

# *Debbie*

by Bingo

*Note: This is a story for adult readers.*



## Chapter 1.

Debbie at sixteen was borderline which was a relief for her and her family. She was destined to be a wife, just missed being pretty enough to be taker, pumper or washer.

The Taking took place on December sixteenth every year, or the closest school day, and was held without major ceremony. That morning every sixteen-year-old girl found a letter on her desk in homeroom. The selection process was secret but everybody knew the major criteria were looks, face and body.

The sixteenth was a solemn day for girls, not for the boys in her age group. It was a huge obscene joke for them. Those taken would leave their home rooms and report to the gym for induction. Takers and pumpers generally left school, immediately assigned to their occupations in the trades or business. Washers almost always got to finish high school and some even went to college.

Debbie looked over to Nancy who held her letter in shaking hands. Nancy looked up and over to Debbie and gave a tight smile. Nancy folded the letter and put it back in the envelope, got her books, and left the room to the hoots and calls of the boys who were always the worst.

Another girl got up and left, Judy. Debbie had always expected Nancy and Judy to be taken, was surprised when little Amy got up to leave. She'd never thought Amy was pretty enough to worry.

At nine the principal made a special announcement over the intercom about this day and the special privileges for those not taken.

When the bell finally rang Debbie went to her first class. Last year on this date she'd seen the special van by the gym and the school buses parked nearby to transport the takers and pumpers to the central processing station in town.

Employers bid for this special class of employee and, if there were too many girls, a lottery was also held. This meant that the largest businesses, those with the most capital and the ear of elected officials, got the first choice. Everyone knew the system wasn't fair; it wasn't meant to be.

Debbie wondered if she'd see Nancy again, almost hoped she wouldn't. In the seventh grade, in girls' gym, the process was explained to them and the reasoning. About the special chip injected just under the scalp with the all important switch for those taken. Each class of girl, taker, pumper, or washer, got their own chip along with the tattoo on their upper chest, T, P, or W, which must always remain visible.

The tattoo being seen wasn't a problem, most of the taken wore as little clothing as weather permitted to draw attention to themselves. They received an incredible amount of pleasure during use if the switch was on along with a constant urge to have sex. If the switch was off because they'd done an infraction, there was nothing except for the heightened urge, no pleasure at all during the act except for a momentary easing of the urge.

Debbie had been in school long enough to have seen washers walk down the hall with cum dripping off their chins while they had the biggest smiles possible, their faces and chests flushed bright red. She'd walked by the boys' restrooms and heard washers scream their pleasure, or maybe it was a taker or pumper, every school had a few of those.

Sometimes, because boys would be boys, she'd see a washer slouched against a locker in the hall crying, cum dripping down their legs, this stricken look on their face.

Boys were always excited on the sixteenth; by the end of the day there'd be new meat for them. No one paid much attention to those destined to be wives when there were always girls eager for it. Boys would eventually grow up and figure out there was more to life than getting their dick washed in a hot willing mouth, having intercourse with a taker, or ass fucking a pumper. Or doing whatever to those silly girls who liked to party, wear a fake tattoo, and pretend they were taken.

## Chapter 2.

“What do you want to do tonight?” Tim said.

“I have to study,” Debbie said. “I have a lot of reading to do.” Debbie’s college dorm room was neat except for the stacks of books on the floor and desk.

“We should do something.”

“I’d like to, but I don’t think I can. We can study together.”

“There’s a movie on campus tonight I want to see, see with you. We hardly ever do anything together.”

“We’re together now.”

“Outside. Walk or anything.”

“I have a lot to read. This quarter it’s Jane Austen and other women writers. It’s pretty dense prose.”

“I work too but—”

Debbie touched his arm. “I want to, I just can’t tonight.”

“I’ve heard that before.”

“Because it’s true. I have a lot to read as a lit major. Now I’m a sophomore I have to work a little harder.”

“If I didn’t know you better, I’d think you were putting me down because I’m a freshman.”

“Go to the movie, come back, and we can spend some time together. I’m not putting you down at all.”

“I know that. I feel extraordinarily lucky. You’re so pretty.”

“There are prettier on campus. Alice down the hall, say.”

“She’s a taker.”

“So what?” Debbie watched his face.

“I’d rather be with you.”

“She’s a nice girl.”

“I’m sure she is. For five minutes until I’m bumped aside so the next one can take my place. I’d rather be with you.”

"After the movie. I'll see if I can find five minutes for you." She was smiling.

"Figure on fifty."

"We'll—"

There was a knock on the door. Debbie started to get up as the door opened.

"John," she said, sitting back on her bed.

"Hi, sweets. Who's this? My name's John Thirkle." He held out his hand.

Tim stood. "Tim Grady."

"So you know Debbie. Isn't she a sweet girl? What's your major?"

"Don't have one yet. Maybe theater."

"That's good. One for the spectacle. I'm a psych major."

Tim sat back down, John remained standing. "Debbie and I spent a lot of time together last year, didn't we, sweets?"

"I'm not doing that anymore, John, and you know that."

"So you say. Tim, watch this. I want to see you naked, Debbie." He had a big smile on his face.

Oh God, she thought. She stood and took off her shirt.

Debbie glanced at Tim who was staring at her. "I—"

"Naked," John said. "Tim, see she's not wearing a bra. She's not supposed to."

Debbie unbuttoned her jeans and slid them down her legs.

"What did we say about panties?"

She only had a moment, "Tim, I—"

"Naked."

She sat on her bed, pulled off her jeans and then her panties. She started to remove her socks.

"The socks can stay on. You'll need to put on shoes because we're going out. Tim, you're welcome to come with us."

She smiled up at him. "A party?"

"A party for sure. Little Debbie here is my favorite party girl, a good wifey gone bad. I mean it Tim, you're more than welcome to join us."

She stood and turned to Tim. "I want you to come with us. I want to please you."

"Don't look so glum, chum. You need to get your dick wet before you join us, just tell her which hole. Better than any washer, taker, or pumper you've ever fucked."

"Please, Tim." She knelt and stroked his legs, now held his crotch, kneading.

Tim pushed her away. "No." He stood and said to John, "What did you do to her?"

"Just a little of this and a little of that and now she's everyone's good little bad girl, aren't you, sweets?"

Debbie glanced at Tim and tried to show him somehow she didn't want to do this.

She did, but not all of her. "I like parties."

"Shoes on, then let's go, sweets. Tim can follow if he wants."

She wanted to but couldn't look back as she left her dorm room.

## Chapter 3.

Debbie woke and knew someone was in bed next to her. She remembered John walking in and saying that word and the whole thing starting all over again like last year.

Like last year she couldn't remember what had happened, what she'd done. She had an idea because her body had that feeling, bruised and sore and crusted with dried body fluids.

She kept her eyes shut, not wanting the person or persons next to her to know she was awake.

She had tried to convince her parents she should change schools, that things weren't working out, but they had resisted, mostly because of financial reasons. She had a good scholarship, the university was well respected, and she was close to them geographically.

"I know you're awake," Tim said.

She felt his hand knead her tender breast.

"Rubadub."

Oh God, he knew. She opened her eyes and he was facing her with a grin. She reached and felt that he was hard.

"Go to it, sweets," he said.

She tried to pretend she wasn't eager as she climbed onto him and slid down to take him in her mouth, keeping her eyes on his as she began to lick and bob her head while making little moaning sounds.

"That's a good girl, sweets."

She had him in her throat and held him there as she ground her lips into his groin. Came up for air and did it again and again.

"The past three weeks you never let on, did you, sweets? How much you love cock." Tim arched his back driving deep into her throat. "God, that feels great."

When he came she drew up and held the end of his cock in her mouth as he spurted, holding it as she tried to hide the orgasm she was having.

Debbie swallowed and then cleaned him.

"Keep my dick in your mouth, sweets, while we talk."

She watched him, his grin had returned.

"That was quite a show you put on in the quad last night, sweets. There were so many guys every washer, taker, and pumper came out to help you. We're going to do that weekly. I like John. I'm trading you for commands; he gets you for his parties. I have four commands now and it's going to be fun. He said there are two hundred. Full on for twelve hours like last night, to like this, or to full on for a week or more. You're done, get off me."

Debbie returned to her place on the bed. They were in her room. He'd never spent the night before. They hadn't done that much before, not like this. "Please don't."

"Too late, sweets. You're going to wash up, make yourself presentable, and then we're going to see some friends of mine."

"I thought you liked me."

"I liked Debbie. You're sweets now, the on and off slut. More fun than a room full of takers. I've never seen a girl do the things you did last night, any time you didn't have a dick in your mouth you were telling everyone you wanted more. You're going to get more. More and more and more."

"Please don't, Tim. I don't want to do this."

"Get washed or go like last night. I don't care. Well I do, you're filthy. You don't want to wash, we'll keep you on the quad all week."

Tim was worse than John. Debbie got off the bed, put on a robe, got her things, and went to the showers.

She learned last year when it was like this, crusted, she had to soak her skin before she could wash the crust off. Getting her hair clean was the worst. Last year she'd ended up cutting it short. She'd been letting it grow out because last year was over. Only it wasn't over.

Debbie wondered what new poor girl John was doing this to this year. She was his third and the bad thing was she'd really liked him, enjoyed having a junior paying attention to her. She didn't even realize at first what was happening to her, she'd had no awareness. By the end of her freshman she was sure just about every man on campus had had sex with her.

With almost five percent of the female students being taken it wasn't like the guys weren't getting sex. But having her not be taken made it special for them for some reason.

It was awful for her afterwards when she didn't know what had happened. Under some commands she was aware and she'd hated every minute of it, in spite of all the orgasms she'd have. John's conditioning never stinted on those for her.

She dried her hair with the towel, wrapped it turban fashion, and used the other towel for modesty as she carried her things back to the room.

Tim was still on the bed, naked, humming to himself. "Oh good, you're back. I decided I can't wait. Well, sweets, it's sneak thief time."

She tossed the towels onto a chair after setting down her things. She wanted it. She

walked toward the bed as she stroked her slit to get herself ready for him. Tim had a nice cock, it filled her, and it had a delightful bend so the head hit all the right places.

She got onto the bed and crawled to him, taking him and stroking until he was hard. She watched his face to see what he wanted.

“Bounce on it, sweets.”

She straddled him, turned so she faced him. She rubbed his cock on her slit and positioned the head at the entrance. She sank down on him and had her first orgasm.

“That felt great but that’s no reason to stop, is it?”

She swung her hips into him and away as he lay there, that grin on his face. She had another orgasm but didn’t stop, just a moment of awkwardness, then controlled movements trying to get him off but liking this and not wanting to stop.

He thrust into her from below and held her hips as he came and she came with him with a whimper.

After a couple of minutes of playing with her breasts he slid out and she moved down his legs so she could clean him.

“Oh hell,” he said. “I want to see you naked, sweets. My friends can wait a bit.”

She hated this. His dick was in her mouth and this wasn’t her who was doing this. She wanted him to leave her alone and already she was trying to get him hard again as she started to slip away from knowing.

When she came to she was in a strange dorm room on her hands and knees while someone was fucking her. People were sitting and watching her, including Tim and John. One of the girls was laughing at something and then Debbie realized the girl was laughing at her.

## Chapter 4.

They weren't stopping. Another was fucking her and she kept on having orgasms. The girl was laughing again and Debbie realized the girl was joking with a boyfriend.

Debbie was so tired and her jaw hurt and she was having trouble opening one eye. It was stuck shut. She was screaming but nothing was coming out, she'd lost her voice. When the guy was done she shuddered through an orgasm before collapsing on the floor.

"You know," she heard John saying, "you keep her like this long enough she'll flunk out of school. I already have a couple of party girls so what you do with this one is up to you. But if I were you I'd tone it down a bit, let her attend classes, do her homework, and pretty much keep partying for the weekends. She flunks out she'll go back home and you've lost sweets. There are limits, you know."

"Just seeing what she can do."

"No problem. Sweets is a fun toy, a beautiful girl. Why she wasn't taken I have no idea. But there are limits, you know."

Someone rolled her onto her back and fell onto her. He fumbled for a minute until he found a hole and then he shoved into it.

She tried to scream.

"That's her ass," the girl said.

"I can't tell the difference," the guy said.

"Maybe drier?"

"I guess so." He kept fucking anyway.

"She already walks funny," the girl said. "Change holes."

The guy was looking at her as he thrust. "No, she's okay."

It hurt and she had another orgasm.

"What did you do to her?" the girl asked.

Debbie found she was fucking back. She tried to talk.

"It's pretty technical," John said. "Why, you want to be a party girl?"

"Not a party girl, but I wouldn't mind having orgasms like that doing normal stuff."

"Right now the two go together, mindless slut and awesome orgasms, but I'll think about it. That might be a way to monetize my project."

The guy thrust deep into her and she tried to scream as she convulsed beneath him. He finished and got off her, kneeling to catch his breath. "She's a hot fuck still."

"I think we'll stop there," Tim said.

"Good idea," John said. "Look at her. Still having an orgasm."

She woke up outside, lying on the grass and someone was hosing her off. She was able to open both eyes, saw a group of people standing around her watching.

Tim said, "Roll over."

She rolled onto her stomach and let the fast flow of water stroke her body. She was tired and sore. She could barely keep her eyes open.

She woke to him saying, "Clean enough." The water stopped and after a while everyone left. She slept.

## Chapter 5.

She woke and it was night. She was on her side and felt chilled. Her skin was dry but the grass was still wet.

“Think you can make it back to your dorm?” A girl’s voice.

