

THE LIFESTYLE MAGAZINE

GLAM

& ESSENCE
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DECODING THE
PRIORITY LIST

*How to crack it and
qualify for your own
Minion P Lister!*

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Matching Blondes,
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to achieve the perfect
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*Minister Peter Tendo,
Sponsor of D Lister
Yvonne Kris,
at his
"Fever Tree Grove"
country estate*

TOWNHOUSE BUYING GUIDE



The Colonel and the D Lister

It is another busy work day at the Ministry of Armaments, with PRF officials, officers and military contractors eager to claim a few minutes of the Top Man's time. That man—Minister Colonel Peter Tendo—has graciously extended considerably more than that today. An MP confirms my appointment and an unctuous young male Minion clerk ushers me silently into the Minister's spacious office.

"Welcome! Thank you, Henrik—dismissed." My raised brow elicits a response. "A traitor who gave up the location of his regimental headquarters in exchange for his life," the Minister explains. "I keep my promises, you see. Coffee? Evie—coffee!"

The familiar blonde, sporting a form fitting top and shorts—what now passes for Minion officewear these days—darts from a corner and attends to her boss's command. She returns with a tray bearing a silver coffee pot and two porcelain cups bearing the old Royal crest on them. As she pours, both the Minister and I are entertained by the minx's backside, wriggling in an exaggerated and practiced way. "I've trained her well, yes?" the Minister chuckles and I nod with a chuckle in return.

He snaps his fingers and she retreats to a wall behind his desk, hands behind her back, eyes cast downwards and small chest thrust out invitingly. Though silent and seemingly ignored, she's the reason I'm here. Yvonne Kris, star of the hit

"Hearts & Deeds" tv show and a face familiar to millions of viewers across the world, not least here in Primeva, is Minister Tendo's most prized possession. A Priority D Lister, she's widely considered one of the most valuable living trophies of the Revolution and an object of intense envy in the hothouse world of High Prime Society. It is why the famously influential minister has granted me the interview—like any connoisseur, he enjoys discussing his passion and 'Evie' is a prize he much enjoys discussing.

It is a topic that might have been no more than a fever dream twenty years ago. As he puffs on a cigar, he recounts those early days. "They thought us mad—even our own people, I'm ashamed to say. The Dominion seemed to be... well, forever. Like the jungles or mountains, it was a fact of Nature. Of course, the PRF never saw it that way. The Dominion was rotten to the core—decadent and degenerate—and we knew it merely need a good hard shake to break it. Which we did. But not until many good Primes made the ultimate sacrifice."

Peter Tendo had been a mechanic, born in Sidus in Orania Province and educated as a mechanic. As a young man, he worked at the Gothenviken Farmstead repairing farm equipment and was also when he joined the PRF. "It was their lovely propaganda—I admit it! Minx magazine featuring all those Minion girls—of course we didn't know that was all faked, but the idea that we could take what we wanted—it encouraged a lot of us young fellows to join up," he muses. "I was in a Jackal Pack making local mischief—notching up our rape scores and whatnot-- but when the Lion Pride

cells started up, I was ready. I wanted action—and I sure got it.!”

War agrees with few and Tendo was one of those. As the Revolution geared up, so too did his rise through the ranks. As an early PRF member, his ascent was accelerated but it was bravery and grit that eventually won the young fighter official admiration and recognition. The then captain of the 3rd Orania Irregulars anticipated the Dominion move to blow the bridges at Egerland. His attack cleared the bridges, which he held until a Guards regiment was hurriedly dispatched to support him. It also gave him the shrapnel wounds and cane he was soon forced to rely on. It effectively ended the Passatvinde Campaign, as Dominion forces were forced to flee the province in a disorderly route. The Secretary General conferred upon him the honorific of “Commander of the Revolution” and a two step promotion to Colonel. His game leg meant assignment to staff duty, where he soon became a trusted confidante of the Secretary General. But it was all a bittersweet triumph as the newly minted Colonel learned two days later that his wife and son, who had been interned at Farstad Concentration Camp, had perished from the typhoid epidemics so common in Dominion holding facilities.

