"Wicked Game"

By Mic Van De Voorde

Prelude

"False Flags"

Friday

7:00 am. My alarm.

Today is the last day before vacation. My first vacation in five years. Five years. I’ve been so busy, so broke really.

I'm going to half ass the shit out of today. I have zero fucks left to give. I need this. Even I know it.

I could never afford time off before. Anything outside of bills, food and weed. A girlfriend even.

Well, I have my laptop. And my stash. That's all I need. Buried under different various cliché obscure file folders are my gems. The only "girlfriends" I need or have had since...the girl we refuse to name. Even in my mind, I can't. I refuse to credit her by name. For scarring me.

Making me this way.

I'm not a porn addict. It's there for the lonely Saturday nights. And there have been many.

My real addiction is the truth. Finding it really. In life, in society. All of it that's deemed "conspiracy theory" by the media. How things work. How the machine functions.

Life. People. Things.

All of it, I am an abstract narrator of things truth. I have a platform online. 100,000 followers strong on different truth seeking sites. My pen name, a fictitious name from a movie close to my ideals. The first rule, we don't talk about it though.

I'm small, I know this, but I started four years ago. Give me some credit.

My work is genuine and my words are backed by unclassified and classified documents. Thank you Wiki leaks.

My trolls are NSA hacks at best. And don't like their IP addresses being released, so I don't get much sass.

Apparently letting me dig my own grave is the new plan. Society is fed up with everything, more truth leads to more anger and frustration.

Frustration leads to fewer clicks. Eventually the only ones still searching for the truth are the loonies who already know it. "PRISIM" will weed them out soon enough.

Monday thru Friday, I'm a maintenance man for an apartment complex in Iowa City. It pays the bills. The writing cures the hunger.

Maintenance helps. I can figure out what's wrong with a furnace just by listening to it. An ice maker by touch. I like taking things apart, just to put them back together. Better. Fixed.

Hitting thirty, I had no one to tell me I'm officially old. Thirty two, no one told me to stop smoking. No one to distract me from my never ending search. From myself.

What I do have, are my two dogs. My rescues. A Bassett-beagle, named "Oscar" and a miniature pincher, "Lucy". My two tethers to reality. All the love an untrusting gen X'er can afford.

Dad's gone, and mom is a shell of her loving self. Alzheimer's makes it difficult. Every time she'll ask, "When are you two going to give me a grandchild?" every time I show her a smiling random couple from a picture frame.

She'll smile motherly, almost with tears. Every. Time.

I don't know what hurts more; the fact that the guy looks nothing like me, being Asian and all, or realizing I don't know who's the real shell of themselves.

Moving on.

Today, I do the least I possibly can do without getting fired. Enjoy that foreign idea of getting paid to not work. I will enjoy myself. I will not write, I will relax. Or at least I tell myself that.

Maybe some research. The new rabbit hole. The "uprising". The cult of cults. Something no one will believe, until it's too late. Because it's so impossible, but so concrete.

The rise, the real rise of the female race.

All my research, all the mounting evidence. All the placement of the power. The push of propaganda. All the years of oppression, the Bilderberg groups against them.

Men in control, since the fictional story of Adam and Eve.

Can't say I blame them. Or think the world would be any worse off. Just think of how many men will resist. Will openly show their bigotry. They'll be weeded out, if the rise actually happens. If.

Thinking these things. Knowing them.

I need this.

Two weeks of nothing, who am I kidding? I'll be on my laptop by 7:00 pm. Women taking over, actually taking over. Not the failed Hillary push of 2016. Something bigger, with teeth and a backbone of endless finances.

Knowing this, and the compartmentalizing it, and going about my day. Living this, I'll end up like mom before I know it. Just keep my head down, the real life doesn't know about the online one. Like a super hero, my identity must remain hidden. Even from my coworkers.

Life of a truther, you never know who will be your enemy tomorrow. In an endless sea of sharks ready to attack, insulation is your best weapon.

Today though, ignorance will get me until clock out. Right now that's all that matters. My battery is drained, I feel older than my looks allow.

Skinny, lean. My dark hair thinning. My gut starting to go. Thirty seven and I feel like an old man. I used to look handsome, some thought "Hollywood hot", but now, now I just shake my head and look away from the mirror, thinking "used to".

Seeking never ending truths has upgraded my brain, my imagination, my reasoning-deduction, all at the cost of ignoring my physical self.

I know I will not pass on my DNA or have a generic American family. So searching for the truth, revealing it for the world is my gift for humanity. My landmark, my pyramid.

Maybe help future families. Future generations.

Who knows, maybe my work will be completely discredited by the propaganda surveillance state. I'll get "suicided" by a nameless alphabet soup assassin.

At least I have no one they can hurt. No siblings. No family that matters.

My thankless sacrifice.

For those who seek the truth, they know my words are not hollow. Fear is what the weak feel when faced with it. Motivation is what the strong feel.

Physically I may not be the strongest manly man, but my mind is determined, will made of steel. I've been motivated for so long, maybe it's been a tax on my body. I've neglected to slow down.

These two weeks, is my recharge time. Try to lose the motivation, take a day to just breathe. Enjoy a sunny day and not think of the dispersants high above.

There it is again. That inner struggle. My duality. Wanting to relax on the search, while on the other side, not wanting to let up.

I'm too complicated for a relationship, and inept at being a "real human being" anymore. Today, I just have to play maintenance man for eight hours. Eight little hours, and I'll finally be free.

Chapter 1

Sunday

It's completely black. My arms are tied over my head. I hang down, toes barely touching. Shoulders screaming.

"Hello there, little boy. Are you lost? Hmm...Is it how you fantasized?" An unfamiliar female voice asks.

Under the blindfold, my eyes shift. A blurry figure moves in front of me, circling close. I try to move but realize I'm tied up.

"Yeah, try and get free." She prods, "How does that make you feel, little boy? Helpless? Aww.”

She moves close to my ear. Goosebumps run down my neck, shoulders. My cock groans a reluctant boner, as she moves close to my ear.

"Awww, lookie there...someone is sensitive. Are you, turned on!?"

Her voice right in my ear. Her breath smells sweet, like starburst. I can't help it, her voice like some sort of seductress. I try to think of baseball. Monday's work orders. How fast food is processed.

"I bet he's rock hard...and you have no idea of what we plan on doing to you!"

She's right. It hits me right there as she pulls me against her. Her mouth so close to my ear, I hear her breath before she continues.

"You, are completely helpless...if you get out of this...it's because you were a good little boy, and we let you go."

Out of nowhere my face is slapped hard. Knocking me swinging. My senses are blocked but I feel her grab me as she moves away.

"We are going to have so much fun with you, pervert boy!"

What the fuck? I'm no child molester, no rapist. I'm just a maintenance man with two dogs and passion for the truth. What did I ever do to deserve this!? Wait, where is this? Wait, what was my last memory?

"Are you trying to figure me out? Remember my voice? Worried about your dogs?...They're safer then you are."

She moves in close, I feel her stroke the side of my cheek. I instinctively move away.

I feel her smile.

"Aww...you won't do that in the future...all of my pets learn to love mama."

I try to move away, but just flail in the restraint.

"...and our little...bondage sessions. Heh-heh-heh!"

What the fuck happened!? Remember dammit, remember! Nothing but black. Hazy grey clouds.

"I do like the fact you're the strong silent type...I pegged you for a blubbering little liberal hipster."

Her fingers move up my chin, slowly lifting my face. Through the blindfold, I see her shape in front of me. I jerk away, causing her to laugh.

"Hah-hah-hah! I am going to have so much fun..." She moves close to my ear, "breaking you!"

Goose bumps, all over my neck, shoulders, even down my left arm.

She pulls me close, and I feel her lunge for my neck. Her teeth hit my skin, I flail and jerk. My neck, my kryptonite. How did she know?!