She sat up and looked over. A girl sat on a brick planter.

“Need some help?”

“Thank you.” Debbie’s voice came out as a whisper. “Where am I?” Debbie sat up. She hurt all over.

“Dennison. You know where that is?”

Debbie nodded. “I’m in Clayton.”

“One of the old dorms, I know where that is. Tim your boyfriend?”

“Was.” Still a whisper, but the girl seemed to be able to hear her.

“That’s funny. I thought you were doing what you were doing to please him.”

“I had to.” She tried to stand, steadied herself and rose.

“I’ve never seen a woman have sex with so many for so long.”

“How long?”

“They said eight days. I was only around watching since noon today. You couldn’t have done that for eight days.”

“I feel awful.”

“Clayton’s that way. You’re headed wrong.”

Debbie felt the girl’s hands turn her. “Okay.”

“I’ll walk with you.”

“What day is this?”

“The third.”

“Shit.” She tried to do the math, couldn’t. “This is November?”

“November third.”

“I missed a week of classes.”

“This way.” The girl turned her. “So you just go crazy or what?”

"He makes me do it."

"Tim looks like he's pretty lazy. I can't see him making anyone do anything."

"He says something and I have to."

"Like what could he say that would make you go full on slut?"

"There are words, commands."

"You need to rest? We're halfway there."

"I'm okay. Thank you."

"Like what? What words?"

"I can't say them."

"Because why?"

"Then I become her."

"I'm not sure I believe you. Doesn't matter, though, does it? We're almost there. What floor are you on?"

"Third."

"Room?"

"Thirty-seven."

"I think we need to sit for a minute or two before tackling the dorm."

They sat on a planter near the dorm door.

"So Tim's not your boyfriend anymore?"

"No."

"That's good. I think I'd stay away from him, if I were you."

Debbie turned and looked at the girl. Under the lights she recognized her, the laughing girl in the room. "I'd like to stay away from him but I can't."

"Doesn't it bother you to walk across campus naked like that? I mean if you were a pumper I could understand, but you're not."

Debbie shook her head, no.

"Not a pumper? Just naked like one, right?"

No. Not again. She stood and felt that tingle between her legs. "I like to party. Do you know where there's a party?"

"I think there's one on the second floor. Ask around, you'll find it."

Debbie started toward the dorm's door.

"Hey, sweets."

Debbie turned.

"Stay away from Tim, hear? He's my boyfriend, you crazy slut." The girl started to laugh and Debbie smiled back. "The party's on the second floor."

Each step Debbie took toward the door she needed it more and more, to be filled. She got the door open and stumbled into the entry by the stairs. Two men were there so

she asked them first, where the party was.

## Chapter 6.

Debbie had woken briefly only to fall asleep again. She was in a bed, in a room and the room was quiet but the hall outside was noisy. Eventually she realized she was in a hospital with nurses and doctors but nothing made much sense and nothing hung together.

When Debbie really woke John was sitting next to the bed reading a book. She watched him for a moment and he looked up and smiled at her.

"Well, howdy do, snookums. Feeling a mite bit better now?" He closed the book and stood over her, feeling her forehead. "Temperature normal. You'll be released in a few days."

Her mouth was dry and she couldn't talk. John patted her head and sat back down.

"Well, to reprise, you overdid yourself. You pick really shitty boyfriends, ever notice that? I kept warning Tim but he didn't listen. And his crazy girlfriend, Frances, had it in for his former girlfriend, you. It didn't help that she repeatedly found Tim with his dick stuffed in one of your all too available orifices. I believe you made the poor boy dizzy with lust."

Debbie looked for the call button so she could get a nurse to kick him out.

"I hid it. We need to talk and you need to listen. One, your conditioning is shut down for the time being. Can't have you wandering the halls giving patients apoplexy, can we? So dear, sweets is gone. For good, alas. All the triggers have shut down for the moment. Once you're out of here I'm going over you with a fine tooth comb and set things back up again, better than ever. I'm going to add a few more things to keep this from being boring for either of us. Just relax, lie back, and listen."

She was shaking her head no.

"We have a money issue we need to settle. While you were fucking every male within a five mile radius of the quad, classes and school work have been marching on. To keep you from utterly failing this quarter I've had surrogates take your classes, do your homework, take tests. You have some catching up to do, but I think you'll make it. This quarter at least. That's costing twelve thousand dollars."

She was still shaking her head no.

"A lot, I know. What I need is your signature on a little piece of paper and the debt goes poof. You'll be free and clear. Free, that is, except for fun and games on a more

rational schedule. Weeks and weeks of constant sex, not eating anything except you know what, and very little sleep, you were a mere husk when you were brought here.

"So, paper signed, problems solved. I'll need to learn a ton of new commands. We'll be more temperate in what you do in your free time with a new dedication to taking better care of yourself. I've lost my thought."

John looked off, past her to a spot on the wall near the ceiling. He was moving his lips as he checked items off on his fingers.

"Paper, old stuff gone, new stuff, that's right, number four is you have a new boyfriend. Everyone calls him Dev and he is really smart and handsome. I believe he is one of the few straight guys on campus who hasn't had his Mr. Happy in you the past few weeks. He has a girlfriend I think you'll just love, not a crazy like you know who. I'll introduce them to you when you're back on campus.

"And now for the really thrilling point. Your conditioning is set to kick back in the first time you hear sleigh bells. 'Tis the season to be jolly, Christmas is only a few weeks away. Lots of bells and merriment and our dear snookums will be ready to roll, just waiting in eager anticipation for a command so you can start doing again what you do oh so well." He had a huge smile on his face. "Any questions?"

She shot him a bird.

"That's the spirit! I can tell you're feeling better already."

She mouthed, Go fuck yourself.

"Same to you, snookums." He picked up his book and left the room.

## Chapter 7.

Debbie felt like she was signing her life away when she put her signature on that piece of paper. John, for some reason, was subdued and withheld all comments, mocking or snide. They were in a room in the basement of one of the science buildings. The walls were cinderblock painted a light gray.

Her whole life was ruined and it didn't matter anyway. The past few weeks, what little she remembered, had been so much worse than last year. Photographs and videos had been taken last year, this year DVDs were being made to sell, websites created, her real name used and the university's. Everyone, literally everyone, would know what she was doing without knowing what had been done to her. They would think she *wanted* to do those things with all those men.

"That wasn't so bad, was it? What I need you to do, snookums, is to take this little pill so I can make some much-needed adjustments."

She didn't remember taking a pill last year. Maybe he'd drugged her drink or something. She took the pill without comment and the cup of water John handed her.

They were alone in one of the science buildings on campus, in a room almost bare, two chairs, metal desk, computer stuff.

"While we're waiting, I was going to show you some of your adventures in town. Relax and enjoy." John pressed some keys and the large monitor in front of her came to life in the midst of a video.

Debbie was surprised as the quality. The sound was set low but in spite of being shot in a dark room of some sort everything was sharp and clear.

"In your bar hopping phase." John took a clipboard and folder from his desk.

Debbie saw that the video was shot before someone tattooed "I WANT MORE COCK" on her stomach. The video showed her getting stuffed by a room full of old men and when her mouth was free it was easy to tell she was deliriously happy with the experience. Now she had a damn tattoo she didn't remember getting and she was living in the world of after.

She almost wished she were back to then, when she had no memory of who she was, a university student, shy, obviously pretty but not one of the taken. She was a lot happier back in that hypersexual world.

That was her on the screen and it was fascinating. She drew her eyes away, thankful the sound was low. It was easy to tell almost everyone was shouting, including her.

“Why two mes?”

John looked up from his papers. “Good question. I am conducting an experiment and I’m looking into a number of variables trying to create a happy balance. Sweets there,” he grinned at the screen, “look at her go, isn’t able to take care of herself. She’d let herself be fucked to death and love every minute. You, on the other hand, the Debbie you, is slightly depressed, anxious, I’m describing the girl I met last year, and is not that interested in sex.

“I wonder if the extremes would be less if you were slightly manic, perhaps buoyant is a better word, enjoying life is an even better way to say this, less anxious, and were more sexually adventurous, if snookums wouldn’t conversely be moderate, take better care of herself, be more able to say that’s enough, I need to stop for a while. Be able to eat, sleep, do whatever before joining the fray again. Be less compulsive.”

Debbie’s eyes had been drawn back to the screen and she got caught up with what she was doing on screen. “That looks like it’d hurt.” Someone had his hand buried in her ass as she was holding onto the man thrusting into her mouth.

“Your new boyfriend is responsible for that. I would never have thought of it, but we were talking during lunch last year and he suggested a few modifications. A few slight adjustments to your body. Extend lubrication capabilities, better elasticity of tissues, and so forth. You’re his Fucking Machine Mark 2, I never met his Mark 1, and I don’t think there’s a Mark 3. He’s pretty proud of the results.

“On a scale of one to five, five is the highest, how would you rate your happiness?”

Debbie said while watching the screen, “Four.”

“Same scale, how do you think you’ll end up doing this year in school.”

“Four. If I hadn’t been sick I would have made a 4.0 this quarter. Maybe better next term.”

“I hope so.”

“How many men went through me?”

“At this bar, I think it was twenty or so before they went out and got men off the street for you.”

“That’s a lot, isn’t it?”

“Some would say that. Watching the film, would you want snookums to fuck more or less?”

“I’m having an orgasm every time?”

“Let’s see. There’s one, when you bounce around like that. Another. Whoa, that’s a big one, two more. Looks pretty continuous. Would you like less?”

“Keep it the same.”

“Would you rather be aware while doing this or let snookums take over?”

“Aware, I think. Maybe let her take over sometimes.”

“In increments of twenty percent up to a hundred percent, how much?”

“Forty percent of the time. Can I slip in and out, not be either or?”

“Maybe twenty percent of the time?”

“Leaving me aware forty percent of the time. Okay. That sounds like fun.”

“It does, doesn’t it? Do you want a safe word?”

“It looks like I’m doing okay. Did that guy just spit in my mouth?”

“I believe he did.”

“Before I saw that if you’d asked me I would have said no way. It’s an awful thing to do to a girl and yet I want to see if he’s going to do it again. Do I orgasm when that happens?”

“Not normally. Would you like to?”

“Not all the time, but yes.”

“That’s now on the hot list. What’s on your not list?”

“Poop.”

“You can say no to that.”

“Thank you, John. I appreciate what you’re doing for me.”

“You’re welcome, Debbie, I want you to be happy all the time.”

“I know you do. Snakes is another for the not list.”

“Snakes is another no. Any others?”

“Children, of course.”

“Of course. How old is okay?”

“I don’t know. It should be legal but watching this I’m not carding anyone, am I?”

“You’re taking them all on.”

“If they look like adults then it’s okay.”

“You’ll get to say no if they look too young.”

“Thank you.”

“How about women?”

“That’s a good question. I don’t know. Make that a maybe.”

“If you say yes when the situation arises, then no problem.”

“No problem.”

“You get a say anytime anyway. This is for snookums.”

“I’m glad you explained that, John.”

“No snakes. How about other animals?”

Debbie was smiling at the screen. “Like what?”

“Dogs, horses.”

“Dogs maybe, horses no. They’re too big for me.”

“Probably but you wouldn’t be interested in trying?”

“No.”

"We'll be having these talks often so you can change your mind any time."

"I'd like that."

"Dogs a maybe."

"I'm not sure why I'm saying maybe about dogs, it could be from watching me have so much fun in that bar. When did I get the tattoo?"

"A couple of days later. I wasn't there with you all the time so I really couldn't say."

"Can I get more tattoos?"

"No problem. Just let me know when you want one."

"Thank you, John. Am I drinking shot glasses full of cum, that's what it looks like, while bent over that table? The guy fucking me looks like he weighs three hundred pounds, he's shoving me and the table across the room. Some of the glasses spilled before I could get to them. He has a serious weight problem, I think; I look tiny next to him. Can I get copies of this and other videos of me?"

"Sure. Do you want playable DVDs or mp4s on a flash drive?"

"Flash drive. I want some on my phone too."

"I hadn't thought of that and that's given me a new idea. In the past commands were spoken, how would you feel about getting commands by text?"

"So I'm in class and I get a text and go bonkers? The ones where I'm aware and exercise a bit of control of when, where, and who, sure, no problem."

"We're going to have fun, aren't we, Debbie?"

"I think so. This sounds like it's going to be lots of fun."

"One last question, Debbie. Your previous commands were a mixture of common and relatively obscure words and phrases. What do you think we should do now?"

"Common for Debbie, relatively obscure for her, snookums."

"That sounds good. We'll get you set up next Friday. How does that sound?"

"In time for the weekend, that sounds great. There's no problem with my masturbating before then, is there? Watching this is making me pretty hot."

"I don't think you should masturbate more than five hours a day. You have classes and school work and stuff."

"More than five hours a day is way too much, especially when I'll be getting lots of the real thing soon. They really like shooting off on my face, don't they?"

"They do, Debbie."

"I'm glad we had this talk, John."

"So am I. I'll drop the flash drive off this evening."

"I can't wait." She stood. "I wish I didn't have a class to go to, this has been fun." Debbie watched the screen and smiled. "How long is this video?"

"Almost five hours, and then you went to a bar down the street. That's another video." John turned off the monitor. "Time to go to class."

Debbie smiled at him. "I'm so glad you're helping me."  
"My pleasure."

