

Note: This is the fourth chapter in my ongoing story, “The City.” It should be read after the first three to make any sense. I’d really like to get your feedback on it, since it, as well as the previous chapters, are still very much works in progress.

Also, this story is inappropriate for young readers. If you’re a young reader then you likely won’t heed this warning, but at least do me a favor and feel bad about reading past this point. (Quite plausibly it isn’t appropriate for any readers and you should all feel bad. But, hey, what did you expect given where you found it?)

Chapter 4: Deviation

Julia didn’t take much notice of the man at first. She did notice *that* there was a man approaching her. But she had fallen into the habit of attending as little as possible beyond that, letting the endless stream of men, young and old, dark and light, short and tall, blur together into an indistinct succession. Not thinking more than she had to about each individual and just letting things happen conserved her energy.

As she later had ample occasion to note, though, his appearance was memorable, at least compared to the men who generally filled *The Generous Cow*. He was in his late thirties at least but a sharp jaw-line and almost impish expression made him seem younger at first glance. His auburn hair was neatly trimmed but still gave the impression of being fundamental unruliness. He wore a sharp vest and sleeves and, after setting down his mug, he always took a moment to roll the sleeves up to his elbows.

Just now he had actually been circulating the bar for some time, making at least two unhurried circuits before coming to rest before Julia. She only really registered him some moment after he had begun to touch her when no milking transpired. Instead, he had just places one open hand on each breast cupping them gently. That wasn’t what normally happened. Focusing on him for the first time their eyes met. The man winked.

Now his hands did began to move, but not in the way Julia had grown if not accustomed then at least resigned to. His fingers moved over her flesh lightly, tracing her thimble-like nipples with gentle pressure. Julia trembled involuntarily. For some minutes the man continued his caressing, gradually increasing the pressure of his touch. The feeling was electric. Suddenly the pleasurable sensations mixed in with the roughness of her daily experience had come to the forefront as pure tactile bliss. She flushed as a wave of warmth passed through her body.

The man evidently sensed her reaction to his striking and began to gently but firmly press his thumbs into her soft areolae, mashing round and round. Julia quivered, and suppressed a cry. What was he doing? A bit of milk was dripping out over his tireless hands, but it seemed to be incidental rather than intentional.

Julia’s hadn’t felt her breasts to be insensitive before her transformation. But the mounting sensation now radiating from the ends of her tremendous udders was entirely outside her previous experience. The difference between her prior experience of her bust being stimulated and this was the difference between a single roman candle and a full fireworks display. She could feel her arousal steadily building as the pleasure shot up her dangling flesh in palpable waves. As what was transpiring dawned on her she tried furiously to fight it back, to avoid the fresh humiliation of having her arousal on public display. Her awareness of just how exposed she was rose back to the surface of her consciousness from where repetition had sunk it, and she felt as if she might lose control.

Her back tried to arch, prevented uncomfortably only by the frame that held her in place. With a fearsome effort she suppressed another gasp of ecstasy by screwing her eyes shut and biting her lip hard. She wanted to twist free of the hands, to yank her chest away, but of course it was impossible. Instead of abating, the heat in her body continued to build. And closing off her vision just left her alone in the dark with it as the only object of her attention.

Soon a long, low moan broke through attempts at containment, followed a moment later by another. Many nearby faces turned to find the source of the amorous sound, and on top of her pleasure was drizzled a burning shame. But she had no time to dwell on it. The man was now gripping her thick nipples between thumb and forefinger and rolling them. The sensation was overwhelming. She whimpered at her inability to escape, at her seeming helplessness before the magnitude of her own responses. Then he began to pinch, to pull hard enough that she should have been wincing in pain. And there was pain, but it rode a quivering, pulsing explosion of erotic energy. Julia gasped sharply. For the first time her sensation flooded mind registered the thought that she might climax, here, in public, mounted on a wall, simply because a stranger was massaging her tits. The possibility had not even occurred to her, but she could feel it drawing on, inexorable. She squeezed her legs together and...

It stopped. The man withdrew his hands. She hung there, breath ragged, on the very edge of orgasm, and then it began to recede. Her breasts felt almost chilled at the sudden removal of their stimulation. Julia realized she was sweaty, that many eyes were turned to her, that the man in front of her was grinning like a fiend. And, humiliatingly, she realized that in the dark behind the wall her panties were dripping wet. The man wiped his white smeared hands on a towel laid in readiness, picked up his largely empty glass, and turned on his heel walking out of sight. Julia was left with her unwanted, achingly unfulfilled arousal, and her shame. She shut her eyes and kicked her unseen legs in frustration.

