

Robbing the Bunker

➤ *The Mind Control Device*

You can live through the same thing, day in and day out, and never know you're in a rut. Never, until the one day the Fates reach out and offer you the chance to do something different. That's the brass ring folks. And it only comes around once. Let me tell you about how those three lovely ladies changed my life.

▪ A. Introduction

My name is Jack Lostridge and for years I lived in the quiet little Appalachian town of Mountain View. I spent my whole life there - born in the little hospital, went to school here, got a job there. The same with all of my friends. Most folks accepted this as the "way it should be." I was ready for a change. One day I got my wish.

I worked at a quiet little place called Victory Station. Once you drove through the gates and got past the armed guards, it was actually kind of pretty, in a Cold War-concrete kind of way. If you've ever seen pictures of the Maginot Line, that's what Victory Station looked like. Beautiful green scenery dotted with dark brown concrete tumors.

You see, Mountain View was tucked away in the beautiful green hills of Virginia, isolated from the rest of the world by winding roads and the fact that nothing ever happened there. The only reason the town existed at all was the once secret complex of bunkers the government had built and inhabited from WW II through the Cold War. During the Cold War, everyone had known that something was going on "round Victory Station." Anyone foolish enough to ask too many questions got visited by men in suits. Government agents, just like in the movies. The smart ones got quiet, the others weren't seen again. Rumors flew about people reading the mail and listening to telephones, but the Mountain View folks were patriotic Americans and they believed that this was their part in the war against Communism. They endured what inconveniences there were as badges of honor.

The government sold the bunkers to a private salvage firm a few years ago. The only problem was that certain records and blueprints were missing, meaning that before salvage crews could dismantle and retrieve equipment, "scouts" had to explore the dark passages and map out the extensive complex. That's where I came in.

After graduating from the local college, I didn't know what I wanted to do. So I did the same thing everyone else did and got a job at Victory Station. The idea that I got paid to crawl around a super-secret government bunker complex finding the lost treasures of some mad scientist was exciting at first. I made-believe that I was Indiana Jones. The money wasn't bad either. But after awhile, it got to be like any other unskilled job - menial and routine.

To make matters worse, I worked with complete morons. One week last fall, Sam "Kiss Ass" Parker reported me to the boss for smoking inside the bunker. Ordinarily this would have gotten me a slap on the wrist, but Sam made sure our boss George heard about my "safety violation" in front of a crowd. I got chewed out and put on "scout" detail.

Scout detail was where people got sent down into the bunker ahead of the salvage teams to map the lower levels and find areas that might yield high value items. Any excuse to not see Sam's face might have been viewed as a reward but scout detail was the company's way to get rid of troublemakers. Scouts worked in the dark, climbing down questionable stairs, exploring what might be booby-trapped rooms. All for less pay. What a deal.

So after Sam shafted me, I got assigned to scout out area K322 in bunker 7. I punched my time card, picked up my gear at the admin area, and hopped on the shuttle bus. I parked my 60 pound backpack next to me and sat back to enjoy the ride. Scouts carried everything with them: oxygen, acetylene, explosives and more. Everything you needed to open doors and cut through locks in the depths of deep, cold, concrete hole.

As we rode up the road I saw the entire complex. There were twelve bunkers in all at Victory Station, spread out along the narrow valley. Some were built back into the hills, like reinforced concrete caves. Others were low green mounds that looked like perfectly symmetrical hills. Tunnels interconnected them all, making the entire complex a gigantic rabbit warren.

Number seven was one of the big caves, so I entered through the airlock and signed in. The guards didn't even look at you on the way in, they were more interested in people trying to smuggle things out. I couldn't imagine what

you'd want to steal from this place. Most of what we salvaged was wire or pipe and the company only got a few dollars on the ton, so petty theft was unlikely.

▪ B. Into the Secret Lab

The freight elevator took me past the levels we'd already mapped. I walked down a few flights of stairs, my footsteps clanging in the dark. The bunkers were mapped on a big 3-D grid, so if you can imagine looking at a floor plan of a huge skyscraper, area K322 was in square K3 on the 22nd floor. The only difference between bunker seven and a skyscraper was that the whole thing was underground and the first floor was the one closest to the surface.

Someone else had started this level so I didn't have to worry when I opened the stairwell door. I strapped on my breathing mask and lit my miner's hat. Stepping off the stairs, I turned on my tape recorder and started looking in rooms. It was a great job if you liked talking to yourself. You'd announce the room your facing, carefully open the door, and then walk around the room describing its contents. Some areas were industrial spaces, some were offices, and others were residential areas. If there was anything like a generator or some other high-value salvage item, you would mark it in your notebook and move on. What wasn't marked for salvage was wrecked and sold for scrap. Even the stairs and floors were scrapped, leaving only an emergency exit from the bowels of the bunker.

K322 looked like a routine office area from the first few rooms I looked in. One of the steel doors was locked, not an unusual event, so I pulled my "Master key" from my belt and let myself in. The "key" was a small acetylene torch I used to cut the hinges off the steel doors. Once the hinges were cut, I flattened myself against the wall and let the door fall. No explosions, for what I was being paid, I'm no hero.

Behind the door was an office area. I made a quick sweep and then started a thorough search of the area. Inside were a small reception office, a file room, and an open area that had lots of electrical equipment. It was obviously a research lab. Others had been found in the bunker complex, but this one looked as if it had not been evacuated and cleaned out as the others had. Books were still on shelves and desks looked like their occupants would return from a coffee break at any moment. The only eerie thing was that everything was covered in a thick blanket of dust.

▪ C. Salvaging the Files of Dr. Brantwell

Searching this place was like walking through someone else's house. Everything was in the same place someone left it years ago. I started in the front office. It looked like your basic reception area. The pictures on the receptionist's desk showed a pretty blonde dressed in 1960's style. Her date book sat open to September 13, 1968. I also checked out the other offices. They were small with the gray metal furniture. What I noticed was that, aside from a small number of reference texts, none of the desks had notebooks, not even pads to take phone messages on. Most of the desks didn't even have drawers.

Crossing the hall, I found the file room. It was packed from floor to ceiling with gray file cabinets and wooden shelves. Row upon row of notebooks and boxes. Everything had a file and project number on it. Nice and neat. Whoever had taken care of this place had been anal to the max. I crossed the reception area again and moved on to the next room.

Beyond the secretary's desk was a large office. This office suite had nicer, wooden furniture. I had entered "suit territory." Everything inside spoke of Old World taste and elegance. I sat in the large leather chair behind the huge wood desk. The desktop looked neat, even with thirty years of dust on it. I reached down to the desk's file drawer and I met with the first surprise. It was locked. Now what kind of person keeps stuff in a locked drawer when his office is 14 stories underground behind several steel doors? So, like an inquisitive kid who had just found a locked drawer in his parent's room, I jimmied the lock and looked inside.

A collection of bound books sat inside the drawer. The books had dates that ranged from the thirties to the sixties. I took the oldest one, dated 1935, and went back to the stairwell for lunch. Sitting on the metal stairs was uncomfortable, but it beat eating dust. I quickly taped a plastic sheet over the door to stop any drafts and then took my break.

Reading the book while I ate, I felt like I was intruding on another world. The book was the diary of a Dr. Louis Brantwell, a research scientist from Europe. Skipping through entries, I found where he started the diary on the ship while coming over to America. Originally from Dublin, he'd spent his student years in England. From the way he wrote, it seemed that his true love was pure, scientific research. The process of discovery was what made him

happy. He studied a lot about the human mind, wondering how much more he could do if not for the obstacles of bureaucracy and funding. On the ship, he was elated. His new job with the Miskatonic University Department of Physics would allow him to do his own projects as leader of a research team.

I look through the diary for a while and then glanced at my watch. I'd been reading for almost three hours. No wonder my butt was asleep! Brantwell's diary was so interesting I wanted to read some more, so I tucked it into one of the inside pockets of my big fireman's coat. Going back to the office, I tried to think of a way to get the other books out without getting caught. My backpack seemed too obvious, but was the only thing big enough for the four other books. If I had gotten caught, I would have lost my job. But then again, it wasn't much of a job to lose and this Brantwell guy was the most interesting thing to come down the pipe in a long time. As was usual for a Friday afternoon, the guard barely glanced at me as I signed out and lined up for the bus.

I spent the evening reading through Brantwell's diary. The first book covered Brantwell's time at Miskatonic through the end of World War II, a period of about sixteen years. During that time, his research had taken him into the area of metaphysics. He'd done his dissertation work on "The Electromagnetic Waves Generated by Human Brain Activity" but had branched out into time travel, weapons, and levitation belts while at Miskatonic. He seemed to have the imagination of Jules Verne, the invention of Nikola Tesla, and the occult knowledge of Alistair Crowley. Reading the diaries on his couch, I concluded that Brantwell was a smart man, but not one that you would want to invite to a party.

After the War started, the government had approached Brantwell to continue his work. At first, he was elated, writing about how much work he could do now that he didn't have to teach or fight the Board of Deans for research funds. His tone changed over time, becoming angry with the bureaucrats that he had to report to. The Doctor didn't want to waste time implementing his discoveries as real world inventions. His love was pure science, not the "grubby work of engineers." Once he'd discovered what he'd set out to find, he wanted to move on.

His big project at the time was something called a Mind Control Device. An expansion of Dr. Brantwell's dissertation work, this project attempted to allow thoughts to be projected into people's minds. It was highly successful and the team was soon experimenting with human subjects. As a result of his new work, he had started to collect a group of followers. Some had joined him at the University, others when he worked at Victory Station. This "inner circle" as he called it led the individual projects within his lab. The names of Peter Lorimar, Michael Kent, and Sylvester Lavagre cropped up in the diaries over and over. These were his lead researchers on the Device and Dr. Brantwell wrote about their work like a proud father or mentor.

The diaries wrote in philosophic terms about the wonders and depths of the human mind, but also of the greedy demands the bureaucrats made on him. Rather than let him move into another project, they wanted him to create a device that would allow their agents to read other people's minds. Grudgingly the researchers complied but they became more furtive, annoyed at the requirements placed upon them.

I read the diaries all weekend, making notes on the files and folders Brantwell referenced. He seemed to be a cagey customer, writing about how his lab staff often planted "red herrings" in the lab reports to confuse and mislead his bosses. Guided by the diaries, I noted only material on the experiments that worked. The only thing I couldn't find in the diaries was who Brantwell worked for or reported to.

▪ D. Experimenting with the Mind Control Device

Monday morning I was ready for work. I went through the usual routine and returned to bunker 7. I made a sweep through the lab area, working my way down the corridor past the conference room and into the supply area. After a few hours of searching to satisfy my taskmasters, I returned to the file room. Using the list I had prepared, I selected several files on the Mind Control Device. Brantwell had been careful to mix real information in with false leads, so it took me a while to assemble the notes and schematics of the Device.

The diaries indicated that this was one of Brantwell's most successful inventions, he'd even made a few prototypes. I figured if I wanted proof that Brantwell was more than a crackpot, this would be the device to try. The latest MC prototype was missing, so I took the next most advanced one. It was a head-mounted gizmo that looked like a wide headband studded with metal pads. A wire cord connected the headband to a metal box the size of a lunch box. I unhooked the two pieces, putting the headband in my helmet and the box in my toolbox. I hid the folder in a bag I'd suspended between my shoulder blades. Lying under my backpack, no one would see it there. I

got back to the admin building easily enough, carefully transferring everything I've taken from the bunker into my gym bag. Just like last time, I made it home without any problems.

Sitting in my apartment, I tried to figure out how I was going to test Brantwell's Mind Control Device. I poured myself a drink and took another look at the diaries. The entries about the device were filled with psycho-babble and occult mumbo-jumbo. Brantwell described a person's brain like a house. The parts with the basic functions, like respiration and circulation, were the basement. Areas that control common functions were analogous to the living room or dining room. Personal things like memories were kept in the upstairs rooms.

All I had to do was strap on the device and it projected my thoughts into a subject's mind, just as if I was a visitor in their house. A burglar might be a more fitting description. Brantwell wrote that he had the most success entering other people's minds through the "basement" of their minds, working his way up the stairs and into their higher level thoughts. Once upstairs with the higher order brain functions, he would amplify the ones that suited him while dampening the others. Avatars symbolized a person's inhibitions, urges, and desires. They were representations of basic human emotions and could be manipulated to produce a desired effect. It all sounded very sinister.

I strapped the headband on and connected it to the metal box. The lab notes said that the box was the transmitter/receiver, the part that sent my brain waves and received the subject's so I could monitor them. The notes also said that the device worked best when it was pointed at the subject with no obstructions.

Great, I thought, all I have to do is invite someone in off the street and get them to stand still long enough for me to read their mind. I took a long pull from my glass.

I needed to see how the Device works before declaring this a success. Looking out the window I saw Annette, one of the girls that lived above the garage, talking with a guy in her apartment. I figured that was as good a test as any so I aimed the box at her through the window and ducked out of sight. Concentrating, I could hear what she was telling the guy. I narrowed my eyes and concentrated some more, actually seeing the door to her mind.

Entering her mind, I imagined the staircase Brantwell wrote about. I worked my way to the "living room" and could see what she saw. I toured her mind, finding her thoughts and habits, likes and dislikes. Drifting upstairs, I found her memories, urges, and inhibitions. It was kind of scary, being able to look into a person's mind this way.

I'd only seen Annette a handful of times, mostly to say hello to in the parking lot, but after just a few seconds, I could tell you about the boy she lost her virginity to and the way she that liked her pizza. Just like the upstairs of a house, Annette's mind had a hallway of doors. Doors were supposed to be inhibitions, suppressed urges, and hidden desires. I opened one and peered in. A small girl lay curled in bed, clutching a stuffed lion under one arm, sound asleep. Another door hid a dark empty room. The next one I came to was cracked open. An image of Annette, bare naked with a blazing look of lust in her eyes, lay on a bed inside the room. I pushed this door open and let her sex goddess avatar loose. The translucent image of Annette walked down the hall toward the stairs.

Normally she was sexy and playful in a coquettish sort of way, now Annette was horny. She looked at the guy wondering how to get him to make a move on her. His name was Jerry and she's hoped he was as good in bed as her friend Kaitlyn had told her. Unfortunately, Jerry just kept talking about his new motorcycle.