## Chapter 8.

Debbie was watching the video intently. This was one that wasn't on the flash drive John gave her. She had the tattoo and looked like she was in an alley behind some commercial buildings. She could see a large green dumpster in the background. This video was shot in daylight and like the others she'd watched had her surrounded by a group of men.

"When was this video taken?" she said.

"Two days after the tattoo, five or six days after the one I showed you last week."

"I like being outdoors."

"I can see that."

Someone came into the basement room. She didn't turn to look or seem to notice them.

"This is the girl, right? Debra?"

"We were just finishing up. Debbie, this is Dr. Roberts, my advisor."

She gave a nod. "How long did this one last?"

"Hours," John said. "When the bikers were done with you they dumped you here."

"I'm not moving much, except for the orgasms of course."

"You were pretty tired. You hadn't slept for days."

"Oh look. Somebody must have made a call. There are more cars. This is pretty amazing, these guys are lasting longer, aren't they?"

"Snookums, I need you to pay attention."

"I'm listening. I want to see what they do next."

John turned off the monitor.

"Oh no," Debbie said. "It's broken. Can you fix it?"

Dr. Roberts pulled up a chair. "Fascinating. She doesn't notice the subliminals—they're pretty obvious to me."

"She is conscious only of the video overlay. Debbie, I need you to turn around. We want to talk to you."

She turned and saw Dr. Roberts. "Oh." She turned her chair and gave him a big smile. "I didn't hear you come in. My name is Debbie."

"Rex, Debbie. I'm glad to finally meet you."

"Me, too, Rex." She moved her legs further apart and gave him a smile. She liked it when men saw she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Impressive, Debbie. John tells me you've made great progress."

"All set up and ready to go and it's Friday. I just love weekends."

John had his phone out and was sending a text. Debbie wasn't paying attention to him.

Debbie's phone gave a ding and she got it out of her purse and checked. She blushed, glanced at John who was smiling at her. She put the phone away. "My weekend is starting early. Rex, is it hot in here or is it just me?"

"It may be a little warm, Debbie."

"Maybe I'm just hot." She stood and took off her dress and dropped it over her purse on the floor. She looked around the room, saw a coke bottle on the floor in the corner. She picked it up and returned to her chair, sat back and put her feet upon the seat. She inserted the coke bottle neck and began to masturbate, thrusting the bottle into her while stroking her clit. Smiling at Dr. Roberts she said, "This is much more fun when people watch." She had an orgasm and stilled for a moment before resuming. "You can fuck me if you want, Rex."

"I think I'll just watch as John and I talk."

"I like it when you watch." She had another orgasm. "I'll keep quiet and try not to disturb you."

"Thank you, Debbie." To John, "Impressive."

"I really want to suck your cock, Rex. I want you in my throat fucking my face hard. I'm such a slut. Please, Rex."

"Dr. Roberts and I are talking, snookums."

"Sorry."

"Impressive, John. You've attracted interest. The White House has seen your report and documentation and they want to expand the program. NIH still has an interest, but this will be a separate program under the control of the highest levels of the executive branch. A plane will be bringing us twenty of the top echelon of the taken for this year, preprocessed. You'll be getting clean slates to work with."

Debbie gave a scream and almost fell off her chair. "Sorry. I was imagining Rex's big cock in my ass."

"What phase is she in now?"

"Simple slut phase."

"And the command is?"

"Slut."

"Oh God," Debbie screamed. She fell on the floor and shuddered as the coke bottle rolled to Dr. Robert's feet.

“So if I say slut she turns on.”

“Each time she hears slut she goes up a notch. It amplifies the other phases, too. So if someone calls her slut in Debbie level three beta, she jumps automatically to level four alpha.”

Debbie had retrieved the bottle, put it in her ass, and tried to shove her hand in her cunt.

“She’s aware while she’s doing this?”

“Totally aware, aren’t you, Debbie?”

“John and Rex, I really need it bad. Can I prowl the halls if you two won’t?”

“No, we want you to stay here.”

“Okay, I guess. God.” She screamed when she got her hand in and started to plunge.

“What’s the command to end this behavior?”

“Over.”

Debbie screamed, pulled her fist out, and fell back on the floor. Slowly she resumed fucking herself with her fingers.

“What if someone says turn over?”

She flopped onto her stomach, still masturbating, with the other hand holding the bottle in her ass.

“Over just drops things down or back a notch.”

She had the bottle in her cunt and was crawling and moaning over to Rex.

“A remarkable level of control. Of course we’ll need to field test the program. Our supervisor will be a Nancy Crenshaw. She’ll be flying in with the twenty. We’ll set aside some rooms at the institute for housing and labs. Full funding. Not a blank check, but nearly. They want to see results and they want to see them immediately. I believe Miss Crenshaw will be enchanted with our little slut here.”

“Rex, fuck me with your shoe. Just shove it in as far as it will go.”

“What’s the command for blowjob?”

“In this phase she’ll do anything you want, she doesn’t need a command for specific acts. She’ll tell you, as you’ve heard, what you can do. However, the word is suck.”

“Simple. So in a social setting if I said you suck, just a moment, Debbie, she’d do it.”

She had his pants unfastened.

“She has a level of control. She can gauge whether or not it would be appropriate or would put her at risk.”

“Unlike before.”

“Unlike before. She’s taking a more active role, but if this were a restaurant, she would probably hold off.”

“Probably?”

“Depends how many times she’s been called a slut.”

“Good girl.” To John, “She appears to be liking this.”

“Your cock is the center of her universe. She’s already had one orgasm, a small one. She’ll have a large one when you ejaculate.”

“I want to take her with me to a program meeting at three.”

“Feel free anytime.” John wrote down her cell number. “You can call or text her whenever you want her. Do you want more commands?”

“I think I have enough to start with. Debbie, a moment please. Stop.”

Debbie looked at him, his cock still in her mouth.

“How do you personally feel about this, Debbie? Your honest feelings.”

Debbie was so happy. She stroked his cock as she said, “I want you to call or text me any time you want me or want me to fuck your friends or students. I love having you do things to me.” She gave a long lick to his cock. “I love it when you call me a slut.”

“Go ahead and finish.” Rex smiled at John. “The twenty are amongst the cream of this year’s crop. Dev, you, and I, and a few others, won’t be having a Christmas break this year.”

A few minutes later Debbie choked and thrashed as Rex held her head down in his lap.

## Chapter 9.

Debbie stood with John, Dev, and Rex as the green school bus pulled up to the science building late in the night. A soldier wearing a pistol got out first and stood by the bus' doors as young women left the bus shepherded by two more soldiers.

They were extraordinarily beautiful, young, and very quiet, most looking a little frightened.

"Your subjects, John," Rex said. "Don't have too much fun."

"It'll be weeks before they all will be ready."

"Well, that too. I meant the project."

"We're looking at a hell of a lot of work and not much sleep."

"Ah, this must be Miss Crenshaw."

A tall, very formal woman stepped out of the bus followed by two male assistants in suits. "I'm looking for a Dr. Roberts."

Rex approached, holding out his hand. "I'm Dr. Roberts, call me Rex. John Thirkle is the head of the project and Devlin Anderson is head of the medical aspect. And this is Debra our lead subject."

Debbie couldn't stop staring. "Nancy?"

"I've heard and seen interesting things about Debra." The woman showed no signs of recognition. "We're all tired and need to get the girls settled with as little fuss as possible."

"We have rooms for them, and you and your assistants."

"They'll be returning, just me for now." She turned to one of her assistants. "Get the girls' papers, have a soldier help you."

He left, returned with a soldier carrying a banker's box which looked heavy.

Debbie followed everyone into the building. She hadn't seen Nancy for more than three years, but was sure this was her. She didn't have the appearance or dress of one of the taken, so cold and formal with her chest covered.

John was talking to Nancy, "Would you like to see a short demonstration? A bit of relief for your assistants and the soldiers?"

"If it won't take too long, I'm tired."

"We'll have her demonstrate the big O." He turned to Debbie who was following. "Snookums, take the men with the documents to the lab while we get the girls settled. Then go out and bring the other soldiers to join them. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes."

Debbie led the men to the lab. She saw the foam pad on the floor and was happy, John was so considerate. She wanted to show the men her videos but since John hadn't said to, she didn't. A table and chairs were set up on one side of the room, with coffee urns and other drinks set up along with donuts.

"We'll start our demonstration in a few minutes. I'm looking forward to it," she said. "Relax. Oh. The papers can be put over there."

She left them sure the assistant knew what was going to happen. It was too bad John didn't have her dress like the other pumpers and takers on campus. It made things kind of boring until she saw guys' eyes light up that way when they saw her naked and her tattoo.

She waited with the four men until John and the others came back. Since she was going to anyway, she went ahead and took off her clothes and chatted. Their eyes were glowing but because the situation was so formal, they kept their hands to themselves, unfortunately.

John and the others came in.

"I see you found the doughnuts," Rex said. "In a couple of minutes we'll have a demonstration. You've met the slut, I can see. Why don't you sit with us, Miss Crenshaw."

Debbie squirmed in her seat. "Do we have to wait much longer? I really need to fuck."

"Lie down on the mat, snookums," John said. "That's a good girl. You can play with yourself to get ready."

"Thank you, John. It was really hard to wait like that." She buried two fingers in her cunt and circled her clit with the fingers on her other hand.

"She has three main modes and a number of phases in each. There's Debbie mode, like now, when she's completely aware of what she's doing. She's in level one of the slut phase. There is another mode where she is completely unaware, as Debbie, of what she's doing. We call that her snookums mode. It's a more hypersexual mode. We'll demonstrate the big O phase of that mode, the most extreme. In between the Debbie and snookums modes there's a third mode where she vacillates between the two extremes. Do you remember talking about this, Debbie?"

"Yes, John." She stopped thrusting her fingers in and out of her cunt. "I decided I like being like this about forty percent of the time, unaware forty percent of the time, and in between twenty percent. That suits me perfectly. Do we have to wait much longer?"

"No we don't, Debbie. I've written a word on a card here that I hope Miss Crenshaw will read for us."

"Oblivion."

Debbie flopped open, arms spread, and disappeared.

She came back to awareness in the same position knowing she'd been used. She felt wet on her face and between her legs.

"Good girl, Debbie," John said.

She looked over. Just John and Nancy sat in the room.

"I feel like I had lots of fun."

"That was amazing to watch," Nancy said. To Debbie, "Do you remember anything?"

"No. I think I should wash. Do you want me first, John?"

"Go ahead and wash."

She left them talking. It felt like a lot more than five had fucked her, more than eight if the science group had joined in. She felt weak and sparkly, all her nerves were still tingling. She'd never done the big O before.

She used the toilet in the restroom, letting the semen drain out first before washing. Her whole body felt sensitive. She wanted to do that again, maybe in five minutes.

She washed off at the sink but since there weren't any paper towels she went back to the lab dripping. She wiped herself off with her dress and sat back on the mat.

"I want to do that again, John. I know it's not the weekend, but I need to do something."

"I think you should drink some juice and have a snack."

"You're right, John." She got up and chose a donut and opened a juice. Nancy watched her, turned in her seat, hands in her lap, knees together, dress buttoned up to her collar.

"She can moderate her behavior?" Nancy asked.

"Not quite on her own yet, that will take more work. It's much easier for the project to have her want to be on rather than want to be off. Wanting to be off creates complications."

"About how many hours to get to this point?"

"It's a continuing process. About forty hours so far, Dev has another twenty in her but he's just about finished. He's working on hoarseness after prolonged use and has that about licked."

"So there's no way you can have all twenty ready in two weeks?"

"Figure four of them, we'll try for five. It may actually end up being just two because of the security. The videos we shoot are used in the programming phase. If we don't have videos of each girl programming becomes more difficult. The programming depends on self-identification with what is happening on the screen for the subliminals to take effect. I'll be using the video from tonight for next week's session with Debbie. Did you hear that, Debbie?"

"I can't wait, John. Do I get a copy, too?"

"Of course, Debbie. Why don't you get dressed and go back to your room. We have work to do tomorrow."

"I forgot about class." She stood and put on her dress. "Goodbye Miss Crenshaw, John."

"Just a minute, Debbie."

"Two in two weeks will be satisfactory. We were hoping for more for the State of the Union. Two like her will be acceptable. Following Dr. Roberts' recommendation we'll have a list of students and faculty cleared as participants. We already have a list of local military and civilians cleared and that's with the documents I brought. There's already a sizeable pool to work with."

"Thank you." John turned to Debbie. "You don't have class tomorrow. I've talked to your teachers and because of the importance of the project they've agreed to give you grades for this quarter based on work already done. I'll be needing your help through the break. You'll have to tell your parents you have to stay on campus over Christmas break. Be here at nine a.m."

"This sounds really important."

"This is extremely important, Debra," Nancy said. "What we're working on is in the nation's interest."

"I'll be here on time."

"Thank you," John said. "Sweet dreams."

She grinned at him. She was pretty sure he knew what she dreamed about all night long.

## Chapter 10.

Debbie hadn't expected to play such an important part in the work John was doing. She had a special lab she worked in (and had her own desk like the other scientists) and when she wasn't what John called "in process" she wore a white lab coat.

The main lab was a room she hadn't been in before, large with a raised wood platform in the center surrounded by chairs and equipment. There were large screens on the four walls which she supposed showed, sometimes, activities on the raised platform. When she was on the platform in process she had been too busy to notice what was on the screens.

Two of the twenty girls, Sally and Neem, had been selected as primes and they were her constant companions. They wore special white smocks with large red number one embroidered on the sole pocket over their left breast along with their name. The eighteen other girls wore simple gray smocks with no identification.