From that day on, she was paid a visit by the man once every cycle. He seemed to have appointed himself her personal tormentor. And though his visits differed in their particulars each ended in the same way: with Julia, her defenses broken down, trembling on the brink of an orgasm that never came.



"It's a bad idea. Escape is always a bad idea!" Jacky, was remonstrating with a circle of women bunched together in one corner of the dining hall and trying her best to keep from raising her voice too much.

"Escape isn't a bad idea," a tall blonde with at least ten facial piercings replied with energy. "Getting caught is a bad idea. Escaping, getting out, is a fucking great idea."

"And nobody ever does get out," Jacky rejoined with vehemence. "Every escape sounds good, and every one ends the same way! It doesn't sound so good when they drag you back to processing and think of something really creative to do with you so nobody else will try it!"

"We don't know if *every* escape ends the same way." The studded blond said truculently.

"I've heard that three women go out a while back." Another nearby woman started, nodding with the blonde.

Jacky didn't let her get further, "I've seen it. I've been here and I've seen it." She gestured to a woman towards the back of the circle, "Stormy, you were here the last time. You remember Willow. Tell them about Willow."

Stormy didn't seem anxious to speak, but when all eyes turned to her she gave in. Nervously playing with one of her thick, thigh-length pigtails she offered, "They'd done something to her feet,

Willow's feet. She and some others had tried to run from the guards, push one over and then just run for it. So they made her feet really, really sensitive. She couldn't run after that."

"She could barely walk." Jacked barked. "She said that it was like walking on her clit. Remember how she'd crawl, Stormy."

The dark haired woman nodded and frowned at the memory. "She used to get on all fours even in the shower sometimes," she agreed quietly.

There was a murmur around the circle. The blonde woman spoke up again. "Ok, so you've seen it go badly. Of course it can! But just being here goes badly." For jarring emphasis she lifted her bra revealing her triply pierced nipples. "That doesn't seem like a reason to stay for more. It doesn't mean it can't go right. And besides, this time it's different. We'll have help."

"Get out? Get out where?" Jacky demanded in frustration. "What is outside?" How did they not get this? Trying to escape was just walking up to a tender and saying "Please keep me here longer and while you're at it find something more awful for me to do." The people who ran the place held all the cards. And she didn't for a moment believe the new story about friends in high places. But some seemed to be nodding with the blonde and her friend who had reported the bullshit story.

Apparently the friend had heard that somebody, somebody with power, secretly wanted to see the women liberated. This person, whoever it might be, was in the City's command, and she had friends everywhere. They were spreading the word that if you did try to escape and got into the tunnels, there was a way to call help to your location. The others had made the women repeat her story four times consecutively. There was always an escape plan bubbling somewhere, and this tidbit had brought one masterminded by the blonde to full boil.

"But how can you know it's true?" Jacky had demanded.

The answer was that the information had come from the guards themselves. Several women had managed to listen to a pair of tenders who didn't realize they were being overheard. They'd been complaining that something had gone wrong, that women were going to escape this time for sure. The woman stole a chance later on to compare notes in hushed tones, and their recollections agreed in all the major points. Jacky didn't buy it.

"Look," the blonde was speaking again, "we are being held here against our will, abused, and you're saying we should just sit here and let them do it? We should try to escape anyway! We should riot! We should bite! But now with this," she gestured at her friend, "we have something to go on. I'm not going to ignore that."

Jacky shook her head. "I just don't want to see what happens to you and whoever drag with you. I don't want that. This is some dumb rumor—too good to be true. I've seen false rumors before too. We all have. But I can't stop you." Jacky got up to walk away.

"You've been doing what they say too long." The blonde growled as a parting shot at her retiring opponent.

"Too damn long," Jacky murmured, too quietly to be heard. "Too damn long..."



Torch's nipples hurt. If most women were to suddenly feel that sensation in their breast they would shriek and flail; but Torch had been given many chances to learn to cope. The source was two theatrically long clips that pitilessly gripped her nipples, evil cousins to the clothespin. She ignored them. She was in the midst of a match and her mind was focused tightly on other things.