Tinged by triumph and tragedy, the Colonel grasped a commitment to total victory that was his only motivation for living. Sensing the officer’s despair, the Secretary General soon drew Tendo into his own inner circle of advisors. His sage advice and loyalty was rewarded after the Revolution in many ways—his appointment to the key Ministry of Armaments, his new estate “Fever Tree Grove” and, of course, his pick of the Priority D List—one Yvonne Kris. “I always avoided the factions. My loyalty was to the SG personally. He liked that. It was after a long victory celebration and the Secretary General was feeling especially generous. When he showed me the D List—which I hadn’t seen—only Central Committee members had seen it—he just said, ‘Peter, go on and pick your favourite. I’m giving you the first pick.’ I was reeling—of course, I knew others would be furious that a mere Colonel should have such a privilege, but the SG didn’t care. He’s that kind of man. Of course, I chose Evie. Aren’t you a lucky Minx, Evie?”

The former tv star bobs her head dutifully, that perma smile and her perfect teeth dazzling. “A VERY lucky Minx, Colonel!”

The Colonel winks. We both know that Yvonne Kris could no more imagine her fate at this moment twenty one years ago then the



Colonel could have imagined his own. Born to a Godthabsgrund lawyer and his wife in Orania Province, the girl had already been talent spotted and begun fashion modelling at sixteen. Determined to follow her father’s footsteps, she was accepted at Dominion National University and it was there where she attended a casting call on a lark. The production company was casting for a new Dominion-produced tv show called ‘Hearts & Deeds’ for domestic and international audiences. The soap opera was a mix of light romance and drama, set in the exotic Dominion coast and country, primarily about city developers battling local families for control of local land. No one could have been more surprised than Yvonne when she landed the leading female role of the imperious, bratty and sexy ‘Krista’. And no one could have anticipated the enormous international success the series attracted. Forced to take a break from her university studies, Yvonne was soon earning \$500k USD per episode and her face was known to millions across the world. The purchase of ‘Blue Walls’ estate on Gold Beach cemented her arrival on the scene. The sudden success took everyone by surprise but it was clear that the fresh faced Dominion girl with the spoiled brat persona was what every Dominion girl wanted to be—and what many Dominion—and Prime—males wanted to bed.

“May I?” I ask the Colonel, pointing to ‘Evie’. He nods pleasantly. “By all means,” he insists.

“When did you learn you were on the Priority List, Evie?”

The perma smile drops a tiny bit. “It was on the internet, Sir. I didn’t know if it was a hoax or not, but...”

“And what did you do then?”

“I, uh, tried to get out but by then it was too late. I took all my cash and jewellery and I got to the coast.



A fisherman at Harfoss said he would take me to Diego Garcia but then he turned me into the Whip Hands and kept all my money. I was sent by truck to Kongestad and..."

"What about your parents?"

The perma smile drops now involuntarily. "My father was with the volunteers. He was captured and executed."

"Rightly so," the Colonel adds.

Evie doesn't respond to the baiting and remains silent.

"And your mother?"

Now her mouth tightens and she must force herself to respond. "She was captured and assigned to an army brothel. She died after two months."

The Colonel is unmoved, even annoyed. "A total waste! By the time Evie was delivered, it was too late. Depending on how she had held up, I might have even had her released. Minx mother daughter teams are becoming quite popular."

I turn to Evie, who was struggling to retain her composure. "That's a shame, isn't it?"

Her eyes focus on a distant object no one else can see and replies without emotion. "That's a VERY big shame, Sir."

It is time to change the subject.

"How do you like working for the Colonel? What's your favourite part of the job?"

Now Evie falls back into character—the pleasing, submissive mode Minion females must display to get along in the world these days.



"Sucking cock?" she answers, with that inflection so common to Minion girls that asks "is this answer ok?".