The girls had relaxed after the first day which mainly consisted of Debbie and the others in lab coats asking each questions from a prepared list created by John. She thought the questions were silly since they didn't have anything to do with sex at all.

In process was an interesting experience, sort of fun because of all the men, but strangely controlled. Only one at a time and she had to provide a constant description of what she felt as the men did things to her. That certainly cut down on the orgasms, but John explained this was important and she was willing to make the sacrifice.

Everyone was in the room when the first in process session was held that evening after all the questions, with all the girls, the scientists and Nancy, and she and her current sexual partner, along with volunteers from a local army base.

Later in process sessions were held with less clinical austerity. Just the two prime girls attended, John and Nancy and an assistant, Debbie of course on center stage, and large groups of men without interruption. For these instances the girls were the ones who explained and described what was happening to her. It was funny listening to them when she wasn't too busy to pay attention.

It was funny, too, the way the men reacted seeing the girls watching them and having to perform with her. The girls were uncannily beautiful, they still made her catch her breath when she saw them. It was hard not to stare.

She got to do the big O for them and lay on the foam pad on the platform afterwards listening to them.

"Why do you think this is so important?" Nancy was asking.

No one spoke for a moment.

"How did watching this make you feel?" John said.

"Squirmly." That was Sally. She had a higher pitched voice than Neem.

"And you, Neem?"

"I didn't want them to hurt her." She paused. "Anxious."

"That's good," John said. To Nancy, "They're processing a lot of information at this stage. Emotions are easier to express."

"I see," Nancy said. "I was amazed she could enter such a receptive state for total pleasure. Any touch resulted in an orgasm. She was in a state of total and continual orgasm for what? Three hours. That was amazing to watch. I'm a little envious."

"Sally, did you ever fantasize about something like this?" John asked.

"Yes, but not like this."

"How?"

She giggled. "The football team in the locker room."

"But you never did anything like that."

"No way."

"Why not?"

"I'm not a taker or pumper. I don't know, well, you know. I would have gotten a reputation. My friends wouldn't have liked me."

"You like Debbie, don't you?"

"She's nice. Maybe a bit too much into men." She giggled again. "Maybe I can see why."

"And you, Neem?"

"Fantasies? Of course. I read *The Story of O* last year. I'm interested in how Debbie can submit so completely but it's on her own, not as someone's slave."

"Good comment. She's doing this on her own, but with our help, Dev's and my help. Tomorrow you and Debbie, you too Neem but separately, will talk about this while watching the video of today's session. Later today you'll be seeing Dev and he will begin a set of medical procedures. You'll be under anesthesia for only a short time for each and not deeply. But before we leave, if either of you would like to have sex now we have a pool of men you can choose from. If you want to indulge your fantasies, more than one. It's okay if you're not interested at this moment and perfectly okay if you are interested."

Both girls remained quiet, except for Sally's giggles.

"Perfectly okay not to do anything."

"May I say something here?" Nancy's chair moved and Debbie heard her step onto the platform. "Hello, Debbie."

"Hi, Nancy." She smiled up to the woman standing over her.

"Debbie and I went to school together, didn't we, Debbie?"

"You remembered."

"Of course I remembered. You look happy, Debbie."

"I feel great. I like the big O. Can I do another? I've rested enough."

"That's up to John. Here's a question. When you were sixteen, didn't you feel a little sorry for the taken?"

"I did, Nancy."

"If you had to choose now between being like you were, being taken, or being like you are now, which would you choose?"

"Like I am now. I'm having a blast. I never knew sex could be so much fun."

"What about the taken, do you still feel a little sorry for them now?"

"I do, Nancy. I don't think they enjoy things as much as I do. I like everything. There's nothing worse than seeing a taker who's been fucked up the ass. They don't like it at all. I get so much pleasure."

"You're a little slut, aren't you?"

"God, yes, I'm a slut." Her fingers found her wet cunt. "How many did I just fuck?"

"John?"

"Let me see. The last session was forty-five, Debbie."

"It feels like it. I'm swimming in semen." She licked her fingers. "Yummm."

"Debbie?"

"Yes, Nancy."

"How would you like a new tattoo?"

Her fingers were back in her cunt. "I'd love a new tattoo."

"We're going to tattoo SLUT on your chest. Everyone will know you're a slut. Won't they, John? Everyone will know our Debbie is one of the pretty girl sluts."

Debbie had an orgasm, continued pumping her fingers. Her wet cunt was making squishy sounds. "I really need to fuck someone, Nancy."

"I think that can be arranged. We're done with Debbie for the time being, aren't we?"

"She's free until tomorrow."

"Here's a choice, Debbie. Do you want to go to the quad and see if anyone is interested? The campus is on break so I don't know if there will be many opportunities. Or the men here can take you to their barracks and bring you back tomorrow."

"Barracks. Are you sure John? I can stay if you need me here." She continued masturbating.

"I think it would be good for you to work with the men in the barracks. Break the ice with them so they'll be more comfortable in later sessions here."

"I think that's true," Nancy said. "I hadn't thought about them needing work too."

They'll bring you back in the morning."

"I have to stay here," John said.

Debbie had an orgasm.

"I'll go along with Debbie," Nancy said. "Here, let me help you and then we should go."

Debby felt Nancy's fingers, one tugging on her nipple and the other's stroking her clit.

"Oh God!" Debbie arched her back and thrashed until Nancy's fingers left her.

Debbie looked up to Nancy's smiling face.

"Why don't you go like that," Nancy said. "I'm sure the men will enjoy playing with you on the bus."

## Chapter 11.

Debbie and Nancy sat together in the back seat of the army bus. There were only fifteen soldiers on this bus and they all seemed to be sleeping off their sexual excess from the night before.

Debbie was tired but was still too stimulated after the last twelve hours to go to sleep yet. Her whole body sparkled. They'd given her a jacket and a cap and she sat relaxed with Nancy.

"That was fascinating to watch, Debbie. You know you're unusual, don't you?"

"John says I am. I know before I met him I was pretty shy. What he and Dev have done for me recently has made more extroverted, able to say what I want, and I'm a lot happier because of that. I never thought about sex much before John. Dating in high school with all the takers, pumpers, and washers didn't have all the sexual pressures that I guess women felt before." Debbie changed the subject. "You were taken but you don't look like it."

"I was immediately put into an early version of a special program much like this one. It wasn't successful. You know how the taken are given a special implant which makes them washers, takers, or pumpers, depending on the implant. I received an implant making me all three, comfortable and able to perform any heterosexual act. Only I wasn't psychologically suited. They tried a number of ways to make the device succeed, but it didn't. They left the device in but turned it off. If I hadn't already received a special WTP tattoo they would have tried a traditional implant. I was useful in other ways and was absorbed into the larger program, eventually becoming an administrator."

"You didn't like it. I can't imagine that."

"That's because this program is much more sophisticated. You're thinking of sex now, aren't you? You've been fingering yourself."

"Oops." Debbie rested her hands on her knees. "I keep on forgetting. Sorry. It's just that I like it so much."

"Go ahead if you need to masturbate. I know you like it. I think you're just about the happiest person I've met. I'm glad for you and more than a little envious."

"Maybe John can help you."

"I'd better not because of my role in the project. You know what the project is, don't you? The national project, not just what John is doing here?"

Debbie shook her head, leaning back, feet up on the edge of the seat, fingers at work.

"It's called the New Woman Project, or NWP. They want to make at least 30% of the adult female population women like you, Debbie, hypersexual. They call you the fuckers. The rest of the adult female population will be housewives, the breeders. At colleges and universities across the country they are working intently on the various issues."

"So I'm a fucker."

"Any man any time eventually. Some fuckers would be used to harvest semen for the artificial insemination program for breeders. Some experts have considered having women being both fuckers and breeders, being one or the other for predetermined periods of time, but that conflicts with the main elements of the Project."

Debbie was having orgasms as Nancy talked. "I'd rather be a fucker full time."

"You're listening, too."

"Of course. I can stop if you want."

"Does John have you masturbate a certain amount of time each day?"

"We decided I shouldn't do it more than five hours a day."

"You decided this with John?"

"He asks me what I want or think."

"How about other sexual activities, any limits?"

"No, thank God. Some days it's just four or five men, other days are like last night. I can't keep count."

"I couldn't either and I was supposed to. We'll have to analyze the video I shot."

"Can I get a copy?"

"Of course. You like to watch your videos, don't you?"

"I love watching when I can't do it. Sometimes, like when I'm in the big O, I have no idea consciously, I guess that's the right idea, what's happening or what I'm doing. John told me when I get my SLUT tattoo I don't need to wear a top anymore, so everyone will know."

"That's true, but you'll have to dress modestly until we are done with the twenty girls. You're playing an important role. Maybe next year you can be a full time fucker."

"Maybe I want to hold off until I graduate. Just be one on weekends."

"That's a good idea. You know you were actually amongst the taken, just like I was. A certain number like you are slated for participants in college programs like John's. That's how he knew to choose you. It wasn't at random, you were already slated. I'm glad it worked out for you, it does most girls."

"I'm sorry you're not happy."

"I'm happy, Debbie, just not like you."

"Still, Nancy, what about the big O?"

Nancy laughed. "Okay, if I have to die I want to go like that."

"Me, too. I should probably stop now." She resumed a normal seated position. "If I don't do things like that I go sort of crazy when there are lots of men around. I'm tired."

"I'll talk to John. I'm sure he'll not need you until after lunch. You can sleep this morning."

"Thank you, Nancy."

"Thank you, Debbie, for being such an interesting and challenging subject. I feel we can be good friends again."

"Of course we can. I missed you in high school. You know how some of the taken come back after the first of the year, you didn't."

"We can be friends now. Here's a serious question, Debbie. The New Woman Project is dedicated to drastically changing sexual roles in this country. Males will automatically be dominant, females will only have subordinate fuckers or breeders roles. Women will no longer participate in the workplace except as fuckers. Similarly in education they won't be able to go to college. There's serious talk about limiting education to the sixth or ninth grades. What are your feelings about that?"

"You know, I always wanted to go to college. I wanted to be a teacher or something. I'm in college now and do well in class, close to a 4.0 average, but honestly, all I want to do is fuck and be fucked. But I'm going to have to think about your question because I know most women aren't like me and I don't feel I should decide for them. Does that make sense?"

"Of course it does, Debbie. I think if all I wanted to do was fuck, this is just between you and I, I'd think the New Woman Project was a good idea. I support it with my job but I'm not sure I'm a 100% behind it. Does that make sense?"

"I think so. I hadn't thought much beyond what John and I are doing. I like learning stuff, I'd miss not being in school or having a job that was challenging."

"Who knows what the next administration will decide to do. The important thing right now is you're happy and having fun."

"I'm glad we talked, Nancy. I'll talk to John and see if there's some way you can't have fun, too. I'm looking at the men on this bus and I'm thinking an hour tops, though I can never be sure, it depends more on them than me."

"I'm happy, Debbie. It's best not to talk to John. I have a formal role I have to adhere to. Maybe later, though, we can both let our hair down. The two of us, half hour for sure."

"You could watch me and I could watch you. That would be special."

"I hadn't thought of multiples. I'll talk to John, that might be a way to speed up the processing of the girls. They were hoping for more than two for the State of the Union."

"There's me, too."

"I know, Debbie, but they want girls who look like the ones I brought. I think you're beautiful, but the men in charge have certain expectations, appearance is more important to them than experience or ability. It's a crazy system but that's how they

are."

"So that's what's happening. I want to fuck everyone, some always turn away."

"Not just looks, Debbie. There can be a number of reasons, besides appearance. Not all men are good in groups, or they have health issues, or are wired to only like men. You are one of the prettiest girls on campus, in the top five percent, that I've seen so far."

"Thank you for the compliment, Nancy. John asked me if I was interested in having sex with women and I wasn't sure. Are you wired for women?"

"How perceptive. Yes, that was one of the reasons the implant didn't work, and I didn't even know why until later when I realized it. You're the only one who knows, Debbie."

"I'll keep your secret. Not men at all, that's interesting. Do you think any of the twenty are like you?"

"Probably a couple. Who knows? Since homosexuality has been recriminalized no one would blurt out they are that way, the girls might not even know."

## Chapter 12.

Debbie watched the monitor in her office with Sally. This was a recording of Sally with multiple partners at once, her first time having sex with a group of men.

While Sally watched the screen intently, Debbie tore her eyes away and looked down to her clipboard and over the questions John had prepared for her to ask. She looked back at the screen. She was going to ask John for a copy of this video too. Maybe Sally would be interested in having a copy of one of hers. All the girls had seen bits of her videos and watched her in process, but maybe they would like to have something to watch in their spare time.

“Sally,” Debbie said, “have you been using the furnished appliance?”

Sally nodded. “I remember that one, he was big.”

“He *is* big. My God, don’t you love it, so much variety?”

“There are seven with me and it was great. What’s your ideal number?”

“I don’t really have an ideal number. From one to a zillion, it’s all good. I love the big O.”

“John said I can do the big O at the end of the week.” Sally had been fingering herself as she watched the screen, her white smock pulled up to allow access.

“How often do you use your appliance?” Debbie wished she’d gotten one, they looked like fun.

“When I talked to John we agreed on a schedule of two hours use every twelve hours. I wish I had it now.”

“Do you like it?”

“I love it. I’ve already used it two hours in this cycle.”

“That’s too bad you can’t use it more.”

“I know. Everyone I talk to wishes they could use theirs more.”

“You’ll get busy with other things, trust me.”