Her teeth lightly graze on my neck. Her every breath causes new waves of goosebumps that run down my chest to my throbbing cock. I'm held tight her arms. Twitching slightly. Her breathing causing waves of pimpled flesh.

I continue to jerk and pull on the ropes holding me up. All to no avail. She doesn't bite down, just resting her teeth on the soft of my neck.

She whispers, "I can wait all day." Then puts her mouth back to my neck.

Breathing hard, I slowly stop resisting. Waiting for whatever she pulls next. The unknown woman holding me tight.

Her right arm slowly begins to move down my chest. My stomach sucks in to hide my gut. Then it travels to my waist.

"No." I exclaim trying to pull away.

She pulls me tighter and continues under my boxers. My cock is rock hard, I can't help it. I jerk again, only to hear her right in my ear.

"I said, you, are, helpless."

A split second of nothing before she dives mouth first into my neck. My body spasms as she bites, gnaws and sucks different parts of my exposed weakness.

I feel her force my head back, exposing more of my neck.

"No." Comes from my mouth, more of a whimper, than a command.

"Ssshh" She whispers, the goes back to biting my neck.

My body pulls away from her, but cannot get free from her or the restraints. Her hand is firmly on my cock, which is morning wood hard at this point.

"Stop...stop...please." I whisper.

Immediately she lets go, and I swing wildly in the restraint. My head shakes, my body shivers involuntarily to some stranger knowing my secret sex spot. Only ex-girlfriends could do it right. And whoever this is, it sure as shit wasn't her.

I hang in the darkness, slowly swinging. Breathing hard, I try to regain my erect dick from exposing me as weak in this moment. Thinking of leaky water lines, mold, the smell of sewer gas.

Out of nowhere, she pulls my left ear close to her.

"Listen close, little boy. We know every-thing about you...we know your dirty little turn-on's...all of them...we know your weaknesses-"

Her finger gently runs down my neck, down to my shoulder. More goosebumps. Cock comes back to life

"Mmm...Right now, you can't even help yourself..."

I couldn't pull away even if I tried. So I stop resisting.

"That's right...you realize it now...you can't do anything, unless I allow it...and the only thing you are allowed to do is...moan."

"No." I whisper.

My head is pulled down and she sinks her razor teeth into my neck. I moan and shake involuntarily in her arms. My moans turn to pathetic whimpers, she notices, continuing her assault on my neck.

My senses are flooded. I start to hear high pitch ringing. My eyes roll up all turns to a peaceful black. I feel nothing except peace.

Then, I feel the rope lose its tension, and I crash to the floor. Waking up the hard way.

From across the room, "I've had my fun for one night, you can get acquainted with your new home. It's not much...but if you're a good little boy, you can get presents...Just cause you're our new pet, doesn't mean you can't have nice things."

I hear a metal door close, and all is quiet. Immediately removing the blindfold, I'm in what looks to be a concrete jail cell. Everything bare. Two barred windows, a cot mounted to the wall, a metal toilet, metal sink. The door is just vertical metal bars on a frame. It's an eight by eight jail cell. I could touch the ceiling, maybe seven foot. It's evening. No lights overhead or inside.

"Fuck...me." I whisper.

Just outside the door, a female stands. Long black hair is the only thing I see for sure. What looks like a mask covers her lower face. Her eyes stare holes into me. For some reason, I can't break eye contact. Not showing fear, and not caring about my wrists, I stare her back down.

Standing up, I ask, "What do you want?"

She smirks, and slightly turns her head, "We already have everything we want."

"What the fuck do you want with me!?"

Her head turns downward, but her eyes staying on me, "To torture you."

She slightly giggles, as one finger moves to her mouth. She mocks blowing a kiss, then walks out of view. I hear a click, then a hum comes from the door. Her footsteps slowly fading away.

Slow to get up, I free my wrists from the rope binding them. I look out the window and see nothing but mountains, and green fields surrounding. Trees, rolling hills, wild grass. No noise other than the wind. The window opposite is the same. No cities, no cars, no roads. No signs of civilization for miles in every direction. I strafe views, seeing no little glowing dots, no houses or cars in any direction.

It's evening. This isn't Iowa. Where am I? Colorado? Wyoming? What day is it? How long was I out?

Coming closer, I note the doors little hum but barely pay attention as in front of me lay a canyon full of forested green untouched fields. Nothing man made, in any direction.

"Where...am...I?"

Taken back, I rest my hands on the door and immediately hit with pain all throughout my body. My body jumps back, and all goes black.

Chapter 2

Before

Night after night we watch him. Like clockwork, he's easy to predict. At least on the surface. To the typical agent it looked like: work, dogs, food, then five to seven hours of Internet. His "conspiracy channel" the boys at the office would say with their arrogant smiles.

To the tech I'm privy to, I am a ghost online, no footprint when you can fly. I could see the fourchan conversations; I followed him in the deep web forums. I sat as an invisible wallflower in a dark web private conversation when he bought access to classified government files. Weather warfare, to deep state propaganda plans. Tor was the popular tool for untraced surfing, well, was. He did a decent job of covering himself, but we have something better than the police. See Stingray. See Triggerfish, Kingfish. All of those, what we have, is even better.

I watched him for weeks, digging his own grave. All to acquire his coveted precious, the truth. His research. His real work, his devotion for a society not wanting to be unplugged. More like his death wish.

Exposing every secret will do that under a government built on lies. The real reason he's taken our attention. His "Guffybomb".

Exposing the machine that runs everything. Imagine, millions figuring every detail of where their taxes go. The endless wars. Everything from the air you breathe to the water you drink, all weapons. The endless stripping of their constitutional rights with propaganda driven false flags. Imagine him waking the sheep. Millions of angry sheep. He needs to be removed sooner than later.

You know covering your camera with tape doesn't work, and the mics are always recording. He knew that. Your laptops, iPads, phones, televisions, all of them, all the time. He knew. He knew about the massive FEMA camps for the ones incarcerated by the mass data collection. "Orwellian Though-Crime cities" he coined it. Owning a crypto phone limited his exposure. But we have so many tools. See "man in the middle attacks". See "dirt boxes".

Dude is seriously dedicated. No life, no friends, no family, no girlfriend. Just work, then more work after that. Kind of sad.

Over one hundred thousand people subscribe to him. They all ask, beg for him to reveal himself, yet he has no interest of showing the world his alter ego. A modern day super hero with the ability for digging and finding the truth, exposing it to the light, with such brilliance, even I subscribed.

He's James Corbett, Jim Lee, Dutchsinse, Luke Rudkowski all in one. One part "Full Spectrum Survival", one part "Storm Clouds Gathering", one part Truthstream Media". He is "Anonymous".

Even being demonetized by YouTube didn't affect him. It galvanized his will, his followers. He caught fire in the last three months, the N.S.A. was well aware. So were a couple of others that the masses don't even know exist. The ones that silence others like him that you haven't heard about yet. See Rich Seth. See William S. Gareth.

He's smart, even funny sometimes. You can hear the real him bleed through. I almost rooted for him.

Chapter 3

Monday

What was your last thought? Am I dreaming? Remember.

It was a Thursday, no Friday. Vacation day. Two weeks off. Finally free. Went to work. Wanted to call in sick. Stayed up too late. Went in anyway. Fixed a thermostat. Snaked a toilet. Painted. Nothing different.

Poured sweat weeding the garden. Sacrificed my back vacuuming the stairs. Clocked out. Went home.

Got fast food. My night was dog walk and video games. Garage door opens and dogs weren't barking. Why? Forget; get mail, bills, approved for something I didn't apply for, bills. Head inside. No dogs, no noise.

