

Mindtrap Manor

Chapter 3: Debbie does the Duo and Dessert

From the mind of G-Man001

"Jesus Vic! Nobody's interested in every detail of your life." Deborah exclaimed. Clearly, their predicament was taking its toll on her patience.

"What's the problem?" Vic asked as he looked up from his cell phone after finishing a tweet.

"Well, I don't know if you can tell," Deborah said with disgust, "but we're lost in a huge mansion with absolutely no way to get out!"

"Chill, Deborah." Rick said, leaning against the wall and watching the scene. He patted down his pocket, but realized he was missing his cigarettes. With his firm build, broad shoulders and cowboy boots he looked like some cheap cigarette-less Marlboro Man knock off. As the starting tight end for State he had a gladiator's body and he was one of those few jocks that didn't rub it in people's faces or refuse to hang out with certain people. "Break it down. This is nothing more than a big house. We'll get out if we just find the right door or stairway."

Nearing her wit's end, Deborah pushed her headband back further into her dirty blonde tresses. Deborah wanted to say 'Duh,' and yet she couldn't say it. She wasn't sure why but she was having trouble speaking her mind.

"Part of me is still very impressed that I can get internet service in here. Can't seem to make a call, but I have no problem reaching the net....very strange if you ask me." Vic commented, to no one in particular.

The three college sophomores were friends in the loosest definition. They had attended the same high school. They'd ended up going to the same college

and they'd been assigned to the same dorm hall. They had exchanged pleasantries often over the first year but had barely spoken in the past six months.

Vic adjusted his glasses and tried to call up his GPS locator. Maybe his tech savvy would be just the ticket to get the three of them out of here. As he stared at his phone, watching the progress bar slowly fill, he felt it vibrate. The new message icon lit up.

Vic called up the message. It was a direct message to his last tweet about being lost. He read the message to himself: *VIC — Don't be pushed around, convince Deb she's unhappy w/School—get map with escape route!*

Vic shook his head. The message made no sense. He knew Deborah was a Type A go-getter. Grades were important to her. Finishing in the top 5% was the next life achievement to cross off her list. Rather than be scorned for listening to the words of one of his Internet buddies, Vic decided not to tell the other members of his party about the message.

Deborah led the group down another moldy hallway. The red rug underneath their feet was obviously old and water damaged. "We're never going to get out of here." She whispered to herself. Rick patted her on the back to try to calm her down and then pointed down the long hallway.

"Look!" Rick shouted. The others struggled to see what he was pointing at.

At the end of the hall was a bunch of lighted tiles on the wall; it resembled a Wheel of Fortune game board. The three students took off running like a track meet to the end of the hallway. Deborah and Vic held up a few feet from the lighted wall but Rick was tripped by something on the floor. The athlete

prevented himself from doing a face plant and instead turned it into a somersault.

“What the hell?” He asked, craning his neck to see the item that tripped him.

Deborah looked down and saw a bronze plaque, small and engraved. It read simply: *Housewife, synonym.*

“Ok, someone tell me if I’m just stupid, but I don’t get it.” Deborah said simply.

Rick and Vic read the plaque for themselves. For a small moment, Vic thought back to the strange message on his twitter. He said nothing, but it felt like he had let a golden moment slip through his fingers.

“What do we do?” Rick asked staring at the wall. It had 16 blocks with 15 illuminating a bright white light. The pattern was eight lit boxes, one unlit, seven more lit.

Strangely enough, it wasn’t the two over achievers that deduced the idea of game, but the simple jock.

Rick spoke, “It looks like a game of Wheel of Fortune or something.”

Vic’s eyes lit up. “The plaque! It’s a clue! A hint!”

Instantly, the men in the group felt better, like their world was coming together. Deborah on the other hand was angry that she couldn’t have thought of all of that on her own. Rick took charge of the situation. “Ok, who here watches Wheel of Fortune? Game Show Network? Anyone?” His questions were met with blank stares.

“Ummm... R?” Vic chirped to the wall.

They all waited. Nothing. No buzzer sound. No lights.

Deborah shook her head as she tried to concentrate. "How about... V?"

The two boys turned slowly back to Deborah. "What?" they asked in unison.