The Colonel and I both laugh at her unexpectedly frank answer. "She's a Junior Office Girl. Not bad for a Minion 'career girl' these days. Pays about three PD an hour. About right, given her capabilities. Some Primes pretend these are real jobs but I don't. She's tasty eyecandy, that's all—aren't you Evie."

"I'm VERY tasty eyecandy, Colonel!" she answers promptly.

"How long have you been her Sponsor?"

The Colonel doesn't even face her. "Evie?"

The blonde, perma smile now refixed on her pale, wan face, answers promptly. "Seven months and nine days, Colonel!"

"Does she live with you?"

"Absolutely not. Familiarity breeds contempt. I arranged a very nice home for her, haven't I Evie?"

"A VERY nice home, Colonel!" she responds in a snap.

"I organised a cute little nest for her in a trailer park about five minutes' drive from here. These Min-ion Housing Projects are just too dangerous these days to risk a prize like Evie here in. It's a favourite for quite a few of the upper level sponsors I know. What's it called again?"

"Shangri-La Trailer Park, Colonel!" Evie answers.

"Nothing a Prime would ever put up with, but perfectly suitable for a Minion, right?"

"VERY perfectly suitable, Colonel! Except that..." and here she stumbles in regret.



The Colonel now does turn his attention to the suddenly nervous white girl. “What?”

She blinks nervously. “It’s just that I get... bothered on my way to work every day.”

The Colonel’s hands are now fists. “You’ve been attacked? Have you been raped?”

She shakes her head. “No Colonel!”

He nods. “You’d better not—not if you’re wearing a ‘Sponsored’ top like you should. No Prime would dare!”

“I DO wear my ‘Sponsored’ tops but they still... touch me when I’m walking to the Ministry. It takes me a half hour every day going each way!” she pouts. “And I get touched a LOT!”

At this the Colonel laughs. “You get felt up on the street? That’s all? Stop the whining.” Then he grows more serious and stares into her eyes, which avert his own. “You’re lucky any Prime would want to feel up those mosquito bites you call tits. You’re a flat, sassy, ungrateful Minion bitch who needs a attitude adjustment—aren’t you?”

Evie visibly shakes. “Yes, Colonel- I’m a VERY flat, sassy, ungrateful Minion bitch who needs a attitude adjust-

ment.” She’s more than unhappy—she’s afraid. And not of her impending punishment. As she says the word ‘flat’, she flinches involuntarily.

The Colonels, mockingly grave. “If you’ll excuse me, I have to exercise my duties as a responsible Sponsor. Let’s resume the interview this afternoon—at say four?”

I nod, shake his proferred and take my leave. After his office door has closed, I hear the ‘thwap’ repeat itself in perfect rhythm and the chorus of Minx tears rise up softly.

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4 PM. Colonel Tendo awaits out front of his Ministry in casual clothes, with Yvonne Kris, his legal Sponsored Minion and Priority D Lister meekly behind him. Wearing what could only charitably called slutwear, I notice her puffy eyes and even paler than normal face. I can only imagine her attitude issues have been thoroughly addressed by her Sponsor.

“Let’s take a walk,” the Colonel invites, waving away the army driver and waiting limo. “I think Evie needs some fresh air.” We walk into the Portuguese Quarter, so named for the original discovers of Primeva. The sea salt and fish smells waft over the busy streets. Evie carefully maintains a ten pace gap behind us. It is a sign that though she is sponsored, she’s also still just a Minx and as such, enjoys the frequent wolf whistles, taunts and groping of the Prime longshoreman. Even Minion menials enjoy the show, though they remain tight lipped.

“She needs a lesson. She’s just like that bratty ‘Krista’ she played on H&D,” he confides. “Needs regular discipline and a reminder of her place.” He pauses, turns and asks, “What do you think of her anyway?”

I answer honestly. “She’s not as pretty in real life as she is on screen. She’s very flat. But, for all that, I’m incredibly jealous. She’s a model for Minion girls, a symbol of our conquest. And you can do whatever you want to her, whenever you want.”

He nods. “All true. Were you a fan of the show? Of ‘Hearts & Deeds’?”