Aware, not alone. Where's the kids!? Head up, pain in my arm. Look, person with needle. It's dark, I can't see them. Arm tingles, everything fuzzy. Carpet close, smells like dog piss.

I open my eyes, the nightmare jail cell is real. And I'm still in it. It's morning, cold. The door still hums, and I mentally kick it open. My head hurts, and I realize I slept all night on a concrete floor.

Checking over everything, I am literally left with the clothes on my back, and the rope. Still in my work uniform, luckily I wore a thermal yesterday. Nothing in my pockets, not even my glasses. Where are my glasses?

My cell is roughly eight by eight, concrete. Pink, everywhere. The walls, ceiling, floor all light pink. The toilet, bed frame, sink, fucking, pink.

No padding under the sleeping bag, just the metal mesh frame. The toilet flushes, barely. Its parts, inaccessible as the lid is mounted to the tank. I need a 5/8 socket. Toilet needs a new flush valve, probably a new fill valve as well. The faucet spews grey water; I remove the aerator and flush the line. Hoping to flush the stagnant water. Take apart the aerator, rinse. I see white deposits, calcium. Just like home.

After ten minutes, the water turns clear and I test. Well water. Not the worst, considering I'm used to Iowa standards.

I study the walls, the cracks and notice a tiny camera lens, but continue, then another camera lodged into the ceiling corner. I futilely check the structural integrity; hoping to find its Death Star weakness, only to give in, and watch the day pass peacefully by. This cell looks brand new, prison level detainment. Even if I screamed, no one would hear. The surrounding trees would drown out whatever wasn't swallowed by the constant winds.

Looking around my prison cell, my isolation leads me to wonder who is responsible for placing this here, in the middle of nowhere. Running water. Sewer line. Electricity, I'm assuming two outlets, for the cameras. I look around in shock, at the pinkness of everything.

"What kind of university of Iowa shit is this?" I whisper to myself.

Electrified door. Electricity ran through the concrete? Rebar reinforced windows, not electrified. The bastard front door must be direct 240 volts. If it is, I'm lucky I'm not dead.

No houses. No roads. Where am I!? Who would do this!? To me!? My stomach growls and I sip some well water.

"I need a fucking smoke." I mutter to myself.

Setting down on the cot frame, I try to figure out how I'm sleeping tonight, when the sound from a golf cart motor stops me. Then footsteps freeze me.

Looking at the door, I watch a shadow approaching. I set cross legged, with my best resting bitch face that my hunger driven stomach will allow.

A different female appears, her face blocked by a balaclava. Her eyes, ice blue. Her hair, short, blonde, spikey. Over her shoulder, an army rough sack she drops to the ground. She says nothing, just stares at me. I notice she's dressed as Harley Quinn. Her fishnets cause my eyes to double take.

No emotion, I matter of factly state, "Took you long enough."

She blinks, then moves close to the door. "That's cute."

"You the mastermind or the hench...woman?"

She kicks the bag close to the door.

"I've come to make a trade."

I sigh and look around, "Well, I suppose you could get some good scrap money for one of these windows here."

"Your clothes."

Turning back to her, my face has to be "what the fuck you say?"

"The boots, pants, socks, and both shirts."

Almost laughing as I shake my head, I have to ask, "For what!?"

She looks down at the bag, then back to me.

"You have got to be kidding me. What's in the bag?"

I already know all I'm going to get from bitch face.

"And the rope." Is her only response.

"Excuse me?"

"Your clothes and the rope...for the bag."

"Counter offer."

"No."

"Hold on "blue eyes", the rope, my clothes, minus the pants and thermal for the bag and your mask."

She stares me down. Her eyes are absolutely gorgeous, but I give her my best determined face.

She waits a moment before snorting, "She said you would be a handful." and grabs the bag, turning away.

"Wait! Wait a minute Katy Perry, don't walk away! It's no fun when you walk away!"

I see no shadow, no response.

Still sitting, "God dammit dude...I'm sorry! Please come back!"

I give her just enough legitimate loneliness with defenses up to draw on any sympathy she may have. She can't be human, some alien goddess. The shadow returns, and our eyes meet again. It slightly takes my breath away, realizing just how striking her features are. Even with most of her face covered.

"Clothes off. Give me the rope. Do not try anything, funny man."

I hesitate and give her a smile, "You think I'm funny?"

"Clothes off, then you'll be funnier."

"Eh, you're not the hottest girl to demand that from me."

Her eyes say it under the mask, my jab makes her smile as she nods, "Yeah?...Boxers too."

I hesitate, "How about, counter offer, the sack, you lose the mask, I keep my boxers, you can have the clothes, and I'll throw in my virginity."

With that, she smiles.

Nodding she counters, "Last offer, all your clothes, tie the rope around your neck and come here."

Pausing to lick my lips, and try to think my way out of whatever she's thinking at this point.

"Now!...Or I walk." She grabs the bag, never breaking eye contact.

I'm numb as I slowly take off my boots. My face is hot with anger, I never break eye contact. My socks in my boots, I stand to remove my shirts. Flex the gut, my ego quips.

Her eyes are eager as I unlatch my belt, and drop my pants. I hesitate to go any further.

"Now the rope...put it around your neck."

I want to ask, "Are you serious!?" but I figure I'll get further just clenching my teeth. I grab the rope and reluctantly place it around my neck.

"Now, give it to me."

I look at the rope, to the sack, then back to those eyes.

They slightly squint, "Do as you’re told!"

Slowly walking over, I watch my hand slowly reach the rope towards the door. Almost a foot of rope hangs out before she takes it, and I let it slip through my hand as she takes the slack away.

My eyes are slow to meet hers, as she stands close to the humming metal door. I feel her eyes just eating me up, as she continues to pull the ropes slack until she pulls me close to the electrified door.

I'm inches away from her gorgeous face; I can smell her distinct sweet unnamed designer perfume, or hair product.

"Now, about those boxers."

Knowing how close I am to the bars and how close I am to her. I have to look away.

"You...have the rope to tight...I'll touch...the bars."

"You don't say?...Here, let me help."

Closing my eyes, I hear a click then my boxers are at my ankles. Another click, and the hum returns.

"There, now kick them off."

I try not to register defeat, but I know my face is covered in shame.

She never looks down, her eyes enjoying my face too much.

"Aww...not liking a world where women have all the control?...Still want me to take that virginity? Right here?"

Her hand moves through the bars, as she pulls the rope with the other. Instinctively, I resist using both hands to prevent myself from touching the bars.

I hear her giggle as her hand caresses my thigh and hip. My ass jumps back, not wanting my arousal to lead to pain. I feel the rope pull harder, and I have to struggle to maintain myself as she uses both hands to pull me close.

"I can't take your virginity...without getting...a hold of him...come here! Hah-hah! Stop...fighting it!"

Struggling and weak, I feel myself getting closer and closer to the metal. I feel the electricity through the hairs on my ears. I feel static in my hair.

Without warning, I feel her tongue run up my neck. Blood rushes downward and he's hard before I can think: football brain injuries.

He rises and touches the metal. Pain! Everywhere. My body goes numb and I hit the floor.

Luckily this time, I lie awake, unable to move. Just breathing short panic breaths. My skeleton feels the ripples of shockwaves. My body spasms, but my eyes move to her.

Looking down on me, she adjusts her mask before opening the door. She makes her way in. Gathering my clothes, then gently takes the rope from my neck. Still looking me in the eyes.

"Wh...wh...why?"

She turns her head, and smiles, "We told you..." Her smile fades, "...we're here to torture you."

She rests my head on the ground, then gathers everything, then walks out.

"You’re...your mask!" I call out trying to keep her.

She returns with the sack, squatting down next to me. Her legs shine, catching my eye. She wears hose under her fishnets. Staring too long, the blood will rush south, so I look up.

