



RESIDENTIAL EVIL

II : The Traitor Exposed

"The problem we face, though similar in nature, is multifaceted and much more complex in scope than those faced by our ancestors," the Body said. "It comes down to a question of loyalty."

Small twitches in the people around her as they took in her words. She waited, letting them consider, waited until she saw the small signs of their agreement -the curve of lips, the twitch of a finger, slight nods -before she continued.

"First, there is loyalty of circumstance," the Body said. "We, all of us, have access to the very latest data of deterministic behaviour, the study of probable outcomes. It's how we predict and shape the invisible hand of the market. Using the Seldon Equations, we can map out the broad-strokes of how our world we react to the things we do to it."

More nods. The wave of a hand. *Get on with it.*

"We have seen what happens when those equations are used to shape and control the world over too long a period," the Body continued. "Revolution. The rabble rising against their betters. Or, worse, long term economic instability leading to an unearned economic equality that we have to claw back from those masses."

Yes, yes.

"I suspect that the most frustrating part of the most recent iteration of this process is that those est equipped to deal with it are those not under out control," the Body said, and that statement got the response she was looking for. "When things went bad in Raccoon City, it was a local police specialist effort that dealt with the problem most effectively. Notably, three agents of that group -Chris Redfield, Jill Valentine, and Barry Burton. Next in line were people barely better than civilians -Claire Redfield and Leon Kennedy."

The people in this room, the rulers of the world, leaned forward.

"We are largely able narrow a window of identification around these outliers before disaster, and we certainly able to identify them after," the Body said. "Efforts to eliminate them prove difficult. They face nightmare after nightmare, escaped or transient experiments that have gotten out of control. All of that is fine and good, but these outliers sometimes come after us, and that is not."

She had their interest, their attention.

"My solution is simple: we leave them their skills but do not leave them in the wild." The Body smiled. "We take them off the board that is our game, and deploy them only when we deem it necessary -turn these outliers in a gestalt resource to further shape the loyalty of circumstance. I see some of you applying this idea to the Seldon Equations we all use, and I urge the rest of you to do the same. I am at your disposal, and you need to see what I have seen to make an informed decision."



Helena Harper did three things: she drank, she worked out, and she fought.

When her parents died she had to fight to keep her sister. She went to school and she worked and she put her sister through school and enrolled in the military. She had a mindset that some people found useful and she was recruited into the Central Intelligence Agency, where she excelled at investigations and wetwork.

And then she caught the man who killed her parents. She arrested him as part of a joint task-force and he stood over the still warm remains of his last victim, mocking the tears of family he'd destroyed. So she shot him. She did the world a favor and she shot him. She also shot her sister's abusive ex when he stalked her and the local cops did nothing.

These and other instances had her superiors questioning her continued employment. She was given a choice: dishonorable discharge and jail time or become someone else's headache.

And that was how she joined the Division of Security Operations and became a liaison, working with the Secret Service and the President of the United States.

The man in charge of the DSO, Derek Simmons, sat her down and told her straight out that he planned to assassinate the president and that he was going to use her to do it. She would have shot him then and there but he had people watching her sister, bringing her sister in custody.

It seemed absurd. It was absurd.

But the President died and she was blamed for it.

Leon Kennedy helped her fake her death, helped her escape, helped her expose Derek and finally kill him.

Along the way, her sister died.

When it was over she was ready to turn herself in, but Leon had a worse punishment in store for her: he and the new president placed her back in the Secret Service. Her atonement would be to protect the office she had betrayed until the day she died. Her corruption, her failure, was covered up.

Day after day she stood with agents who had never made her mistakes, who had never failed the way she had. Thousands of people had died because of her. Thousands of parents. Thousands of sisters. The President of the United States of America. She looked to them, their purity of purpose, and she hated herself. She hated herself. They were everything she had failed to be and now she was expected to stand with them as if she hadn't become a disgrace to everything she was supposed to be and everything they were.

So she worked out. And she drank. And she fought.

When the invitation came to the B.O.W. Containment and Security Convention she looked at the piece of paper and she stared at the piece of paper and she very carefully put it down and she walked into her bedroom and covered her face with a pillow and screamed until she thought her voice would break.

And then she got very drunk.

She didn't go.

Of course she didn't go.

Leon tried to contact her but she drank through the phone call and ignored the messages.

She was drunk when the people broke into her house. She was drunk when she fought them but she worked out, she was a beast, and she beat these people down and she shot them when she could but she was only one person and she was drunk and they beat her down eventually and stuck a needle in her.

Good, was her last thought as consciousness left her.



And then:

The classroom. The strange blonde woman up front and a bunch of B.O.W.s surrounding her and some others. She recognized Ada Wong, of course, and Sherry Birkin. She knew most of the others from files she'd read while part of the DSO.

She was lying on what felt like a cheap yoga mat. The blonde woman - *something Wesker, why did that name sound important?* - singled out Ashley Graham, stripped and humiliated her. Jill went next, shaking the whole time. Then Claire. Someone named Cindy.

When she was called, Helena closed her eyes and took a deep breathe, opened her eyes and walked across the room. She was shaking, too, but she wasn't sure if that was because she'd been drinking or because she hadn't drunk enough. She looked around the room and considered putting up a fuss but decided it wasn't worth it. Fighting here wasn't worth it.

Kneeling down, she undid the laces of her shoes and stepped out of them. Stood up and unbuckled her belt, pulled it out from around her waist and circled it around her hand before placing it on the floor. Her vest came next, folded nearly and set aside. Her shirt was harder. Her fingers were shaking and that made it hard and also she didn't want to do this. She was sniffing. Why was she sniffing?

What did it matter if she was humiliated, stripped, abused?