It was as if I was sitting in her living room watching TV. Her mind was some kind of movie, playing itself out in front of me. All that was missing was a soundtrack. I watched her impatience with her date grow, she wanted sex but still wasn't to the point of throwing herself on him. After a few more moments, I watched her give up on Jerry and make her move.

Taking a drink from her wineglass, Annette coyly spread her legs to give Jerry a good view of her panties. She could tell she'd been successful in capturing his attention when he stumbled over a sentence. Her avatar seemed to grow; its light burning brighter. On the couch, she scooted closer to him, hooking her leg over his.

"Go ahead Jerry. Take a good look," she purred into his ear.

Jerry slid his hand up her thigh. His fingers brushed against the skin at the top of her stockings. She leaned over and kissed him deeply. He put his glass on the table behind the sofa and pushed her dress straps from her shoulders. Her bare nipples were erect and throbbing. He leaned forward to suck them. Holding his head to her breast, Annette placed her other hand in his lap. From the size of the bulge Kaitlyn hadn't been exaggerating about the size of his tool. Sliding off his lap, Annette unzipped his pants and freed his throbbing cock. She licked the sensitive underside of his cock, running her tongue around the bottom of its ridged head.

It was the best skin flick I'd ever seen. I'd never seen a movie made from the girl's point of view and now I was watching one from the front row. It was as if a projection of myself was sitting in her living room watching and feeling the action. Not only could I see Annette giving Jerry a blowjob, I could see how it affected her. She was getting really hot, digging the feel of her tongue sliding around his big rod. When she ran her mouth down its length, I could tell it was the feel of the soft sensitive skin over the throbbing muscle that made her wet with anticipation. I was being bombarded by unusual sensations: the smell of a Jerry's crotch, the wet feeling of Annette's pussy, and her building anticipation of feeling him inside her.

Annette's experience told her that he was close to coming. I could tell that having him come in her mouth wasn't a problem but she didn't want him to come too soon and leave her without what she really wanted, his cock splitting her pussy. Jerry pushed her back on to the sofa, stripping off her panties and diving on her wet snatch. Whatever his assets in the dick department, Annette didn't think too much of his pussy liking talent. She left him down there long enough to let him get a good taste of her before pulling him up onto the sofa.

"Now fuck me." I could tell she was done with the preliminaries.

I watched as he put his thick, stiff cock against her hole. She tilted her hips to give him a better angle, gasping with delight as his bulbous head entered her. Slowly, he worked himself into her buttery soft love-tunnel by taking short, light strokes. After a few moments, Jerry had buried his prick inside her. He stopped for a moment to enjoy the feeling. Annette's hips moved, urging him to generate the friction she so desired.

"So deep. . . More. . . Faster." Her hands grasped his hips, tugging at him to pick up the pace of his thrusts.

He plunged his cock into her, driving it all the way in before reversing his course. At the apex of each stroke, he felt his shaven balls slap against her tight ass. Annette's small firm tits shook with each thrust as he fucked her slow and hard. He could feel his balls swell with his on-rushing orgasm. Annette wanted more, she rolled over on to her hands and knees, her ass sticking into the air.

"Now fuck me hard. I want your come inside of me." He didn't say a word as he positioned himself behind her.

From my vantage point, I could tell that Annette wanted to come and to get there she wanted his cock hard and fast. Jerry had been teasing her and, even though she'd enjoyed the feeling of his cock slowly gliding in and out of her tight, wet pussy, she was ready to feel him slam his meat into her.

Jerry's cock slid into her in a single stroke. Annette placed one hand on her mound, massaging her clit as Jerry started a strong, steady pace. I could tell that this was what Annette had been wanting all evening. His hands pulled her hips back to meet his thrusts. The impact of their bodies made a wet slapping sound. Her pussy fluttered as her orgasm built, clamping and releasing his cock from its silky vise. She could feel him start to tense up and waited for the warm rush of his come. Instead, he pulled out of her hot, twat and rolled her over. Her hand moved in a blur over her clit. As she opened her mouth to complain, the first shots of jism erupted from his cock. The sight of him jerking off over her sent Annette over the edge. Her thighs clamped down on her hand as the waves of pleasure overtook her.

Sitting in her mind, I felt as if I'd been pulled under a warm, tropical wave.

A few minutes later, they were sitting on the sofa talking. I switched off the device and went into the bathroom to cleanup. Caught up in Annette's feelings, I'd come all over myself without even realizing it. The device definitely worked. Now all I had to do was figure out how to use it first hand rather than as a voyeur.

Now that I knew the device worked, I needed to test drive it. I worked the next few days in a preoccupied daze trying to come up with a plan for using the MC Device. I mounted the device's headband inside an old baseball cap, sewing the band so that the metal pads made firm contact with my scalp and went looking for the target of opportunity that would offer me the chance to test the device.

I had gone all week with the MC Device in my hat, feeling frustrated that I couldn't proceed with the test. Every time I saw a woman I was interested in, the situation didn't allow me to concentrate or there were too many people around or something else happened.

I had decided that if I couldn't find anything that day, I would try a hooker. I left work with my cap on and the transmitter in my gym bag. I walked out of the admin area about to go cruising the local strip looking for the first thing that caught my eye, when inspiration came in a blinding flash. The boss' secretary, Francine, was walking up the steps into the building carrying some files. Everyone had always admired her red hair, blue eyes, and fantastic

body. I stopped and watched her legs work under her tight white miniskirt under the pretense of lighting a cigarette. As luck would have it she struggled with the door, dropping some of the files in the process. I jumped forward to give her a hand.

Picking up the files together, we looked into each other's eyes. The clarity of her deep violet eyes shocked me. She smiled and thanked me as I helped her get through the door and pile the files on her desk. We started to chat, small talk about the weather and movies we'd seen on TV. Casually, I sat down on the waiting room couch and worked to keep the conversation flowing. She walked around the office, locking up, and turning off lights.

She was putting things away in the safe, her back turned to me offering me a fantastic view of her tight ass, when I snuck my arm into my gym bag. I rested my arm on top of my bag, letting the cord pass unseen down my sleeve to the transmitter. Quickly, I connected the device's cord to the transmitter and concentrated on my unsuspecting target. Francine was focused on the safe's combination and I made a swift, smooth entry into her mind.

I moved through her "ground floor" noting details about her. Entering the sensory areas of her brain, I noticed that she stared at me oddly, wondering why I don't respond to her question. I was so deeply connected to my projection I inserted my response directly into her mind.

She was puzzled. It seemed to her that she knew my answer without hearing my response. I started to panic. I could feel a force coalescing around me, keeping me from seeing things in her mind cleanly. I closed my eyes, willing my projection to push its way through the cloying resistance.

I struggled up the stairs of her mind, finally finding myself with her psyche. I opened the first door I came to, stepping inside and looking around. An image of Francine in a warm kitchen filled with talkative people filled the room. I guessed that this was her sense of family. In the next room an image of her lay naked on a forest floor, her chest heaving with racking sobs. A network of scratches and bruises criss-crossed her shuddering flanks. She huddled against a fallen tree, pitifully trying to escape the freezing wind that whistled through the barren, wintry scene. I suddenly knew why she had invited me, a passing acquaintance, in to be with her as she locked up. She was afraid of being lonely. Not just alone, you understand, I mean forlorn, in utter endless solitude.

Dispirited, I closed the door and checked the latch. I crossed the hall and approached the next door apprehensively. I opened the door slowly, unsure of what I might find inside. Unlike Annette's nympho-avatar, brazenly pursuing physical sex, Francine's sexual avatar was more reserved.

She wanted sex but she also wanted the seduction, the romance that she felt was an essential complement to the physical act. Her avatar was dressed in a sensuous, tantalizing, nightgown. The boudoir setting reminded me of Marlene Dietrich in a vamp seduction scene. I took the avatar by its hand and led it downstairs. I invited her to seduce me, stimulating her natural sexual drive and suppressing her natural cautions and inhibitions.

A flush crept up her neck. I saw her hesitate, her hand trembling as she played with the neckline of her jacket. The radio played a dance tune. Seeing an opportunity, I took control of her mind.

"Dance for me." I told the vamp in front of me.

A faraway look entered her eyes. Her body swayed to the radio's music. Placing her hands behind her head, she danced in a tight circle, turning around to show me her lithesome form. Her tight jacket stretched tight across her breasts, its white fabric emphasizing the flush that had crept up her neck and her auburn hair. She unbuttoned the jacket slowly, a button for each chorus of the song.

She traced the outline of her blue bra with her fingertips. A shrug of her shoulders dropped the jacket on to the floor. Slipping her index finger under the lacy fabric, she rubbed her nipple lightly. Thoroughly aroused, Francine posed in her bra and skirt.

There was no question what she had in mind. I had pushed her to this point with unspoken promises of carnal satisfaction and erotic bliss. It was time to get down to business.

Modeling her body, she flashed me glimpses of her thigh before turning around and showing off her shapely ass. Slowly she unzipped her skirt and gave me tantalizing glances of the cleft of her cheeks. Francine shimmied out of her skirt and danced for me in her thong bikini and bra. Her avatar reflected her growing excitement, slowly shedding its peignoir and reclining on the sofa in her mind's living room.

Just as she started to reach for her bra snap, she hesitated. A flash of caution had burst from a corner of her mind. *You don't know him, you're in a public place* it screamed, urging her to revert to her normal sensible self. Reacting

quickly, I enflamed her vanity and suppressed her caution to get her to continue. Her desire won over her discretion. I sensed that there would be no further interruptions. She unsnapped her bra, massaging her breasts, and presented them to me. The paleness of her skin highlighted the flush of excitement that still spread across her slender neck.

I wasn't in control anymore. I didn't need to be. She was willingly doing everything I wanted her to do. I withdrew my mind from hers and let nature take its course. She felt the desire to show herself to me. She played with the waistband of her bikini, playing peek-a-boo with the wisps of pubic hair at the top of her mound. Turning and moving her hips in a slow, languid spiral she shed her thong bikini. As she came out of her turn, I saw her nude body for the first time. She leaned back on to her desk, spreading her knees and offering her moist pussy for my inspection.

Rising from my seat on the couch, I approached Francine. Sinking to my knees in front of the desk, I smelled her excitement. It was warm and sweet. Reaching forward with my tongue, I tasted her. She enjoyed it, leaning farther back onto the desk. I teased her pussy, carefully avoiding her clit with my tongue. My tongue drew circles around her hole, tickling her clit every few circuits to keep it stimulated.

Eager for my touch, Francine pulled my head into her crotch whispering "Eat me. Eat my hot red pussy."

Catching her eagerness, I ate her pussy with more vigor, lightly nibbling her clit with my teeth. Extending my tongue, I fucked her hot and ready twat. She was so wet, her juices ran down my chin.

Wanting to prolong this incredible moment, I decided to tease her a bit since I didn't want her to come too soon. I kissed my way up her soft body, finally lavishing attention on her generous breasts. They were perfect grapefruit sized globes, each nipple standing red and eager from her soft pale skin. I lifted each breast to my mouth, in turn, and sucked on its erect nipple. Meanwhile her hips sought mine, straining to reach release.

Deciding that it was time to satisfy her needs, I dropped my pants and I placed the head of my cock against her opening. Francine drew her knees up to her chest, inviting me to enter her. Her head craned downward to watch as I pushed my cock into her. The sensation was exquisite. Savoring the feel of her wet, tight grip, I pushed my hips slowly towards hers. The feeling was like parting thick, warm chocolate. Her cunt's silken tightness grasped me and drew my cock inward. As I reached my full depth inside her, we both groaned. I felt the limits of her cunt and knew that I was as deep as any man could go inside her.

I started a long, measured stroke, pausing at either end of the cycle. My pumping action drew her juices from the depths of her body, spilling down her thighs onto her ass. She wanted more and told me to go faster. Increasing my tempo, I tried to please her. My hips pumping faster and faster until my body slammed into hers with full force. Her eyes screwed shut in animalistic passion, she grunted in time with my thrusts. Holding her knees against her bouncing breasts, she gave me full ccess to her deepest recesses.

The primal parts of my brain took over. My body craved release and spurred me to thrust my cock piston-like into her love channel. The force of my thrusts caused my balls to slap against her ass, keeping time like an obscene metronome. The friction became too much for us. I felt my cum explode from my balls, as if my insides were being sucked out of my cock. We climaxed in a chorus of moans and wordless grunts.

We lay on the tousled desktop for a few moments, catching our breath and holding each other. A light dew of sweat covered us both, testimony to our exertions. A parting kiss held us for a moment. We climbed off the desk and struggled into our clothes. Francine went into the bathroom while I tidied up as best I could with a tissue. After we had collected ourselves, I smiled at her. Our bodies pressed together in a last kiss.

"We need to go." Her voice was almost a whisper, tinged with something that may have been sadness. Nodding, I gathered my gym bag as she turned off the lights. We walked together to the parking lot and said good night.

▪ E. Modernizing the MC Device

I got home that night with my head swimming from my newfound power. Digging out the schematics of the Mind Control Device, I set about figuring them out so I could build my own. My degree was in electrical engineering so I dug out my old textbooks and got to work. Drunk with the knowledge that electronics technology had exploded in the last 30 years, I was confident that I could build, if not improve upon, Brantwell's design. It was like doing an obscure homework problem.

I identified the functions of each segment of the circuitry. Some were very basic: frequency amplifiers, filters, wave transformers, and bridges. All parts of a classic transmitter and receiver set. The challenges came in some of the specialized parts. The input/output ports to the sender's brain were highly complex. I struggled for many hours trying to translate the 1950's era vacuum tube drawings to current integrated chip technology. After several sleepless nights, I had a design that I was fairly confident would work.

My next step was to call up a buddy that still worked at the college in the Electrical Technology department. A few cases of beer and I had access to all the parts I needed. I drew my circuit boards long hand and then scribed them on to boards I bought at a local hobby shop. After a couple of weeks of not sleeping, I probably looked more like a mad scientist than Dr. Brantwell but it was worth the effort.

My Mind Control device looked more like an ornate necklace than the futuristic crown that Dr. Brantwell's team had produced. Signals were picked up from the sender's lower cortex, amplified and modulated for transmission, and then transmitted to the subject.

After three weeks of hard work, I went back to the lab and ran my device on the test bench. A few minor adjustments were necessary but everything performed within specifications. All I needed now was another subject.