“I hope so. You know,” Sally giggled, “I fooled around a little before coming here, but it was never fun like this. I’m having a great time.”

“John said I could adjust your use of the appliance. How about three hours every twelve?”

"Could I? Thank you. Here's a question, what do you do when men are done?"

"Good question. If they're done and I'm tired I just lie there, or whatever. But if they're just resting I try to create inventive reasons for them to come back."

"When these guys were done we just messed around. They played with me or I sucked limp cocks or whatever. Not so many orgasms. I—" Sally stopped talking, watched the screen, her fingers moving rapidly.

"That's okay, I do that. You have to make them want to come back. I know they will with you. Right at this moment how does it feel?"

Sally grunted, settled back in her chair. "Damn good, Debbie. I don't remember thinking about sex this much before."

"I know what you mean. It's like the dam's burst. I can tell the men really like you."

"Are you sure? I'm still pretty green at it, not like you, you know."

"I'm sure. I talked to them afterwards and they raved about you."

"Debbie, that makes me feel so much better. I had a great time but I'm always afraid I was going to let them down."

"They can't wait to do it again. Two questions, Sally. The first question is, how would you like it if we set aside a time each day when you could have sex with lots of men. John was—"

"Hell yes."

"John was thinking about setting aside from nine to noon. We'd work and do stuff after lunch."

"Yes. Begin tomorrow?"

"Begin tomorrow. I'll tell John. Second question, how would you like to have special events in the evenings? Two of you with a group of men, a much larger group of men. Say me and you or you and Neem?"

"Every evening?"

"Every evening, except we need to work out a schedule for you so you have appliance time too."

Sally had an orgasm.

"I suggested to John that you carry your appliance with you at all times, so you could use it whenever you were free, say tomorrow when we talk."

"I like that idea."

"What's the most important thing to remember?"

Sally slowed her movements, stopped. "I don't know."

"You have to remember to take care of yourself. Get enough sleep, eat well."

"I'm sorry, Debbie. I should have known that."

"I know it's hard when there's so much exciting stuff on screen, it gets distracting."

"I thought the way they were fucking me, they're big men, I might get hurt."

"Credit Dev with taking care of that. Normally I don't get sore. If I get sore I tell John or Dev. You don't want to end up in the hospital like I did a couple of months ago. I was in pretty bad shape, out of it from not eating or sleeping. Keep things in moderation."

Sally resumed masturbating. "I'm just about to explode, I really, really want to fuck."

"So what's important to remember?"

"I need to always get enough sleep and get enough to eat."

"Real food, not what you're doing up there."

"I'll remember. It's hard to stop though."

"John is going to work with you about turning it on and off, exercising more control. I'm still learning too."

When Debbie watched their videos with Sally or Neem she could catch little flickers of something else on the screen. She didn't see that while watching her own videos. Debbie pushed the pause button for the video. Sally slowly came to a stop.

"I need to check you."

"Okay," Sally said, still facing the screen.

"Stand, undress, and then come over here."

Sally didn't move for a minute before standing.

"Good girl."

Sally stood before her, naked and beautiful.

"You're nicely formed, Sally."

"Thank you."

Debbie scanned the surface of Sally's body, told her to turn around and Debbie continued scanning. "Perfect. Dev does great work."

"I know, it's amazing."

"Do a squat, facing me. That's good."

Sally like Debbie had had all body hair permanently removed except for that on her head. "Looks good. No redness, no bad odors."

Debbie checked the clipboard while Sally remained squatting. "I think that's everything. John wants you to remain naked for the rest of the week, unless we're outside. He's arranged an event after dinner. There will be no oral so don't stint on dinner. After we're done, go to your room and get your appliance to use when you're not too busy. Leave your smock here. Any questions?"

"Can I watch the rest of the video?"

"Sure, there's time. Go back to your seat and I'll start it again."

Sally settled in her seat, looked back to Debbie. "Thank you so much for helping me. I learn so much from you."

"You're welcome. Ready?"

“Ready.” Sally had begun masturbating as soon as she sat down.

Debbie put the video on play and relaxed, enjoying watching Sally on the monitor. She'd have a half hour break before working with Neem.

“Oh God,” Sally shouted. “That's it, that's it, that's it.” Her chair was thumping on the floor as Sally thrashed.

## Chapter 13.

Debbie was having a lot of fun in process doing what John called sliding. She'd never done sliding before and while it wasn't the big O it was something she wanted to do more of.

There must have been thirty men on the platform with her. She had no idea how anyone could watch what she was doing and not join in, not that she cared much.

During each penetration she lost awareness, except she knew she was having lots of orgasms. She kept, she guessed this was why John called it sliding, moving from an aware and demanding state to one of, she assumed, total receptiveness. She knew she was screaming at them to fuck her and she'd black out, to begin all over again in her demands. So much cock, she was delirious.

"Get them out of here," Nancy shouted.

"Fuck me you bastards," she shouted. They had been turning away from her for some reason. "Fuck me."

John came into view and said, "It's over, Debbie."

She watched the men leave the room, John had left her too but was with Nancy. Debbie felt deflated, sat in a puddle of semen.

"I thought there was supposed to be some level of security here." Nancy sounded angry.

"There is," John said.

Debbie turned and saw them arguing.

"Then where are they?"

"I don't know what happened to Sally and the other girls. You know that."

"I know your fun and games has gotten seriously out of hand."

"We've searching on campus for them as we speak."

"Assuming they're on campus. Assuming they just wandered off in a haze of lust."

"What else can we assume, Nancy."

"Miss Crenshaw."

"Did I do something wrong?" Debbie said.

"Is it necessary to have them be nitwits?"

"Debbie, you didn't do anything wrong. We have some people missing and we're worried. I need you to go clean up and wait in your office for me." To Nancy, "They're not nitwits."

"You call that smart?"

"Look, we're all worried but I'm sure everything is okay."

"It's not okay and you know that. You never even thought of tracking implants."

"We thought of implants but were overruled by your office for security reasons or some such nonsense."

"What has happened here is not my fault and you know that. Less than ten days to the State of the Union and this project is a disaster."

Debbie left the room feeling bad. She tried to do everything right. Maybe she shouldn't have enjoyed herself so much but she was doing what John told her to do.

She showered, used the toilet, and dried herself. Something was really wrong. She could hear people running in the hall. She brushed her wet hair and put on her lab coat.

She met no one in the hallway and sat in her chair in her lab. She was tempted to watch videos but didn't since John hadn't said she could. She waited.

She was too nervous to play with herself, ended up walking back and forth in the room because she had so much energy. She was hungry but John had told her to wait.

Nancy came in, shut the door. "Sit down, please. I only have a minute to talk."

Debbie sat and Nancy turned the other chair to face her and sat.

"I'm anxious because Sally, who you've worked with, and Trish and Dawn are missing."

"I like Sally."

Nancy got a look on her face. "I know you do, Debbie. We need to find them."

"Have you checked the cafeteria?"

"We're checking everywhere but are not finding them. Let me ask you a question."

"Okay."

"Do you think they went on their own or did someone help them leave or take them?"

"I don't know."

"That's okay. I'm a little frustrated because they're missing. If you wanted to go somewhere, where would you go?"

Debbie thought for a minute. "You know that video of me before I got my tattoo?"

"I haven't seen them all."

"We saw part of it, Sally and I, and we talked about it. It was at one of the bars in town, I guess. Sally asked me if it was awful and I said no but she said look how they treat you. I didn't see anything special, but Sally was giggling a lot and said I don't know how you could stand it."

"So you think we should check off campus?"

“Maybe. I’d check the bars, places in the videos we saw.”

“Good idea. That’s a really good idea, Debbie. Do you know the names of the bars?”

“John does, maybe Tim, too.”

“Who is Tim?”

“Tim was my boyfriend only he’s not always nice. His girlfriend doesn’t like me. She’s not nice.”

“I haven’t heard about Tim.”

“John knows Tim and his girlfriend. They’re the reason I was at the bars and other stuff happened.”

“Other stuff?”

“Stuff I don’t remember.”

“You don’t remember stuff?”

“Like the big O but not nearly as good.”

“I understand. Anything else?”

“I didn’t do something wrong, did I?”

“No, not at all. You’re just right, Debbie. Everyone likes you.”

“Thank you, Nancy. I thought maybe—”

“You don’t have to worry. Just a minute, I need to talk to John.” Nancy took a cell phone out of her pocket. “John, I’m sorry for flying off the handle back there.” She smiled to Debbie. “I’m with her now. She says Sally was interested in the bars in the videos she saw. Debbie also says there’s Tim and his girlfriend. I want everything checked.” She turned in her seat so she wasn’t facing Debbie. “I would like to use local resources, I don’t want this getting out of hand. Do you have a time line? Search began when Debbie was in process and they were to attend but didn’t. Can we go back earlier to determine how long they’ve been gone. Not yet. Okay.” She turned and smiled at Debbie. “No, local resources. Use base security, we have several on campus with us now. We’ll need to get more to widen the search. I’m still with Debbie, can you do that, contact the commander? Thank you.” She smiled at Debbie, nodding. “We can do that if necessary. I want to talk to Debbie now. Thank you.” She ended the call.

“Dawn had a session with me at two until three. I saw Sally at lunch. I don’t know Trish.”

“How far is Dawn in the process?”

“First week, she’s had surgery already.”

“Did she see videos of you in the bars?”

Debbie thought back to this afternoon. She shook her head. “No, this one was the big O.”

“You like the big O, don’t you?”

“I do. I could do it all day.”

“Do you know your commands?”

"If someone explains them in front of me, slut, soma, dabble, stuff like that, not the big O."

"Do you think Sally and the girls do?"

"I can't say. If they were there when someone explained a command, they would."

"You've never seen a list of commands, have you?"

"No. Is there one?"

"Yes, and that needs to be checked. Just a second." Nancy made another call.

"Dr. Roberts, could someone check the security for the commands and protocols for the girls? Thank you." She turned back to Debbie. "Have you ever used one of the commands on one of the girls?"

"No, why would I?"

"No reason. What about the men?"

"They're not dumb. They catch on pretty quick and Sally and Neem were spending a lot of time with them."

"Another call, sorry." Nancy turned away. "Sergeant Larson, is everyone in your group present?" She glanced at Debbie and smiled. "They are. Have there been any changes today, men coming or going? No, can you take a minute and verify that for me just to be sure. I understand it will take time. Thank you."

Nancy turned back to Debbie. "One last question. How do you feel about the commands?"

"I like the commands. They mean something is going to happen and I want that. Does that make sense? I'm always waiting to hear one."

"Interesting. I'm going to give you a command, say it but I don't think you'll remember it. Too bad. Oblivion."

## Chapter 14.

Debbie slowly woke and realized she was in a moving vehicle, on her back, and her hands and feet were bound tightly. She was sure she'd been in the big O but this felt different, somehow. She wasn't wet with their fluids and while she'd had orgasms, there hadn't been many. Her head was covered with something so she couldn't see.

The vehicle had a hollow steel sound and the sounds of the road were close. She couldn't tell if it were night or day. She felt soft skin against the sides of her body on both sides. Except for the sound of the engine and the vehicle and road sounds there was no speech.

All she could do was lie there and wait and see what was going to happen next. She didn't want to move and attract attention before she had an idea what was happening.

She supposed that Nancy believed it made sense, with the girls missing, to keep her and the others on the army base. With Sally, Trish, and Dawn missing anything could be happening. If she were in Nancy's hands she knew she'd be safe. If something bad had happened, then she was at risk.

She dozed as she lay there. They must be going far, there had been no turns or stops. This must be the highway.

She really had to pee and was about to say something when she heard a groan.

"Someone's waking up." A woman's voice.

Debbie couldn't hear the response clearly over all the noise.

"Smell that? One of the bitches just wet herself." The woman's voice again. "I'm not cleaning them up."

A mumbled response.

"Yeah, go fuck yourself. This was your idea and I don't care how much money there is, I'm not cleaning the bitches."

Debbie said, "I need to use the bathroom."

"Well, look who's talking, super bitch herself."

Another mumble.

"Find somewhere we can stop."

Debbie heard a shouted, "Fuck," and felt the vehicle swerve.

"Find somewhere we can stop and I'll take over driving. Who's awake back there?"

“Debbie.”

“Dawn.”

Debbie said, “Hi, Dawn, are you okay?”

“Where are we?”

“I don’t know, Dawn.” Debbie moved her arms. “Are you next to me? Feel that?”

“No.”

“I have someone on both sides of me, do you?”

“Just on my left.”

“I think they have four of us. I’m guessing you, me, Sally and Trish. Do you remember anything?”

“I finished talking with you and met Trish. We were going to see if we could find a man. That’s all I remember.”

“I was talking to Nancy and then she said a command, I think the big O.”

“I wish I could do the big O.”

“I know, but this one didn’t feel right.”

“Quiet back there. When we want to hear you bitches, we’ll tell you.”

“Who is that?”

“I don’t know,” Debbie said. “A woman and someone else.”

“I could really use a fuck.” Dawn laughed. “I was a virgin a few days ago. If I’d known what I was missing I would have taken matters in hand.”

“A fuck or two or three would be nice right now, but I think we need to try to maybe think not so much about sex. I think we’ve been kidnapped and are going far from the university.”

“What makes you think that?”

“I believe we’re in a van or truck on the highway. I’ve been awake for awhile and there have been no turns or stops.”

“I need to pee.”

“I do too.”

Dawn shouted, “I need to pee.”

“Fuck you back there. Hold it.”