This game was an eight woman free-for-all: the contestant with the most points wins. Shafts would burst out of apertures around the geometric terrain of the arena and points were awarded for delivering them to one's own receptacle in the middle. But the contestants' arms were wrapped tightly with their elbows bent and hands at shoulders. This rendered the limbs little chicken wings useless for object manipulation though still of some utility for balance. The shafts, milky double-ended dildos a bit over a foot long, had to be transmitted orally. Specifically, in fact, they had to be transported by oral suction. Any contact of teeth with the unblemished surface of a shaft would subtract from the biter's points as well as delivering a shock to the over-eager girl. Stealing was encouraged, however, and the puckered standoffs that sometimes ensued might see contestants nearly kissing as they attempted to rest their prize from each other's lips.

This was the sort of thing the *Crucible* specialized in: competitive games with a sexual edge—often rather more than an edge. Patrons had an experienced loosely based on a day at the dog track. Before an event began the women to compete would be lined up for public inspection. Patrons could then place bets on the outcome and, having wagered, watch the action unfold from the stands as an energetic announcer narrating in real time.

Torch had been assigned here for some time and, it had to be said, she excelled in the *Crucible*. She had played basketball and later rugby in life outside the City and had a penchant for the tactics of athletic games. But she was also, in contrast to many others, able to tune out a lot of the trappings of the lewd games she now played: the tight latex, the clips and clamps, the fact that she was currently running about half naked a dildo in her mouth and a crowd of cheering men watching her from the stands. It all faded to a dull murmur—it was like playing on a hurt knee. This meant that in the little ecosystem of women stuck in the *Crucible's* perpetual games, Torch usually competed in the most desirable games, one's in which the mix tipped towards athleticism and away from fetishistic degradation. "Slurping" was one such.

Today, though, Torch's focus was uncharacteristically divided. She was distracted by one particular man sitting in the stands. This dumpy little git had been betting on her all morning. She knew this because in her last lineup he'd leaned in and told her so. He'd also told her a fair few other things. Things he'd like to do to her. Things he'd like her to do to him. How he'd bet a tidy sum on her and would think of her securing him his payout as her doing those things to him in spirit.

Torch had a bit in her mouth at the time, and probably would have had the sense not to say anything anyway. Guys like that shouldn't get under her skin—guys in the *Crucible* could be expected to say, yell, cheer, and even sing indecent things. But his florid anatomical creativity and total smugness had goaded her badly. There he sat now, small but discernible in the stands sipping a drink and cheering every time she slotted another phallus into her goal. The little sack of shit.

The game clock showed this match to be near its end. "Ms. Torch" and "Lady Midnight" as the announcer called them were "neck and neck for first place" far beyond the reach of the other contestants who were by now contemplating the results of defeat (the *Crucible's* designers were creative about that too). Torch's eyes darted here and there, her ears alert for the sound of a last deciding shaft being extended. When it did emerge both women were nearby, but Torch managed to scoop it up and then turned in a mad dash for the center that Midnight was too tired to overtake.

At the last second before her goal she drew up and stood erect. She stared into the stands and locked eyes with that odious little turd before audibly spitting the thing from her. A second later a panting Midnight pounced on it as Torch still didn't move.

The man gaped. Even the unflappable announcer missed a beat before saying, “Well, well, well, we seem to have a contestant who didn’t want to win after all—a woman who’d rather be on the bottom.” Torch smirked as the endgame buzzer signaled her defeat.



Despite what looking at her might have inclined you to believe, Jigglibits was not mentally enfeebled. It was hard for many to see her wobbling breasts, her face seemingly replaced by platinum fluff, her teetering gate, and not conclude that her mind in some way mirrored the grotesquery of her body. But the truth was that her mind was substantially unaltered. It was just now perched within this crude caricature of a teenage wet dream.

Even Captain Dirn seemed to have slipped into this a bit. “Jiggli” had been his personal plaything and prop for quite some time. She’d mutely endured countless indignities and violations, and the presence of her form had gradually ceased to fully register as the presence of an active mind. Case-in-point, presently he was in the midst of an earnest talk with some of his wraiths. Prudence would dictate careful attention to who heard what was said. Yet Jiggli stood in quietly in one corner of the room, for the moment unheeded.

She was methodically gyrating her massive rump as Dirn had instructed. Even this motion was rendered arduous by her dimensions and the difficulty of balancing her mass. And, true to her name, the movement did engender a lot of jiggling in her monstrous ass as well as elsewhere. The twitches and tremors of her body were a constant source of distracting sensations. Her arms were presently locked uncomfortably behind her head—they were always locked somewhere--so that the view was unobstructed. She panted softly.

To say she wasn’t enfeebled was not to say they’d left no imprint. She’d been tweaked in many subtle and demeaning ways. For example, she was now aroused by male voices—especially ones speaking harshly. Thus being kept in Dirn’s office ensured that she would be uncomfortably hot and bothered for long periods. But none of this stopped her overhearing everything that was said.