I decided to start testing my device at the same place I tested the older device, I looked for a neighbor to eavesdrop on. I found my target. Annette had another guest. They looked as if they had just returned from a night on the town. He was in a suit. She in a long gold sheaf dress, her hair arranged in a sophisticated style atop her head. They embraced at the door. I took a quick peek inside her mind, eager to see what she had planned for the evening.

The Aphrodite-like image of her sexual avatar was all ready in control of her mind. I let the situation develop on its own, watching her give her date a long, deep French kiss. Going "upstairs" in her mind, I looked in on her recent memories. She had been more sexually aroused than normal, masturbating twice a day and even having some uncharacteristic one night stands. I realized that by letting her sexual avatar loose without its normal restraints, I had left her in that state after our last meeting. As I explored her memories, Annette dragged her date, a young law clerk named Victor, into her apartment.

Victor was more eager than Jerry had been, quickly responding to the sexual signals that Annette had been sending him all night. Annette got Victor into her living room where she allowed him to strip and fondle her. Spurred on by her unfettered desire, she hungrily pulled his cock from his pants and got him hard. While she sucked him, I set a control that urged her toward anal sex. She had buried that desire in the back of her mind, not pursuing it as much out of dislike as disinterest.

As they traded oral pleasures, I enhanced her curiosity, tantalizing her with curiosity. Turning around on all fours, she offered him her forbidden orifice. Victor, also under the influence of one of my controls, accepted the offer and slowly worked his long cock into her ass. I amplified sensations of pleasure and damped the feelings of pain and discomfort, spurring them on. They increase the pace of their fucking, I made sure that I played up the "forbidden pleasures" of their sodomy. I made Victor felt the tightness of her ass, while at the same time, she relished the fullness of his cock inside her nether hole. After a few moments of deep, steamy sex, he pulled his dick out of her ass and came on her tits. This time, I made sure to reset the natural restrictions on the avatars before releasing my dominance over Annette and Victor.

Letting them relax in each other's arms in the afterglow of their coupling, I sat down to analyze what I had discovered. I had been able to influence both of them to do something that they had not planned, or even wanted, to do. Making notes of my own, I recorded my sensations and observations of other people's minds. So far, I had been able to observe and enhance repressed desires as an observer. I needed some way of testing my device's ability to control others while I was involved in the scene.

The opportunity to experiment this test case came almost immediately. Lucy, the good looking woman who lived downstairs knocked on my door and asked me to help her fix her sink. Already horny from orchestrating Annette and Victor, I didn't think twice about following her back to her apartment. The sight of her long, tan legs disappearing into her miniskirt gave me all of the impetus I needed.

Slipping into another human's mind came easier now that I had practice. My goal was to entice Lucy, almost a perfect stranger, into heated passion. By the time we got to her apartment, I didn't even get a chance to look at her sink. In fact, we had not made it past her living room sofa before we fell into each other's arms, stripping our clothes off in hasty passion. A heated encounter ensued; her raw animal desire left me amazed at what simmered

beneath Lucy's calm, responsible demeanor. There were moments when I wasn't sure that I was really in control as her lust swept me along like a raging river. It was as if I had broken a dam and was in danger of being drowned in the flood.

Spent, I lay beside her as she slept. I rolled onto my back and reviewed my progress. My device worked perfectly, allowing me to use Lucy's suppressed desires to lead her into a steamy afternoon in her bed. But the sex was only the short term benefit, more importantly I had discovered Lucy's hidden secrets. I kissed her forehead lightly and carefully got out of bed. I looked at her angelic face, framed by her long, tousled hair, and knew that I would be back.

I went back upstairs feeling very satisfied. I had gotten a to spend a few fantastic hours having sex with a beautiful, sensual woman. I had also done a thorough job investigating her mind. My Mind Control necklace was a single guy's dream, sex on demand with beautiful women without the dating hassle before or the emotional baggage afterward.

The next day, I decided a further test was in order. Remembering that Lucy had a repressed desire to make love to another woman, I decided to engineer an opportunity for her. Watching out my window, I waited until her roommate Kaitlyn came home and parked in the driveway. I entered her mind and looked around, noting where certain emotions and impulses were located. Gently, I pushed her mundane thoughts of work and grocery lists into the background. At the same time I let her sexual avatar out of its corner of her mind. I slowly aroused her, eventually causing her to seduce Lucy almost as soon as she entered the apartment.

Kaitlyn found Lucy changing in her room. Reaching around her roommate from behind, Kaitlyn nuzzled her face into Lucy's neck. Just as I had done with Kaitlyn, I brought Lucy's suppressed curiosity forward, encouraging her to live out her fantasy. A tender, gentle scene unfolded. Rather than the raw, demanding sex I had experienced with Lucy, she was tentative, almost submissive with the other woman. Watching the love scene through their eyes, I marveled at the differences between lesbian and heterosexual love. In a slow, languid pace, the two roommates teased, licked, and fondled each other to climax again and again. After witnessing and feeling their several earth-shattering orgasms, I was left weak and covered in my own cum. My modernized MC Device was a success.

▪ F. Suspicious Sam

Back at work, Sam was one of George's snitches and my hated rival. I can't remember when Sam started hating me, or even why we continued to dislike each other after working together for several years, but we did. It was mostly petty stuff, I'd avoid him and he'd snitch on me. Our boss, George knew about it and, as long as it didn't interfere with work, left us alone. Now Sam knew that I was being punished with the scout detail to the lab level. But I guess her got a suspicion that I wasn't bringing up a lot of inventory reports from the level I was supposed to be surveying. Sam confronted me one night at quitting time, accusing me of being lazy and sleeping on the job. I laughed at him, telling him that he should worry about himself rather than about my work habits. Looking over to the admin building, I saw George standing in the window, watching the whole scene. I nodded toward him but he turned away from the window without acknowledging either Sam's scene or my nod.

George was looking at the inventory slips Jack had submitted for that week. Since most of the items were electrical equipment, George was happy because that indicated a lot of wiring, which in turn indicated profit. He initialed the slips and put them in a routing envelope. He shrugged on his coat and left his office. On his way out, George walked through the distribution room. Facing a wall of pigeon hole boxes, he ran his eyes across the tags which noted which offices each box belonged to. He dropped the envelope containing Jack's inventory slips into the only distribution box without a nametag. For a moment he wondered who emptied that box and read the inventory slips, but then he remembered Larry.

Larry had asked those same questions. At first it had been a joke between the supervisors, "I'm dropping off distro to the Black Hole." But then Larry had started poking around, hanging out near the distro room and watching who came to pick up the envelopes that had no routing names. Pretty soon Larry had an accident. He was OK, as long as you don't unplug his respirator. The doctors say he's got the brain of a lizard. George concluded that it was easier to do what your told and not ask silly questions.

The distro boxes were emptied as usual. The courier loaded everything into his car and made his rounds of the offices and buildings on his route. The envelopes from the box with no name were taken to a big mailroom in a

complex of buildings in a nearby city. A mail room worker placed them in a plastic tub and sent the tub along a conveyor belt. The tub entered a long tunnel between two buildings but, when it left, it was empty.

Deep beneath the office buildings, inside a window-less office brightly lit with fluorescent lights, a man behind a desk opened the envelopes and read through them, making notes on a computer while doing so. He finished the stack, leaned back, and stretched. Picking up his coffee cup, he headed for the break room. On the way back from the coffee machine, he stopped into one of the many anonymous cubicles in the blank, sterile area. Knocking lightly on the cubicle's entry, he looked in at the young lady who sat there.

"I think you'd better take a look at what they've found in Bunker area Seven Kilo Three Twenty Two. It might be one of the hot spots the boss was looking for."

She thanked him with a word and started tapping commands into her computer. She scanned the information that was displayed and then picked up her phone.

"Take a look at Seven Kilo322. Possible green light."

Without waiting for a response, she hung up the phone and resumed working at her computer.

▪ G. A Busy Week

I spent the next week smuggling lab reports, notes, and schematics out of the lab and into my garage. I didn't have time to read through everything so I skimmed everything looking for more clues about the MC Device. Trying to identify the focal point of each investigation was impossible. I was amazed at the breadth of the lab's researches and the sheer number of projects that had run concurrently. Every conceivable area was included: mind control, time travel, fantastic weapons of destruction, and various occult topics. The reasons for these inquiries were unclear but the fact that there had been results was undeniable. I was able to smuggle several schematics out of the lab in addition to the prototype MC Device I had retrieved earlier. Soon, my small apartment was crowded with piles of bound reports and notebooks and tubes of diagrams and blueprints. The lab reports often held false trails, some seemed deliberate, that caused me to study the reports into the wee hours of the morning.

One Saturday morning I lay dazed on my cheap, ratty couch. My brain was fried from the stress of weeding through the voluminous library in the lab, getting the material out of the bunker, and trying to make sense of the techno-occult lab reports. I was roused by a light knock on the door. Struggling off the couch, I stumbled through the mess to the door. Opening the door I saw Lucy standing on the doorstep, nervously shifting from one foot to the other.

I invited her in, wondering what would cause her to come up this early in the morning. She had never visited me, either before or after our incredible afternoon. I had been too busy to choreograph another session so we had confined our social interaction to greetings in the parking lot. Playing the host, I made myself busy offering her a place to sit and a drink. At the same time I tried to chase the image of her begging Kaitlyn to make her come from my mind. I was shocked when she mentioned, in a small voice, her last visit to my apartment.

Until that moment, I had not realized that she could remember what had happened while she was under my control. It had never dawned on me that I had left my "victims" memories intact, recording the details of their actions.

Other details crystallized. I had briefly wondered if Francine had been avoiding me at work but I had been too busy to pay attention. Kaitlyn had left noisily earlier that week. Was this backlash from the lowered inhibitions? When Lucy spoke frankly about her embarrassment, I realized that I was holding my breath. Seeing her, so vulnerable and open, I felt close to her. I admitted to having been consumed by work the last week but apologized for not calling or taking the time to talk with her. I confessed that our passionate encounter had been spur of the moment but that I hadn't meant to hurt her. All of this was true, I told myself. I had only omitted what had instigated the encounter, my MC Device.

Not wanting to make her feel uncomfortable in my messy apartment, we went on a picnic. Lying on the warm grass, she spoke openly to me while I told half-truths to hide what I knew. I felt like an A-1 heel. I had sifted through this woman's most intimate memories and desires, all so that I could manipulate her into my bed. I had touched her soul for selfish, base reasons and now I winced with regret.

The afternoon progressed in sensitive conversation with Lucy. Her visit ended with another amazing sexual encounter, this one without the need of "the necklace." She kissed me farewell and went back to her apartment, every twitch of her hips promising more delights in what they had now established as a purely physical, but friendly and honest relationship.

▪ H. Tidying Up the Details

Realizing now that The Device's victims could still remember what they had done under its influence, I made an effort to make amends with Francine. She, like Lucy, was deeply embarrassed by her actions but was equally ready to try again and reach the heights of pleasure she had experienced the first time. Once again I felt hypocritical making platitudes and half-truths while Francine confessed intimate details about her love life with past boyfriends and her husband. Freed of the guilt she had internalized, she stood and moved around her large, imposing desk. No male could have ever mistaken her intent. We adjourned to a locked conference room. Things progressed rapidly from that point, making lunch pass more swiftly than I would have wished.

I spent the afternoon in Brantwell's office in the bunker writing reports and arranging the lab to make things look like nothing had been removed. Volumes of reports Brantwell had derided in his diaries as false leads were catalogued and readied for shipment to the surface. As I left work that evening, I dropped my reports into George's box.

George stepped out of his office and asked me to come in and sit down. George complimented me on all the good work I'd done recently. I was immediately on guard. George only took the time to compliment people when he had something unpleasant to say to them.

George hid his thoughts behind a coffee mug for a second and then told me that I would receive another assignment tomorrow. Acting nonchalant, I said that one job was like the next, but that there was still more to do in the level I was working on. He seemed relieved that I was taking the news so well, but said that I was going to survey another area of the same sector. I agreed in a noncommittal way, still waiting for the bad news to hit. George made some small talk about sports but the interview was clearly over. I waited a polite amount of time and then excused myself.

That's when George dropped the other shoe, "Oh by the way, on Monday make sure you drop by the staging area to get your partners. They start at 8."

All the way home I stewed over this new development. I knew I was being set up, but which one partner would be the spy? Or would they both be spies? The thought that they were just two new workers never entered my mind. There had been something in the reports, even my carefully sanitized ones that had sparked someone's interest. And now I was being saddled with a keeper. My stomach soured as paranoia flooded my mind.

I pulled into my apartment's driveway. Lucy and her friend Andrea stood in the driveway chatting. I greeted them distractedly, walking to the stairs on autopilot. I almost didn't hear Lucy invite me over for dinner. Remembering my manners I quickly accepted, asking for just enough time to shower and change.

Twenty minutes later I was at Lucy's door, cleaned and changed. Lucy explained that she had invited Andrea over for dinner and a movie but that there was plenty of food for a third person. She hugged me, commenting that I looked like I could use a decent meal. Since I was wearing the necklace, more out of habit than any plan to use it, I saw through her ruse immediately.

Her plan was to stage a threesome with Andrea and me; something I was quite eager to take part in. Even though I had taken part in her tryst with Kaitlyn, I was surprised that Lucy's greatest desire was to explore her lesbian fantasies with her friend while I watched. Throughout dinner I explored their minds, setting controls and prompting impulses. I should have felt guilty but I didn't, rationalizing that I was just helping Lucy get what she wanted.

After the dinner dishes were done, I waited for events to take their course. I didn't have to wait long. As the girls settled on the couch to watch the movies, I literally watched Lucy's mind work. Her imagination raced to develop a way to start her fantasy. I decided to help out with my necklace. First, I planted suggestions and impulses into Andrea's mind enflaming her desire to have sex with Lucy. The next part was trickier; I had to "motivate" both women into letting me watch.

Working slowly, as their concentration was on the movie, I fanned their passions and lowered their inhibitions. When the movie ended, I excused myself and went to the bathroom. Waiting an appropriate amount of time I tip-toed back quietly, stopping in the doorway to see the girls sitting on the couch facing each other.