"V?" She repeated sheepishly, losing more confidence.

It was too good to be true. Vic thought back to his message. "Deborah, honestly a V? Of all the letters a V? I can't believe a smart girl like you would guess that."

Rick was taken back with Vic's snappiness. He wasn't off base at all, but it was unusually aggressive for him. Deborah looked hurt, but she looked even more confused. Rick told himself to keep an eye on the situation. "S?" He spoke with confidence.

Three tiles lit up brighter and "S" characters slowly revealed themselves. "Wow, Rick. You're, like, smart."

Immediately Deborah covered her mouth with her hand. Did she just say 'like'? She didn't say that. Ever. Her brain swirled like she was trying to get her bearings in a spinning tea cup ride. She felt a little sick and more than a little worried.

Rick responded, "Umm...thanks, Deborah."

Vic asked, "Is everything alright Deb?"

Rather than verbalize something else embarrassing, she merely nodded. Her hand never moved from her mouth.

The three turned back to the lighted wall.

Vic piped up with, "E?"

Two tiles on the wall lit up. It now read: _ _ _ E S _ _ _ _ _ E S S

Deborah puzzled hard. She knew somewhere down deep that there were a set of letters she should guess, but she was distracted by the clouds in her brain and the definition of Rick's muscles. She thought, *Rick isn't an unattractive guy*. He wasn't her usual type, but then her usual type of sweet, unassuming nerds hadn't provided her with much excitement or a lasting relationship.

At her wits end she thought of the first letter in her name. "D?"

Vic sat confused having done the calculations on the probability of D being the correct letter; he had gotten a low figure.

Much to his chagrin, three tiles lit up in front of the group. The words were becoming clearer.

Rick thought out loud, "How many words can go space space D D E S S?"

Vic tried to pull up a scrabble assistance program on his phone. Deborah was jumping up and down clapping her hands at her success.

Vic saw her excited state, "Congrats, Deborah. You guessed right. You're a regular genius. Hail, Queen Deborah! Goddess of the Letters!" The sarcasm practically drooled out of his mouth.

The light bulb went off in Rick's head. "G?" The first tile on the second word lit up. "O?" Two tiles lit up, but most importantly the second word was revealed. Goddess.

Deborah, without much thought at all, stepped towards Rick and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "We're so close! Thanks Rick!" She batted her unkempt eyelashes bashfully.

The first word blanks still left: D O _ E S _ _ _

Vic guessed a string of letters from his program, N, L, and P. No tiles glowed.

With each incorrect letter Deborah felt as if her IQ was dropping, and strangely enough, with every drop, she seemed to drip more and more into her previously dry panties. Deborah considered herself a normal enough girl. She masturbated, not obsessively...once or twice a month. That was normal, right, but in her current state, she was finding the male scent of Rick, and even Vic, more and more alluring.

Rick held up his hand and Vic stopped. Rick guessed, "M?"

A tile lit up. That's when Vic looked back to plaque and the moment of true clarity hit him. "T! I! C! Domestic Goddess!"

All of the tiles glowed, the words burned into Deborah mind. A moment later the wall shook like thunder and a panel spun below the two words. A small ledge, no bigger than a foot, had a small object on it.

Rick saw it, "A key!"

Deborah should have been excited that the key had been given to the lost trio, but instead she was torn. Vic was smart, Rick was hot. She caught her wandering hand before it sank into her jeans. She placed it against the nearby wall, but quickly recoiled. *Man, this place is dusty!* She looked at her hand with the smudges of dust and grime. She reminded herself to clean it later. After reminding herself, she was horrified...and just a tad bit hotter. The thought of herself cleaning, it was so ... so hot!

Vic asked, "Well? What is it a key to?"

Rick walked up and grabbed the key, like a kid crossing the street he looked left then right. On the right a golden door stood tall and imposing.

“Did anybody else see that there before?” the puzzled jock inquired.

Vic shook his head and Deborah put her hands up.

Deborah and Vic got behind Rick as he tried the key in the door. He sniffed the air before turning the knob. Something smelled good...familiar.