“She doesn’t sound like a nice person.”

“I know. She calls us bitches and it doesn’t feel the same as when the men call us that.”

Debbie could hear the woman talking with the other person but couldn’t hear the words distinctly.

“Don’t be afraid,” Debbie said. “John and the others will find us.”

“I’m not that afraid. I’m more worried about when I’m going to get some cock.”

"You need to maybe tamp down that desire a little. Sometimes we need to decide that future opportunities mean more than present. You don't want to get too bogged down with the man in front of you if there is a room full waiting just through the door."

"I hadn't thought of that. You think there are a room full waiting for us?"

"I have no idea what's happening or what's waiting for us. It could be pretty bad, but don't be afraid."

"Pretty bad like in not getting to fuck for a day or something like that."

"Maybe a whole lot worse. I don't think the woman is nice."

"She doesn't sound nice."

"She sounds angry."

"Hey, did you ever think you'd like being spanked?"

"I haven't been spanked much, what's that like?" Debbie said.

"It makes me really hot and wet. Of course I'm already hot and wet, but spanking pushes me over an edge."

"I know what you mean about edges. Doing it outdoors does that for me."

"I've never done it outdoors, just in the labs."

"It can be a hell of a lot better, though the labs are okay."

"I like the men they have."

"I know, they're nice, aren't they?" Debbie heard a giggle. "Sally?"

"Debbie? What's happening?"

"I think we've been kidnapped."

"I wet myself I think."

"Move your left elbow."

"Hi, Sally," Dawn said. "That's me."

"Hi, Dawn."

Debbie felt an elbow poke her. "Is that you, Sally?"

"That's me, Debbie."

"I think Trish may be on the other side of me." Debbie said.

"What makes you think we've been kidnapped?" Sally said.

"They were looking for you and Trish and Dawn. You were missing."

"I was having fun in one of the men's rooms and then I don't remember anything."

"Was it the big O?"

"I don't know, maybe."

"I guess it could have been anything. I haven't experienced a quarter of the commands yet, John said."

"Debbie," Sally said, "are we going to stop soon?"

"I hope so, I have to pee."

"I have to pee, too," Dawn said. "I could use a fuck afterwards."

"My hands are tied but I can play with myself," Sally said.

"That's right, I should have figured that out sooner. Thanks, Sally," Dawn said.

Debbie could feel Sally moving next to her and hear them. She was tempted but held off.

"Is your head covered with something?" Debbie asked.

"Something but I don't know what it is. I can't see," Dawn said.

"It might be night but I have something on my head too," Sally said.

The woman said, "You should see this, two of the bitches are busy fucking themselves." The woman started laughing. "You can do any of them except for sweets. The crazy bitches will probably love it."

Sweets? Debbie was pretty sure the woman was Frances. Was Tim driving? This could be pretty bad. She thought at first some of the men took them to play with, and the woman was someone's girlfriend.

"Here's a rest area. Pull in and we'll figure out how we'll do this. You should have put a bucket in the van for them. You didn't say a damn thing about a bucket. I made sandwiches, that was my job, plus loading the bitches. I think three are awake."

Debbie felt the vehicle slow and a subtle change in direction. The road sound was different. The vehicle turned and came to a stop with a jolt.

"You know better than expect coffee at these places. Just toilets and a place to walk your dog. Fuck it, let them piss themselves or worse. You go and I'll watch and then I'm driving after I go to the bathroom."

A door slammed.

"Crazy fucker. You bitches keep quiet back there or your heads get bashed. I'm not subtle."

Time passed and then Debbie heard a door open and close and people talking outside. A door opened and then she felt someone climbing over her, their knee by her head and another knee pushing down between her and Sally.

"Fuck any of them but sweets. Why you'd want to stick it in one of their holes I'll never understand. Don't do anything stupid."

"Hi, Debbie." It was Tim's voice.

"Tim?"

"How about a quickie, sweets?"

"Is that Frances?"

"That's Frances for sure. I don't want to piss her off much, so you'll have to wait, sweetheart."

Debbie felt Tim settle on Sally next to her.

"Oh God," Sally said. "Yes."

"I don't know what they do to keep you girls tight but I like it."

“Yes.”

“Is Tim going to fuck me next,” Dawn said.

“Tim’s going to fuck you all,” Tim said. “And then I’m going to pass you along to what I’ll call interested parties. Maybe they’ll fuck you too, but I doubt it.”

The door opened and closed and Debbie heard the vehicle start.

“You okay back there?” Frances said.

“Better than okay. This is prime pussy.”

“Dumb ass.”

The vehicle moved, turned and then moved faster and then they were on the highway again.

## Chapter 15.

Debbie woke up and found the vehicle had stopped. A door closed and she heard steps outside alongside the vehicle. Doors opened and she felt a cold wind.

“Time to rouse, bitches. Up and at ‘em,” Frances said.

Hands slapped her legs, others.

“Where are we?” Dawn said.

“We’re stopping for the night. I’m going to untie a set of legs and take that person inside. I want no noise at all out of you, understand?”

“I need to pee again.”

“I need to poop,” Trish said.

“Hi, Trish,” Debbie said.

“Hi, Debbie. Dawn said you said we’d been kidnapped. Is that guy really your boyfriend?”

“Tim, no way. He was, but he isn’t anymore.”

Frances said, “Don’t you guys know what quiet is?”

“I don’t think she’s nice,” Dawn said.

“Not nice at all,” Sally said. “Did anyone ever tell you that you snore, Debbie, because you do.”

“Was I snoring? I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to.”

“I could really use a fuck,” Dawn said.

“Tim doesn’t last very long, does he?” Trish said.

“I had two orgasms,” Dawn said, “but longer is a lot nicer.”

“We need to think of other things than fucking, girls,” Debbie said.

“I figure since Nancy and John are going to find us anyway,” Sally said, “we might as well have a little fun.”

“How are they going to find us?” Debbie said.

“You guys are a bunch of morons,” Frances said.

“What’s happening?” Tim said. “Why aren’t they in the room?”

“They’re chatting, the silly bitches. You want them in the room, you get them in

there. I'm past hungry, I'm walking down to the Burger King."

"I need your help."

"You fuck them, you get them into the room."

"I was going to take sweets out and have some fun."

"You're an idiot. Why jeopardize everything — forget it, we've had this discussion enough times. I didn't even want to take her."

"She's an extra twenty thousand, maybe more."

"What we have is a van filled with aggravation. I don't know why you think a slut like her who will fuck or suck anyone is special. She's just a slut. What now? Look at them, they've gone crazy."

Debbie was masturbating and it wasn't enough.

"Oh God," Sally said. "I need some cock."

"You first then," Tim said. "We're going inside and you'll get some cock."

"Asshole," Frances said. "I'm getting dinner."

Trish had an orgasm. "Yes!" she shouted.

Debbie felt Sally move, sliding alongside her. There was something said but she lost it in her orgasm. The doors shut but she was still cold.

She could hear Trish and Dawn's thrashing and their moans. She knew she should be trying to escape but she was too busy at the moment to plan or deal with her concern that they weren't eating.

After a while Tim got Dawn and Debbie was alone with Trish.

"Do you think Tim has friends?" Trish asked. "One man's not going to be enough the way I feel."

Debbie thrashed through an orgasm, wanted to settle down and think but couldn't. They all stank of pee and she was hungry.

"Do you?"

"I'm sorry, Trish. I wasn't paying attention."

"You had an orgasm."

"I did and it was a nice one."

"You seem to have orgasms easier than me. I have to be filled to really get off."

"It wasn't this easy for me at first. I think in a couple of weeks you'll have no problem at all."

"You really think so? I hope so. I miss my appliance."

"I never had one."

"You never had one? I like mine a lot. I liked it when we decided I can carry it with me all the time. Some of the meetings are pretty boring otherwise. I wonder what happened to it."

"If I rub my legs together just right that's nice."

"I'll try it."

Debbie could feel her move next to her.

"It's not working because my feet are tied, I think."

"It hast to be just right."

"Later, when we're back at the labs, I'll try it. But you've never had an appliance; you should ask for one."

"I will when we get back. Are you hungry?"

"I'm starved. I missed dinner."

"Me, too." Debbie paused. "Tim and Frances won't think about food for us unless we remind them."

"They won't?"

"I know, it's strange. Frances is not nice."

"I know that. What about Tim?"

"Tim can be not nice too."

"That's not good."

"We have to make sure we don't let them hurt us."

"How?"

"I don't know."

The doors opened.

"Bye, Trish."

"Bye, Debbie. Oh, that feels nice, Tim."

"Crazy sluts have just about worn me out. I have you. Come on."

The doors slammed shut.

Debbie was masturbating again, remembering the video someone had shot of her on the quad. There were so many men around her John had joked it had attracted the takers, pumpers, and washers like flies. Part of the video was shot from an upper story window overlooking the quad and you could see this mass of people, naked women receiving, men giving, and the bystanders, not a few of whom were women.

She hadn't remembered a bit of it after it happened but she found when she watched the videos her body had a memory so it was like she was there, she could feel it, whatever was happening. She needed to ask John how that worked, but maybe he didn't know. He did these things to them, make her and the girls this way, but he asked a lot of questions so maybe he had no idea how they felt.

God she wanted Tim's skinny cock in her.

She had several orgasms before Tim opened the van door.

"So, sweets, ready for cock? I need a beer or two and since I'm short of funds, you're paying. Pity you smell like a fucking latrine."

"I need someone to fuck me."

"You always were a slut."

The van back doors shut. She heard steps alongside the van, a van door open and close.

"Let's get some heat in here."

The engine started and the van backed, stopped and went forward.

She was masturbating after having another orgasm when he opened the van doors. They must have stopped and she hadn't realized it.

"All ready, sweets? If you promise to be good I'm going to untie you and take off that hood. Those girls are beautiful, you're okay, but I can't get enough of them. All three are perfect: face, body, and disposition." He laughed.

Her hands fell free and he removed the hood. Her hands stung like they'd been asleep. Her feet untied, her legs fell open.

"Promise to be good and I can promise you lots of cock."

"I promise, Tim. I really need to fuck."

"I know you do, you slut. Fuck and suck, that's what you were made for. Tell me, what did they do to your cunts? It's like they have ridges that grasp and hold you. You weren't like that before, I could barely feel you after you'd had a few."

"Dev made us better."

"He sure did. You girls are something else. So I'm going to get a beer and you're going to entertain my buddies."

"Thank you, Tim, I really need this."

He gave a laugh and walked away, leaving the doors open. It was cold outside.

She was already wet but couldn't wait.

They stood there by the back door looking at her.

"See," Tim said. "She can't get enough. Somebody already pissed on her, sorry, but you can do whatever you want and the slut will love it. Won't you, slut?"

"I need cock." She spread her vulva open for them.

Someone fell onto her, his zipper cutting into her flesh.

She had an orgasm. "I love your cock." She raised her pelvis to meet his thrusts and had another orgasm.

At some point they had her on her hands and knees and while they were fucking her someone said, "What a fucking slut."

"Oh yes," she shouted having an orgasm before a man shoved his cock in her mouth and she had another.

All of a sudden Debbie heard Nancy's voice saying that word to her and she knew what it was. Oblivion.

## Chapter 16.

Debbie already knew the word to end it and said it to herself using John's voice, Over.

When she came to she knew she'd been in the big O for a long time. The sparkle was gone and fluids had dried forming a crust. She lay there listening to the men talk, there were three or four by their voices. One had a slow and deep gravelly voice. She didn't pay attention to what they said, instead she thought about her needs. Food first, she needed to be clean, and she needed rest. The big O was hardly rest and she knew she had been used long and hard, maybe for days, if how hungry she was could be an indication.

She opened her eyes. A ceiling overhead with cobwebs. She realized they had a television turned on low.

For some reason that made her want to watch her videos. She raised up to her elbows. She was on the floor, on a dirty brown rug. A chain wrapped around her left ankle, held closed with a lock, and went to the foot of a chair where it was also held closed by a lock. Boots, the legs of a man wearing jeans.

She studied them, three men watching a TV, not paying attention to her. A low table with beer cans, an ashtray filled with butts, other stuff. The only light was from the large flat screen TV on the wall. Cigarettes, stale beer, and she could smell herself, urine, sour body, and sex.

She lay back down. Something had happened while she was in the big O. She could imagine things getting out of hand at that bar or some other if Tim was true to form and Tim, Frances, and the girls were probably somewhere else.

Debbie was on her own and while she was horny with men so close she needed to take care of other needs first.

She tried to think of the best way to frame her need for food so that her need would be satisfied. She knew that she had to express herself in certain ways if she wanted sex.

"I want food," she said.

They didn't pay any attention to her.

"I want food," she said louder. She sat up and jerked the chain. "I need to eat."

"Hey," one of the men said looking at her, "the kitten is awake."

They all turned to look at her. The one on the chair her chain was attached to said,

"Hey, kitten," in that gravelly voice.

"Ain't that cute. She has brown eyes." This was a skinny man on the couch.

"Not half bad."

"I've had takers who were prettier." This was a man sitting beside the skinny one on the couch. He wore a dirty orange knit hat.

"But you've never had a taker like our kitten." The man in the chair was smiling at her. He was missing a tooth in front. "She doesn't have one of their tattoos."

"She has a tattoo."

"I know, but have you ever seen a taker like it the way she does, anywhere, anyhow?"

"You want a beer, Jim?" The skinny one was standing.

"Bring us all beers and one for the kitten." The man in the chair still smiled at her.