As I spied on them, Lucy reached forward and lightly touched Andrea's breast. I could see my implanted suggestions at work as Andrea responded by leaning forward and kissing Lucy full on her lovely mouth. The intensity of the kiss seemed to break the ice. Their hands roamed over each other. Andrea took the lead, undressing Lucy and pressing her back against the arm of the couch. As the girls warmed to the occasion, I entered the living room and sat on the chair opposite the couch. My presence energized them. Andrea started to perform for me, positioning herself and Lucy so that I could see exactly what they were doing. Using the filthiest, most graphic terms Andrea described the texture and taste of Lucy's vagina. Lucy soon succumbed to the attention Andrea was lavishing on her clitoris and orgasmed loudly. Still hot with desire, Lucy quickly traded places with Andrea and returned the favor, licking and kissing her way from Andrea's lips to her very wet pussy.

I had seen Lucy eat pussy before but sitting in the same room with her acting like she was a cheap porn star was incredible. I unbuttoned my pants and freed my swollen cock from its confines. I lightly stroked my cock, surprising myself when I came. Lucy worked more slowly than Andrea had, working both her tongue and fingers in and out of Andrea's cunt. Andrea came more quietly than had Lucy, grinding her hips against Lucy's fingers.

As Andrea relaxed after her orgasm, she looked at me with a hungry stare. Lucy looked back over her shoulder from her place between Andrea's legs, "Your turn big boy."

They quickly stripped my clothes off before turning their attention to my cock. I lay back enjoying the double blowjob. The girls got me hard and slick with their mouths before Andrea threw her leg over my hips and mounted me, Lucy helped by guiding my turgid cock into her wet hole. We fucked furiously for a few moments, all that was necessary for me to cum inside her. Lucy, wanting her turn, positioned herself so that she straddled my face and sucked my cock while Andrea licked my balls. They got me hard again with their expert nibbling and sucking. Andrea got up onto the back of the couch and spread her legs wide, inviting Lucy to eat her again. Lucy crawled between her friend's legs on all fours and began to lick Andrea's pussy. Seeing Lucy's ass wiggling an invitation, I obliged by entering her from behind. A long slow fuck ensued, ending in all three of us coming for a third and last time.

■ I. The Day After

After cuddling for a while, Andrea, Lucy, and I unstuck our bodies from each other. The girls went to Lucy's room and I snuck back upstairs to my apartment. My head throbbed, like a massive hangover after a night of drinking cheap tequila. Pitching forward into bed, I fell unconscious.

Dreams came to me; slowly coming into focus like the light of the sun becomes clearer to a diver ascending from the depths. In my dreams, I was climbing stone stairs. Drums boomed out the cadence as I marched out of a torch lit staircase. The crowd roared in anticipation as I stepped onto a broad, paved courtyard. My guards forced a corridor through the cheering throngs of people.

Details became clearer. The people were short and wiry, dark skinned with straight black hair. I continued across the open space toward a giant, stepped pyramid. Marching stiffly up the stairs the smell of incense grew stronger, almost overpowering me as I reached the top. There, standing behind a tremendous black altar, stood a man who was undeniably a high priest of some sanguine religion. The tall, feathered mask that hid his features was his only raiment. Streaks of drying blood ran down his thin chest and drew streaks along his skinny thighs. I hesitated at the sight of the long black dagger in the priest's hand but was shoved toward the altar from behind. Unable to fight back, I was dragged on to the altar, strong hands pinning my wrists and ankles to the smooth, warm surface.

I woke, a damp towel on my head. Struggling to sit up, I saw Andrea came into the room.

"Are you OK? You don't look so good." There was a note of concern in her voice.

She gave me something cool to drink and sat on the edge of the bed beside me. She explained, somewhat embarrassed, how she had come upstairs after lunch hoping for a little "reprise" of the previous evening's fun. She had found my door open and me passed out on the bed. When she found she couldn't wake me, she stayed and played nurse. It was now Saturday evening, I had slept a whole day. We had a quiet evening together, Andrea ordering pizza while I nursed the fading echoes of his monster headache.

On Sunday, my head felt more normal. I sat down with a pot of coffee and the stack of Brantwell's private diaries. There had to be some connection between "the necklace" and my vision. Much more intense than a nightmare, I could still remember the smell of the blood and incense as I stood in the breeze atop the pyramid. I still didn't have any idea how my dream fit into the situation, but there was bound to be a clue somewhere in the diaries.

The closest I came to an answer was a circuit diagram of a later generation MC Device with a "signal amplifier" in addition to the other circuitry. Apparently the brain couldn't put out enough power on its own to broadcast control signals to one person for a long time or more than one for shorter periods, I reasoned. To give the controller this expanded capability, the researchers had developed a feedback circuit to amplify the controller's brain power. In other words, the controller used power derived from the returning brain waves of his subjects. This way he had to supply less energy and could, therefore, broadcast for longer periods of time or to more subjects. Since it was late, I put the diaries away and decided to spend the next week modifying my "necklace" before trying it out.

▪ J. New Partners mean Paranoia

Monday morning I went to meet my new partners. My stomach fluttered as I walked into the break room, the fear that one or both were company spies gnawed away at my insides. Our assignment was to explore the area adjacent to the lab that had been used as personal living space for researchers and staff. I remembered some of the more mysterious working accidents in the complex. People that had asked questions or somehow made waves had often fallen victim to strange and debilitating accidents.

The rumor around the coffee pot had been that the company was looking for something in the bunker. The salvage operation was merely a front for some dark, unspoken mission. Why else would teams be sent after file rooms and labs rather than the big transformers and wire closets where the valuable copper and gold wire could be found? I had always been disliked by Sam and George, so usually they let me work alone. No witnesses and dangerous settings meant lots of deniability if the company wanted to get rid of a troublesome employee. Since I wanted to be alone anyway, it seemed the perfect arrangement. Now that I had found another lab I was assigned partners, completely out of character for George. Normally he would have just sent me to another area - still a solo. To keep me on the same level, investigating what was obviously living quarters with two "newbies," was definitely suspicious.

I stuck my head into the staging area and waved at the supervisor.

He looked at his list, "Clarke and Forrest."

Two heads perked up in the crowd. The supervisor nodded toward me, indicating where they should go. I introduced myself as we walked down the hall. The guy's name was Bert Clarke. He was a well-built six-footer who didn't look much past high school age. The girl was Ernestine Forrest, a petite brunette who looked like she didn't weigh 100 lb. soaking wet. They made some jokes about Bert and Ernie. It was so cute I wanted to gag. I helped them draw their equipment and board the bus. Entering the bunker, we spent the day working through a dorm area, opening closets and looking into empty drawers. In contrast to the lab that I had just finished, this place looked like it had been abandoned in an orderly fashion.

During breaks, I got Bert and Ernie to talk more about themselves. I found out that both were locals, about my own age, with stories similar to my own. Without enough money to leave or prospects if they stayed in town, they had taken jobs with the company to build a stake before leaving town.

Bert had been working in on a salvage crew in one of the other bunkers in the complex. He said that it had been a warehouse. His crew was one of many that had spent the days opening and cataloging the contents of the crates that were stacked from floor to ceiling. Some crates were taken away in trucks, other just moved to the other side of the warehouse.

Ernie had been a forklift operator, a coveted job, before getting into a disagreement with her supervisor. She wouldn't talk much about it. I suspected her immediately. Moving from driving a forklift to spelunking in a steel cave was quite a move down the company's pecking order. She was either a spy or had pissed somebody off.

That night, I packed Brantwell's papers into boxes and took them to Andrea's apartment, hiding them in a crawl space above her garage. I worried that someone might break into my apartment, looking for some of the things I had stolen from the bunker. Security was definitely tighter at work, the guards more vigilant than before. I wrapped my first necklace in a plastic bag and hid it in the toilet reservoir. The second I hid in the bottom of my mailbox. It was

the old-fashioned key-lock kind and the postman used the big mailbox on the street anyway. Once everything was safely hidden I plotted my next move.

After work, I tinkered with the necklace, adding the feedback circuit mentioned in Brantwell's papers. I finished late Saturday afternoon and tried the necklace on. Immediately, I could feel the increased power of this new design. Without trying, I could "feel" people's minds. I eavesdropped on Lucy as she made dinner and Annette as she got ready to go out to a club. I changed and got ready to go down to Lucy's. Perhaps I could get a decent meal and some "stress reduction."

To my surprise, my doorbell rang. Looking out the window I saw a young, cute brunette. I hadn't finished opening the door when she produced a pamphlet and a laminated card, quickly introducing herself.

"I'm Stephanie and I represent Students International, an organization..."

She had her sales pitch memorized and there was no getting a word in edgewise. Letting her talk, I swiftly inserted my controls into her mind. Instead of manipulating the avatars in her mind, as I had done with Francine and Lucy, I restricted my tinkering to her base instincts. Never leaving the basement of her mind, I separated her conscious thoughts from her sub-conscious impulses. I found her sexual desires and primitively aroused them. I smiled smugly as she stumbled in her well rehearsed speech. Sweat appeared on her upper lip and her nipples pointed through her blouse. The influences I sent her were crude, appealing to instincts as old as mankind. This approach lacked all of the subtlety of my previous experiments but was proving to be much quicker.

"Why don't you come inside?" Asked the spider to the fly, I finished mentally.

Once she was inside, I blocked her inhibitions while freeing her subconscious desires. Courteously, I invited her to sit but she stood, momentarily confused by her feelings. Taking her by the hand I pulled her down to the couch. Sitting beside her, I ran my fingertips lightly up her thigh.

"This is better, isn't it?"

She answered by leaning back and spreading her legs, an unspoken invitation to reach higher inside her thighs. Simple and straight to the point, this method also produced immediate results. I pushed her basic erogenous urges, making her pant and squirm like a bitch in heat. Leaving one hand glued to her crotch, I unbuttoned her blouse and helped myself to her pert tits. Her breath came in ragged gasps, punctuated by animal groans.

Excited by her reaction, I pushed her miniskirt up to her hips and pulled her white cotton panties to one side. She invited me to taste her, guiding me to the target with a hand firmly on the back of my neck. Leaning forward I accepted, licking her rapidly moistening cunt. Once we'd made physical contact, events progressed rapidly. I ate her, she sucked me, then I fucked her pussy. We climbed over the couch as if it were a jungle gym, shifting positions to allow me to stick my cock in her from different angles. She'd come once or twice, but these made her try harder to reach the pinnacle of release.

I had her bent over the arm of the couch, fucking her savagely. Taking advantage of a pause in the action, she reached back and cupped my balls. I thought she was ready for another position change. The surprise came when she asked me not to come inside her.

"Fuck my ass," she said spreading her ass cheeks and offering me her bottom.

Pressing the head of my cock against her tight brown bud, I slowly worked my thick cock into her tight sphincter. I let her set the pace, giving her plenty of time to relax her muscles to let me enter her. We fucked slowly, until I felt myself ready to come. Pulling out of her, I stood and jacked off, shooting my load onto her face and breasts. A classic skin movie cum-shot.

She smiled shyly as she gathered her clothes and pamphlets, my cum still dribbling off her chin. "You sure know how to show a girl a good time." A quick kiss and she was gone.

Satisfied with my modification, I wrapped the necklace in a plastic bag, taped the entire thing until I was sure it was waterproof, and then hid it behind the sewer flush out. My apartment being on the top floor, I knew it wouldn't be washed down the pipe and it was the last place a burglar would think to look. I went to sleep confident that I now had the tool that would enable me to leave my lousy job and this boring town forever.

▪ K. The next day

I finished out the week still leery of Bert and Ernie. But now that my necklace was working, I felt confident that my time in the bunker was coming to an end. Half in celebration and half in curiosity, I decided to take a trip to the big city and experiment with the necklace some more. I checked into a business motel and went out to get something to eat and find some playmates.

At a small grill in the club-section of town, I found two secretaries eating dinner. While they ate I scanned their minds. Waiting for my chance, I struck up a conversation. It was so strange, having a conversation with someone and all ready knowing their answers. We went back to my hotel for drinks.

I decided on the slow subtle method. Based on my experiment with Stephanie the door to door sales girl, I found that I felt more satisfied and less tired after manipulating avatars and controls than I did when I explicitly torqued a girl's sensations. I started by investigating their desires. Some sage once said, "Give'em what they want." I used it like my mantra.

I worked slowly, letting them relax, and finally got them back to my room. I had discovered that Ellen, the smaller blonde, had a lesbian fantasy. Her friend Mary had one as well but was more inclined to play a submissive role. I invited them to sit on the couch and settled myself on the edge of the bed ready to direct the action.

Rather than try to control their every move like a puppeteer, I decided to use some of the techniques Brantwell had written about. I set commands in their minds, alternating between Mary and Ellen to build their excitement and my control over them. At the same time I worked on dampening my own sexual responses. I didn't want to cum too soon or I wouldn't be able to participate in the three-way I had planned for after the girls get finished warming each other up.

Ellen started things off by sliding to her knees on the floor. Pulling aside Mary's panties, she stuck her tongue in Mary's slit. The physical stimulation on her sensitive clit reinforced my suggestions, encouraging her to be more aggressive with Ellen. Hot and ready, Mary didn't give Ellen much chance between her legs when the larger blonde pulled Ellen onto the couch.

Mary was much more decisive than her friend. She held her friend down and teased Ellen's nipple by lightly flicking them with her tongue. Ellen squirmed with pleasure, grasping Mary's head to try and spare her sensitive nipples but Mary used her size and strength to push her hands behind her head. After Mary was sure that Ellen was warmed up, she moved down her firm, tan stomach to lavish her attention on Ellen's wet snatch.

I wanted to push the pace of their show, so I amplified the sensations that emanated from Ellen's lust swollen pussy. Ellen cried out, arching her back to push herself tighter against Mary's agile tongue. Mary, sensing that her friend was close to a climax, augmented her tonguing by sliding her fingers in and out of Ellen.

Ellen's body tensed. Her eyes were screwed shut. She gulped breath in hoarse groans. The only movement of her lithe form was the violent trembling of her hips as she clamped down on Mary, trapping her friend against her snatch as her orgasm came in waves.

Once Ellen's fantasy was realized, she turned to me. Mary followed her gaze to my thick, rigid cock. Without any need for further prompting, they climbed off of the couch and came over to the bed where I sat. Pushing me back, Mary straddled my cock, Ellen guiding it easily into Mary's ready love canal. I continued to fight with my own urges, enjoying the pleasurable feelings of Mary sliding up and down my pole while blocking my body's urge to release my cum. By denying my own orgasm, I made myself last longer with these two nymphs.