The wraiths were a sort of secret police force. A small subdivision within the tenders, they were responsible for investigating anomalies, breaches, and problems. They had an eerie reputation to match their eerie name, aided by the fact that they also dealt with internal affairs. If women ever did somehow slip out of the carefully oiled machine that kept the city running then the wraiths would descend. She had herself been cornered by the wraiths once, just before the end of the incident that had gotten her this form. Though it was an old humiliation, being aroused by their talk stung even now.

But there were no fugitives to catch or unruly citizens to daunt today. Something else was afoot. “Are you any closer to the source of the messages?” Dirn had just been asking.

“No, sir. I don’t think we are.” Sillin, a veteran wraith, growled. “We’re listening. But we have very little to go on yet. It seems that the same messages had five different simultaneous points of origin. In each case, one guest is supposed to have heard it from another, or from one of the tenders. But we’re having trouble finding out just who. We interrogated three, and nothing useful came out of it. And the points of origin are spread out, which just confirms that somebody started this deliberately.” Within her stifling blonde prison Jiggli’s ears perked up.

“I know I don’t need to tell you what a high priority this is.” Dirn responded. “And I likewise don’t need to tell you to apply all your resources to it. But it is, and you should. I’ve been in conversation with the archons, though even there we’re trying to be judicious.”

“We’re everywhere. We’ll figure it out. But it may take time.”

Dirn scowled. "I know. But if we're right that there is a traitor behind this it's a huge liability—we can't be sure just how large the threat posed is until we catch the source. If you think of something, even something drastic, that could speed things up, bring it to me." Sillin touched his forehead in recognition.

"In the meantime," the other wraith now spoke, his voice was much higher than his fellow's, almost nasal, "we're doing damage control, trying to ensure that no serious disruptions result in the short term. We've engineered a rumor to try and corrupt the word of mouth transmission of the original messages."

"What sort of rumor?"

"It agrees with the message in part: somebody wants to help, they have many friends. But it inserts a specific element in the narrative—a specific way to call for the help of these friends."

"What's the utility of that?"

"Two things. One. The action that's supposed to call for help sets up a beacon we can track. If anybody was to end up outside of containment motivated by the rumor they'll call wraiths directly to their locations."

"So you're actually making this work for you?" Dirn chuckled grimly, "That's my favorite thing you've told me today."

"We do what we can." The wraith's lip turned up at the corner, an incomplete smile. "Two, if a group or two get caught trying it we're hoping it will discredit the rest of the message, at least for a while."

Dirn nodded. It was a pleasure to deal with competent people. He had been military almost all his life and, in his estimation, the City was more likely than any waking world posting he'd ever had to put the right people in charge. "Can there be any credibility to the claim of many friends?"

Sillin shrugged. "I'd guess no. Our people might not follow every regulation, and some are dumb, but they're not looking to undermine the City. They want what the city gives them."

"That was my thought too. This place is a dream come true for most of our guys."

"Still," it was the high pitched voice again, "only a fool bets too much on human rationality. We're going to proceed as if anything might be true."

"Well, report to me if you find anything. Good hunting."

With a silent salute—two fingers pressed to the temple—the wraiths departed Dirn's office. He sat for some minutes deep in thought. His knuckles intermittently drummed on his desk. Finally, finding that he had mentally traced the same fruitless chain of thought he'd been pursuing all morning, he cleared his head with a cough.

"Come here, Jiggli," he barked, "bend over the desk."

Jigglibits carefully turned and began blindly waddling towards the voice, feeling for the hard edge of the desktop with the distant contours of her bosom. She'd caught the irritation in his voice, and knew where it would shortly be directed, but her mind was racing at what she'd just overheard.



"You did *what*?!" Jacky demanded. Torch had just been relating that day's events in the *Crucible* culminating in her overtly throwing a match. "That was incredibly stupid. Your temper is going to get you reassigned! Is that worth it just to make a point?"

Torch tried to shrug it off. "The little prick had it coming. And I'm still here, aren't I? I know what I'm doing—*Cruce* has punishments in-house. I'll just be tossed there for a few days."

"In-house punishment?" Julia tentatively probed.

"The games in *Cruce* that everybody will do the most to avoid competing in. If we get out of line they just stick us in one of those. They don't have to send me anywhere."

Jacky just shook her head.

"It's my body. Get off my damn back." Torch blurted. There was a pause. Everybody chewed.

