee. He asks what I want to serve as a retainer, and without thinking I come out with double my usual fee. He doesn't bat an eye, but counters by doubling that figure for my exclusive services! And there's the promise of more where that came from, depending on how long this project of his lasts. Now I am definitely impressed by Doctor Descartes. Here's a guy who plays in the big leagues, and he's just bought himself his own PI. We shake hands. And he gives me this little smile.

Only then do we get to the real story. And quite a story it is! These chicks, the ones he wants followed, they're going to be in an experiment, only the thing is -- they don't know it! If they did, well, that would ruin the experiment. Anyway, first they have to be prepared ahead of time. He tells me I don't need to worry about that part, except that there's a certain procedure they must undergo. It ends up that what's involved is a kind of implanting one of those microchips, like the thing they use to track the family pet. This chip they implant, the "actuator" he calls it, can then be used to pump up a chick's sex drive; at this point, I swear, the guy starts to blush, a red flush coming to his cheeks like he was an embarrassed schoolgirl. He sort of looks away; avoids my eyes. I wait. It passes, and he goes on rattling on about nanomic webs and implant codes, stuff I don't even *try* to follow.

But while he's talking, I'm getting this nagging feeling. Something just doesn't add up. How can you plant a chip in somebody's head without them knowing about it? He doesn't bother to enlighten me, not then, and I don't ask. But I found out later. In fact, I learned all about Dr. Descartes, and his little "procedure". The way it worked was like this.

The chick would be taken, quickly and quietly, by certain people who were in the business of doing just that sort of thing. Descartes hired only the best – real pros. These people would watch the mark, learn her routine, wait for just the right moment. It had to be when she was alone, perhaps after she had just left a restaurant after lunch, or even better, after she had had a few drinks. Then they would pick her up. Just like that. Right off the street. It happened all the time in the big city, right under the noses of the herd of commuters, some chick would be abducted, and no one would ever know... till the family got the ransom note.

The good Doctor's prize would still be out cold from being zapped with the stun gun, limp, and totally out of it, when they bundled her into the back of the waiting van, and took off to circle the block in the slow traffic of midtown. The jab of a needle in the butt was all they insurance they needed – the chick'd be in la-la land for the hour for maybe 30 minutes, all the time they'd need.

The thing was inserted just behind the ear like a vaccine injection. If the chick ever noticed it at all, she might wonder where she got the "mosquito bite," whenever she fingered the small hard spot she found just behind her left ear.

She would wake up, dazed and bewildered in some public place, maybe on a park bench, near to the bar or restaurant where she had first been picked up. She would feel groggy, confused about how she managed to make it to the bench before she passed out. Perhaps she would feel that she had overindulged; had a bit too much to drink on a hot summer's day. Or maybe it was something she ate, something that didn't agree with her. A slight case of food poisoning? She would pull herself together, glance at her watch, and be mildly surprised to find that more than an hour had passed. She would jump to her feet, anxious to get on with her life. There would be things to do, and little time to give to this strange interlude. In time, the puzzling gap

would soon be largely forgotten. The candidate was now primed and ready.

Descartes, having recovered from his temporary embarrassment, was warming up to his subject. It seems that this new device they are testing acts directly on the brain. It activates certain endorphins that are released into the woman's system in what he calls a "specific neural cascade". The first sign is a heightened sexual awareness, which when followed by a full dose produces an unbelievable rush of euphoria, an intense feeling of pure pleasure "closely akin to those a woman experiences when in the grip of sexual arousal," -- I swear, that's what he said! It hits me like a ton of bricks: this guy can actually turn a chick on with a flip of a switch!

That's wild enough, but here's the real kicker. Turn her on, and she's like a bitch in heat. She'll get the hots for the first guy she sees; she won't quit chasing cock till she gets laid! Besides being left with an insatiable sexual appetite, there are other effects, effects that work more on her mind. With her defenses weakened, whatever kinky thoughts, or dirty little perversions she keeps hidden deep in her mind, will come to the surface once she's under the influence of Dr. Descartes little toy. She is left "unusually susceptible to sexual suggestions," he said.