“Not really. I may have watched a couple episodes. It just didn’t seem to be relevant when so much injustice was taking place.”

The Colonel nods, smiling. “It was escapism, pure and simple. For Minions, a romantic fantasy. For Prime, rape fantasy. Do you remember ‘Freja’ from the show?”

“Wasn’t she ‘Krista’s’ big enemy? The one she was always fighting to get the guy?”

The Colonel chuckled. “I think you’ve watched more than a couple episodes. Yes, correct. She was played by Sally Greve. She was added to the D List later. She was just sponsored by a colleague, the Deputy Minister of Telecommunications. I thought we’d surprise Evie with a little reunion,” he shared, thumb pointed back at the white girl out of earshot behind us.

It is an awkward reunion at best. Off screen, the girls had been no more than casual acquaintances brought together for casting purposes of the tv show. Yvonne was shocked—it was always up-setting for Minions from the old days to be re-introduced under the current Prime era. But I guessed that Sally had been coached and it was soon evident that her own Sponsor had schooled her in anticipation of this ‘reunion’. She never broke character and greets Yvonne as ‘Krista’ and refers to herself as ‘Freja’. This was to be a lost episode of ‘H&D’ that only we three Prime men would ever enjoy—though perhaps not, as both the Colonel and Junior Minister used their phones to video record the encounter. I only catch a bit of what the two men are saying—“Primestar”, “PBC”, “M Tease”, “Frenemies” and the like—and can only guess they are discussing the Junior Minister’s telecom portfolio.

“This isn’t her first time, is it?” I ask, watching ‘Krista’ mash her small breasts into those of the much more generously endowed ‘Freja’ with feigned passion.

“Oh no. Her first was quite an ordeal. But since then, I’ve organised many such play dates for her. Minxes are far more inclined to lesbianism than Prime women. No doubt because of the natural

inadequacy of their males. It is also a survival technique many picked up during the Revolution—performing for our troops and all.” He looked at his watch, then his colleague and they both smiled and nodded.

The hosting minister claps his hands and ‘Freja’ separates herself from the tangle of arms and legs of her partner and stands in the waning sun of the living room. ‘Krista’ follows, still dazed and panting.

“Did you enjoy your little lezzie play date reunion with Sally?” the Colonel coolly asks.

“Yes, I VERY much enjoyed my little lezzie play date reunion with Sally,” a still stunned Yvonne Kris replies.

“Then perhaps we’ll organise another one!” His suggestion is addressed to the Junior Minister, who nods affirmatively. We take our leave, Yvonne hastily dressing and soon pacing herself behind us as the dimming sunlight followed too.

“I have enough for the interview,” I admit, not eager to end the opportunity.

But the Colonel was clearly enjoying our time together and not ready to conclude our business yet either. I think he enjoys showing off his Minx toy and I couldn’t blame him.

“Join me at Club Diplomat this evening at 9 PM. There’s a showing of one of our up and coming artists and I’m expected to attend. After that, I have another engagement that might be of interest to you and your readers.”

Of course I agreed—no one who spends time with Colonel Tendo is ever eager to cut the encounter short!



I arrived by cab at nine on the dot, somewhat unsure why the Minister of Armaments would be attending at art opening. The answer was somewhat apparent when it was clear that many of the attendees were either players in the upper levels of the Prime Establishment or were on their way there. Senior PRF party leaders, members of the cabinet, staff officers, planters and industrialists all mingled and communicated in the language of power politics.

A hand on my back alerted me to the Colonel's presence. I turned and was surprised—not by his tap but by Yvonne's wardrobe. It was the tightest, shortest dress in the room and it was obvious from the thin material that she wears no bra. Prime women look her way with superior disdain and disgust, while Prime men merely grin. Unlike her outside pacing, she practically clings to her Sponsor in this more formal setting.

"Good evening. I hope you see now why I thought you might find this affair of interest."

"Half the Central Committee is here. I could do interviews all night long."

Colonel Tendo smiles. "Please don't—it would be boorish. Evie, leave us."