"But...what sort of games?"

Torch sighed. "They said I'll be on the 'rough rider.' " Julia waited a few beats. Clearly she had no idea what that was so maybe it was Torch's way of telling her to shut up. But a moment later Torch continued, "It's like a demon Sybian screwed a mechanical bull. They strap me to the thing and some guy controls it and tries to beat everyone else controlling one."

"He's trying to throw you off?"

"No." Torch replied peevishly. "I said I was strapped on didn't I? The game is to see who can make the rider cum the most times. 'Rough ride' see? They control all the bucking and pulling and vibrating like an arcade game." As she spoke she gestured to different places on her body that would be bucked, and pulled, and vibrated.

"And it does make you...?"

She shrugged uncomfortably. "The ones who've done it say it does—even eight or ten times in one game. I've seen them after and they can barely walk."

"Sounds lovely," Jacky offered archly.

"That shithead deserved it. And you can fuck right off." Torch grumbled. They ate in silence for a few minutes before torch stood and walked towards the bunk room.

Julia had been having an unexpected and rather uncomfortable reaction to the whole conversation. She finally made up her mind to mention it to Jacky. "Jacky, I've been having a problem."

"Yeah? What kind of thing?"

"Well, I've started to feel really...horny." Her face colored slightly. "I get touched all the time and...and it doesn't go away. I tried taking care of it myself but..."

"It didn't work?"

Julia nodded, surprised.

"Yeah, a lot of the women here can't grind one out. I think it's something they do to us—like they changed something so we can't orgasm unless somebody else is involved." That made sense. Her attempts to touch herself had mostly just felt like being prodded, as if the hand touching her hand belonged to her gynecologist rather than herself.

Julia furrowed her brow. Since the man in the vest had begun visiting her the tension had grown extreme, beyond anything she was used to. To her dismay, envisioning the rough treatment Torch would shortly endure had actually gotten her rather excited.

Jacky looked sympathetic. "We can't really do anything about that, but, if you want, I can find somebody to help you with the problem."

"You mean like in here?"

"Yeah."

"I've never been with a woman." Julia bit her lip.

"Well, you don't have to. But it's the only hack we've got. I don't have a fireman to set you up with."

Julia was too preoccupied to give this joke more than a wan smile.

"I know of several people. You do hers she does yours, you know?" Julia's face revealed just how uncomfortable she was with this scenario. "Well, let me know if you decide you want it," said Jacky. "I'm not into women either, but if you really need relief..."



Collin, it seemed, might not to be Collin much longer. He had passed through the first three stages of screening almost as smoothly as he'd solved the recruiting puzzle. He had only a hazy notion of what was being offered him, but between a sense that it was significant and a sly pride in his own abilities he'd brought a certain energy into everything they'd thrown at him. He'd been deeply psychologically probed both verbally and by more direct means. He had also been subjected to a more intense battery of tests, including one which had to be completed while a pair of curvy women in schoolgirl uniforms, a special fancy of his as the psychological probes had revealed, fawned over him.

He was now in the fourth and final stage, the one in which what was being offered was finally laid bare. This discussion took place in a cube imbued with the strongest memory locks craft had yet produced. Immediately upon withdrawing beyond its walls whatever had transpired inside would vanish into void. All that would remain was a positive or negative result transmitted out via the push of a button. Collin sat at a little round table across from three other men who had just laid things out for him.

"So I'd change my name? What's the purpose o' that then?"

"You'd take a name for use here. We have each done the same. I was born 'Jonathan' but here I am Carv."

"I'm Xiv in place of 'Abdulla.'"

"And I wake up as 'Chad' but here I'm Lum."

"Funny little names, aren't they? Do I have to take a short little snippet like that?"

"Short names are the tradition. You would be expected to follow it."

"Huh. Alright then, Mr. Tits it is." He grinned. His breezy attitude was, apparently, un-dulled even in the face of esoteric secrets being revealed. But his deeply furrowed brow also signaled a less glib response to the whole thing. Collin earnestly considering and, though he didn't know it, this fact too was part of the evaluation.

When he finally spoke again, it was with more reservation, "Look, only a right moran would pass this by. This is an amazing thing—even without the fine girls it's...well it's hard to swallow. But, you all seem very serious, very proper. You'll have noticed I like to take the piss. What happens if I take your offer and then can't be quite proper all the time?"

