

WZZZ News Alert....

"Hi, everybody. This is Harle Bernard, and we've just received word into the studio from numerous different sources and various eyewitness accounts an incident at Buffalo Grove Days is now under way.

The reports have been sketchy as can be expected, but we do have camera crews en route. Again we wanted to give you the update an unspecified incident has halted Buffalo Grove Days.

WZZZ keeps a direct line of communication with the Buffalo Grove Police Department. To their credit, they immediately emailed us a statement asking we advise the general public to steer clear of the area. They've set up a perimeter completing the grid of Lake Cook Road, Weidner Road, Bernard Drive, and Raupp Boulevard. Despite this being the evening hours, we expect Buffalo Grove Road and Dundee Road to become congested with the ensuing reroutes and subsequent gapers delays. Finally if you're from this grid, you won't be allowed to return or leave until the all clear is handed down. With that said, we've been assured the incident is at least contained, so the threat of any danger spreading is credibly minimal.

Again for those of you who're just tuning in, there's some incident disrupting Buffalo Grove Days, and it warrants a strong police presence. The grid from Lake Cook Road to Weidner Road to Bernard Drive to Raupp Boulevard has been closed off, but we've been given assurances this situation is contained. Any updated information we receive will be relayed to you, so please stay tuned to your view-screens for the latest. Hey, wait a moment. I've just gotten word a camera unit is now on-site."

First Edition, August 2012

Domina: Society's Ilk

Domina is a copyright of Edmund Alexander Sims.

All characters in this book have an existence outside the imagination of the author and have a relation to someone bearing the same name or names. They are even remotely inspired by some individuals known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are true.

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I'd be a nice guy, but I heard they finish last, so it's like what's the use of doing all that work just to come up short?

-Spoada-Squatch

The only sellouts in my eBook are people who don't do what's best for themselves when the time calls for it. If somebody told you otherwise or said differently to you while playing the 'team player' card, they lied.

-BL Nakata

Mega Maze Industries

Buffalo Grove happened to be a tough city before the mayor had the presence of mind to turn a blind eye to its vigilantes, and this was with a stacked police department. Unfortunately universal cities attract universal criminals. For once, the stepped up response included an applicable amount of deterrent to fit those crimes. A post-crime response meant to prevent a crime that already occurred from occurring again never works, and retribution was neither the intent of the law nor a strong enough argument to keep barbaric practices like capital punishment around. Vigilantism is the poetry of versatility. Blurring the line caused perpetrators to not necessarily second-guess themselves but hesitate during the phases of planning and execution. This little bit of time when the perps weren't out making moves added up exponentially. Its results net a substantial decline in petty, violent, and white-collar crime plus a noticeable drop in fatalities. Vigilantes made everybody uncomfortable - nervous, and I couldn't have been happier. They made my transferring to Second Earth a much easier decision because I knew everything I had to leave behind would be left in some very skilled hands.

-Commissioner Gyro
Second Earth Special Police Force

Great, I was hoping for a chance to get away before my meeting in order to check out Buffalo Grove Days. I'd all but missed it (entirely) last year. But next year, I'm thinking I'll just take the day off and bring a date.

-Denah Tress
Mega Maze Industries

For
Those Who Get It.

01: Night Moves of the Messenger

Buffalo Grove Days

Domina came all the way across her chest with a frightening right punch that floored her fifteen-foot adversary, Spoda-Squatch. In terms of description however, 'floored' really meant she had succeeded in bringing the inhuman monstrosity down to size. Dropped to a knee at the end of a backward stagger as the startled response to a dazing display of being on the receiving end of an overpowering force for once, his hairy left palm went to grip an astonished chin and verify it was neither broken nor missing any teeth. Astonishment soon turned to rage when he picked his right arm out the tripod position which had effectively stabilized his body into a skid rather than a tumble and rammed it into the booth featuring the stacked bowling pin game - knocking them all down in the process among other things.