Yvonne's perma smile dissolves into a clearly unhappy pout, but she soon situates herself against the wall, head bowed. I also noticed other Minion girls, also wearing what went for high fashion amongst them, take similar positions. It was as if a signal had been given. Of the dozen or so I discover many familiar faces—a former top model, a member of Parliament, a talk show hostess, amongst others.

"They're all P Listers, aren't they?"

The Colonel nods. "The Priority List was designed to reward the best and brightest who supported the Revolution. But it also always had the potential to cause friction. One must divide the spoils of war fairly. The SG thinks one way to avoid jealousy is a policy of, well—you'll see."

And see I did. As the art showing—the ostensible reason for our being there to begin with—went on, I begin to notice Prime men approach the sidelined Minion women. I watch a Prime couple pointing and discussing, finally settling on Yvonne, and the husband—an air force General—tap her cheek. She looks up and with the façade of a sexy smile, she whispers into the General's ear. The two then disappear for perhaps ten minutes. The General's wife watches with amusement. When finally the General returns, he exchanges some message with his wife and the two laugh together.



Yvonne re-appears a suitable minute later, wiping her lips with her fingers, and a stray gooey dollop noticeable in her now messy hair. Five minutes later, it is the General's wife's turn. She merely makes eye contact, hooks her finger and Yvonne follows her like a beaten dog. She returns a half hour later, flushed but still impeccable, while Yvonne trails after her, face moist and eyes betraying exhaustion. I noticed the General's wife press a curled up object into her husband's palm, who smiles wryly. I was dead sure it was a trophy from their mutual encounter with Yvonne.

It was happening in one form or other all through the venue, for the entire duration of the one hour showing. The Colonel doesn't say anything more but I knew I had been exposed to one of the core principles of Establishment Primes— "we share our toys".



“One more stop this evening,” the Colonel says. Yvonne re-joins us outside Club Diplomat, face washed and her hair in a somewhat tidier state. She seems to want to curl up inside herself then and there but holds herself together, looking at the street.

“Bunnytails, I think.”

At that, her eyes become damp and the misery on her face is honest and unconcealed.

“Yes, Bunnytails,” Colonel Tendo repeats. And at that, the fallen tv star focuses and that plastic smile returns on her pale face.

“You like shaking your pathetic tiny tits and that skinny little ass like a Minion whore, don’t you Evie?” the Colonel asks quietly.

Summoning up her inner strength, she replies like an automaton. I VERY MUCH like shaking my pathetic tiny tits and my skinny little ass like a Minion whore, Sir!”

The uniformed Minion bellboy, a cringing cartoonish ‘Mimp’, clicks his heels, opens the door and makes sure NOT To stare at the D Lister as she wriggles in behind us. A dapper Prime in evening clothes approaches, the proprietor or manager I assume.

“Welcome back, Colonel. I’ve got you in the Fitting Room tonight. I hope it suits. Your guests have already arrived. Shall I take Yvonne to prepare?”

“Please do. My guest and I will have a drink at the bar before heading up.”

A sullen Evie followed the Prime as we settled into stools at the long brass railed bar. Soon, two Citranovas sat before



us.

“Please let me,” I offer, Prime Dollars already half out of my wallet.

But the Colonel waved me off. “Thank you but I have a private member account here. Cash is discouraged. You’ve been here before?”

I shrug. “Just once. It was a media scrum for their launch in Lund.” Bunnytails was theoretically opened to the public but the prices and level of service and talent were out of reach for most foot traffic. It wasn’t just a licensed brothel—it was the 24 carat standard. A licensed franchise cost a cool ten million, and that did NOT include the Minion stable. Quality control ensured the Bunnytails brand would continue to lead their category—they only accepted the most beautiful, educated and cultured Minion females. It was possible to procure the services of Minxs of every type—from virginal school-girls to pretty war widows to professionals-turned-whores. It was the closest most ordinary Primes could get to experience a P Lister like Yvonne.