Xiv smiled, "I expect there will be some adjustment. And you may well talk your way into unpleasant duty if you don't learn to keep some things to yourself. In fact, I would bet that you do. But I suspect you'll find the incentives can curb your tongue when it is needed. At any rate, we would not extend the offer if we were not confident you'd be an asset—irreverent wit and all. And I think we are all now fully satisfied of that," his colleagues nodded.

There was another long pause. Then Collin smiled. "I'm in. When do I get my hands on some of them fine girls?"



The *Crucible* drew crowds to watch many games besides slurping (more officially Rod Burying, but that name wasn't used many places other than signage). At any given time multiple simultaneous competitions were running in separate arenas. And Torch would have been profoundly relieved to see her name listed as a competitor in any of them other than the Rough Ride. Literally any of them: chains, oil, contortion, weights, blindfolds, bars, and electricity notwithstanding. Her bravado of the cycle prior had been just that, empty bravado, and now she was facing the upshot of her actions with dread.

Torch's first stop, as ever, was her "changing room," a dim, closet-sized space in which she was locked. Her outfit and gear would be shoved in through a hatch in the door and she'd be left there to struggle into the day's pinching, binding attire. Today her costume would be simple though: a crotchless panty made of snug red latex and a corset of the same shade. She was left in the muggy little space to contemplate her fate.

Eventually the door swung open again and she was lead out. A device like a catch pole, standard equipment for the staff of the *Crucible*, was slipped over her head and she was pushed down to the lower level to be lined up on a rack for her upcoming match. The Rough Ride was one of only a few games that allowed patrons to directly involve themselves in the spectacle. (There were other places for that sort of thing.) Participation in these cost a good bit of coin and was thus largely reserved to those who'd won bets on other events, a kind of special prize for the dedicated patron.¹ Thus there were fewer men walking around the line of naked women than she was accustomed to. But the men who were present were very attentive, subjecting the women to scrutiny from every angle. Being displayed like a piece of meat had been a routine part of her existence for some time but, as her recent actions dramatically emphasized, never something that entirely stopped feeling like an indignity. One fellow spent a long time simply staring at Torch's exposed genitalia as if trying to work something out.

When the time came for the match to actually begin the women were individually hoisted into the "rough rider." Meanwhile the men hoping to pilot them to victory were lead through a brief draft to pick their horses. Torch's description of the cruel device had been fairly apt. A crescent shaped frame was held aloft by turret that could pivot it in multiple directions. To this frame each woman was securely bound: first the corset was latched in and pulled tight, then arms in front and legs behind were strapped down in a position as if she were on all fours. Thus immobilized she could only feel the apparatus closing in around her. Something large and round poked at the entrance of each woman's most private opening. Flanged cups connected to the frame by tubes were adhered to breasts, buttocks, hips, and thighs. Finally a sort of mouth-piece was installed, a ring which slipped behind her lips and clamped down on them from the front while leaving an open circle of space between. A staffer circled the ring of women with a sprayer connected to a canister on his back. He gave a brief squirt into the mouth of each woman through the open mouthpiece. The stuff was sickly sweet and viscous. Eyes wide, breathless, trembling, her mouth sticky with disgusting sweetness, Torch waited.

The installed women stood within a short barrier, a display hovering above each. In a moment men began to take their places along the barrier. A barrel chested man with a wooly neck beard stood before Torch and placed his hands on the control yolk corresponding to her machine in a state of readiness. The voice of the omnipresent announcer (did this same individual announce all events simultaneously?) came from somewhere overhead, "Gentlemen, please take your controls. Begin driving her wild in 5, 4, 3, 2, 1." And with that, it began.

¹ The coin system employed in the open sectors might seem an oddly artificial device. But, if you consider, it makes sense that adding monetary concepts would help to generate and focus desire. Consider the electric effect of the phrase "thousand dollar an hour escort." The coins also served more mundane regulatory functions, such as providing an easy device to limit load on the system.

The beast came to life slowly. Something large began shoving itself between her lower lips, the entire stand gently rose and pitched backwards, and the various clinging pads began to quiver innocuously. Only slowly did it begin to reveal its terrible might to those held in its embrace. But nobody was fooled. They all had at least some inkling of what was coming.

Now, an unsophisticated (or frustrated) operator might simply crank all the systems “all the way up” resulting in a bruisingly rough session for his unlucky rider. But, while it might offer some fun, this was not the approach of a skilled competitor. One had to find the rhythm of his rider and utilize it—not, of course, the rhythm she would have wanted from a lover, but the more primal rhythm that would ring every last drop of passion from her lusty, pleading form. He was helped in this by the obscene sounds leaking from her unsealable mouth and by a bar appearing just above his score on the display overhead which revealed raw arousal.