"I need food," she said.

"Drink a beer first and then we'll feed you protein." This was the other man on the couch.

"I need food and I need to wash."

"Hey, Rafe, when did they shut the water off?"

"Last week." From the other room.

"I thought so."

Rafe was the skinny man.

"How do you guys expect to make any money off her when any man can have a taker for free? Someone prettier."

"She'll clean up fine, won't you, kitten?"

"I need to take a leak." The other man on the couch stood.

"Take your time, Frank." The man in the chair reached down to the chain and gave it a jerk. "Come to papa, kitten." He patted his lap with his other hand.

"I need to eat."

"We were going out for burgers in a little while. Thanks, Rafe." He popped the top on the beer and drank. He set the can down on the table. "Come on, kitten."

She wasn't sure about this.

Frank stood in the doorway by the TV. "I don't know why you didn't just leave the slut chained to the bed."

Over, she said to herself.

"I like looking at my little kitten."

"I think Jim shot his brains through his dick into the slut."

Over, she said to herself. Food first.

Rafe finished his beer and crushed the can. "I like the girl, don't get me wrong, but how do you expect to make any money off her?"

"You want to fuck her again, don't you. Come on up, kitten."

"You better do it, slut, before Jim gets mad."

Over, she said to herself. She got to her knees and crawled to the chair. She didn't think she could stand, she was pretty dizzy.

"That a girl." Jim held her, his arm over her shoulder, his fingers playing with her nipple. He had another finger in her cunt. "You want to fuck her again, don't you?"

"Sure," Frank said. He sat on the couch.

"Feel that way about a taker?"

"Sure, sometimes."

"Like right after?"

"No, I guess not."

"Kitten here is special, aren't you, kitten?"

She tried not to but she had an orgasm.

"Kitten wants to do it, don't you, kitten?"

She said, "Yes." She knew she needed to eat but this felt so good.

"You love doing it, don't you, kitten?"

She nodded her head as her hips moved in response to his finger.

"So the slut is always on, so what?"

"That feels really good, Jim."

"You've heard about girls like this, haven't you? Ever known one?"

Debbie told herself, Slut, in John's voice and had another orgasm.

"I've heard of them."

"Ever fuck one?"

"There was nasty Nancy in school."

"Nancy was a taker who didn't mind much doing other stuff. Didn't like it much either. Why don't you climb off and get me hard, kitten."

"I'd like that, Jim. Are Rafe and Frank going to fuck me, too?"

"I believe they will, kitten."

She knelt between his legs and opened his jeans.

"You'll have to reach in. So what I'm saying is people will pay to fuck someone like our kitten because she's special. Tightens right up."

His cock was smelly but she sucked it anyway. He was going to fuck her and she was ready.

"Tight little holes. But when you can get it for free who's going to pay?"

"Think high volume, low price. You saw her. Say a dollar each."

"I don't know, Jim. I don't mind keeping the slut, but I don't expect to make anything off her."

"Hey, Frank and Jim, here it is on again."

She bobbed on Jim's cock, half listening. She wished Rafe or Frank would fuck her now. She took initiative and got up and lowered herself onto Jim's cock.

"Hold still," Jim said.

She had an orgasm and tried to bounce on him. He held her down with heavy hands.

"That's the guy at the bar."

Debbie turned and saw pictures of Tim and Frances on the screen. She told herself to stop.

The woman on the screen was saying, ". . . arrested the two suspects last night with three of the four kidnapped girls, all students of an unspecified southern university, missing for six days. Police are looking for the fourth girl but have no leads. Authorities ask citizens to contact this number if they have any information about the fourth girl, a Miss Sally Jenkins." Sally's picture appeared on the screen with a phone number.

"Real pretty girl," Rafe said. "That the guy?"

"Looks like him. They caught him north of here. I think that's the guy."

"So what's he doing with our girl?"

"Maybe he had more than four. He was pretty careless. Maybe he started out with ten."

"But there was just one in the van."

"Just one, her. He was pretty wasted, said this was third or fourth bar they'd been to."

"She looked like it."

Debbie stared at the screen. Why Sally's photo? She was pretty sure there were just four of them and three were rescued.

"Goddamn," Jim said. "She just milked me using just her cunt."

Debbie came down from her orgasm. What was going on?

"Come here, princess, my turn."

She saw Frank stroke his cock and she smiled at him.

She got off Jim's lap and started to go to the couch, around the table, but tripped and fell.

"Goddamn chain, sorry kitten, I forgot."

She lay there so hungry and passed out.

## Chapter 17.

Debbie was surprised they hadn't noticed her yet, but seeing her on the bed so enthusiastic with her men she could understand it. The woman on the bed in her graceful human animal beauty was thrilling to watch. She needed more orgasms, though. If she was going to have fun, she might as well truly enjoy herself.

Debbie went to the bed and whispered into Debbie's ear, "Parallax."

The woman on the bed went rigid and screamed and began to claw her partner and thrashed under him.

"I told you she was worth a dollar," Jim said.

"Holy fuck," the man on top of her said. "I've never felt a cunt like this."

Debbie smiled and went back to the wall and watched. This made things convenient. She could find some food while the other Debbie played. She stuck her hands in her lab coat pockets and left the room, looking for the kitchen.

This had never happened before, two of her, but it seemed to make sense to her, was an entirely logical next step in the results of her programming. She was sure this was the same day, evening rather, that she'd tripped and fell. It looked like Jim, Rafe, and Frank had been busy. There was a coffee can on the table in front of the couch filled with dollar bills.

The refrigerator held beer and nothing else and the cupboards were bare. She heard people come into the house and Rafe greet them. The other Debbie was going to be busy.

She took a handful of bills from the can and some change, she had a call to make, and left the house.

A car pulled up to park behind another on the street and four men got out. Jim's friends were a little rough, which was okay. Debbie on the bed could care less what they looked like, that wasn't her main interest.

She had no idea where she was so she just walked toward the sound of traffic. After several blocks she came to a busy street and walked on the sidewalk. It was cold and the lab coat wasn't warm enough. She'd survive but wished she'd taken one of the coats shed by the men in the house. There'd been clothes lying all over the place in the bedroom.

She needed food and thought the MacDonalds was the better choice than the

convenience store which was closer. Both would have phones.

She went into the MacDonalds and felt the warm air and started to relax. This would be a good place to wait a bit before making her call, though she wouldn't wait too long. She didn't want to become separated from the woman on the bed.

There was a tie between them, she felt a little of the wash of pleasure the other was feeling, and she was sure her face was flushed. She knew she had a big grin.

"Can I help you?" The young man at the counter was earnest.

"I need to decide first," Debbie said.

"Take your time."

Looking at the lit offerings behind the counter, Debbie realized she was a vegetarian. Interesting. "Vanilla milk shake, large, and a veggie burger."

The young man gave her the total and she pulled the amount from the money in her pocket. She had plenty to spare for the call.

She carried her meal to a table by a southern window. This was nice.

She was careful as she ate to do it slowly, not wolf the burger or the shake down. She had plenty of time, didn't want to make herself sick. She felt better already after the first drink and bites. Those pigs, not feeding her. If they'd been halfway decent she could easily have put off the call for a week or more.

Debbie sat back in her seat, her burger finished, shake half gone. She'd get a hot chocolate to take back when she left. This was nice. She could relax and plan while the other Debbie did all the work, had lots of fun of course, but it was work.

The number she had to call was an 800 number so all she needed was a quarter, and she had that, plus money for the hot chocolate.

When she left the house she hadn't thought about her appearance. She didn't feel crusty or wet and no one had made remarks so far. Interesting to have two different yous. Interesting to be someone who could make it so other people couldn't see or hear her.

Debbie finished her shake and dumped the stuff on her tray in the trash.

"I've been traveling and I'm not sure what town this is."

The earnest young man said, "Springfield."

"The state?"

"Ohio."

"Thank you. I thought it might be Springfield, but wasn't sure. I need to make a call and I'll want a hot chocolate to go. I'll pay now and pick it up when I leave, how's that?"

"No problem." He rang it up. "Need change for the phone?"

"I have it, thanks."

She used the restroom first and she looked perfectly normal, almost official in her lab coat.

Debbie made the call, she was glad she remembered the number she saw on the TV way back when.

“The Sally Banks Hotline. Do you have a tip?”

“Oh, good, a real person. I need you to pass along a message. I’m a friend of Sally’s, Debra Stilson, and someone needs to tell Nancy Crenshaw and John Thirkle where to find me. Can you do that?”

“This is actually Debra?”

“Yes.”

“Just a minute.”

“No problem.” She waited; she realized she was still smiling a lot. All those men, that was nice for the other her.

“Debbie, is this you?” Nancy said.

“Hi, Nancy. I thought I’d have to talk to a computer or something.”

“Are you all right?”

“I’m in Springfield, Ohio.”

“I’m making notes as you’re talking, Springfield.”

“I don’t have an address, things are a bit complicated, but I can give you directions.”

“I’ll repeat them back to you when you’re done. I’m glad you’re okay.”

“I just had a meal.”

“That’s good to hear.”

“I’m calling from MacDonalds. I don’t know the street but there’s an Exxon across from me and a package store, beer drive through, next to the MacDonalds.”

“We’ll find it. Wait there.”

“Actually, I’ll be in a house a few blocks east of the street the MacDonalds and the package store are on. Go three blocks north from here then two blocks east. I’ll be in a house on the east side of the road, several houses down.”

“Turn north or south?”

“South. I’ll put something on the porch so you’ll know where I am.”

“From the intersection three blocks north, then turn two blocks east. House is south of that intersection, several dwellings down on east side, with marker on the porch.”

“You remember my lab coat?”

“Yes, it’s here.”

“Oh.” That’s strange. Oh well. “It’ll be white like that.”

“There is a base nearby, security will be there within an hour.”

“Make it two hours, I’m having fun.”

“Are you okay.”

“I’m okay.”

“You sound different.”

“Some stuff happened. I’m not even going to try to explain it. Do you think you can live with that?”

“They’ll fly you down here immediately. Do you need anything?”

“Clothes would be nice, maybe jeans and flannel shirt, boots, socks, long underwear, it’s cold here, coat and hat. And I’m pretty hungry. Milk shakes, hot chocolate sound good. I’ve decided I’m a vegetarian so veggie burgers, fruit, granola.”

“You’ve changed, Debbie.”

“I think you’ll find me, when I get back, just the same as I always was. How are Sally, Dawn and Trish?”

“They’re doing well. Remarkably well and remarkably resilient considering the ordeal. Are you sure two hours?”

“I think that’s good, certainly no less than an hour.”

“That sounds better. I’ll make arrangements, Debbie. I’m so glad you called.”

“Why did the thing on TV say Sally was missing?”

“A bit of confusion on our part. You must have seen an early message.”

“It was earlier today.”

“Well, it’s changed and has your picture and name now.”

“Maybe you’d better move the time up so things don’t go weird. The guys I’m with aren’t too smart, but if they think there’s a reward, they might do something stupid. Oh, and they might have guns.”

“Are you okay?”

“I think my kidnapping experience is a lot more like what Sally and the others were hoping for.”

“I’ll make sure there’s food like you want on the plane and clothes.”

“Thank you. I’d better go. Oh. Tell John that parallax is lots of fun.”

“Parallax?”

“He’ll explain. Bye, Nancy.”

“Goodbye, Debbie. I wish you could stay on the phone until security has you.”

“That’s not possible, Nancy. If stuff goes weird, I promise to call you again. How’s that?”

“It’ll have to do. Take care, Debbie.”

“Bye.”

Debbie picked up her hot chocolate and sipped it while walking back. It was interesting about the lab coat. And she realized maybe she shouldn’t have said something about parallax. Nothing she could do about that now.

When she got to the house she checked the coffee can, full again. She was a busy girl. She found another bedroom and stripped a soiled bed sheet from the bed and hung

it from the front porch's wrought roof supports.

This would be a nice house if the guys took some care of it, too bad.

She put what money she had in her pocket back in the can. She didn't need it.

Debbie leaned against the wall and watched. This was better than the videos, she could see more and everything was more intense because of the heightened sensory experience.

Debbie on the bed was loving parallax and she could see some of the guys thought she was worth shelling out an extra dollar or two, but maybe Jim just charged a dollar for all you could take. It didn't matter, she was having fun.

She hoped the guys didn't get hurt.

It was time to go back.

Debbie on the bed screamed through another orgasm.

## Chapter 18.

Debbie's week after she got back to the labs was pretty much taken up with medical and other tests she had to undergo because of her, as they called it, ordeal.

She had only a little time of her own to spend with Dawn, Trish or Sally and hear their stories or with Neem, who with Sally, was being prepared for the State of the Union.

The biggest change she noticed was the heightened security and while she still had in process opportunities with men, they happened only toward the end of the week. By then she was more than willing.

They had a party for Sally and Neem before they and Nancy were to fly to Washington. The party was held in the large room with the honorees on the large platform. They all had to watch a pretty boring video Nancy had prepared about proper protocol to use with national leaders and foreign dignitaries, which didn't make any sense since Sally and Neem were going to participate while in the big O.

The cookies were good and Dawn sat next to her to visit.

"Frances wasn't nice when Tim came back without you," Dawn said.

"She can only pretend to be nice."

"I never saw her pretend. It was just Tim and no other men until they found us and then there were lots of men and they weren't supposed to touch us."

"That must have been awful."

"It was awful. Tim and Frances fought all the time. He didn't want to spend any more time with us."

"Tim took me to some bars but I don't remember much. You've seen videos of me before I got my tattoo."