She grabs my face, and forces it towards hers, "If I take this mask off, that means you can never leave. So how about it?"

Her hand moves behind her head.

"You want me to take it off!?...You want this to be your last home?...Just say the word!"

Feeling helpless, I give her nothing. Just clench my teeth and stare angrily upwards.

"Keep that resistance...you're going to need it."

Letting go of me, my head hits the floor hard. I watch as she grabs the sack and takes it outside. Depositing it next to the door, I'm helpless as she closes and turns the door back on. Her eyes burn holes my way before she disappears.

"Next time," I call out, "send the other one...she's a bit nicer!"

I hear nothing for a response, only my empty stomach roaring for assistance. It takes me a bit to get my body functioning again. Legs are shaky stacks of jello. Arms useless. My head flops around with no strength in my neck. The whole time my eyes on the army sack on the other side of the door.

I watch the sun's shadow move in the sky, as I slowly get my legs and arms to set me up. Then knees and elbows. My cock, engrained with a singe mark. Not the black and blue mess I expected. After an hour, I could move around again. Confident I could reach through and pull out my rewards, one at a time.

Carefully, I gently pull the sack over and painstakingly open a quagmire of knotted draw string holding it shut.

Nothing's easy. Fucking bitches. This is a test, it's just a test. I try and remind myself, but after the twenty minute mark on the knots, my sweaty anger wanted revenge.

Finally, victory! I pull each item out, carefully without studying them. Slowly emptying the sack of its contents, then pulling the sack inside. My hard work paid off with new boxers, black sweatpants, socks, a white t-shirt, a red hoodie. Two bottles of water, two MRE's, a small lantern, a candy tin. Inside a lighter, three cigarettes, a small glass pipe, and one nug of marijuana. One notepad, one pen, one small bottle of jack Daniels whiskey, one deck of playing cards, one snickers candy bar.

Taken back, I set aside the weed, cigarettes, liquor, and candy bar, all my personal favorites. The weed, the brand of cigarettes, liquor, and candy bar. Even the lighter is a Bic, better than the cheap gas station lighters.

Trying not to only focus on the random coincidences of them knowingly personal preferences.

I get dressed and try lying on the sleeping bag on the metal cot. With no padding on the frame, I settle for the soft concrete floor.

I try to slowly eat one MRE, getting my stomach to settle. My energy drops.

I pass on the cigarette, instead ball up the sweatshirt for a pillow and crash out in my new cocoon. My last thought, "It's not even seven o'clock, what a great way to start my vacation.

Chapter 4

Before

In the middle of an all day download Saturday, the Wikileaks and "Guffybomb" release, I start to see slight patterns. Women ascending to the highest levels of power, all because of men's selfish ways.

Iowa's first elected female governor. All because of the male democrat opponent getting exposed for having not one, but two mistresses. Original source, unknown.

The first female director of FEMA has a "power lunch" with two top female senators. One of the topics discussed, dealing with "social injustices on populations." Something the media glazes over quickly.

After the failed military coup in Columbia of 2018, the first female Vice President was elected. The political madness ushered in a new level of distrust for the American military machine. Republican ancestors would roll over in their graves at the level of ineptitude and incompetency their heirs would inherit when having the House, Senate, and Presidency.

Nothing but infighting and demonizing any of their opponents. They accomplish nothing in the first four years of making us great again. It seemed more about dividing each and every single one of us.

Something, the President survived, even with his "history" he somehow skates better than Nixon, convincing his followers to continue to believe.

Women meanwhile never went after each other, Republican, Democrat, even with tensions high during the coup. Both sides, women ignored each other, instead focusing on recruitment of more women at all levels of politics.

A "Bernie movement" but with an almost unmentioned undertone, not noticed by normal Joe's. The motto; "Take it back" struck a chord. Women, Mother Nature, femininity itself, had enough of endless wars, black budget covert acts of aggression.

Suddenly all local races were getting more outside money from different corporations. Female controlled corporations. There aren't many, but the ones that do exist, got involved heavily, always for one gender, regardless of affiliation. Even Libertarian and Green parties get media attention, real attention. Female celebrities began backing different local elections, always backing the female candidates.

Unprecedented and the establishment caught with their collective pants down. Men retreated to their secret Bilderberg meeting. Soon after, a new wave of mistresses came forward all across the spectrum. Bankers. Politicians. Executives. Actors. Directors. Athletes.

You had a dick and an ounce of power, you were a target. You couldn't change the channel without finding a new man to hate.

Some were silenced; some became daily distractions for the masses. A Russian hacker was blamed. Some elite secret dating site was the cover. The simple explanation.

The shakeup was immediate. Divorce filings, executives stepping down from their thrones. Women weren't replacing men at the top, just yet. They were moving up, and the man ahead of them had just as many secrets. They were set up to fail. It was a matter of distrust, and even lower expectations. Once titans of industry, now unemployable.

To the uninformed, it was just politics. But to the educated, this was just the first wave of a new, stealthily hostile takeover.

The elite thought it could be contained to "political power" until the "rise" made its way across the pacific. India, China, the Middle East all being hit by similar "unknown hacks". Homosexual relationships being outed in areas where it was still punishable by death. Pedophilia by some of the most respected world leaders. Some of the most powerful men in the world, being reduced to toxic waste. Exposed for all their horrid secrets. Stock markets going nuts, so much volatility. Each week a corporation losing value, selling itself, dumping its CEO without their golden parachutes.

My source material grew as "my story" became massive. The longer I collected, and wrote, the more I had to wait.

Maybe take a vacation, put it all together. I need one; I'm seeing a female takeover in classified leaks.

Chapter 5

Tuesday

Before I open my eyes, I think its Monday. I'm on vacation.

I groan slightly, when my abduction nightmare is still real. Sweatshirt makes a shitty pillow. My back is aching and I haven't moved. Day three is starting out lovely.

"Good morning sleepy head!" I hear two female voices cheerfully say in unison.

I set up and shocked silent. In front of me two Hooters girls; both wearing blonde wigs and transparent Marilyn Monroe masks, standing at the open door. One has the stun gun, the other spins a pair of handcuffs on her finger.

In shock, I lay back down without response. Another coincidence, them wearing those outfits.

"That's no way to start the day!" One says from out of view.

Something lands on my stomach, the familiar jingle of metal gives away my "present".

"Put on your new bracelets...so we can start our fun!"

I look back at them, trying not to let their outfits blind me. I sigh out of frustration, then grab the handcuffs. I have no power, so I try to make some.

"Ladies...Can I get my morning smoke in before, whatever this is?"

They eye each other under the masks before one of the blondes responds, "You have five minutes."

I light the cigarette, "Good stuff, so what's this? You guys check my browsing history; my shopping habits...what kind of hackers are you?"

I exhale smoke as I feel the tension between us build. They don't respond, or even look to each other. Confidence.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you were NSA...or one the other off the books agencies?"

One looks to the other, who cracks the stun gun to life. "He's smart...funny-"

"Too bad he's not that attractive." The blue eyed blonde finishes.

I slowly stand, and chuckle at our lovely banter, then flick the cigarette at her. It hits perfectly on her exposed chest, causing a momentary distraction. I'm fast and have to move quickly.

The other girl reacts slowly; by the time I reach her I have a second's jump. I shove her hard into the blue eyed blonde. I hear the two collide, and crash into the wall, as I rush out the door. Just imagine Batman against two hot, well....Hooters girls.

Freedom.

Cold open air. I'm cold, under dressed, without shoes, in a t-shirt, but I can run. I don't know what direction, but I run.

My feet throb and ache as I run over rocks and hard dirt. I feel each ripple of land under foot.  My lungs burn, as I can't suck enough air.

Out of fear, I look back and see the two girls. Skipping together in unison, in my direction. Fear and adrenaline cause me to use my afterburners. Muscles I haven't used in years, grind and tear. Each step, I feel my strength wain.