For Torch, the almost gentle beginning of her session was short lived. First, her controller began firing up one bank of stimulators and then another. There were several dimensions of control over these undulating pads: intensity, frequency, pulse pattern—as well as a button to deliver a temporary burst of intensity. Soon the sensitive flesh of her body buzzed with an inescapable rhythm of shivering force. Next, the thrusting into her pussy began to intensify. Both depth and frequency were dialed up, until her body jerked just slightly with each forceful thrust. A groan escaped Torch’s un-closable mouth. The pounding invader was self-lubricating, but still snug in its tender sheath.

Neck-beard glanced at the display. He was satisfied with what he saw. To her dismay Torch concurred. The stimulation was drawing a response from her body which she had not anticipated, no doubt partly because of whatever she’d been dosed with. Intellectually, she did not find anything about this erotic, but her body seemed to have other ideas. Soon her groans of discomfort were becoming hard to distinguish from moans. All around her she could hear the audible evidence of seven other women’s mixed distress and arousal.

As the red line above her zero extended, Neck-beard changed his tactics. Suddenly Torch’s body began to buck energetically, rising and falling with a timing that resonated with her thudding penetration. At the same moment there was a burst of excitement in her breasts, the apparatus mounted there being so activated that the organs visibly jiggled. She screeched inchoately in panicked objection, but even as she flopped this way and that in the grip of her mechanical ravisher she could still feel the first internal quiver of what was coming.

“And little Ms. Torch takes the first point of the match!” boomed the announcer’s voice. “What an eager little slut!” Various onlookers cheered, though not Neckbeard—he was just getting underway.

Torch gasped and writhed red faced in the throes of an intense orgasm, but there was no relief. The stimulation from all quarters only kept coming, and the reprieve in her loins was fleeting. She’d fully intended, even as the machine started up, to fight every step of the way and drag any man fool enough to control her machine down to defeat. But the assault of movement and sensation made even formulating complex intentions a herculean feat. It was like being rubbed all over, tossed like a ragdoll, and tirelessly fucked all at once in public.

By the ending buzzer on the first game, Torch had scored eight points for her pilot and wailed herself hoarse. A sticky mix of her own juices and the lubricant ejected by the machine ran down her inner thighs. Her sweat-drenched head was muddled, her vision blurred, and she staggered as much from lack of equilibrium as from the shakiness in her limbs as the staffer lifted her off the Rough Rider. The unprecedented succession of climaxes she’d undergone had felt as if it wouldn’t end, like her body would just keep spasming in unbearable, unwanted climax perpetually. Neckbeard hadn’t won--somebody else had beaten him by three points. She couldn’t imagine enduring another match.

“Don’t worry,” said the staffer in a gentle tone that belied his true intentions, “you only have 8 more matches today. And we’ll spray you down between them.”



Just to be within the Shaperate Academy was a pleasure to a person of aesthetic sensibility, and doubly so for Shaper Eld who could appreciate the craft in much of what he saw. The Academy was a strikingly beautiful structure on gothic-inspired lines—its size and shape a tribute to the grand vision of the city’s founders. The main concourse, in which Eld now strolled, reflected this exterior, all graceful white lines and restrained tracery with light streaming in on all sides. He took time, as he always did, to gaze at the lithesome, jewel-tone occupants of the enormous mermaid tank, and to admire the statues of the five goddesses on their high pillars.²

This, he felt, was just what he’d needed today. It would be too strong to say Eld hated the jobs he’d recently been assigned, but they took any zest out of his work. His day in processing had ended with a succession of women all bound for the same destination, all to be resculpted to the same specs. They were to be given a kind of severe, angular appearance. In service of this he was to smooth out their chests, removing almost any hint of contour, while widening their shoulders. Others had already adjusted jaw-line and eyes. The result was very man-ish. And while he assumed this look must make somebody somewhere burn with libidinous frenzy—why else would he be doing it? —it was draining to spend so much care and effort on what felt, to him, like the eradication of nubile beauty. He’d actually stopped to fondle the fourth woman’s chest for a moment simply because he felt her pert little breasts should be appreciated before going entirely to waste.

Eld had friends all over the city, the fruit of a long career and affable personality. Of late he’d struck up a friendship with Mond, a high shaper. Mond was both subtle and creative, and had risen easily through the Shaperate hierarchy. Eld was frankly envious of the resources at Mond’s disposal and his freedom to pursue ideas, but there was no hint of resentment in this. He enjoyed Mond’s company and had to admit besides that the gleam in the younger man’s eye signified a rapidity of thought he could not match.