"I have a tattoo now. I like it."

"They're not sure if I can get one like you or not."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I think I'm a prototype."

"I'm a prime."

"I am too. But an earlier version than you."

"Were the men who took you from Tim nice to you?"

"They were enthusiastic."

"That's nice."

"I like enthusiasm, too, but they didn't take care of me."

"Is it true they were having you do it for money?"

"A dollar. They kept a coffee can in the living room for the money."

"That's strange."

"They weren't too smart."

"They sound silly."

"Frank wore a dirty orange knit hat all the time."

"Why? Was it cold?"

"Not inside."

"That's strange."

"It wasn't like here."

"But at least you got to play some."

"Once Tim took me to the bars and let the men fuck me, it was pretty much constant."

"I'm glad I have my appliance back." Dawn had been using it since the video started.

"I still don't have one."

"Oh no. I'll talk to Nancy."

"Are you excited about Sally and Neem?"

"I like the big O."

"I like the big O, too."

"Nancy said there won't be videos to watch afterwards."

"I like watching the videos."

"Nancy is going to talk now."

"Okay." Debbie turned to watch the platform.

"Tomorrow is going to be an exciting day," Nancy said. "Others will get to see and experience the fruit of all our labors here. Sally and Neem are the vanguard of the future. We are on the cusp of a new world where women's roles will become simpler and more fulfilling. Women like you girls will be found across this great country enjoying what men can offer them, unhampered by silly old conventions and restrictions. A country where women can experience the big O and other delights for hours, for days, for weeks, for years, for their entire lives."

Dawn whispered to Debbie, "I like the big O."

"I like the big O, too. What Nancy is saying doesn't sound like Nancy."

"You're right. Maybe she wrote this speech before she came here."

"Maybe. I'll ask her when she comes back."

"I can't wait for the men to come in. John said everyone can participate, not just the primes."

"Sally's squirming in her seat like you."

"I've been having orgasms but they're not the same when you have to keep quiet."

"I'm waiting for later."

"You didn't have days without like us. Well, not days."

"Neem has a glow, doesn't she?"

"I like Neem, she's nice."

"Nancy is still talking."

"Ooops." Dawn turned to the platform.

"In a few minutes we'll begin our party. Because of recent circumstances we still have security concerns. Sally and Neem will be celebrating here and anyone who wants to stay can join in. Those who want, however, can board the bus outside and visit the base."

"That sounds like fun," Dawn said.

"The men in the barracks are nice."

"I haven't been there yet."

"I'm staying here. I want to say goodbye to Sally and Neem."

"I'm pretty sure I'm going to go."

"You'll have fun. Nancy's not done."

"Before we break up I want us to have a few minutes together here. You all are so very special and important. Take a second and say hi to your neighbor and tell them how special they are to you. All too soon you will be scattered across the country and I don't know when, after that happens, of if we'll ever see each other again. We're going good things here, it's time for the world to know."

The girls were looking at each other while the scientists on the platform clapped.

"I hadn't thought of that," Dawn said. "Not seeing you again."

"Me either. I don't think Nancy means right away. We're like students who graduate and leave. I hope we have reunions."

"I like you, Debbie."

"I like you, Dawn, a whole lot."

"I don't want to go away."

"We all have to, Dawn, some time or another." Debbie saw that some of the girls were crying. "I better say something, Dawn."

Debbie got up and went onto the platform. Nancy was staring at the crying girls.

"Hi, Nancy," Debbie said.

"Hi, Debbie. Why are they—"

"I need to say something to the girls."

Nancy stared at her for a moment before giving a nod. "I guess that's okay."

"Thank you, Nancy." Debbie turned to Sally and Neem. "Hi, Sally. I want to talk to you in a minute. Neem, too. Hi, Neem."

"Hi, Debbie, is it true?" Neem asked.

"I'm going to explain it."

"Okay." Neem settled back in her chair and took Sally's hand.

"Girls," Debbie said, turning to the small audience. "Hi, Trish."

"Hi, Debbie."

"Some of you have done the big O. Raise your hands if you have."

Four girls raised their hands. Debbie knew Sally and Neem had theirs up too.

"Then you know and can explain to the others. When we do the big O, we go. You've all watched me in process up here. I go and eventually what happens?"

Girls were shaking their heads.

"I come back. You've all seen it. I go, we go, and what happens, eventually? We come back. That's true."

They were nodding.

"What's also true is that while I'm gone I'm still here. You've seen it. I don't go anywhere, do I?"

Heads were shaking.

"I love the big O. Ask anyone who's done it if they like it. When I'm in processing doing the big O, I stay here but it's like none of you is here with me. You could all leave the room, eat dinner, play with men, go to bed and to sleep, wake up the next day. I don't think I care much in the big O. I love each and every one of you. You are or will be who I am and I am or will be who you are. We know things that Nancy and the scientists up on this platform will never know. Believe me."

"So believe me when I say we may go but we'll come back someday and it's the best ever because I love you all. I'm sure John and the others are working right now on ways we can always stay in touch. And we have our own ways, believe me."

"I was taken from you and I found a way to come back to be with you. We can do this and we need to start now by telling each other how special we are and how important we are. Maybe John can find some good videos to put up while we do this to help us remember how much fun we have."

She turned to Nancy. "I guess I'm done."

"You've changed."

"I'm always changing but I love the big O and hope I can do it tonight."

She went back to her seat.

"Hi, Dawn."

"Hi, Debbie. I'm glad you're back."

"I'm glad I'm back. We're going to have fun, us and the other girls."

"You make it sound big."

"It's big."

"I think I want to stay tonight."

“Maybe we can do the big O together.”

“I love the big O.”

“Hi, Debbie.”

“Hi, Allayn. I’m looking forward to spending more time with you.”

“Oh look, a video.”

“I like this one,” Dawn said.

## Chapter 19.

Debbie sat in a chair at the back of the large room while the other her and Sally were in process on the large platform with about twenty men. The girls sat in front of her and a new group of scientists in lab coats like hers observed and took notes.

Success at the State of the Union had dramatically increased resources and outside attention. The project's new facility, a former office building off campus, was almost finished being converted. The project would retain ties with the university but would be largely independent with satellite operations, to begin with, in four other states.

Debbie's other Debbie was having fun and it looked like this group of men was highly appreciative of hers and Sally's abilities. She wished she could see more. In many ways the crowded bedroom with Jim, Rafe, and Frank and their friends was ideal in its intimacy. Being chained to the bed had been exciting too which was interesting to think about.

Sally appeared, dressed in black miniskirt, striped stockings, and black boots, topped with a flannel shirt. The streak of crimson in her blond hair was a nice touch.

Debbie went to Sally who was standing there still trying to figure out what had happened.

"Hi, Sally."

Sally turned to her. "What?"

"Let's sit down in the back and talk. I've been waiting for you."

"What's happening?"

Debbie sat and Sally moved her chair to sit across from her.

"Let me explain a few things first. Nice getup by the way."

"How?"

"Neem's working on that now, she's in the lab going over papers there. She says she needs others, like Lydia, to help her."

"Neem, too?"

"Neem, too. First off, they can't see or hear us unless we want them to. I always have my lab coat, though I can change into other clothes. I have an apartment in town. This first happened to me while I was kidnapped and it was disorienting in the beginning for a few minutes. Just accept we can do this and it's easier than trying to figure out why or how. The other you is a bit messy but you're fresh and clean. You can

eat, let me know if you're hungry, read, go places, though we're still not sure how far we're able to go. I'm sure you've noticed the tie; you can feel the other Sally, can't you?"

Sally gave a nod. "They can't see us?"

"No, but notice that Lydia senses something, she keeps looking this way. It took me a lot longer than you or Neem to do this, I think the others will be quicker still."

"I, Debbie, I feel a little different."

"Not quite so interested in sex, for one thing. Our minds are sharper. The effect of what John does to us makes our minds fuzzy. Not stupid, but we lack clarity. Neem is having fun trying to figure stuff out."

"Okay. Science wasn't my big thing."

"I'm a literature student."

"And I partied a lot."

"That's okay, we each have strengths."

"So what do you do?"

"I have an apartment in town, a second life. Neem is able to siphon funds from various accounts without anyone noticing. That's our base. Here's a question. I like being the me over there, like it a lot, don't you?"

Sally nodded. "I never had so much fun."

"This other me wants to do things too. I liked school and would like to learn more. I want to travel. I want to someday get married and have kids. Be a little like my parents except different. Better. You're nodding your head."

"I liked a guy in school, haven't thought about him since coming here."

"The project wants us to be one thing. That's their aim. I was happy being that, but I didn't really have a choice and even if I had a choice I don't think I'd want it forever. I've been going through Nancy's emails and files. Their aim is to have a large group of women aged sixteen to thirty-six or so being like us over there with the men. They haven't explicitly stated it, but after a certain age they have no use for us. We, Neem and I, think they're working on a self-termination program. They'll have plenty of younger ones to take our place."

"John may not even know. His interest has been to create women who crave sex all the time and he's been successful. But the program, The New Woman Project, has broader aims and that's what Nancy is part of. I'm not sure what Nancy's role is so I have to be wary of her. We can't let anyone know we can do this, what we are able to do."

"Who knows what we'll be able to do a year from now. Maybe doing what you and I are doing is transitory and we won't be able to do this in a year. Neem thinks this is a permanent state which is reassuring. I was excited when Neem appeared and now you! This is going to be fun with others around. It's not the same when you're all alone. Did you want to go for a walk?"

"If there weren't so many up on the platform I'd want to watch."

"I know, better than any video. I love watching the other me. It's fascinating." Debbie stood. "We won't go far, my lab coat makes me pretty obvious. I'd like you to learn how to make yourself visible and stuff. It's easy and you'd be able to figure it out on your own anyway, without me."

"Okay." She took Debbie's hand. "I can still feel her."

"You're flushed like I am. A bit of sparkle in your eye. You're not just feeling her, but getting some of the wash of her pleasure."

"I was thinking of going to a coke machine in the next building. We'll have no problem with security, I have a spare key. For some reason if I put something in my pockets, it's there when I come back the next time."

"We're getting a coke?"

"I have money. Through this door and down this hall."

"I haven't been here before."

"The labs are in a basement. You probably don't remember your arrival too well. It's a maze down here anyway. We're two stories down. We just walk past the guards."

"They don't see us at all."

"I'm not sure if they can feel us; better not see if they can."

"So what you and Neem are trying to figure out is how or why?"

"How or why or what makes this possible. Also how to safeguard what we do. Preserve the ability. Better understand the ability and what we can do."

The elevator dinged and the doors opened.

"We go down this hall, I know this is confusing. And here is where I need my key." She opened the door. "Another long hall and another elevator to the ground floor. We're not sure how it will be in the new facility, if we'll be able to get in and out and they're setting up programs in other states. We need to communicate with the others. I need to be able to access the entire world."

"I haven't been outside since Tim and Frances took me." Sally turned and looked around. "I miss this."

"I know; I do too. Notice anybody around?"

"No."

"Then think about being here, all of you."

"I'm trying."

"You'll know when other people notice you. We'll have to be more careful about what we say now, if others can hear."

"Okay. I can still feel her. She's happy."

"Mine is happy too. The coke machine is in the next building. Why the punk outfit?"

"I wore this on Halloween, to a party, what, about forty-five days before I was taken."

"Neem wears flannel pajamas. She's embarrassed by them but she looks adorable."

"I'm not too happy wearing this."

"You're getting looks, you're being noticed."

Sally stopped and watched. "So I'm actually here."

"You're here. You look like a freshman. I look like an absent-minded grad student and Neem looks like she should be at a sleepover. Through this door."

They stood in front of the vending machines. "Coke or Pepsi?"

"Mountain Dew."

"That's interesting." Debbie fed a dollar in the Pepsi machine, made the selection and a can clattered out. "Here you go."

Sally popped the top. "I can do stuff."

"Sure." Debbie got herself a coke. "Ready to go back, we can stop and say hi to Neem."

"I sort of feel anxious."

"I did too, like I shouldn't go too far from her, at first. I've been away in town for a whole day."

"What do you do for ID?"

"I have ID. Yours was taken from you before you got here. We'll have to figure out something. It's not a problem so far for me."

"Can we just sit for a while?"

"Sure."

They sat on the edge of a brick planter. "This is nice," Debbie said.

"It is. I'm enjoying this. When it's time how do I go back?"

"I go up to mine and just do it."

"And come out again?"

"Decide to do it. This you is always there. You can exercise a lot of control over your other you but you don't want to attract attention so don't unless you need to. I needed to eat, that's how it happened for me the first time. I went and had a burger and milkshake and called and talked to Nancy. I'm more careful now. They're watching me because of that. If you want to come out, you'll come out."

"This is fun, too."

"Like being a secret agent, I know. We have to be careful because I think they'd kill all of us if they learned we could do this, something they have no control over. The whole thing is control for them."

"I liked being her where I didn't have to worry about control."

"I like going back. I like being here too. Ready?"

"Ready. I'll be careful, Debbie."

"I know you will. We'll all do the best we can. I think we're going to make a

change."

"I hope so."

"Invisible now. This takes some getting used to. They can see us move stuff, or rather stuff move."

"The chair."

"Don't worry about it. They weren't paying attention."

"What about dogs?"

"Oh gosh, I hadn't thought about dogs. I don't know."

"We'll figure stuff out," Sally said.

"We'll figure it out."

Read other stories by Bingo at <http://www.asstr.org/~Bingo/>