Running down a field, I try to make my way for any kind of opening. A ridge. A line of trees. Nothing but untouched nature in every direction.

My mind wants to panic. My lungs want to give up. I look back and see them, still skipping together. Both laughing. Looking in my direction.

Mouthful of paste. Body weak and wants to lie down. A grouping of trees thirty feet ahead. My way out. Or my last stand. I give it all just to fall face first behind the first tree.

Pathetic. I know it. I can't stop gasping, almost hyper ventilating. My legs and arms tingle. I can't catch my breath, no matter how many weak gasps I choke out.

I can hear their giggling calls, twigs snapping coming closer.

My body has nothing. Forcing my rubber legs to support my weight, costs me time.

"There you are!...Silly, silly, silly boy..."

The blue eyed blonde. Only one of them?

"Aww...is someone out of shape!?" The other coming from behind a tree.

Fuck. My eyes dart from each masked girl. The green eyed blonde zaps the stun gun to life, slowly strolling towards me.

"Did someone wun-outta gas?" The blue eyed girl asks, adjusting her wig. She unlocks the handcuffs from her wrist, tossing them at me.

I catch and reluctantly eye each girl. The green eyed girl slowly coming closer, showing the stun gun. Her eyes focused intently on me.

"Go ahead, do it." She pushes, "Give me a reason."

Zzap!

She's five feet away. Her eyes intense.

"Heh-heh-heh...that the plan...scare me into imprisoning myself?...You zap me out here, means you have to drag me back...I'm not...scared of pain...and I know...you two little girls can't carry me back!"

Zzap!

Two feet. Her eyes on fire. I swear she's smiling evilly under the mask. She holds her empty hand out.

"You're right...we're not carrying you anywhere." She says with an eerie tone.

I hesitantly hand over the cuffs, and she immediately hits me with the stun gun.

Zzzzap!

Pain everywhere. I hit the ground hard. My gut, hurts to breath. Hurts to hold air. Hurts to think words.

My body curls up and I twitch on the ground. All I can do is look up as they stand over me. Both staring down, both using one foot to hold me down.

The blue eyed blonde speaks first, "Go get the cart...I'll stay with our pet."

The green eyed blonde nods, then walks over me. Directly stepping on my chest. More pain. No air. Surprised, I watch her walk away, and I'm slightly hurt as I watch her walk away.

The blue eyed blonde takes her shoe, and shoves my chin to face her. My eyes instinctively run up her hosed leg, then to her mask.

"Did you enjoy your moment of power?...You know I'm going to have to hurt you for this?"

I look back the other way, my jaw clenched.

"Na-ah! Don't be looking for her to help you!"

I feel her kneel down on my chest. Her legs distract me, shinning in the afternoon sun.

"When you're a bad-little-boy, I get to punish...and I love using electricity...you may not be afraid of pain, but you will be afraid of me!"

I want to say something, but I can't speak. Fucking bitch.

"Do you wanna say something? Maybe something smart..."

She pushes down, her knees pushing the air from my lungs.

"What? What is it? Is Mr. Writer without the thirty dollar comebacks?"

"Fuuuuck...ing...lard-ass!"

Zzzaap!

"Ugghh!" I can't help but moan out.

Pain everywhere. Fucking bitch! Again my body spasms and she holds me down with one foot. I see those blue eyes, piercing me through that mask. We stare at each other. It's almost as if some unspoken relationship forms. She gives me pain. I can take it. Am I submissive? Masochistic?

Would that explain my own sexual desires?

"Why...why me?...What...did...I do?"

She squats down, using her knees to pin my arms down. I'm turned on, and can't tell if I'm hard.

"When you are a good boy, you get answers...when you're bad, you get torture."

In the distance I can hear a familiar golf cart motor coming closer.

"You...you said...you were...going to...to torture me...anyway."

She looks back down, stroking my face gently, "Because I knew you were going to be a bad, bad little boy. We have no disillusions about your character...You're not going to be broken easily...that's why we chose you."

I have to look confused, as she leans in and plants a kiss on my lips. I try to resist, but she easily holds my head in place. Giggling under the mask. My lips are held against plastic.

"Starting without me?"

The blue eyed blonde looks up laughing, "He's trying to squirm...I had to!"

I look over to the green eyed blonde confused. She walks from a golf cart similar to mine at work. Except this one has a seat in the back bed.

I’m flipped over on my chest. Taste dirt, I'm face down next to an ant hill. I feel the handcuffs locking me into submission.

"Well, if you get to be nice to him...that means I get to be mean!"

Great. I see a pair of white New Balance shoes walking up to my face. The right foot reaches over, pushing at my head.

"You hear that?"

Don't respond! Do not give them anything! I grit my teeth, and look up.

"If you think she can be cruel, one night of punishment from me, and you will never look at another girl again!"

Part of me believes her; the other part thinks she's a wrestler, cutting a promo. Either way, I'm at these two psycho dominatrix’s mercy. Just shut up, and find a way back to their good side.

I'm lifted and walked back to the golf cart. I'm sat in the back, and the green eyed blonde makes eye contact as I'm strapped in the seat.

"I'm going to zap you, and cover your head...you cannot see the house."

She eyes me, half expecting a response; I stare back at her, teeth clenched.

Her eyes change expression, into almost curiosity. She raises one finger, bringing it to my mouth; I look from her, to it, then back to her.

Her index finger lands on my lips, her eyes watching my mouth with amusement. I feel it gently run over my lips, then press past. My teeth still clenched. I start to feel the tension rise. Feel the blue eyed blonde watching.

Her eyes change, almost flirtatious as her finger massages my teeth. Her eyes never looking up to meet mine.

My mouth opens to resist, and her finger goes into my mouth. Pressing gently against my tongue.

She looks to my mouth, then states, "Fate is something we all control, yours, you control, even right now. You could bite down, and get more pain for a moment of payback...or you could swallow your pride, and do as we say...you will live, no one will believe you...or what you remember...But you could be the first to survive."

Shocked, I look from her eyes back down. In my mouth, my tongue slowly licks her finger, and I look back to those eyes. Those charged eyes looming down on me.

"Good choice."

She removes the finger, and shows me the stun gun. Fuck. Here we-

Zzap!

Pain! Fuck! Bitch! Everywhere. Pain.

The bag goes over my head and it’s black again.

We bounce over rocks, up and down for what I guess to be thirty minutes. I try and remember the route, but I'm sure they do a couple victory laps to throw me. Outside in the elements, it gets chilly fast.

I try and bite at the hood, using what I can, however I can. Try to get my sight, really just trying to defy them however I can. It's a waste of effort, as the bag refuses to help.

Before my body can come back to working, I'm struggling just moving around, trying to stay warm. Finally we glide across the level gravel. Some sort of civilization. We ride smoothly for a minute before we pull onto flat concrete. Inside, no wind.

The cart dies, and I feel myself being unstrapped, then pulled out by my arms. I'm marched with them holding each of my arms. I can feel the prongs of the stun gun on my right side.

I'm walked over tile, then carpet. They move me fast, not allowing me to get familiar with my surroundings. To take in my environment.

Then one takes the lead, as we descend down wooden stairs. Each step, I hear the wood lurch and creak under our collective weight. We reach the concrete floor, and I'm pulled along across a basement. Each step, the prongs still jabbing me. Reminding me of its presence.

No words. Little to no noise. We move together in this awkward silence.

I'm shoved to a standstill, being firmly held in place. I hear them moving around me, the prongs still at my side. The sound of a metal chain being pulled down above me. I hear something being unfastened close.

Someone grabs my wrists, and begins to release my restraints. My left is released, and snapped into a restraint above my head. My right follows suit.

"Where's that resistance you're so proud of?" One pushes.