Ellen made everything harder by running her tongue around my balls and ass hole while Mary had slid to the top of my cock. It wasn't long before Mary came and slumped against my chest. I was still hard, my cock starting to ache with the need for release.

Rolling her off my cock, I commanded Ellen to turn around. Taking her from behind, I abandoned all pretense of slow, teasing sex. I released the controls in my own mind, pounding my cock into Ellen's pussy with frantic desperation to find orgasm. My balls slapped against her pussy lips, stimulating her at the same time as I neared my climax. I felt my balls tighten and I drove my cock hilt deep into the short blonde, pinning her against my hips as my seed spurted into her hot, wet void. The fury of their lovemaking left us all spent. I checked their minds, making sure that everything was back where it should be before wishing them goodbye.

My mission a success, I spent the next day lounging around my hotel room reading Brantwell's diaries. I noticed that most of the diary entries during WWII dealt with the MC device. Once that had proven to be a success, albeit limited by pre-transistor technology, Brantwell and his Inner Circle moved on to the next challenge: Time Travel. In his diaries, Brantwell explained that the intense dreams experienced by MC Device controllers after straining themselves were actually "windows" to another time or dimension, he wasn't sure which. He wrote about trying to develop a means to control trips through these windows.

While he extolled his successes, his diary entries also become increasingly critical of the "clerks." Apparently the nameless suits he worked for wanted the Doctor to continue to develop the MC Device, which they wanted to use for Cold War purposes, and stop "wasting time" with Time Travel. In frustration, Brantwell made vague hints about the preparations that he was making to leave the clerks behind.

I got home around dinnertime on Sunday. Opening the door I found my apartment is a shambles. Someone had broken in and trashed the place. I ran to Lucy's place and called the police. The police detective, Sgt. Neil, had stayed long after the uniformed officers had taken their statements. He seemed very interested in my background, chatting for a while about my plans and ambitions.

A few hours later, after making statements and signing reports, I went back upstairs to start cleaning up. Lucy, thoughtful as ever, brought up some dinner and helped me straighten things up after the detective finally left. We had the place livable before too long and went to bed.

I camped out at Lucy's that next week, since the burglars had been thorough enough to slit and disembowel my mattress. The next weekend I ran into Bert while shopping for some cheap furniture to replace what had been smashed during the break-in. While Bert seemed suitably sympathetic, I couldn't help but wonder if my new partners had something to do with my recent burglary, the first in the many years of living in Mountain View.

Still bitter over the break-in, I decided to test Bert and Ernie. They had seemed friendly enough but I couldn't help shake the suspicion that they were company agents. The coincidence of our meeting right after I unearthed the MC Device was too pat. My only challenge would be to get them to a place where I could use my necklace.

I didn't want to try anything at work, just in case. Instead, I arranged a night out at the movies with them. Sitting in the dark theater, I probed their minds for ulterior motives. It was almost a disappointment when I found them to be innocent, normal twenty-somethings. I relaxed once I knew that I could trust my new partners.

Mulling over some of their fantasies, I reverted to my old horny self and set about choreographing a three-some with them. I didn't see much of the rest of the movie, spending my time setting controls and suggestions in their minds. There wasn't a lot of work to do, both Bert and Ernie were average, lusty young people and it wouldn't take a whole lot of encouragement to get them to hop in the sack.

The movie ended and we left for a few drinks. I ordered some beers and made chitchat while I waited for an opportunity to try out my latest experiment. Brantwell had written about using planted suggestions. These were controls that lay dormant in the subject's mind until an event or a phrase triggered the desired response. During the movie I had found that Ernie could be more easily motivated toward a threesome than Bert, so I planted some suggestions in her mind, leaving me free to concentrate on Bert.

We stood in the crowded bar while we drank our beers. As we came to the point when we would either order another round or leave, I mentioned that I usually watched a certain TV show at this time but couldn't since my TV had been stolen. The name of the show was Ernie's trigger phrase and I watched with great interest as the planted suggestion activated. She seemed to get a far-away look in her eyes for a moment, as if remembering something from a long time ago. Then she turned to put her beer bottle on the bar and brushed her hand against Bert's crotch in passing. From my vantage point inside Bert's mind, I almost laughed out loud as his mind raced to try and make sense of what had just happened. It was pure comedy watching Bert trying to decide whether Ernie's contact with his crotch had been an accident or a come-on.

Right on cue, Ernie invited us both to her place to watch TV. I eagerly accepted, anxious to see where this would go since I couldn't risk taking control of Bert in a public place. Bert agreed as well, although he was wondering how long I would stay so that he could get Ernie alone.

We arrived at Ernie's apartment and crashed on her living room furniture. It was a tiny student apartment, actually a few rooms of an old house. She gave us a quick tour and I noticed that the bathroom was unusually big for such a small apartment. Bert made a joke about her renting out the bathroom since it was bigger than his

apartment. She said that the landlord had fixed up an old bedroom to make the bathroom, which was why it was as big as her bedroom.

We went back to the living room and settled down to watch TV. With the lights off, I was able to concentrate on them and get them ready for the next step in my plan. Bert and I sat on the couch, with Ernie on the floor in front of the table. By the time the first commercial came on, I had gotten Ernie set to show both Bert and I for the time of our lives. She stood and stretched like a cat, making sure that both Bert and I got a good look at her lithe form. She massaged her rear end through her jeans, claiming that her butt had fallen asleep on the floor.

I excused myself to get a beer, turning up Bert's interest a notch with a quick surge of power. Ernie went into her bedroom to "get into something more comfortable." Again, I almost choked trying not to laugh at the thoughts that ran through Bert's head. He was still too shy, however, for what I had planned so I started working on him some more. This was the first time I'd tried to arouse another man and I was having some problems finding the right places to put my controls. While most guys are horny ol' goats, Bert had a streak of modesty in him that, quite frankly, was getting in my way. Finally, I abandoned the idea of subtlety and clamped down on his conservative inhibitions.

By the time Ernie came back out of her room in a pair of sweatpants and a loose old T-shirt, I thought Bert's dick would rip a hole in his pants. Ernie joined me in the kitchen and asked if anyone wanted an ice cream sundae. She was pulling things out of the refrigerator when she spilled something on her shirt in a very clumsy "accident." Turning to face Bert, she smiled coyly and yanked her shirt over her head in a single, smooth motion. His jaw hit the ground as she stood brazenly displaying her pert breasts.

"I guess I need to wash up." She grabbed his hand and led him into the bathroom. I followed along, ready to get the show started.

There was plenty of room for all of us in the bathroom. Ernie leaned into the tub, turning on the water and giving both us guys a good look at her ass at the same time. Satisfied with the water temperature, she stood and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her sweat pants.

"I'll scrub your back if you'll scrub mine."

A quick yank and her pants hit the floor. I waited to see what Bert would do, hoping that my controls would stay in place. I stood with one hand on my belt, ready to drop my pants and join the fun, watching the internal struggle in Bert's mind. Years of Sunday school and clean living battled with raging animal desire in the corridors of his mind. Finally, only after he made a conscious decision to take this opportunity and live with his regrets later, did he start unbuttoning his shirt.

I shucked my clothes in a pile against the door and watched Ernie help Bert undress. She was on her knees in front of him, undoing his belt and pulling his jeans down to his ankles. His stiff member sprang out his briefs and poked her in the cheek. She giggled and started nibbling at the sensitive seam along the bottom of his cock. He spread his feet shoulder width apart and let his head fall backward; his eyes closed tightly in ecstasy.

Before things went much farther, Ernie stood and led Bert into the shower by his stiff schlong. I followed them, pulling the curtain around the tub. Ernie had resumed her oral attention to Bert's thick manhood and I placed my hand gently against her soft, sensitive mound. Feeling her press her hips against my hand, I spread her nether lips with my fingers, opening her for my own turgid cock. I placed its head against her wet hole, pressing softly but insistently for entrance to her private delights. I worked my way inside her slowly, relishing the tight grip her cunt had on my cock. I held her hips, holding her still so I could work myself inside her. Finally, I had sunk the length of my shaft inside her.

Relishing the feeling of my balls against her pussy lips, I quickly checked on Bert. He had completely given himself over to the passion of the moment. Once again, my controls had opened the door but native instinct had filled the gap and carried the matter to its conclusion. Releasing him and Ernie from my dominance, I stopped distracting myself with having to control them and let myself enjoy this new type of situation. The three of us traded positions in the tub, Bert and I taking turns in each of Ernie's receptive orifices. I left them tired and spent., my back sore from the awkward positions I'd assumed over the last hours.

We showed up to work the next day as usual. Bert was a bit uncomfortable at first but I set him at ease on the bus ride to the work site. After a little blushing, he and Ernie rode to the bunker holding each other's hands. I led the way down the stairs into the lab wondering at the aftermath of a session under the influence of the MC Device. As it

turned out, Bert moved out of his parent's house and into Ernie's apartment a few weeks later, so I guess some good comes out of everything.

After work I continued to study Brantwell's diaries and lab reports. I was careful to keep most of his things in the hiding place above Andrea's garage, but I relaxed a little after I realized that the burglars hadn't taken anything of value. Brantwell's work had progressed on the Time Travel device after the war, becoming his main project by the early 1950's. He theorized that the same brainwave energy that allowed his MC Device to broadcast impulses into another person's mind could also open small passageways between "worlds." Since the actual power in the brain wave transmissions was low, he sought the circumstances that would make actual physical travel possible.

Dr. Brantwell had several groups investigate this problem at the same time. Some of the same people that had helped him make the MC Device a success were prominently named in these investigation. Throughout the 1950s and most of the 60s, Brantwell's researchers experimented with what they called Time Travel. After several years of hard, frustrating work, Sylvester Lavagre's group actually succeeded in sending a person through a rift to another world. Lavagre's technique involved using a special crystal.

The crystal's structure made it resonate when it was bombarded with brain energy waves. To travel between worlds, a crystal was placed on a person's chest. The traveler lay in the center of a circle of a group who concentrated on the crystal using the transmitters from MC Devices. The crystal would resonate energy in a spherical field and whatever was inside that sphere was sent through to the other world.

Or so they thought, since they couldn't bring anything back from the destination. After sending several people through to the other world, the group of travelers was able to send someone back. They described the new world as Camelot, a place of knights and castles. Brantwell was ecstatic.

The diaries of the 1960's dealt with the advances his researchers made with Time Travel. They succeeded in developing a means to navigate between worlds and built a machine that only needed one person to operate it. They built maps of the various worlds they found, sometimes using one as a staging point for farther destinations. Along the way, researchers died or were turned into brain-dead vegetables but Brantwell pressed on, resolved to perfect the Time Travel device. In 1969, just before Armstrong landed on the moon, Brantwell wrote that his Time Travel device was complete. It was the sphere, 6 feet in diameter, of platinum wire. At the center, mounted on a pedestal, was the drive console containing the crystal and the means to aim its cargo at a specific world.

The last entry in Dr. Brantwell's diary was November 1969. It was "*And now to start again, someplace else, free to be myself.*" I read that and felt cheated. Cheated like the person that reads a good book, only to find that someone has removed the last chapter. I set the diary down. I knew I had to find Brantwell's Time Travel machine. There were prototypes mentioned in the diaries. One could take me away from Mountain View. Then I could start again, free.

I knew the machine wasn't in the lab. I hadn't found anything that big in any of the rooms. We worked down to the storage level of Bunker 7 hoping to do some poking around but Sam was put in charge of my team, so I was watched too closely to do anything. As I passively watched the company's salvage teams label and crate everything in the bunker, I wondered how long it would be before someone realized that Brantwell had fooled them and they came looking for him.

After work my active love life continued. I went through different phases, experimenting with sex and mind control at the same time: 2 girls and a guy, 2 guys and a girl, lots of girls. The only time I got scared was when I realized I was thinking of my partners as "subjects" rather than people.

This feeling was especially sharp one morning after having Francine, Andrea, and Lucy over for a romantic and tasteful dinner. A nice quiet evening that started out over hors d'oeuvres ended in a pile of clothes and naked limbs on the living room rug. The runaway power of the controls I had placed in their minds frightened me. Anguish gnawed at my conscience, but I was unwilling to give up everything that we had together and go back to being lonely. Over the next few weeks, I slowly removed the controls I had placed in their minds, satisfied that our special friendship would last.

One night, Lucy and Andrea brought me dinner and introduced me to Sue, Andrea's aunt. Although she was in her early forties, exercise had kept her small, tan frame as sinuous and firm as a twenty-year old. Her body was one wiry muscle.

Despite all of my earlier conscience pangs, I saw an opportunity for another sexual experiment that was too good to pass up. I went to the bathroom to prepare as the girls returned downstairs to get things ready. Removing the necklace from the sewer pipe and fastening the clasp behind my neck, I scanned the vicinity but found only familiar voices in my head.

Lucy and Andrea had brought Sue along because "she needed a man" and they felt I could amply satisfy her needs. Dinner led to a mini-orgy. I took special pride in satisfying all three women and orchestrating Sue's first bisexual experience. What pleased me most, however, was that I could orchestrate such a large group without straining myself or placing completely restrictive controls on anyone.

▪ L. Getting ready to leave

Despairing of finding the Time Travel Machine, I made plans for a more mundane escape from Mountain View. My plan was to go to my cousin's hunting cabin for a few weeks and then make my way to the city, where I could start afresh. I started by collecting things I will need, buying things with the credit cards I intended on leaving behind.

One day I came home as usual, but there was something wrong. I searched my apartment, trying to find what ever it was that looked out of place. It took me a while to put my finger on it, but I finally noticed that some of my books had been disturbed. It shocked me to realize that the first break-in had been a deliberate warning, to scare me.

This burglary was all business. Someone was looking for something particular and they were being very careful. Thankful that I returned all of the diaries to their hiding place, I began to intensify my escape plans. I packaged the diaries and schematics in small, waterproof containers, ready to be moved. I made and reviewed lists of what I'd need to live in the woods for a few weeks. I also read more about Brantwell's Time Machine, teasing myself about making "a clean getaway." I'd even selected a world called Hole-in-the-Wall as my hideout. The Wild West had always appealed to me and, if I could only find the Time Machine, it was within my grasp.