Frustration on the part of an opponent - a victory it did not make. This was not the time for Domina to let up as seen by the remnants of that game booth flying out somewhere onto the westbound lanes of Lake Cook Road. On the contrary, it became a solid opportunity to launch another frontal assault when Spoda-Squatch was allowing his emotions to get the better of him. Instead of focusing his anger on the more immediate object of the anxiety, he allowed those feelings to lash violently outward in a fit of posturing which would ultimately allow her to get the best of him. Sometimes it paid to be in touch with one's emotional states so a person could learn over time about how to deal with

them.

That was Domina's prognosis of Spoda-Squatch anyway, but what was the deal with all these bystanders? These people were crazy! She may have landed an impressive blow which looked like the tide of his rampage through the carnival grounds of Buffalo Grove's annual festival had turned, but he still possessed more than enough power and was more than capable of wiping the corner of Raupp Boulevard and Lake Cook Road off the face of the map. Her responsibility was to neutralize him as quickly as possible, but the sizable crowd treating this superpowered brawl like a common street fight might have been detrimentally close to getting smeared had she not taken off through them on path toward the deeper recesses of the fair.

"Come back here, you bitc-!" Spoda-Squatch roared while rumbling through the (now) screaming crowd on his powerful two legs - running in a manner really no different than locomotion with how he picked up a head of steam and would be next to impossible to stop. A concussive blast exploded out from under him when he turned and lunged from the starting position of a sprinter into a full-on dash for pursuit. Minor injuries were sustained by the bystanders who would all be standing by for medical attention as a result of their initial stupidity and an improbable force flinging them into every object that was or was not nailed down. The sight of bodies banging up against and denting trailers, demolishing booths, bending railing, and crushing each other was not something Domina wanted to see, so she was glad the instincts were right when they told her to bail.

When was the gut ever wrong? True Domina had not counted on Spoda-Squatch possessing such a force in his forwardly propelled velocity especially at his size. This underestimation and

ultimately not trusting her instincts would have landed her somewhere laid out next to the rest of the dispersed crowd rather than (momentarily) comfortably ahead of her trailing adversary. She could track his movements by the sound of the ripped-up objects that used to be in his way and formed the relative obstacles of a serpentine course being run toward the back of the carnival grounds where the Ferris wheel was constructed and a standing (or lawn chair) room only field lay overlooking a stage with vacated musical instruments.

At least the band was smart. Instruments could be replaced. Domina flung to a jump stop before propelling herself backward over the outstretched arm of Spoda-Squatch whose gaining speed was impressive. His missed opportunity to grab her was not lost on the extended chance to engage in some close-quartered fighting. Snarling, he raked his right arm backward with his powerful forearm as the focus of a potential swat and his vicious claws exposed as a last resort. One physics-defying sequence of disregarding momentum for him to be able to not only stop but turn on a dime was met by some reciprocal one-upmanship by her.

Having flipped backward, Domina was already facing forward against Spoda-Squatch when he attempted to turn into her like his arm was the baseball bat from a malicious user. She then did her best impression of a light pole when attempting to blunt the attack as painfully as possible for him by throwing her right arm into a flexing position.

No physical impact occurred against Domina because of the manner in which her Bracelets of Defense (taking up over half of each forearm) were powered. Conversely an impact was felt by Spoda-Squatch like he had just taken a swing on a tree trunk he could not knock down, and the pain reached the receptors of jarring

teeth and a throbbing head that tried its hardest to rationalize the butt of the force from a self-inflicted wound basically shattering his radius and ulna bones! But she was not finished and guided the towering albeit tender appendage downward with her right arm before unleashing an unimpeded left uppercut to his elbow and causing it to snap because it was savagely bent in the wrong direction.

As Spoda-Squatch's arm snapped, something else deep within him also snapped - as in, snapped back into place. Wait a minute; what was going on? Where was he? This pain - so much pain came from out of nowhere!