The door creaked open and revealed a large kitchen. It was the kitchen of a stately manor home of the late nineteenth century. On hooks brass pans and pots hung. There were large kilns and ovens. Huge utensils were scattered all around the room. Vic whistled his amazement and Deborah felt calm for the first time in quite a while. It was like she was comfortable...warm...home.

“So what now?” Rick asked the group.

“I guess there’s another puzzle somewhere.” Vic answered. “What do you think Deborah?”

When there was no response, the two boys looked behind themselves and found the female student. She had improvised a feather duster by using her sleeve and was quickly cleaning the shelves and tables in the entryway to the kitchen. The pull on her green top left a large amount of her chest revealed. The two boys’ jaws dropped. As she cleaned, she stretched and reached to get at the higher shelves. The markings of her arousal came into full view. Deborah, however, was oblivious. Dusting had muted her demanding sexual urges. They were no longer at a fevered pitch but were instead now at a comfortable background pitch. It was just enough to keep sex on the mind, but not enough to keep her from her rounds.

The boys shook their heads in disbelief. Vic couldn’t resist, “When was the last time a nerd like you dusted, Deborah?”

She tried to think. It was a good question. Why hadn't she been more of a proper lady? Why had she shirked her female responsibilities for intellectual pursuits?

"Well, a lady has to start sometime." She blurted simply. "Are we any closer to getting out of here?"

Rick finally took his eyes off Deborah, slowly. He looked around the room and that's when he noticed a tape recorder sitting next to some mixing bowls on the tall oak table in the center of the room.

Before he could tell the others about his find, he overheard Vic talking to Deborah.

"You know, you actually look really good like that...cleaning and stuff." Vic piped up.

Deborah thanked him with a big doe-eyed smile. "I just guess that I forgot about all the girl things I've given up."

Vic said, "Well, I wouldn't want to presume...but I'd say that it's a great fit."

Rick didn't like that he was losing out on an opportunity to hit on Deborah so he interrupted, "Hey guys! Look what I found!"

The other two gathered around Rick and the tape recorder. Deborah tried to pay attention but all of the bowls full of flour and sugar kept distracting her...and made her throb down low.

Rick pressed play.

"You all have ignored that which nurtured you, either by avoiding it, feeling as though you weren't good enough, or feeling that you were too good. Now you

have a challenge. Bake the cake, as fast as you can and you may earn your escape." The tape cut off.

Rick and Vic were shocked. They looked at one another as if to ask if the other knew how to bake. Both shook their heads. They turned in unison to the off kilter Deborah.

"Come on guys. We can figure it out." She stated and started examining the bowls in front of her.

Vic set down his cell phone and went to check on the brick oven. As he examined the door and rack inside the fire powered device, he felt an air of confidence fill his lungs. He was helping. He had been quite the momma's boy growing up; it had allowed him to stay in his room studying, working, while his Mother brought him dinner and did his laundry. It felt good to Vic to use his hands as he cleaned a cake pan and adjusted the oven racks. No technology needed.

Rick was the most confused member of the team. He watched as a clearly struggling Deborah tried to think of a cake recipe.

Vic was already at work checking his phone for a baking application. Once he had found one he made sure to work his way to Deborah, if only to get a better look at her enticing cleavage.

"Okay Deborah, listen up. Here's what we need..." He began listing the ingredients and the steps for a generic cake. With each egg or cup of flour, Deborah's eyes got more and more glazed. By the time he got to 'watching it rise' he felt a squeeze on his manhood. Lowering his eyes from his phone's screen, he saw a steady, pulsing grip by Deborah around his cock.

"Uh...Deborah?"

"Oh, sorry, I just...I'm so glad we've got somebody so smart to help us. I don't know what we'd do without you Vic!" She slowly released his pant covered penis. On his pants, clear as day, was Deborah's flour white handprint.

Deborah turned back to the cell phone and the baking at hand. She whistled while she worked, and shook her tush.

Rick and Vic stood back in utter amazement. Finally to break the silence, Vic piped up, "Hey, Deborah?"

"Oh silly... call me Debbie!" she gleefully exclaimed.

"Ok... Debbie... have you ever baked before?"

"No, but it just seems like second nature to me now." She said matter of fact, while breaking some eggs.