She deserved it. After everything she had done she deserved it.

Taking a deep breath, she held her hand out and closed her eyes and tried to stop the shaking. The room was cold, it air felt cold as her chest was freed, as her belly was exposed. Her shoulders and arms. She folded the shirt and knelt to put it down beside her socks and shoes and vest and belt.

"Helena, dear, if you would hold for a moment," Wesker said, and Helena looked behind her.

"What?" Helena asked, but fell quiet when one of the B.O.W.s stepped forward to loom over her.

"Your words and thoughts are not necessary in this, so, please, stay quiet," Wesker said. She walked across the room, past them women on their mats and the women at their desks. "If you could all turn to face us? Very good."

She placed the black leather crop under Helena's chin and applied pressure, pushing up. Helena let herself be guided, standing up. Helena considered herself a tall woman, but Wesker was taller, stronger. The crop tapped Helena's chin and she tilted her head back,

exposing her throat.

"You are used to standing however you like, in whatever manner makes you comfortable," Wesker said. The crop moved across Helena's face but she stayed still, letting it move, feeling ridiculous in just her bra and pants. "This is because you are used to thinking of yourselves as people, which is a mistake inflicted upon you by the modern era. You are, all of you, commodities. A new sort of serf. None of you can be trusted with your own lives."

The crop moved down the length of Helena's neck, tracing one of her breasts, down her arm.

"There are certain ways that you will be expected to stand, move, and comport yourselves," Wesker said. The crop left Helena's body and then

hiss-slap

It hurt. She staggered a little from the force of it and it hurt.

"Don't touch your ass without permission," Wesker said.

Helena had to fight to put her hands down by her sides.

"Clasp your hands behind your neck and spread your elbows," Wesker demanded. Helena paused - *was she serious?* - but she did as she was instructed. Wesker smiled. "now, spread your feet, shoulder's width apart. Don't favor one leg or the other, even distribution of weight. There you go."

Helena felt completely exposed. Everyone was staring at her. There was something obscene about this, something about being displayed like this - she thought about fighting but the B.O.W.s were right there and she knew she couldn't fight even one of them by herself.

"This is the pose all of you will hold while standing, unless given permission otherwise," Wesker said. "This will let anyone see all of you, and make it easier to inspect, pleasure, and punish you as needed. Helena, without unbending your elbows, bring your hands down over your tits. Spread them out, yes, like a frame. Bring your legs together. That's right. Keep your mouth open."

She did what she was told, eventually getting it right. She just wanted to avoid getting hit by that crop again.

"Sometimes, someone might want to show you off or put you over to one side," Wesker said. "In such an instance, this is the way you hold yourself, like a trophy. That way, people will know that you are owned by someone and won't just walk off with you. You want to stay with your owner, right, Helena?"

The crop had moved inside her bra, was tracing the edge of her nipple. Helena stifled a sob.

"Yes, miss," she said, hating herself for saying it, but she had seen what happened to Ashley and she was not a fool. She could debase herself until she saw a way out of this. She could

"Hands at your sides, palms out, keeps your feet together," Wesker said, and Helena obeyed and shuddered as the crop ran up from her breast to her shoulder and down one of her arms. "This is the pose your owner might allow you to stand in if you've been a good girl. A little easier to maintain while still showing subservience to your betters."

Helena found it hard to look at anyone. She was shivering but felt hot, a creeping sensation up her back, on her face.

"You're doing very well, Helena. One last pose for now, okay?" Wesker said, and Helena

nodded. "Down on your knees, but spread them out past your shoulders. Like that, yes. Rest your hands on your thighs, palms up. Keep your head up. Very good."

Helena flushed. This was obscene. This was horrible.

This was exactly what she deserved.

"Your owner might allow you to adopt this pose if he or she plans to keep you stationary for a length of time," Wesker said. "Now, Helena, based on these poses, can you guess how I want you to take off your pants...?"

Helena nodded. She understood. The whole process was meant to be degrading, to make her feel like less of a person. She looked at Wesker, silently asking for permission, not moving until Wesker nodded.

Slowly, wiping a tear from her eye, Helena stood and undid the button and fly of her pants. She spread the flap open, bent at the hips while keeping her legs straight, keeping her ass in the air as she guided her pants down her long long long legs. She stepped out of them, folded them, then repeated the process with her panties.

Helena bent at the waist to collect her clothing and put it all in her cubby. She took out her school girl uniform and stared at it. It was ridiculous. The room was so cold. She put on the too tight top and too short skirt, the socks and shoes.

She paused at the panties; there were two protrusions on the inside.

"Well?" Wesker asked, holding the crop.

Helena closed her eyes. Took a deep breath.

The panties slid up her legs. She whimpered as two little stubs penetrated her, holding her just slightly open. She was aware of these things breaching her, holding her. She was aware of how her panties stretched and the things inside her moved whenever she took a step. She whimpered as she walked back to her mat, bending at the waist to roll it up, to pick it up. The things sloshed inside her as she stumbled back to her cubby and put her mat away.

Her desk wasn't heavy. It wasn't heavy but it was hard to carry it with the things held inside her. She managed to under the watchful eyes of the class, putting it down, standing in the first position Wesker had shown her.

"You may sit, Helena," Wesker said.

Helena wasn't looking at her. She didn't see the blonde woman smile as she sank into her chair, as the things were pushed deeper inside you."

"Gold star," Wesker said.

Helena was barely listening. The chair and desk were one solid piece and could not be adjusted. The chair was a little too short, the desk a little too high. She felt stretched. She couldn't get comfortable. Any time she tried to adjust herself she moved the things inside her. She could smell herself, her shame, her arousal. She imagined everyone else could, too.

She hated this.

She deserved this.

The class continued.