I was getting caught up in my plans to leave. One night, everything stopped. While I had been at a gun show one Saturday morning, Lucy surprised a burglar in my apartment. I found her body in my living room, a small bullet wound behind her left ear.

I called 911 immediately. The police came and questioned everyone. I sat in a squad car, numb and blaming myself for involving her in a situation I couldn't control. After the police left, I sat in my living room. Her death had accelerated my plans, I was going to leave that night, before anyone else could get hurt. I knew that the burglaries were professional, high school kids don't use silenced 9mm's and that's what the sergeant told me was the probable weapon.

Not wanting to be next, I called Bert and asked for a favor. Bert's uncle ran the local army surplus store which had most of the items on my list. I quietly offered Bert a few hundred dollars in cash to let me have a "private shopping spree" in his uncle's store. Bert, a true friend, wanted to help but thought that I might be trying to run away from my grief over Lucy's death. He agreed to help and talked me into stopping by Andrea's on the way to the store.

When we got there, I found that Bert had assembled the whole gang to show their support. Andrea, Sue, and Ernie all tried to console me, offering tea and sympathy for my loss. I was touched and ashamed that I had once used mind control on these people. I told them the story of the lab, focusing on the time machine and barely mentioning the other devices. Looking at their faces I could tell they didn't really believe me, but I pushed on and told them my plans to hide in my cousin's cabin while I studied the diaries.

My theory was that Brantwell traveled from whatever world he was on to Mountain View, discovered that I had found his lab, and then tried to stop me. Once I could find the machine, I could find Brantwell and discover who killed Lucy. The rest was pure revenge. None of it would have stood up to close scrutiny. Brantwell would be over ninety by now. The others were now completely skeptical of my sanity. All except Ernie.

She said that, based on my description of the time machine, she might know where it was hidden. She had moved a lot of crates around the bunker complex warehouses as a forklift driver and she remembered some large cubes in the back of one level. The large packing crates had been too big and heavy to lift. At the time, she'd been told to let them be. I guess that the company was searching for the MC Device, something small. I still don't know whether my friends decided to look in the warehouse to humor me or because they believed me. I'm not sure it mattered.

➤ **The Time Machine**

▪ **A. Making the trip**

With the prospect of finding a real time travel machine close at hand, we discussed what we would do with the machine. I told them what I knew about Brantwell's travels, how I thought the machine worked, and where we could go. Different motives for traveling surfaced immediately. Andrea and Sue wanted to go in hopes of finding out more about who killed Lucy. Bert and Ernie were interested because time travel sounded more interesting than their routine lives.

I was all for going to the warehouse immediately and looking for the Machine, but cooler heads prevailed. Bert reminded me about the guards. Sue pointed that we didn't have any appropriate clothing for the Wild West. The clothes slowed me down more than the guards. The diaries had notes about the importance of blending in with the local culture and the lethal consequences if this went wrong.

It took us almost a week to get everything together. Andrea found costumes from an amateur theater group and some friends that were re-enactors. Bert collected the camping gear, Ernie got the food, and Sue brought two pistols. During the week I scouted around for a likely place to break in to Victory Station.

Breaking in was no easy matter. Victory Station is surrounded by a double chain row of chain link fences, both topped with razor wire, fifteen feet a part. Vehicle patrols rode around the perimeter and inspected sites at random intervals. All designed to keep people out. The only way to get in was to never leave. Our plan was to show up to work with our stuff on Friday, visit Hole-in-the-Wall over the weekend, and show up Monday morning ready to punch the clock.

Since we couldn't leave our cars in the parking lot over the weekend, we all rode the bus on Friday. It was pouring rain, which was good for us. The guards were less likely to inspect the shuttle buses and everyone was walking around covered by umbrellas and coats. Our gym bags were full of clothes and gear. Sue and Andrea, armed with fake IDs, kept their heads buried in their coats. We held our breath going through the gate. No search, so far so good. Getting to the admin area, we signed in and got on a shuttle bus.

Ernie led us off the bus and into the warehouse bunker she thought the Time Machine was in. Bert took Sue and Andrea to hide in one of the tunnels as Ernie and I located the crate. It was still where Ernie last saw it, sitting alone and neglected in the midst of a scattering of crates and boxes. We opened one side and I crawled in. Quickly Ernie resealed the crate and left me to inspect the Machine while she hid with the others.

I sat in the dark for a moment, feeling the cold metal cage against my forehead. I laboriously crawled around the bottom of the crate, feeling above my head for the door catch. Luckily I was close and sprang the hinge, pushing the door inward. Standing up in the door of the Time Machine, I turned on my flashlight and took my first look at Brantwell's most miraculous invention. The Time Machine looked like a wire mesh sphere with a silver metal birdbath in the middle.

Using the project files, I studied the birdbath-looking console. Using the necklace I probed the crystal and was shocked to see a blue glow emanate from the console. Quickly, I stopped, I needed to wait for the others and save my strength. I set the dials to the settings that would take us to Hole-in-the-Wall, turned off my light, and got some sleep.

I was in the middle of my second nap when the sound of Bert and Sue removing the top of the crate woke me up. Shining the flashlight at Bert, he cheerfully explained that it was less likely that anyone would notice the top was unnailed than if we removed a side. His enthusiasm for adventure was contagious and the rest of the group crawled into the Time Machine ready to go and in good spirits. It was more like taking a road trip to another city than a plunge into the unknown to another world.

As everyone put their gym bags under the seat, I told them to relax and touch the center column. The metal felt cold under their fingertips. I flipped the switch and everyone felt a tingling sensation traveling up their arms. The tingling enveloped us bringing with it a feeling of disorientation and dizziness. Ernie and Andrea fainted, slumping against the central pedestal. I concentrated harder, willing the blue glow to intensify and expand. Bert and Sue struggled to keep their feet as they fought the urge to black out. My eyes lost focus. The world went dark.

▪ Welcome to Fry, Arizona Territory

We awoke to find ourselves in a rocky desert. The machine had landed, if that is the right term, against a large rock and tipped sideways. I helped pull the others from the machine and climbed to the mouth of the canyon to see where we were.

From the canyon, I looked down on a small village. We had done it. I could tell that this was Hole-in-the-Wall.

I turned to the group and said, "This is it. That town must be Fry. We've done it!"

We pulled our costumes out of our 20th century gym bags and got ready to join the Wild West. It was then that I remembered what we'd forgotten. Water. We must either go into town for water or go straight back to our own time.

We looked as clueless as we felt. I just hoped no one had the sense to ask us what 5 people were doing out in the desert and why we were on foot. I walked along, frantically trying to come up with a cover story, approaching the small clump of buildings the Brantwell diaries had called Fry. If we had done everything correctly, we were in a parallel world that approximated mid-1800s Arizona. The only problem I had was that Brantwell had also wrote that time moved here at the same pace as it had done in our home world. This meant that everything Brantwell and his researchers knew about this world was thirty years old.

I told everyone to keep their eyes open and stick together. We had only planned this as a fact finding mission, the real search would begin once we knew a little more about the mechanics of Time Travel. We wandered toward the town, as inconspicuous as five people can be. Entering the town from the south, we had almost reached the middle of town when three drunken cowboys tumbled out of a building and into the street. Two of them shared a bottle while the third pulled his pistol from its holster and started shooting at a tethered dog.

Before I could stop her, Sue rushed across the street and hit the drunken shooter. Suddenly realizing that they weren't alone in the street, the other two cowboys drew their pistols and pointed them at Sue. The cowboy Sue hit got back to his feet and unsteadily advanced on the rest of the group. It was a classic Mexican standoff. There were more of us but they had guns. We all froze in the middle of the street waiting for someone to blink. Or shoot. Or die.

Just when the cowboys were concentrating on us, Sue disabled one of her captors with a quick kick and yelled for us to run. Bert and Ernie turned and ran back the way we came. I saw them dodge into a barn as I took off running. To my left, Andrea ducked into the back of a nearby building. The cowboys watched us scatter with frustration as they had their hands full wrestling with Sue.

I ran across the street into the hotel. Looking around the hotel, I desperately searched for a hiding place. I spotted a door toward the back of the lobby and moved quickly towards it. Trying to look like I belonged there, I opened the door and stepped inside.

Turning and slumping against the door frame, I suddenly realized I wasn't alone in the room. The other person was a tan, green-eyed brunette. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. As she stepped from the inner room, she saw me and froze. Watching her I realized that she must have heard me enter and been expecting someone else. Who ever that was, he was one lucky guy because she was stark naked.

"Wha da hell jew want?" Her heavy Mexican accent made it hard for me to understand her, but it forced me to concentrate on something other than her marvelous tits. She reached back inside to the other room.

I stammered an apology and tried to leave. I turned to open the door but froze at the metallic sound of her cocking a pistol. I turned back toward her slowly, making sure to keep my hands visible and away from my body. She stood in the other doorway unsuccessfully trying to cover herself with one hand, the other being occupied with pointing a large revolver at my chest.

Thinking quickly, I remembered that I was wearing the necklace. My biggest problem was buying enough time to use it. I held my hands out away from his body, signaling my peaceful intentions. At the same time, I slid inside her mind and started activating her basic sexual instincts. I didn't have time for romantic seduction so I resolved to use primal lust instead.

I slowly moved across the room, intensifying the sensations of desire in her mind. My thoughts made her think that she wanted me more than any other man she'd ever known. I hammered the erotic centers of her mind. She would have died right there if I had told her she couldn't have my cock.

I saw her nipples swell and her breath start to come more raggedly, but the huge black muzzle never wavered from my chest. I continued to advance toward her. Confused, she walked backward into the bedroom. I knew that everything in her mind was telling her to do something: scream for help, shoot me, anything. Instead her body was screaming with heat, the need to mate with me like an animal.

She backed into a chair and fell into it. The pistol lay loosely in her hand on the chair arm. I knelt in front her and parted her thighs. The pistol almost touched my forehead but one look at her lust swollen labia told me she wouldn't use it. I leaned forward and licked her pussy like my life depended on it, stopping only when she tugged me from her crotch by my hair and told me to fuck her.

Our coupling was fierce. I had opened a door that had been closed in this woman's mind, one that she had strained against for years. Casting down the walls of Victorian propriety, my newfound lover was a sexual dynamo. The atmosphere of the moment spurred me like a powerful aphrodisiac. I don't know what turned me on more: the power I had over her, her incredible physical beauty, or the fact that I didn't even know her name. We fucked on every piece of furniture in that hotel room, ending up in the middle of the room's big feather bed sweaty from our exertions.

Afterwards, as we lay in each other's arms catching our breath, she introduced herself as Senora Inez Plum, wife of the hotel owner. He had been gone for several weeks on business and she had wanted to surprise him on his return. The heat of the moment had passed. Her shyness started to return and I busied myself at the wash basin as she jumped into a shift.

Once dressed, she seemed more comfortable. Inez gave me some of her husband's old clothes, chatting about town gossip and current events. Listening to her talk, I looked around the room. Picking up the scattered newspaper from the floor I felt a silent thrill when I saw it was dated May 12, 1862. Whatever distraction I had from the discovery evaporated when Inez mentioned the impending arrival of French soldiers to Fry. Since she had already confirmed what I knew from Brantwell's diaries, I tried to remember enough high school history to recall if French soldiers had ever been in the Arizona Territory. That's when I realized that there was something that I had expected that she had never mentioned, the Civil War.

* * * * *

As Jack ran for the hotel, Andrea had dove for cover in a nearby house. She stood in the narrow hallway when she heard someone call to her. When Andrea didn't answer, a blonde head poked out of a nearby door.

"Come on girl, shake a leg." The blonde grabbed Andrea's arm and dragged her into the room.

Talking nonstop, the blonde girl introduced herself as Peaches and explained that she was one of the Sheriff's "regular girls". She had been expecting a new girl on the weekly stage but since Andrea seemed to have shown up early, so much the better. Peaches threw Andrea some "decent" clothes to wear, continuing her narrative about what the Sheriff liked to watch. His tastes boiled down to dirty talking lesbians licking and fingering each other. Peaches instructed Andrea on what they needed to do to make the performance go well.

Andrea tried to interrupt several times, each time getting cut off by Peaches' admonitions. "Not now girl, we're going to be late."

The only interruption to Peaches' instructions was a slight pause as she caught sight of Andrea's shaven pussy.

Dressed like Wild West showgirls, the girls went through a connecting door into a larger room. Some gas lamps, effectively disguising their audience, lit a chaise lounge. A gravely voice told them to "get on with it." Peaches posed Andrea in front of the lounge and started to undress her from behind, commenting lewdly on Andrea's figure and what Peaches had planned for the audience's benefit. Her narrative was thoroughly pornographic and complimented what her hands did to Andrea. Once most of Andrea's clothes lay on the floor, Peaches laid Andrea on the lounge and they crawled all over each other, licking and sucking with abandon.

Peaches tongue was as well schooled as her stage instincts. She maneuvered Andrea around the chaise, positioning everything so the hidden audience could see. Andrea leaned back and allowed herself to enjoy Peaches' oral stimulation. The showgirl had brought her close to climax several times but always stopped short of letting her orgasm. Ready for the finale, Peaches pulled a dildo from underneath the chaise and fucked Andrea with it.

They could hear their observer start to stir. A tentative knock on the door interrupted and spoiled the moment. A voice at the door urged the Sheriff to come to the jail quickly. He left in a rush, the sound of several coins thudding

on the rug punctuating the closing door. Peaches and Andrea gathered their clothing and retired to the other room. Frustrated from not reaching climax and embarrassed at having performed center stage in a sex show, Andrea wondered how she was going to rejoin the group and get back home.

* * * * *

Across town, Bert and Ernie had taken refuge in a barn. Bert pushed Ernie up into the hayloft and tried to climb up after her.

A reedy voice came from behind him, "Ya'll stay still. Fetch tha other'n down from there, I want to see ya both."

Bert raised his hands and slowly turned around. In the doorway was a thin, teen-age boy with an old double barrel shotgun. Keeping one eye on Ernie as she climbed out of the loft, he accused Bert of being part of the "Sheriff's gang". Motioning with the shotgun, he made Bert kneel and then tied him to one of the posts.

Ernie thought quickly, thinking the boy might be getting ready to shoot Bert. Deciding to divert the boy's attention and let Bert work free from his bonds, she cleared her throat. The boy looked up from the knots binding Bert, seemingly noticing that she was a female for the first time.