“I don’t come often, but the talent IS impressive. The owner has an ‘in’ with the right officials so he gets first bite at the cherry, so to speak. My boys love it.”

“Your guests?”

He nods, sipping the Citranova with evident pleasure. “A Prime innovation, you know,” he educates me, taking another draw from the tumbler. “Yes, the officers from the 3rd Irregulars—my old unit. We celebrate taking the Egerland Bridges on this day—and commemorate those who fell during the Passatvinde Campaign. I just always need a moment before...”

He falls silent now and takes another drink. Then, dismounting from the stool and with cane in hand, he gestures to the left in the far corner. A uniformed young male Minion snaps to attention and presses the button that takes us up two short floors.

The Fitting Room is a private function room that could easily accommodate dozens more than the handful of Primes and Minion servers in it now. Yvonne Kris was on the brightly lit stage, slinkily unhooking a sheer black lace bra, as we entered. As she notices us, she stops her routine and blows her sponsor a dramatic kiss. The Colonel ignores her and she returns to her task at hand—entertaining the Prime veterans who had gathered for this anniversary. The Colonel glad hands his way

through the select group and then returns to a side table, where an adorable bunny-outfitted Minx cocktail waitress has already deposited two fresh Citranovas. Attention turned back to the leggy young blonde so awkwardly attempting to amuse the vets, who cat call over the loud music.

“They come to see her, not me,” Colonel Tendo chuckles. “I don’t blame them. My wife and son loved the show, you know.”

I remind him he had told me so earlier.

He continues, not hearing me. “My wife watched that damn show every day. And then,” he smiled, “there was the day I found that fan magazine pull-out under my son’s mattress!” He laughs warmly. “If only they could see her now... or in a few months from now.”

“What’s going to happen in a few months?” I ask, curious.

“When I asked,” the Colonel responded to a question I had not asked, “if my wife and son had been arrested and interned because of my military service, I dreaded the answer. But no, there was no connection, the intel officer told me. The Dominion didn’t know who I was. They were,” he pauses, “juts names on a list you see. Just names on a list.” He imbibes deeply now.

I take his lead and do so as well. At last, he continues. “They,” he points at his men, “invest such value in her. But as you’ve pointed out, up close—she’s nothing special. Just a manufactured relic of a degenerate Dominion culture. To me, she’s nothing more than a name on a list.” He raises his tumbler and we toast, wordlessly.

And with that, I begin to understand the mind and heart of a PRF hero, an officer and a husband and father.

“And in a few months?” I press gently.

“Did you know that ‘Hearts & Deeds’ re-runs are so big overseas that Primestar and the PBC are re-booting it? Yvonne will be returning to the small screen. You’ll be able to binge watch her in all new episodes on Primestar six months from now. My friend at Telecomm Ministry gave me the production schedule this afternoon.”

I look up at the white girl gyrating lewdly clad only in her thing on the stage, Prime men laughing and tossing her Prime Dollar bills she rubs over her body in rapt gratitude. “She doesn’t know, does she?”

The Colonel waves his hand. “It isn’t necessary. She’ll do what she’s told. I’ll inform her after her procedure next week.”

“Procedure?”





“Primestar producer’s idea— she’s getting pumped up to Double Ds. Part of her new character arc or something. There’s already a spin-off planned for the Minion Tease network—“Hearts That Tease”. That’s aimed at Western export and domestic audiences. “Tarts In Need” will air on the Minion Hardcore Network and that’s already been pre-ordered by overseas private networks even I’m not allowed to talk about. Evie will be a busy girl very shortly.”

“Lists,” I note simply.

“Yes, lists. It’s just the beginning too. Getting cozy with China has meant a lot of knowledge sharing. They’re the leaders in genetics. Our lists will one day be based on a lot more than some accidental television acting career. But I say too much.”

He downs the last of his Citranova and shakes my hand. Our time together is over.

“I look forward to the publication of the interview. Good evening.”

And with that, my remarkable day with a remarkable man ends. And while he has answered many questions, I may have more now than before we began!