"Maybe that's just one of his stories." The other prods.

I pull hard against the restraints, my teeth grinding, sounding like a caged animal. My arms above me, I can't get leverage, I cannot break free. I growl from mounting frustration. I jerk, pull and yank in every direction. I try pulling down, but the bar only stops hard. My shoulders start to feel it first; each tug ends with sharp pains. I hear metal chains above.

"There it is."

I feel hands touching me, one grabs at the hood, but I resist. Full out thrashing, I'm helpless, I can't allow them to make me look at them. To make me weaker.

"Awww...that's so cute!"

I feel hands running all over me the more I thrash. The more I'm touched, the more I try to resist until I'm too tired. My body weak to the point that my jerks turn to nothing. My back, shoulders cramping.

I stand unable to fight, my lungs spent. Hands running all over me, gently allowing their nails to lightly scratch. I hear them circling me, staying so close I feel them rubbing against me.

"I bet he wants this hood off so bad."

I'm teased as I feel the hood being tugged at randomly. One snuggles up, I feel her leg wrap around, her chest pushes into me. Her hand slowly makes it way to my waist. It's then I hear the familiar snapping of a camera.

A click, then my shirt is sliced off of me. My chest exposed, I'm covered in goosebumps, my nipples stand at attention. More snaps from a camera. I feel her pulling into me, pinching my nipples, twisting till I try to jerk away.

Her laugh in my ear. My sweatpants slide down, one of her shoes pushes it down to my knees. More snaps. I feel her hosed leg sliding over my skin. "Mr. Never listens to me" perks to life, and the women both laugh, more snaps.

"Humiliation? Blackmail?" I ask slightly embarrassed to the one close.

"Hah!...This is just for us." She answers, pulling the hood tight to my face.

I'm held up for more pics; she slowly pushes my sweatpants to my ankles, then strips me down to my boxers. I hear their laughs, as I'm passed in between the two. I feel them taking different sides as the snapping continues. Different voices close as they take turns posing with their trophy.

The hood is pulled tight against my face, then pulled back, revealing only my mouth. I feel a set of lips on mine, followed by more snaps. Her hand grabs me, squeezing my dick so hard she could take my blood pressure.

I try to pull away, but I'm restrained, unable to move an inch. I can hear her happiness; feel her joy as she holds me against my will.

"Where do you think you're going?" Her voice borders on struggling. "We have some questions for you."

Something ties the mask tight to my face, my mouth exposed. Whichever girl was holding me, releases and I stand unsure of what's next. The snapping continues.

"We know everything about you. Everything. So, these questions, we already know the answers."

Snap.

"The point?" I ask as politely as I can.

"Test of character."

"To see if you're a "man of your word." Whispered right in my ear.

"Okay...fire away."

Snap.

"Poor choice of words, don't you think?" One asks, cracking the stun gun to life close.

"Do you know the names of your contacts associated with the "Guffybomb" release?"

I wait a moment, before responding with my head down, "Yeah."

"Do you know their locations?"

Snap.

"Fuck." I whisper. Shaking my head, "Yeah."

Snap, snap.

Their asking vanilla questions.

"Where are they located?"

"All over the world."

"Where?"

"You already know-"

"Where?" The stun gun cracks close.

"Literally, all over the world. South America. Sweden. Germany. Australia. South Korea. China. Russia."

"Names?"

Snap.

My head drops, and I whisper, "I can't do that."

Snap, snap, snap.

The hood is pulled back, my head jerks back.

"What?!"

"I won't do that."

ZAP!

The stun gun zaps me in my ribs and I cry out in surprised pain. My body hangs, shoulders screaming at my weight.

Snap, snap, snap.

"Names?"

Panting in pain, "I'm sorry...I can't-"

ZAP!

More pain for my already useless body. My wrists now hurting from being stretched. It hurts to breathe. I twitch all over. Every second, my own weight adding pain.

They let me hang, to think. To allow myself to fear what's coming. I know she's not done asking. More random snapping from a camera, close, then further away.

The hood is pulled back; I feel hands holding my head up.

"You know what I'm going to ask."

"I can't, I can't...please...please don't...they've done nothing to me-"

"They got you here." One chimes.

Snap, snap.

"Names." The other demands.

"I'm sorry, but I...I would die for each and every single one of-"

ZAP!

Pain again everywhere. I slump, hanging, and twitching. I can't help but let out pathetic groans, whimpers. I'm drooling through clenched teeth.

"If you keep this up, you will."

Snap, snap, snap.

"Arghh!...Ask...ask me...something else...anything else."

"That's all we want." She uses one finger to hold my chin up. Her breath right in my face. Watermelon.

"Anything else." I beg.

"None of us are going anywhere...You're very brave, but we're not stopping, and how many times can you take this punishment? For what?"

"If you...already know...why...why are you...torturing me?"

"Names?"

Snap, snap.

I sigh, and try to anticipate the coming shock. I feel the sharp metal prongs on my flesh, but no zap. I twitch, trying to get away from it, but it drags across my stomach, up my chest. Making its way across my neck.

My head pulls away, and my mouth runs into a set of lips unexpectantly. I jerk away, only to run into another set of lips. My head pulls away, looking up, away from both of them.

Both of them pulling at me, I feel them clinging to me. Their mouths wet, they begin licking my neck. They climb, pulling at me, pulling my head down. They both pull themselves to my mouth, my lips being engulfed by two, taking turns.

"Come to us..." One whispers.

"Play with us..." The other follows.

Fuck I want to.

"...Tell us..."

"...Their names."

No! My lips pinch shut, and I growl into their mouths. Both of them, hovering over, holding me in place.

"...their..."

ZAP!

"...names."

ZAP!

After a long pause, I lower my head. Shaking a no is all I can muster. Then they're both off me in an instant. I gasp out breaths, waiting for the jolt of pain. Waiting for that spasm to run throughout my body.

It never comes.

I wait, and wait. Breathing scared in the darkness, but nothing comes. No sounds. No conversation. No doors closing.

Just silence. My ears stretching, searching for any sounds outside of my heartbeat. For endless minutes, I hang in this now deafening silence, waiting for what's next.

After what feels like forever, I hang my head and whisper, "You...already know."

After eternity in the dark and silent, I hear a click. Immediate slack in the chain. I'm crashing to the ground. My knees hit the concrete hard, then my left elbow. My arms strapped to the bar overhead, I'm still handicapped in my movement.

The pain all over causes me to lie there, waiting. After another minute of silence, my ego allows me to groan out loud. I try to get up, my body talks me out of that thought quickly.

I try to catch my breath, unsure if I'm alone. I try to listen, finally when I believe they've left, I croak out, "Still the best vacation I've had in years."

"That's so sweet." One of them chimes sweetly.

Fuck! The restraint bar is pushed to the ground. I feel a foot right at my crotch.

"Fuck! Don't you have someone else!?" I plead.

"Not anyone we got dressed up for!"

"Don't you like our outfits?"

"In any, any different circumstance, I would love, love them!"

I'm pinned to the ground. The foot at my crotch begins pressing with weight. I try to squirm to get away, but I'm held in place.

"Stop-stop-st-"

"Names?"

The pain of my nuts being crushed under foot causes me to jerk the bar as hard as I can. It comes free, and I hear someone crash to the ground behind my head. Her foot presses down, but I'm turning, scrambling away blindly. My arms locked into the bar, slow me down. I'm up long enough to be tackled back to the ground. I grab, claw, pull away. I feel hands pulling me, dragging me to the ground.

I'm overpowered quickly, a pair of legs squeeze the air from me, her arms tighten around my throat. My arms are kicked out from under me, one by one. I fall forward, only to be held in her loving stranglehold.

Fingers dance on the concrete, unable to establish a grip. I'm pulled backwards, no air. I'm choking. I see stars in the black. I hear static.