"We can straighten this out. We just need to talk a bit." Ernie exaggerated the sway of her hips as she closed the distance between herself and the boy.

She cocked her head to one side in her best coquettish pose. Seeing that he was listening, Ernie started talking about how she and Bert were new in town, all the while unbuttoning her dress. Shrugging the dress off her shoulders, she moved closer to him. He reacted just like any normal teenage boy and stared at her pert nipples showing through her thin shift.

Soon her dress lay in a puddle around her ankles. When the boy didn't move, she stepped out of the dress and moved toward him. The boy remained motionless, as still as a statue except for the growing bulge in his shorts.

Finally Ernie stood in front of him completely naked, "See, I told you I was unarmed."

Drawing his attention to the bulge in his pants she knelt in front of him and unbuttoned his pants. Fishing his turgid cock from inside the old fashioned union suit, she seduced him there on the barn floor, stopping only after he shot his load inside her. They were lying on the floor when Bert, who had freed himself during the boy's deflowering, appeared at her side. Bert helped Ernie up from the barn floor. They looked up to see the still undressed boy pick up his shotgun and point it at them. Bert laughed and showed the boy the shotgun loads he removed from the gun while the boy was concentrating on Ernie.

With the threat of the shotgun removed, the trio sat down and introduced themselves. The boy told them that his name was August Witbier and that his parents had been taking to jail by the Sheriff because they knew something that the Sheriff didn't want them telling the French. Ernie became very interested in this and asked many questions about Augie's father's job as a land surveyor for the Territory. Augie told them that the Sheriff was a crook and that the French were coming to take over the town since the Yankees had left to go east.

* * * * *

While all of this is going on, Sue was a guest of the local jail. She had expected to be raped, but was surprised when her captors throw her into a cell and then left her alone. A white couple, dressed in thin cotton pajamas, and an old Indian squatting on a threadbare blanket occupied the other two cells in the small adobe jail. After a few moments one of her captors returned with a well-dressed, middle age man. From the silver star he has pinned to his vest, Sue guessed that he was the Sheriff.

She told the Sheriff that she had been trying to stop the drunken cowboys from shooting the dog and that everything was all an innocent mistake. He sat behind a desk, smiled, and invited her to step from the cell. She stepped in front of his desk, expecting to continue their conversation, when a cowboy grabbed her from behind. Using some of the self-defense classes she had taken she threw him off, but couldn't evade the other two who pinned her arms behind her. Without looking at the cowboy Sue had kicked in the groin, the Sheriff ordered his men to take Sue "to the cross."

The cowboys dragged Sue, kicking and screaming, into a back room. She saw what looked like a large wooden "I" propped against the wall. The men fastened shackles to her wrists and ankles, forcing her spread-eagle on the wooden frame.

Then the one she kicked pulled a large Bowie knife from its sheath. "The boss wants to see the goods, sweet thing."

His foul, whiskey-laden breath almost made Sue gag, but she was determined not to show them her fear. The cowboy expertly cut her clothes off, making lewd observations about her tan lines and underwear. He was most appreciative of her shaved mound.

As he finished, one of his partners called to the Sheriff, "She's ready."

The Sheriff entered leading the woman from the other cell by a leash. She was completely naked, wearing only a heavy leather collar around her neck and leather shackles on her wrist. The Sheriff tugged her to her knees in front of Sue. Holding her head up by her chin, he made the woman, whom he called Maggie, describe the sex acts she would perform on Sue for the Sheriff's benefit.

Satisfied, the Sheriff let go of her and stepped back to observe. Maggie rose from her crouch and began to kiss and lick Sue. Her foreplay was frantic because if she hesitated, the Sheriff struck her with a leather riding whip. Both the kissing and the whipping seemed to excite her and soon Maggie was rubbing her crotch against Sue's legs. The Sheriff stepped behind Maggie as she ate Sue's pussy and unbuttoned his pants. He locked eyes with Sue as he put his cock into Maggie's pussy. He fucked her savagely, coming quickly. Wiping his cock with a towel, he told Sue that he'd be back for her later and dragged Maggie from the room by her leash.

* * * * *

■ Gathering the troops

Throughout the afternoon I got as much information and local color as I could from Inez Plum. Once I knew a little more about what was going on, my next concern was to find all of the other members of the group. Once we were back together, all we had to do was get Sue out of jail and go home. As unrealistically optimistic as that plan was, I was most worried about Sue. Civil rights wasn't a burning cause in the 1860s and I had visions of prison rape scenes in my head as I stepped out of Inez's room, intending to make a tour of the town.

Reaching the hotel lobby, I saw Andrea walk in from the street. We sat down at a table in the saloon and began to talk about our adventures. She told me what she knew about the Sheriff, especially his voyeuristic tastes, and her new friend Peaches. Without knowing where Bert and Ernie were, I decided to take Inez with for a walk around town.

It was late afternoon and many of the town's residents were beginning to promenade in the street, socializing with each other. As we passed the scene of the abortive dog-shooting, I surveyed the area. Discovering that Inez's husband owned the bordello the cowboys had come out of, I asked Inez about the small barn close by. She shook her head sadly and told me the gossip about the Witbiers. She said that the Sheriff felt that Mr. Witbier was spying for the Yankees, but everyone in town knew that that was only an excuse since the Sheriff obviously lusted after Margaret Witbier. She lowered her voice, crossed herself, and told me that she had heard the Margaret was now a sex slave in the jail, servicing the Sheriff and his men.

"I pray for her." That was all Inez would say about Mrs. Witbier's jail sentence as we returned to the hotel.

While Inez was busy overseeing dinner preparations in the hotel, Andrea and I strolled around the edge of town, surreptitiously working our way toward the Witbier's barn. Sneaking inside, we were greeted with the business end of Augie Witbier's shotgun. I introduced myself and was about to try and disarm the boy when Bert jumped down from the hayloft. We congratulated ourselves on surviving this far, but wondered what to do about Sue.

Andrea came up with the plan. She and Peaches would lure the three guards into the saloon after dinner. While the guards were distracted, Bert, Ernie, and I would break into the jail and free the Witbiers and Sue. The only unanswered question was where the Sheriff would be, but Inez had assured me that he always took his meals in the hotel. Although Augie wanted to go into the jail shooting, I didn't want any gunplay. I told Bert and Ernie to keep lookout while I went into the jail, unlocked the cells, and got the prisoners out. He didn't tell them about my plans to use my necklace rather than the 9mm that I carried.

We heard the hotel's dinner bell ring right on schedule and put the plan into motion. Andrea and Peaches got the guards to come to the saloon for drinks. I positioned Augie on the hotel balcony where he could watch the front of

the jail. Bert and Ernie watched the street that ran behind the jail. Once the guards had left, I calmly opened the jail's door and walked in.

The men in the cells sat quietly. The white man apparently sobbing on his cot. The Indian stared at me impassively. I heard noises from the back room and stealthily crossed the room. Looking in through the doorway, I saw the top of a man's head over the back of a large leather wingback chair. The Sheriff was enjoying a show before dinner.

The Sheriff sat in his leather chair, instructing Maggie on how to prepare Sue for the evening's entertainment. As the Sheriff talked, I entered his mind. Rather than exciting him, I worked in the basement of his mind to put him to sleep while he watched Maggie eat Sue. The whiskey he'd been drinking made my task easier and soon he was snoring in the chair. I stepped into the room and took the shackle keys from his watch chain. I unlocked Sue, told her to bring Maggie, and then returned to the outer room to unlock the cells.

I had just completed this task when I heard the thunderclap of a pistol shot from the back room. Running into the room, I saw a naked Maggie Witbier standing over the Sheriff with his pistol in her hand. The back of his head was missing and the wall behind his chair covered in blood and brains. Her eyes were vacant and I was afraid of what she might do next. Sue, who had been recovering her wallet and jewelry from the cupboard, swiftly came to Maggie's side and took the pistol from the woman's unresisting hand. Draping her in a blanket, Sue and I led the trio of prisoners to the appointed meeting place, the town's General Store.

The street seemed quiet enough, reasonable since the Sheriff's cronies often paraded around shooting their firearms into the air, and the rest of the group joined them in a few moments. Bert looked in awe at Andrea. He reported that he had watched Andrea and Peaches "entertain" the Sheriff's men. He said that the cowboys were still in the hotel bar but wasn't sure how long they'd stay. I was shocked that Andrea, quiet, church-going, nurse from a conservative town would have planned and been the center attraction in a four-way orgy. Andrea blushed and told me not to worry about the cowboys since Peaches was still there "to keep them occupied."

Moving on to bigger problems, I told everyone that we needed to pack for a long trip. I told the Witbiers that they needed to leave town as soon as possible, now that the Sheriff was dead. Andrea, reverting from town slut to trained nurse, took me aside.

"Listen Jack, Maggie Witbier is in shock. We can't leave her alone. And look at her husband." George Witbier stared blankly at the store's stove. "He's no pillar of strength right now. We need to take them with us." Sue chimed in, reminding me that we needed to for clues that would point us at Lucy's killers.

▪ Looking for Clues

As the others rushed around, looting the General Store for items they would need, I sat George Witbier in a quiet corner.

"George. Listen to me George." He seemed to come back to reality slightly. "We've got to find a hiding place. They're going to come looking for us George. George do you hear me?"

I got no where. He had surrendered to the despair. Looking around, I started to think about how to get the group back to the arroyo where we'd hidden the Time Machine. I jumped as I felt a hand on my shoulder. The Indian, forgotten until just then, was standing behind me. Looking me in the eye, he offered to hide us in the canyons behind the town.

By late evening the small town was crawling with Sheriff's henchman. Houses were invaded and storage areas ransacked by groups of torch-bearing cowboys. I kept watch through the store's front windows. George sat with me, more so I could keep an eye on him. Their activity was very loud and public, but George Witbier remarked that John Foster, the Sheriff's chief deputy, was just trying to "look good for his bosses" in hopes of taking the Sheriff's place. Inside the store, everyone scurried around getting things together. We borrowed clothes from the Witbiers or Inez Plum.

Before we left, Sue wanted to explore the Sheriff's house. Around midnight, Sue, dressed in some of Maggie Witbier's old clothes, decided to burglarize the Sheriff's house. Taking the keys that I had found on the Sheriff's watch chain, she made her way behind buildings to a small frame house next to the town bank.

Using a knife, she pushed the latch open on a window and crawled into the house. She found herself in the Sheriff's bedroom. It had already been ransacked, clothes were strewn across the floor and the mattress had been slashed, its ticking spread on the floor. Stepping in to the adjoining room, she saw that his library had been given the same treatment.

The only item left untouched was the safe in the corner behind the desk. Still looking around, Sue saw pictures of the Sheriff and people she took to be business associates. Framed in a typical Victorian gilt frame, one picture was remarkable. It showed the Sheriff being presented with a large broadsword by a slim, mustachioed man. Hanging directly above it was a broadsword, complete with jeweled hilt and scabbard. Sue continued her search, but the files she found were routine, dealing only with local matters.

Finally, she sat behind the large wooden desk, untouched mainly due to its size, and inspected the drawers. As she expected, they had also been ransacked. Looking around she spied the desk blotter, tossed into the corner. Just as she had done in the past with people's computer passwords, she looked in the corners for the safe combination. Voila! It was right where she had expected it to be.

Using the combination she quickly opened the safe and checked its contents. Two books were inside: one a common ledger book, the other a small leather bound diary. Sitting behind the books was a jewelry case. The jewelry case contained an amulet and a signet ring.

The sound of a door slamming open interrupted her burglary. She scooped up the books and case into a small satchel and shut the safe door, dashing for the bedroom to make her escape. Before she could crawl back out the window, she heard someone coming toward the bedroom door. She froze, hiding in the armoire beside the window.

"Evie!...Evie show yourself. Bitch!" The voice belonged to the cowboy she had kicked in the jail. She quietly closed the armoire door, hoping that he wouldn't come into the bedroom.

The bedroom door burst open, "Evie, where you hiding? When I find you I'll horse whip your skinny ass!"

Not finding Evie, the cowboy turned and kicked open the door across the hall. From the sounds Sue heard, Evie had been hiding in there. By cracking the armoire door slightly, Sue could see across the hall into the room where they were. The cowboy was interrogating a skinny, red haired woman, apparently Evie, slapping her forcefully when her answers were not what he expected. Sue felt herself start to get angry. Grabbing the girl by the hair, the cowboy held her on her knees and wrenched her head back, exposing her slim white throat. He pulled out his Bowie knife, the same one he had used to cut Sue's clothes off in the jail, and traced it across her throat.

"Nothin's changed, Evie. You're still a slave. The only difference is that I'm the Watcher now."

Evie shivered. The cowboy ran his knife along her shoulders, cutting her dress' straps. Her thin shift puddled on the floor leaving her naked from the knees up.

"Now you're going to take care of me the same way you took care of him. Aren't you?"

He emphasized his words by tracing his knife's tip under her breast, a thin red line became visible.

His words became a snarl. "Who's in charge now, Evie?"

Her voice was thin and breathless. "You are Mr. Foster."

"That's right, girl."

He stuck his knife into the door frame above her head. Still holding her by the hair with one hand, Foster unbuckled his pants and fished his stiff cock from inside his long johns.

"Now do what you do best and I'll only give you ten lashes for hiding."

Evie immediately gave Foster an expert blowjob, making numerous explicit comments about the size of his member. Apparently satisfied, Foster dragged Evie by the hair across the hall and onto the bed. Sue, hiding only a few feet away, held her breath and hoped that the armoire didn't creak.

Roughly slapping Evie's legs apart, Foster took her on the squeaky bed, finally coming inside her with a shout. Satisfied for the moment, Foster pulled his shrinking prick from the girl and once again dragged her by the hair into the hallway. Sue heard him say something about food and then pots rattling. Praying that the door hinges didn't squeak, Sue left the armoire and crawled back out of the house.

Returning to the General Store, she was just in time to join us in following the old Indian to this hiding place in the canyon. I asked if she had found anything but Sue said she'd have to show me when we had more time.