The bigger they were the harder they did fall, and Spoda-Squatch fell forward clutching his mangled right arm with his still intact left appendage. But he was not yet at Domina's mercy, so she kept her distance during the momentary breather specifically for the purposes of determining how out of it her adversary really was. The powerful yelp of pain elicited from him in order to help articulate some of the stress was not a good sign. Perhaps if the timber on that roar had been taken down a few decibels and not blown down all the objects once properly situated atop the stage, this might have been an opportune time for presumptuous pats on the back and obligatory sighs of relief.

As such, Domina waited while looking over her adversary. A hairy beast who had proven Sasquatches did in fact exist, his woolly tresses shielded any impropriety from her immediate gaze. Had she been any closer, her likely defeat would have almost assuredly resulted from the last ditch efforts of a wounded opponent's final trap. No, after being at this vigilante profession for this many years, falling for the oldest trick in the eBook would not be what lead to an early retirement. It only took

one mistake, but nobody here came to play let alone play simple games of possum.

Domina was not falling for it, Spoda-Squatch thought as he peered backward briefly to catch a glimpse of his enemy. She stood with her fists balled at the ready, arms at her sides, and her left foot slightly forward - all in a pose of power. Then it just dawned on him: His mission was not to cause havoc out in the boldness of a public evening assault on innocents but to be discarded and become that of a sacrificial lamb.

Even as Spoda-Squatch slyly maneuvered the parts of his right arm back into position where his incredible healing abilities could then miraculously perform the tasks of setting, fusing, and strengthening his bones in an accelerated process which would make milk proud, he realized he could not win. Domina did not lose ever, so the point of this exercise totally escaped him. Well other than demonstrating his sheer stupidity - that was. Gullible would be an operative word here followed by naive. How in the universe could he have believed or been made to agree this was a good idea?

The more pressing question: Was Domina's costume painted on? The average person could not discern between whether the shiny material was made out of latex or vinyl. Spoda-Squatch now knew the outfit that featured its own sheen (even at night) was none of the above, but the garb's composition screamed of power. Many had memorized the names to her clothing: Corseted Bustier of Strength, Skintight Pants of Dexterity, and Knee-High Heeled Boots of Speed. And even more could readily recite her accessories: Tiara of Empathic Projection, Bracelets of Defense, and Utility Belt of Purse. Attached to the right side of the Utility Belt of Purse and draped softly over her hip was the only implement she ever chose to

openly display: The Collar of Control. It was enough of a deterrent the Cane of Sting, Clamps of Delayed Reaction, and Flogger of Thud rarely needed to be brought out from inside their nanotechnologically dormant state within the Utility Belt of Purse. There was quite a bit of busyness going on with those formfitting garments.

No more was there a stark contrast than in the size difference. Spoda-Squatch was basically three times the size of Domina, yet he happened to be the one reeling if not visibly wincing from the aftereffects of their encounter. She was untouched, had not broken a sweat, and her hair draped pleasantly across her shoulders brushing against her back on the left and touching the cleavage of her breast on the right. The clash was far from over, but then again, it was him looking like he had lost a fight with an oncoming roller coaster versus her looking like she just stepped out the salon!

Glamorous and yet so sadistically vicious, Domina would always speak to the functionality of her costume first before digressing into a discussion on the socialization of little girls that caused her to never stop loving to play the game of dress-up. To be able to do this for a portion of her living really put into perspective her childhood of dressing up her dolls, herself, or little boys around her neighborhood as her dolls.

Spoda-Squatch could stand to benefit from some feminization, but this statement had nothing to do with appearance. Domina was not superficial in the slightest and did not appreciate when she was held to the shallow standards from the likes of comic book geeks who would never be satisfied with any iteration of her outfits and a few news outlets that decided to start playing the unpatriotic angle because of her outfit's color scheme - as if her

services were somehow exclusive to the United States country after having saved the planet and the universe on multiple occasions. Honestly she could fight crime in a burlap sack, and half the criticism would center around the fabric while the other half would be dissing her choice of lipstick plus hating on the fact she could pull the look off successfully and not miss a single step. It was always interesting how people could walk around acting like their opinion actually mattered when they were being critical of another.