Then nothing.

My face hits the ground and I wake disoriented. I try not moving, just breathing. They move around above me. Pretend to sleep. Maybe they'll get tired and-

"OMPFF!"

Someone kicks my gut, hard. I'm crumbled into a coughing ball of explicatives. Paralyzed by pain, I'm moaning, I'm clawing to get away.

"Where do you think you're going!?"

Ignore her. Crawl.

"UGGHH!"

Another unprotected kick to my ribs. I drop in shock, gasping out pleas. The sound of me sucking air is the only thing I can hear, outside of their mocking laughs.

One of them walks over me, using my back to step on; pushing me down again. Another shoe lightly kicks my face.

"How ya doing down there? Had enough yet? Got a name to stop all this?"

"Just one name."

Shoes pin my wrists down. Someone kneels down on my back, her knee pressing directly into my kidney. I feel her shift weight directly onto me.

"Come on sweetie, just one little name."

"Just one name and this will be all over." Her voice changes with her knee pressing all her weight into me.

They both wait on me, I feel them leaning in, anticipating my response. I hold out as long as I can, I try to get air while her knee gets heavier. The weight gains until the unfamiliar groan of my voice startles me.

"UGHH-NOO!"

The weight gets heavier as I scream.

"Are you...sure?"

My hands flop on the concrete, scraping to inch away from them. From all their pain. The weight from the girl standing on my wrists cuts off the circulation, I feel the blood being deprived from my hands. They have no strength, soon going numb.

I stop trying, my body just convulsing under their weight. Gasping short breaths. I'm so sore and broken, I can't think straight. Giving them a name, any name, means they will expect me to cave. Give them more. I cannot cave on this. Give them something! Get them off; get some space free of pain. I have to hold onto whatever power I have with everything I have. I have to show them.

This little obstacle that I am, I have to make them work to break me. Bigger, dumber Iowa redneck bullies wasted their teenage years trying to break me. These two, better bring a ladder and lunch.

The girl kneeling on me, stands up, stepping onto my head, shoving it into the ground. Gritting my teeth helps with the pressure. She shifts her weight onto my head, balancing perfectly all of her weight on me. The pressure and pain blinds me. I hear my scream, but it doesn't sound right with her foot pressing down on my exposed ear.

"NOOOO! AAAAGRRHHH!"

Both girls release me without warning, and I try to curl up, protect myself however I can. The bar prevents me, but I use my legs to protect my gut. They circle around; I'm unable to do anything.

One gets right in my ear, "Are you ready to give up?"

I don't respond, outside of involuntary twitches. Keeping my knees as close to my chest as I can. I pull my arms close, still splayed out, attached to the bar.

Their footsteps dance around me. I envision them skipping around. Each noise, I twitch, thinking I'm going to catch a foot any second. Absorb some more form of punishment.

I hear a familiar voice stuttering, "No, no, no, no" before I realize it's me.

"Lookie there, its 11:30...We’re going to go have lunch, relax and stretch out for a bit...don't worry, we'll be back though. We didn't get the answers we want."

Fuck. Me.

My mind stays strong, but outside I can't stop shaking and twitching. Just cause they said they're leaving doesn't mean this torture is over. My breaths are so quick and rushed; I have to grit my teeth to keep from spewing spit and whimpers.

I hear one set of steps leave. It's silent for a minute, and I start to think I'm alone when the other leans down on me. Her knee presses into my spine. I groan out, surprised.

"You are tough, tougher than you look...I'm actually impressed, I've broken a five star general in less time..."

I feel her nylon knee press harder, her shoe resting on my ass.

"...You should be proud of yourself, we actually got bored with you...but don't worry, this is just the beginning...You will give us those names, that's not changing..."

Her fingers trace my clenched jaw.

"...Try and get some rest, you're going to need it.

Her weight is lifted, and I hear steps walking away, then a door slam shut. Then it's quiet, I feel no presence, hear nothing.

Being blind and strapped to a bar makes everything difficult. I grab at my head, feeling a plastic zip tie pulled tight around my head. I have to grab at the knot in the plastic line to pry.

With my grip weak, I change hands, until I feel it start to come free. It hurts coming off, thank god my head is sweating. It feels like I'm tearing my own flesh from my head. I'm sure my skin is ripping apart under the hood. I struggle, but manage to pry the large zip tie off my head. Not an easy task with only the use of one hand.

Ripping it free, I throw it with whatever I have with my left, removing the hood with my right. I lay on my stomach, arching to finally take in my surroundings. The room is lit, bare. Your basic basement interrogation torture room; concrete walls, painted white. All the paint looks new. No windows. One light bulb overhead. One thick looking metal door, with no handle is ten feet from me.

My wrists are strapped by leather to a metal bar. The bar is welded to a metal chain running to a motor on the ceiling with enough slack for me to lie down, but not reach the door.

I move to set up, looking in each direction. A large one way mirror, two cameras mounted in opposite corners of the room. Every inch is covered. A wooden table is mounted to the floor, with wooden chairs on opposing sides. They look heavy, expensive Amish craftsmanship. A drain sets close in the concrete floor. Metal rings mounted to walls.

Then everything goes black.

"Fuck you!" I call out in the dark room.

I look to the mirror, hoping to see a light or someone behind the reflective glass. No such luck, everywhere is pitch black. They must be watching. Maybe a FLIR.

Who is this? What alphabet soup agency would send not one, but two female agents? Using their bodies and minds to disrupt me, control me. What bizarro world have I slipped into? Why, oh why didn't I take the red pill?

I set for a moment, contemplating, then deciding I should try to sleep. I’m going to get nowhere setting in the dark. Possibly forget the pain for a short time. I lie down on my back, using one hand as a pillow; I quickly fall into the most uncomfortable sleep in the history of uncomfortable sleeps.

Chapter 6

Still Tuesday

I wake when the motor roars to life in the dark room. I feel the slack taken from me, an unrelenting pull that jerks me from slumber, then to my feet without asking. I'm pulled upwards, and fight making noise with everything.

I grimace out a stifled gasp, a tear running down my face. I feel the muscles in my pecs, my shoulders tearing inside. I want to scream stop when I'm standing on my tippy toes, but mercifully the motor stops.

I hang in the darkness, and begin to wait. No lights come on, time passes and my body slowly breaking. Sweat coming down, I'm stifling short breaths. So much pain, my upper body feeling so weak.

More time goes by, and soon I'm hanging my head. I'm drooling, I don't care.

I hear the metal door open, and I raise my head, but all is still black. I hear someone enter, walking slow. The door stays open, and I listen to every noise she makes.

"How was nap time?" She asks in the black.

"Could you, lower it just an inch?" I ask without hesitation.

"I could, but what do I get out of it?" She asks, sounding as if she's circling me.

"What...what do you want?" My head dropping, I whisper, already knowing.

"You know what I want, silly." I feel her gentle hand find my face.

I try to move it away, but she holds me, lifting my face up. I feel her right in front of me, my eyes strain to see, but fail.

She's close to me; I feel her breath on my face. I can't stop myself from pulling from her grip, trying to break free. I gasp when I feel her move even closer; I stop breathing when I hear her smell me.

We stay there in that moment for a couple of seconds. She just smelled me? My heart still beating a mile a minute, I finally take a breath.

"I have all day sweetie...How long do you think you can hang?"

Just a test.

"If I...give you a name...you'll just want another, then another..."

"Yes, that sounds correct."

"...then, when I give you everything...everyone you want...what good am I? What are you going to do-?"

"We'll burn that bridge when we get there-"

"Don't fucking lie to me! I'm as good as dead now...Rendition sites, isn't that what this is?"

ZAP!

A flash of blue electricity cuts the dark. For a second I see the brunette, still in a Hooters uniform. Not wearing her blonde wig, not wearing a mask.