The two men conferred. It was strange. She was a studious gal. She was not someone who hummed. She wasn't the kind of girl to spontaneously break out into dusting. Rick leaned into Vic and half whispered, "You know, I made it with a lot of chicks. But they were usually the airhead types. Never got with anyone I'd settle down with before. Not that I'm saying I'd marry Deborah, I mean, Debbie...but I'm saying this current phase she's in has me thinking."

Vic raised an eyebrow... and thought about that mysterious text message. "You think we could persuade her to give up a life of studying for the life of a sexy housewife?"

Rick asked, "What?"

"You know... like a bet."

"Interesting," Rick placed a hand under his chin and pondered. "Couldn't hurt to see, could it?"

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Meanwhile, Debbie continued her mixing and prepping for the oven. It was like second nature to her now. She wondered idly why she never took a culinary class or home economics. Probably some misguided feminism.

She peered over at the phone's baking application for the next step. The phone buzzed. She felt the table vibrate. She went to reach for the phone, but realized her fingers were covered in batter. She licked her fingers.

The boys behind her much enjoyed the show.

Somewhere deep in her mind, she was struggling to summon the last bit of intellect she had left. She saw the tiny icon in the corner of the screen denoting that the telephone signal had been found. She squeaked in surprise. She grabbed the phone. What to do? She began to bite the nail of her other hand. That's when she put her hand out in front of her face. God, her nails looked terrible. Bitten. Short. Ugly. Un-manicured.

There was a moment where 911 flashed in front of her, but she quickly dismissed that...her nails were a much larger emergency. She began dialing a number she remembered seeing about her dorm room. Her prissy roommate constantly complained about her hair and nails...Debbie was beginning to understand.

"Hello?" the receptionist at the nail salon had just said as Vic snatched the phone out of her hand.

"What are you doing??!!" he yelled.

"I was... I was just... you know, my nails were..."

“Your nails! We’re trapped in here and you’re worried about your nails? What are you some kind of bimbo?” Vic accused.

Debbie thought hard. Bimbo, it was such a funny word. Was it wrong that it made her giggle to be called a bimbo? She tried to hide her laughter and pretended to look sad at being chastised. Instead it had the effect of puppy-dog cuteness.

As Vic continued to scold Debbie, Rick continued to look about the room, tidying things here and there. As he was bent over to pick up a piece of trash, he saw the Tupperware carton. It had a note attached.

Rick read silently to himself, *Rick, add it to the batter, make her better.*

He thought quickly about it being poison. He quickly ruled it out; besides all of the traps and gadgets in here had been fun, loose and friendly. While Vic continued to wave his phone about in a vain attempt to regain signal, Rick quietly snuck up and added the white powder to the now ready cake batter sitting in a baking pan. Wonder what’ll happen, he thought.

* * *

Deborah touched her finger into the sticky, yellowish batter. Bringing it to her mouth, she sampled her creation. It was delicious... delectable... even devilish. She went for a second helping. Only Rick knew that the ‘special ingredient’ had been added to the batter. He watched Debbie with rapt attention.

Rick busied himself while waiting for the cake to finish baking by sweeping. He’d always hated the common chores. Without ever meaning to, he’d been able to get a floozy or current girlfriend to pretty much do all his cleaning and cooking during college. For some reason now though it felt good to be working. Strangely... arousing. His prick hardened in his jeans and he stared over at

Deborah who was bent over trying to put away the unused pots and pans under the shelves.

He approached. "Hey, Deborah?"

"Ok, Rick. I think after all that's been happening it's clearly time to start calling me Debbie."

He paused, "Ok...Debbie, have you thought much about what you are doing after college?"

"Well I assumed maybe a doctor thing..." She giggled. "You know, a P... H.... hmmm..."

As she stood stumped, Rick interjected, "Ever give any thought to settling down? Starting a family?"

Deborah instantly snapped out of her quest for the letter D. Letters had been giving her a lot of trouble lately so she thought instead about his question. She was getting better at this woman stuff. With some practice she could get really good. Cooking and cleaning weren't so bad. A family? The thought made her weak in the knees. She dreamed of herself... lying on her back as a studly provider of a husband drilled into her moist baby hole. She dreamed of herself...sitting on a couch eating out of carton of ice cream that she could perch on her enormous pot belly. She dreamed of herself... being touched and fondled about her expanding boobs and belly as her offspring grew inside her.