What Domina meant in regard to Spoda-Squatch was his attitude could stand to benefit from more of his softer side being brought to the forefront. He could still be the big strong beast when he needed to, but things were more fulfilling in moderation as opposed to excess. And especially with him since he simply ignored his societally feminine traits almost altogether, a bit of balance could help to prevent future outbreaks of this unseemly rage. She knew those traits existed because his tufts of hair were impeccably groomed like the fine and flowing mane from one of those buff male models adorning a romance eBook's cover. The sexes were not all that different and sometimes just needed to be brought more in line with one another.

And Spoda-Squatch knew exactly what Domina was thinking as he rolled over onto his back and began to plead, "Absolutely not - no seriously, fu-- that," with his left hand extended upward with an open palm as a sign of earnest submission. In case she did not believe him when his senses came back and he basically threw in the towel because his right arm was incapable of tapping out, he started to backpedal by pushing outward with his feet in order to further distance himself from her until he could get up and formally run.

The Collar of Control was a sinister implement that demanded

respect and commanded subservience, but Spoda-Squatch was being overly dramatic. Those who had worn it more recently would vouch for the fact it actually felt good after a while. Anybody who had been fitted with it in the past and was still being swayed by its effects would have told him things made a lot of sense with a clarity which could only come from the simplified life of being one of Domina's thralls. Really none of them had any other choice in the matter.

"So why should I give you a choice?" Domina questioned. She fingered the Collar of Control deviously as she started to approach. The effects were 'officially' temporary after all - just sometimes, they happened to be long-lasting and ingrained themselves deeply within the psyche of a victim (she meant unruly subject) and became a part of their constitution as with any experience. Certainly one as invasive as her most feared implement would serve to extend the edicts of her will among and weave the tapestry of her influence through a few souls of the unwilling here and there, conservatively speaking. Superheroine or not, she was the aggressor in this moment leering at Spoda-Squatch like he was inviting her pounce by the sheer elixir of him showcasing his newfound inability to take charge. It complemented her patented ability to take over and would soon see the beast magnetically devoured from the resultant lethal attraction.

"Domina," Spoda-Squatch called softly, "please - mercy. I'll tell you anything you want to know. I was talking to this woman who wanted me to start some noise out here. You've gotta believe me. I know this is your town. I'm not stupid, and if it were up to me, I'd be destroying Vernon Hills right now. Shi- I told her this exact thing. There's no way in he-- I wanted to fu-- with you. Then she started crying."

This was interesting. Domina removed her right hand from over the Collar of Control and crossed her arms skeptically while seeking clarification, "Crying?" Collaring Spoda-Squatch was still an option, so she had not fully changed her mind on that, but her adversary's answer here would help to determine his fate.

Nodding expressively, Spoda-Squatch mentioned, "It was the weirdest shi-. I'm not the greatest of people, but I didn't want to make her cry. I mean, that's not my idea of a good time.

Anyway the next thing I remember, you're breaking my arm in three pieces and I'm sitting here in the middle of this carnival. You've got to believe me!"

"Tell it to the judge," Domina agreed (to not collar Spoda-Squatch) and turned around to walk away as both the Buffalo Grove Police Department who were technically based on the directly opposite side of Lake Cook Road from here and the Nebulan Science Forces who happened to be better equipped to handle the containment of a person with his power and stature had each now arrived on the premises. They somewhat turned a blind eye to her assistance because the detective work of vigilantism was not admissible into the United States court systems, but they were grateful for the assist in bringing down these superpowered Humans, aliens, and other monstrosities that popped up from time to time. Really nobody said a word to the superheroine when she departed from a crime scene in respect for her efforts and personal space.

"Why do you even fight for these people?" So when Spoda-Squatch was the only person who called out to Domina, it caught her by a little bit of surprise. She paused for a moment but did not turn around. The sight of the Nebulan Science Forces twisting his arms behind his back for the application of fusion cuffs to his wrists was not for her. None of them had any sort of superpowers,

so ironically the superheroine's mere presence was the only thing that kept him from resisting arrest..., "Ouch, watch my arm, motherfu--er!" ...much.

Please purchase a copy to read the rest!