▪ In the Hunting Cabin

We left town immediately. After a few hours of walking in the dark, we arrived at the hunting camp led by the Old Indian. The camp was in a small, sheltered fissure of a canyon. During the short trip to the camp, Maggie had become more withdrawn, refusing to let anyone but the Old Indian touch her. Once at the camp, George and the Old Indian set up camp. I investigated the cave, finding a small cell in the back that the Indian had used as a sweat bath. I got the idea to cure Maggie with some mumbo-jumbo, the sweat bath, and my necklace.

With the Indian's help, I set up the bath and invited Andrea and the Witbiers inside. Using the necklace I relaxed them while fueling Andrea's natural lust. I started by making George talk about what was bothering him. He was mad that Maggie wouldn't tell him about what the Sheriff was doing to her. I then made Maggie tell her side. She told how she hated the Sheriff for what he did to her, but how, at the same time, it excited her in new ways. She said she still loved her husband but no longer felt worthy of him. She described the acts that made her feel "dirty" or "bad." I invited her to do these to George and Andrea, joining in when everything was in full swing. After we had finished, we dried off and went into the main cavern to eat.

Over dinner we compared notes. I was excited that we had concrete proof that we were in a separate dimension. George's mind had vivid memories of the South's great victory at Bull Run, followed by their capture of Washington and President Lincoln. England and France had become CSA allies, while Germany and Russia signed treaties with the USA. With both CSA and USA weakened from their disrupted economies, France and Mexico reclaimed vast territory in the Southwest.

After dinner, Sue went to the back of the chamber with me to sit down and discuss what she found at the Sheriff's house. She showed me the books and pictures she had stolen from the Sheriff's safe. I recognized a man in one of the pictures as Detective Neil. The ledger book recorded amounts of silver bullion the Sheriff gave to Michael, presumably Detective Neil, and the number of suspects turned over for interrogation. The entries were regular, spaced 1 week apart. The diary included notes on travels to other dimensions made by the Sheriff before being assigned to this post.

His duties in Fry included watching for strangers that passed through the gate and accounting for the bullion mined in the illegal silver mine. Each week, he would deliver the box of bullion to Michael, who was the steward for "Lord Peter." What really caught my interest was the matrix of origins, coordinates, and destinations for the Sheriff's Time Machine. The Sheriff had been a meticulous traveler, recording how to get there but also places to stay, how to dress, and where to get equipment in each world. All that remained for me was to find which location hid Peter and then find Lucy's killers.

That night I figured that they have only one or two days before Michael came to check on the Sheriff. Everyone took turns at a lookout post that guarded the road from the arroyo to the town. My only worry was that the French would arrive and complicate things.

One afternoon, while on lookout with Sue, she asked me about the look of concentration I had when I put the Sheriff to sleep. She wondered if I had some kind of telepathic power. I flinched, her guesses coming too close to the truth. Trying to make light of her comment, I told her that it was all a coincidence. The sheriff had been drunk and just passed out. Sue didn't buy it and I knew it.

▪ Michael Arrives

Three days after we arrived in Fry, Andrea and Augie noticed a man who matched Michael's description. The town was in a flurry of activity. People were stocking up on basics, getting ready for the impending arrival of the French. Planning quickly, we decided to capture him as he met with John Foster. Sue showed me how to get into the Sheriff's bedroom.

We hid in the same armoire Sue had used earlier and waited for our prey. Soon after we settled into our hiding place, we heard Foster and another man walking through the house. Foster's tone was deferential, almost defensive, as he tried to answer the other man's questions. As they searched the Sheriff's study, Foster called the other man "Lord Michael." My heart stopped. If Detective Neil saw us, we'd be dead. Fortunately, other events took over.

Looking around, Michael found that the safe was empty and concluded that Foster had done something with the silver and the amulet. He accused Foster of being careless, losing the "rutters," as he called them. Foster shrank against the wall, his eyes wide with fear. Stepping to the middle of the room, Michael turned and faced Foster.

"Lord Peter will be most displeased to hear that you cared more for the quim of some slut than for his rightful tribute." His tone had all the power of a death sentence.

I was amazed when Michael, who wore an older, head mounted MC device, narrowed his eyes and concentrated on Foster. Foster grabbed his head and, as his eyes rolled back into their sockets, he crumbled to the floor. This showed me a new side of the device, the ability to harm.

Michael prodded Foster's body with his toe. Satisfied that Foster was dead, Michael looked around and appeared ready to leave. Suddenly, from behind the kitchen door, Evie hit him over the head with a whiskey bottle. Michael joined Foster on the floor, knocked unconscious. Evie ran out the door and into the street, giving me a few precious seconds to rifle Michael's pockets before escaping.

Foster's deputies arrived soon thereafter and arrested the still unconscious Michael, lynching him immediately in the town's central square. As I saw them throwing the noose over the gallows, I couldn't help muttering, "And may God have mercy on your soul."

Sue was mad. She had wanted to capture and question Michael about his involvement in Lucy's death but I was unwilling to use the necklace to question someone as obviously experienced as Michael. Instead I went to the arroyo and found Michael's Time Machine. I read the settings on the dials and cross-referenced them with the Sheriff's travel diary to calculate Michael's point of origin. Sue pointed out that the coordinates allow for three possible origins, not to mention all of the places that Michael could have been that the Sheriff hadn't. I wasn't worried, however, calmly explaining that the contents of Michael's pockets (a set of keys, some mail, and an address book) reinforced and confirmed my solution.

Back at the hunting cabin, I announced my plan to go to Peter's world. Everyone volunteered to come with me. I mentally noted the varying motives of my fellow travelers, but told the Witbiers to stay and rebuild their lives. The Sheriff's diary indicated that Peter's headquarters was in a place similar to 1920's New Orleans. The plan was that we would travel as 5 male laborers.

While the girls were busy altering Augie's clothing to fit themselves, I read through the correspondence we had found on Michael. Like most business travelers, Michael had traveled light. Keys, money, his address book, and some mail were all that his pockets contained. I thumbed through the date book and found one of the days noted with "Peter's Masked Ball." I only hoped that the date hadn't passed.

By the next morning, everyone was ready to go. The sight of the girls checking their weapons before boarding the Time Machine was unnerving. I hoped that our single shot .45's would be a match for whatever Peter carried. We climbed into the machine. I set the dials and we disappeared from the canyon in a ripple of shadow.

▪ Peter's World

The trip to Peter's world was short. No one experienced the discomfort they had in traveling to Fry. We had just started to experience the tingling sensation when the machine abruptly re-materialized in a large open space, like a warehouse. The amount of silver Michael had usually transported was small, so I had hoped that there wouldn't be a reception party.

Luckily the warehouse was empty except for a shiny black car. We loaded up in Michael's Model A Sedan and looked for a clue to tell us where we were. Using a map found in the glove box, we found Michael's house in the French Quarter in only a short while. His keys let us into his house and found his housekeeper/slave, Yvonne.

I had Bert tie her up and put her into her rooms until I could question her. I intended to probe her for Michael's mind controls that I was sure would be there. I hoped that they would give me some clues on how Peter used the MC Device. I was afraid that, with the thirty odd years of practice he had on me, Peter's mind control techniques would quickly overwhelm me.

The girls, meanwhile, found appropriate clothing, money, and other necessities that we would need during our stay in 1920's New Orleans. During the search, Bert found the invitation to Peter's Masked Ball. It was in two nights. That was our chance to meet Peter face to face.

While everyone worked on the logistics of getting around town and to the party, I went to Yvonne's rooms and experimented. I found that Michael had her "programmed" for lesbian and group sex in addition to her housekeeping/cooking/bodyguard duties.

She told me all about Peter's parties with relish. She explained that they were like Roman orgies, each room and niche in the Garden District mansion housing had its own sex show, the diversity of which boggled my mind. I took careful notes on the layout of Peter's house, sure that I would need to know my way around. While she talked, I searched through her mind. Some things I found were readily explainable, others were not. Rather than risk hurting her, I left her tied up and returned to the main house.

After everyone had settled in to Michael's house, I sat in the courtyard mulling over a plan to capture and question Peter. Sue was positive that Peter was behind Lucy's death. She said that she would rather skip the questioning and get right to the execution.

I decided that, given the bulky nature of Peter's MC Device, it was unlikely that he would use mind control during a public party. I told the group that we needed to come up with something that would earn us a "private audience" with Peter so that we could get him alone. My idea was to dress Sue in a leather dominatrix outfit with Bert and Andrea as her submissives. I suggested that the highlight of the act would be Sue doing them both with a strap on. I would act as the chauffeur and Ernie would stay and guard the house.

▪ Peter's Party

The party was in full swing when we arrived. Inside the house was an orgy. Various groups performed sex acts in the alcoves and rooms, guests milled about discussing what they saw. We walked around noting people. I found Peter immediately. He was a well-dressed man surrounded by sycophants. He seemed to enjoy watching the festivities rather than joining in them, leading me to conclude that Peter was the type that got his kicks from controlling the emotions of others rather than by participating in the act itself.

Sue led her two assistants through the party on leashes. Playing her role to the hilt, she haughtily stalked up the stairs seeming to size up her competition. The trio found a room where another dominatrix was performing with a slave girl. Rather than wait or look for another room, Sue took the opportunity to join in, showing the crowd her strap on before entering the slave girl from behind. This was obviously something the crowd found new and exciting. Sue's act had them groping each other, some disrobed and groveled at her feet, begging to enter the scene.

Sue had Andrea brought forth on a leash and made her eat the other dominatrix, drawing gasps of disbelief from people in the room. This brazen pornography shocked the jaded 1920's crowd. Sensing that she had their attention, Sue concentrated on using Andrea as the center of attention. Drawing her forward, Sue pushed her hips forward and made Andrea suck her dildo before Sue entered her.

Soon, as I had hoped, Michael arrived to survey the scene. He appeared to be impressed and, after the act was over, made his way to Sue and invited her back into another wing of the house for a smaller "more select soiree." To my consternation, however, Peter also asked Sue about Michael. I wasn't sure how he'd made the connection between her and his missing steward, but Sue handled herself beautifully. She told Peter that she and Michael were acquainted and that Michael had left instructions for her to receive his invitation if his business trip kept him from attending. Peter seemed to accept this but I couldn't quell the alarm I felt.

The private party was a much smaller event, held on Peter's terrace. Slaves paraded around dressed like Arabian harem girls, while Peter and his guests lounged on overstuffed pillows. As before, the scene was decorated with slaves performing sex with guests while Peter watched. What was different, I noted, was that Peter had added a turban to his costume, obviously concealing an MC Device. I concluded that Peter was actually orchestrating some of the action.

I hung back and waited for the look of concentration of Peter's face that would indicate he was trying to use the Device to control someone. As soon as I saw it, I slipped into Peter's mind and looked for a weakness. Inside, I roamed the now familiar "house" setting of another person's mind.

What I found disgusted me. Peter had overshadowed his tremendous intellect with an addiction to the power and hedonism the Device gave him. His memories told a story of a man fallen from grace. Feeling ignored by women, he had started by using them, singularly and then in groups, to explore his own fantasies. Growing bored easily, he

had sunk into perversion experimenting with men, women, and children in various combinations and activities. I left Peter's mind quickly, the vision of some of Peter's more spectacular debauchery still vivid.

▪ The Showdown

I clamped down on Peter's sleep impulse, trying to put him down as I had done with the Sheriff. Peter, free from the alcohol that the Sheriff had been drinking, fought back. We had a virtual showdown in the passages of his mind as I tried to disable him while he tried to trap me in the labyrinth of his mind.

Only seconds had passed, but we had fought to an impasse. Searching for a way to get the upper hand, Peter activated a control he had inserted into Andrea's mind during her performance. She jumped on me, clawing at my eyes like a wild cat. I disengaged my mind from his, unable to maintain my concentration while Andrea raked her nails down my face. I yelled to Sue to tackle Peter. Our only hope was to get the MC Device off his head. Peter, freed from my attack, tried to resume concentration but Ernie got to him first, ripping the MC Device from his head.

Bert wrestled Andrea off my back, pinning her arms behind her back. Her eyes rolled and her mouth frothed with insane anger. Seeing his trump card subdued, Peter looked up from the floor and gave a little smile.

He said a word. Andrea stiffened and then pitched forward, dead. Peter had gained the upper hand, due to his experience using the "dark side" of mind control. He turned and pointed toward Sue but was too late. Ever the quick thinker, she hit him over the head and knocked him unconscious.

Peter's guests stared at us in disbelief. Most thought that we were acting out some kind of rape fantasy. Ignoring them, we carried Andrea and Peter into an alcove. Drawing the curtains, I took a quick breath before continuing.

While Peter was incapacitated, I continued looking through his mind, wary of the traps that Peter might have set. I found that Peter had been looking for information on any improvements or other devices that Brantwell might have left in the bunker. Brantwell had grown to distrust Peter in later years and, with his usual secrecy, had taken to dropping false clues to mislead even his assistants. .

I was disappointed to find that Peter had not been the one that killed Lucy, even though he had been there. The actual killer had been Michael. When I told the others what had happened, they were deflated by this revelation. Momentarily at a loss for what to do next, we sat in stunned silence. Sue, ever the one to act on impulse, broke the tension by killing Peter with a bullet in the crotch. The echoes of the gunshot still rang in the air as Sue turned to me and announced that she was ready to go home.

We jumped out a low window and escaped to Michael's house through the dark New Orleans streets. Collecting our gear, I felt the accusing stares of my friends. I poured a drink and tried to explain what had happened. I gave the Reader's Digest version of mind control, but the sight of Peter bleeding to death on the patio tile had sapped everyone's ability to ask questions. We all just wanted to return to our nice, normal, mundane lives.

We returned to our world, not via the bunker warehouse, but to a lonely spot Michael had used during his visits. We found the car he had stashed for his own transportation in a small storage shed and awkwardly stood around, everyone unwilling to be the first to break the silence. Looking at the digital clock in the vehicle, Bert told us that the two weeks we had spent on the other planes had passed here as well.

We said our farewells and then split. Bert and Ernie went back to their jobs sated by the excitement for the moment, both ready for their next adventure. Sue and I stood alone in the dark storage shed. She admitted that the thrill had gotten to her and that she wasn't sure that she would be able to return to her mundane, 9 to 5 existence. I reminded her that we hadn't found Brantwell yet and as long as he roamed free, others might try and take advantage of his devices.

Sue smiled and said that she'd order the pizza while I packed. We hid the travel machine into Michael's storage shed and left for my apartment, already preparing for the next trip.