These changes in the female's psyche can be breathtakingly dramatic, surprising to those around her, and disconcerting to the woman herself. It's really quite extraordinary, he says, in that dry, understated way he has. But not to worry, this change is only temporary, he hastens to assure me, when he sees the look of concern in my eyes. It turns out that this thin sliver of film is completely biodegradable; after a month or two it's spent, and it dissolves harmlessly into the bloodstream, leaving not a trace, physically... or psychologically, he adds.

He tells me they've tested this thing on rats, and it seems to work just fine. But now they're ready to test it on

humans. They're still not sure how it will work on males, but they're pretty sure how it will work on females, and that's where they're going to start their testing. They're anxious to get started, and of course they need someone who can follow instructions to the letter: tail a person, activate the chip, which is done from a sort of remote control, and then observe what happens next, and make a full report. That's where I come in. Sitting across from the crazy, but perfectly sober Dr. Descartes, in that deserted Jersey bar, it came to me, and not, I might add, for the first time -- I am in one very weird business!

A few days later this big beefy guy shows up at my office with a package for me. He's wearing a slick suit that he looks like he was stuffed into, and this guy doesn't look at all like a delivery boy. In fact, he looks a lot like hired muscle. He asks me my name just to be sure it's me, hands over the package and leaves without another word. Inside, wrapped real carefully in a bed of pink foam rubber is small gadget that looks like a cell phone. As Descartes has promised, there are detailed instructions. First of all, there's a keypad. That's for entering a secret code, one unique to each unit. Without the code, nothing works. Then there's a sort of dial on the side, and a small white button in the center. Apparently, you can dial up the intensity of the experience, and when that little white button is pressed, you can send out a little jolt of energy that will zap a certain targeted woman, and suddenly she feels terribly horny. This thing doesn't have much range, but it can work from up to 40 or 50 yards away.

Working for Descartes was like peeling an onion. He didn't make it easy for you, but layer by layer the little mysteries had to be peeled away. I had learned about the clinic, the activator, and even the preparation of the women, though that took some time. What I still didn't know was how or why they were selected for the project, and that

was the strangest part of all. This final piece of the puzzle took a long time in coming, but I learned long ago, there are no secrets; not if you just keep working at them, and are willing to be patient, and never, never give up. There are all kinds of ways of finding out things.

I soon became intrigued as to how the list of females were chosen for the project. Most, but not all were young girls in their 20s or 30s, though there were a few middle-aged women. They were all single, unattached without serious romantic involvement, or divorced, and all of them were living alone -- that much I knew; beyond that, they seemed to have little in common. What was it about these girls that made them "appropriate candidates" as Descartes like to call them? I kept coming back to that question, even though I would remind myself, it wasn't my business to know how my client came up with the names. I was hired to follow orders. But I just couldn't let it alone.

All I knew is Descartes' "delivery boy" would arrive unannounced one day with an envelope for me. Inside were just two typed lines on a 3x5 card, a name and address, and nothing more. There was really no need for questions. Descartes paid, and he paid well, that was all I needed to know. Still, I'm the curious type. It goes with the territory.

Eventually, I was to find out the whole story. But it was only after the project was all wrapped up, the last report written, the clinic closed, and Descartes and his boys safely on his jet and out of the country. I was kind of surprised when he offered to take me with him, but I turned him down. He wasn't worried. He knew I could keep my mouth shut. We were pals by that time, and I appreciated the offer. But I was a rich man as result of Dr. Descartes' project, so that I could retire comfortably, and if you've got money, real money, living in New York is not too bad.

It turns out the story of how Descartes got his girls had to do with group of his pals who, with too much time on their hands, and more money than they knew what to do with,