It was in response to an invitation to visit Mond’s lab that Eld now strolled the academy halls. He turned from the main concourse into one of its tributaries, and then turned again winding his way into the more utilitarian interior spaces. He was twice stopped and asked for credentials, but flashing his invitation with the appropriate seals saw him ushered through.

A spacious suite of dark grey rooms with curving walls and shimmering lights reminiscent of a grotto was Mond’s workspace. Here and there the floor opened onto containment wells. Several ornate forges stood ready for use. It was a long way from the antiseptic white of processing. At this hour Eld and the high shaper largely had the space to themselves. They chatted amiably as the Mond showed off his lab’s various projects.

They were not as alone as they seemed, however. A woman watched the two men from inside her storage cabinet. She was one of several all-purpose test subjects kept in the lab for convenience and drawn from a pool maintained by the Academy. Her official catalog number was 7481, as could be read in clear lettering on her forehead, inside her lip, and on the bottom of her right foot, but staff had nicknamed her “Pointy.” (The two others in cabinets next to her own were “Pinky” and “Puffy.”)

² The cult of the five goddesses was not religious, at least in any robust sense of the word—nobody in the academy believed in the divinities. They were personified ideals, akin to lady liberty or lady justice, embodied symbols of abstracta.

It was not supposed to be possible for stowed women to be conscious in their cabinets. A localized version of the field used on bunk rooms ensured that test women were only conscious when in use. But it seemed some of the mental tampering done to 7481 had, as an accidental side effect, partially inured her to the device. Of late she would wake up for periods even with the cabinet door closed. She was unable to escape the coffin-like chamber and sound barely penetrated. But she endured the claustrophobic confinement instead of drawing attention to her abnormality and risking its removal. Perhaps it would afford her an opening she told herself, but it also afforded her some shred of agency, which for her was in very short supply.

“Pointy” had been sentenced to a surreal existence when she’d been assigned to the Academy’s labs. She would wake to be thrust into some bizarre experiment without explanation. Often, she was inexplicably modified and tweaked, never knowing what condition she might be in when she next awoke. One lab strapped a tube into her mouth and forced her to gulp tasteless goo at an alarming rate her belly sloshing with an uncomfortable weight. Then it had been a different set of strange faces, a different room, rubbing lipstick on her which caused her mouth to swell shut. Her life was a string of these bizarre flashes.

She’d spent eerie hours gazing at her body from the outside as she’d been made to fumble through simple tasks. Yet another group had used her for gravity related work giving parts of her body their gravitational orientation. For some time her breasts, hair, and arms each pulled “down” in a different direction, standing straight out from her torso. Every change was supposed to be scrubbed when she was put back into general circulation, but often traces remained. The tips of her breasts still didn’t quite submit to gravity which was the source of her current nickname. The combined effect was a profound helplessness.

Here in Mond’s lab her experience had been mild by comparison, though still deeply peculiar. She’d be hauled out of storage, handed balls, and ordered to juggle. She’d been a librarian before being a lab rat, and she had no idea how to do it. So she’d simply tossed balls up haphazard seldom catching them again. But, at a certain point, an odd thing happened: her movements started to coordinate themselves. Recently, to her bewilderment, she’d found herself doing something very like juggling. She didn’t know how but it was happening.

Mond was presently explaining this very process to Eld, and 7481 strained to hear his words. His lab was working on complex action templating, directly implanting complex behavior patterns into subjects. Simple behaviors were already possible and were routinely used in processing. Women could be made to walk with an exaggerated hip-swinging gate, to roll their Rs, to cup their breasts as a nervous habit, or to suck properly, all without meaning to. But more complex and purposeful behaviors had proven difficult.

Their conversation was interrupted by an ominous tone from Eld’s pad. Quickly scanning the device Eld announced in a vexed tone “I’m sorry, I have to get back to main processing.”³ In response to Mond’s raised eyebrows he added, “It seems there was some sort of escape attempt—a large one. I’m being called in to help with reprocessing.”

³ One might suspect that the pads had been designed partly in mimicry of real world phone technology. Though, on the other hand, one might suspect that some of those behind the design of contemporary smart phones had used the City’s pads.

Stay tuned for Chapter 5: Reactions. Also, thanks to those who have given me feedback and encouragement, especially Cato. If anybody would like to discuss what is working for you or what isn't, please stop by the thread I started on the forum ([r/overflowingbra](#)). I'd appreciate the input.