"Not until now." She said with a throat barren and dry with anticipation. She put the cake in the oven and closed the oven door, bending over much more than she needed. Vic, interested in where the conversation was going, moved closer.

Her hormones had been raging all night, and now her top itched incessantly. Rick and Vic exchanged winks and nods. The bet was almost over.

As the three college kids sat waiting. Their conversation drifted back to the idea of family. Debbie thought about it as the boys talked. Kids were okay. Making kids sounded like real fun. She needed a man to be there though. She didn't want to be a single mom in school raising her kid. She needed a man...with a hard cock driving deep into her womb. She was young, that usually meant fertile, right?

"Well, which one of you wants a family?" She interrupted.

"You mean, now?" Rick asked. His cock hardened.

"Why not?" She asked shaking her ass in the boys' direction.

The room began to fill with a haze of sexual tension. Debbie's bra began to fill with expanding boob.

"Well, I don't care what you guys say, I have to get out of this." She said slipping her shirt over her head and reaching behind her back to unsnap the bra. Her swelling tits spilled free. The boys' jaws dropped.

"Those are some nice jugs, I mean, breasts Debbie."

She hefted them in her hands, tickled pink that they appeared to be bigger than she remembered. "Thanks Rick!"

Vic had undone his zipper by this point and was trying to put his turgid cock in Debbie's peripheral vision.

As Vic aimed his rock hard erection into the O of Deborah's mouth, he looked down to her and said, "Debbie...don't you think it would be hard to juggle raising a family and school?"

Debbie leaned forward and gave Vic's member a few sloppy bobs. "Well, I guess you're right. I mean..." She captured him in her mouth again and gently sucked then popped off again. "I can always go back when they are grown."

The thought of Debbie bustling and hurrying the kids off to school and the crazy ministrations with her tongue were too much for Vic. He exploded a long stream of white jizz into her mouth and grunted with a carnal fury. It had been far too long since the nerd's last high school girlfriend.

Rick felt comfortable with the situation because he knew that left Debbie's pussy empty. He leaned in and whispered, "Wanna start that family, Debbie?" He grabbed her hips as he heard her moan onto Vic's cock.

In a swift motion he shucked her jeans and panties. Her slit oozed in anticipation. Rick pushed his pants around his ankles and slowly drove into, what he hoped, would be the place where his future kids would come from. He realized that this would be his first condom-less sex, that thought almost caused him to shoot all over her back and ass.

He grabbed Debbie's hips, excited with the thought of seeing them grow wider. He thrust in, excited with the thought of her getting hornier with each trimester. He slapped her ass, excited with images of her prancing around the kitchen... barefoot and heavily pregnant.

Debbie thrust back into him, urging him to fill her with his potent seed.

"Wanna race to knock her up, Vic?" Rick asked panting.

Vic smiled.

"It's okay if you don't. I think I'm ready to settle down. Start a family."

Debbie popped off of her ministrations to reawaken Vic's cock, "That'd be great! We'll be a great big family. Brains, brawn and....and...." She struggled for what her role would be. Then it came to her, "Boobs!" She cupped her swelling mammaries that were clearly outgrowing a DD size.

"You try first, Rick. I think I'm just going to enjoy another blow job."

Not that he needed Vic's permission, but at his blessing, Rick's cocked spewed forth a healthy dose of semen and blessed Debbie slick tunnel. She felt full, content. He felt like he knew his purpose.

Vic felt a breeze on his hand, which had been placed on the counter to steady him. He turned his head and saw a small trap door on the wall above the counter open, no bigger than a mail slot. Out of it shot a piece of paper.

As Deborah licked his still hard rod clean, Vic turned the paper over and saw what appeared to be a map with a dotted line of directions. He thought about his new life, then crumpled the parchment and tossed it back in the hole. Deborah had ignored her femininity, now she relished it. Vic took the comforts that his mother provided for granted; now he knew he should help out. Rick had taken women for granted in a much different way, but he would now have a much different role. Somewhere in a large brick oven a cake burned to black carbon bits; somewhere in the manor a voice cackled with laughter.