

Itsee Bltsee Lady

By Sheila Ingelside

## Chapter 9: Veneto

Greta Garbo and Dingo spent quality time chatting as their entourage dropped back a few paces to have their geek time together. Carry Grant felt like he was in the catbird seat with an engineering lady at each side. They knew enough to walk on the hard part of the sand that had been compacted by a receding tide. The beach was relatively sparsely populated as they ambled away from the parking lot. Greta glowed with the thought that she was borrowing a guy from another woman for some intimate Platonic banter. A few passing strangers mistook them for a married couple.

Dingo was full of war stories from his time slogging it out in military contracting. He considered Greta to be an honorary guy with whom he could relate things embarrassing to his gender and to upper management. His stories reminded Greta of the gnarly tales Carry had taken away from a Val Gal years before. That revelation took a week for her to process and recover. Since then, she had become hardened to the more vicious and brutal side of military culture. Dingo's stories would not have the emotional impact that Carry's similar tales made back in the day.

Like a true gentle dude, Dingo listened attentively as Greta related her own stories from rat race insanity. She told him about executives who managed their departments using a combination of stress and statistics. This introduced significant inefficiencies into the engineering process. The more skilled personnel jumped ship. This left a crew of thoroughly incompetent staff that could paper over their inabilities by coercing first-year engineers to do their work. The recent college grads were like putting in their paws.

Brad Yayger was in the process of encountering the idea of a panopticon society in Foucault's work. This would lead him to a reference volume of Jeremy Bentham's works at the library. Bentham was a legal reformer in the U.K. who succeeded in promoting legal changes that advanced the U.K. judiciary away from some of its worst medieval customs. Those reforms were not picked up in the Colonies. The Panopticon idea was originally proposed as a way to structure an efficient prison with fewer guards watching over the inmates. It brought Brad's mind back to his time in the Santa Rita County Jail where he had a number of kick-donkey experiences.

As the dynamic Quinto sauntered eastward on the beach, they found themselves in a very different neighborhood. Things were getting very Bohemian as they encountered a very different class of beachgoer. The ladies were more "on-the-make" than those in their former Santa Monica domain. Their beachwear exposed some amazingly sexy body parts. The buffness factor for the guys went way up. Greta face-palmed. "Of course, it's Veneto!" This was clearly the place to be for people more interested in sex than in money.

Greta checked in with Dingo to see if he was aware of the change of venue. Of course, it was quite deliberate. "I know a really cool dive bar here that is perfect for our off-site meeting. We can do shots and pitchers on the cheap. I'll get kudos from my boss for an economical afternoon out." Greta was concerned about the drive back, but put her fears in the back of her mind so that she could enjoy the day as it came her way. Emotional attachment to drunk driving fears was a pseudo-liberal degradation to living life to its full.

Carry was having the time of his life with the engineering ladies. He got them hooked on stories of his teen experiences selling ladies' lingerie. He figured that if he could slide in some of his bedside manner skills, one of the ladies might want to stick with him after the party. Neither lady would qualify in that regard because they had lovers awaiting their returns home. His banter caused both of them to experience wetness crises. Each wrapped her sweater around the waist in order to cover up the damp spot between the legs.

Back in San Francisco, Brad took a break to reflect on his experiences behind bars. He figured that if he wrote about them as they really happened, the prison would become a tourist attraction. People might even pay big money to spend time there surrounded by genuinely human beings instead of plastic yes-men. Brad came away from his time behind bars with far more social capital than when he entered. He expected that to happen and it did. His enemies could only wring their hands in yet another defeat.

Carry related a story that piqued the interest of both engineering babes. He added Simi Valley to his distribution schedule when he hooked up with a lady who had a house in both Simi and L.A. She stayed in L.A. during the week, but retreated to Simi for the weekend. This really interested the tech ladies. They were fascinated by the idea of a woman with two homes. They were all over him with questions about property management. It was an "Aha!" moment for Carry as he realized that these ladies were not his speed. They were both trapped in materialism.

Greta confided her own plight to Dingo. She wanted him to know the limits of her own sexual experience. She secretly hoped he would help her to achieve an excellent orgasm without penetrating her protected hymen. Another woman owned him, so that made him fair game for her own purposes. Carry was her toy, but she was up for adding additional equipment.