I saw her face. Those green eyes. For a split second.

It's black again, and a moment before she speaks.

"Remember where you are, little boy. Just because you're smart, doesn't mean you get to speak however you want. You have no control over...anything, for as long as we say so..."

Her hand still holding my face to hers. I feel her nose touch mine, her lips are so close, I feel them moving. Her breaths jab air into my mouth.

"What...what now?"

"What are you going to give me for that inch?"

I try to move my head away, but she gently holds it up to hers. I momentarily forget about my body.

"A kiss?" I whisper, unsure of my words, my thought.

It's a moment before she responds. I hear her sigh, "I suppose."

I'm taken back. Unsure if I heard her right. I have to swallow, lick my dry lips wet. My breath has to be atrocious.

"Oh...okay." I hear myself.

Her hand lets go of my face and I hear her click something. Immediately I'm lowered, and released from the searing pain of suspension. I land flat footed, she clicks it again, and the motor stops. I have just enough to stand, my upper body still hurting, still exhausted from being stretched.

"There, is that better?"

"Thank you." I spew exasperated.

I lean towards her, unsure what type of kiss she's willing or wanting. I feel her finger stop my lips in the darkness.

"Now, where were we? Oh, that's right, got a name for me?"

"Why-why-why are they so important to you!?"

"Because they broke the law." She says tone deaf.

"They risk their lives to expose corruption-"

"By breaking the law. You know, some of them, your friends, aren't the white hats you think they are."

"And you aren't the perfect government deep state tool! The only way democracy stays true is by transparency-"

"Well said, why don't you start, and give us your sources?"

"Just...just kill me...I can't-"

"No...We're not going to kill you, not yet...You have so much to give us."

"I can't, I can't-"

"You can, and will...Remember sweetie, this is just the third day, we have another week until someone notices you're missing-"

She's right. How long can I hold on?

"No."

"-and if you stay defiant, we can always introduce you to some drugs that will dissolve that little wall of defiance you might still have." Her hand stroking my face in the dark.

"I fucking hate you." Desperation whispered from my mouth.

"No you don't, silly...You love this, someone who knows you, the spotlight on you, for once. Your moment of fame...How will it end?"

When will it end?

She's right though. I do love being the object for someone's physical attention. Even if it is, this. This twisted version of whatever. Stop thinking this!

"I-I don't know their names-"

"Don't lie-"

"I-I never met or, communicated outside of email-"

"You're not a liar; don't pretend to be one now."

I stop; she's not buying anything I'm going to say. I can't win.

"Dummy, you know all the technology we use. I was in there when you traded two bitcoins last week."

Fuck! She means Tuesday. When I bought the "Guffybomb" release. That's what put me here. Call an audible.

"I...What do you think I'm going to do? What can I do!? If I resist, you're going to torture me, if I give you everything you want, you're going to torture me-"

"That sounds right."

"You already know everything!"

"That's true too."

 "What, what is this then!?"

"This, is just, fun." Her voice extremely close.

"Fun" she says.

"Just...kill me." I whisper defeated.

"You like the truth so much...would you like to see something?" Her voice is trailing away.

No.

A light clicks on from the other room. I can't look away. The door is open. I see her, her outfit, but not her face. The light reveals some, but she uses the shadows to conceal her identity.

In the other room, it's full of torture devices. Tools.

I see blades, knives, pliers, lots of pliers mounted to the wall. More than we have at the shop. I see propane torches. Black leather bondage restraints. Whips. Studded paddles.

She models the door and the contents inside like a game show model. I see her smile in the edge of the light.

Little glass vials on the wall. Car batteries on the floor, wires setting on a wooden tool bench. I see a chair with restraints, mounted to the floor. Pools of red on white concrete.

"This, is the room of truth." She saunters over to me, disappearing into the shadows. "At any moment, we can take you there...then fun time will be over."

"Just kill me." I repeat, this time with more confidence.

She moans a little laugh, her hand moving back to my face. I see her eyes reflecting little lights in the dark.

"I...only tried to do what's right...to inform, to help fight the good fight...why would you...fight against them? The ones that employ you are the ones who control you. Why...why can't you see, you're on the wrong side...if, if we didn't have those controls over us, we wouldn't have labels, we wouldn't be divided, we could truly unite...make the world better-"

"For who?"

"For everyone, for the masses, for progression, as a world...no strife, no conflict, the endless wars. Information is power-"

"Your world of truth going to bring that?"

"What happened to you? Why would someone so beautiful, be so...ugly?"

Her face changes. The smile is gone. Her eyes standing out. Push it.

"Heartless little soldier girl."

Her face gets angry. Her eyes grow cold.

"See the animal in his cage that you built...Are you sure of what side you're on..."

I'm reciting lyrics like statements. Trying to get inside her head. Plant some sort of seeds of dissent. I don't know why but I continue with some sort of confidence.

"...Better not look him to closely in the eyes...Are you sure what side of glass you are on?"

ZAP!

Pain everywhere, and my legs go numb, I'm hanging again. Stretched past my limits.

"...See the safety...of the life...you have lived..."

ZAP!

More pain. Tears run down my clenched eyes. My teeth grit, I continue.

"Everything...where it...belongs..."

ZAP!

I'm twitching. Spitting drool. Tongue pressed into my teeth.

"Feel...the hollow...ness...inside your...heart..."

ZZZAAAPPP!

So much pain on this one. I'm barely conscious. My head is so far away, but the words tethering me to this reality. I want to sleep but I continue to sputter out.

"And it's...all...right where...it belongs."

She says something softly, but I ramble over her.

"What if...every-thing....around you...isn't quite...as it seems..."

"Do you think quoting Trent Reznor will change anything?"

Ignore.

"What if...all the world...you used to know...Is an elaborate...dream?..."

I hear something hit the ground, and feel both her hands shoot to my face. Holding my jaw closed. Her eyes, ice pearls in the close and dark. Her jaw is clenched; I see veins flexed on her arms and neck.

My jaw clenched shut, "And if...you look...at you’re...re-reflection...Is this...all you...you wanted to be?"

I see her raise back, closed fist. Fire and anger. I turn my face for her. My eyes never wavering from hers. Let her do her worst.

We hold there for a moment. She's thinking. I know the pain is coming, close my eyes and wait. Maybe I'll get lucky, and she knocks me out.

"No." She whispers.

I open my eyes, somewhat shocked. Somewhat deflated my words didn't push her, like hers did me.

Her face is studying mine, is a mix of bitterness and intrigue. I can't tell if she's angry at me, or my words. Or both.

Her fist unclenches, and disappears into her apron. I second later, I'm falling. I drop like a rag doll knees first, then onto my back, lifeless.

I gasp out a breath in shock. She's on top of me; my straps are untied one by one. I hear a click, and watch the bar and chain disappear into the dark. She's still on top of me, my eyes growing heavy. I try to touch, but my arm flops.

No, fight it. Stay awake, I try and think as my eyelids open to less and less. My body shutting down. I'm numb all over. Everything is black again.

I feel her hand run through my hair with my last bit of conciseness.

Chapter 7

Tuesday, fucking Tuesday.

That song. Why did he have to know that song? She thought to herself, on the way up the wooden stairs. All the nights after Andrea was taken, she would listen to that song on repeat.

She felt those words he sang.

Why did this idiot have to spew them now?

The song that was connected to her worst darkness. The worst time in her life. When her only loving flesh and blood was taken from her. Why now, does it have to come back? After years being in the afterthought of her past, why does it still strike her? Stop her?

She heads upstairs to the top floor without stopping to speak. Get this "uniform" off. Take a walk. Clear her head. Get his fucking words out.

He doesn't know you, she repeats. He doesn't know.

The time you lost how to feel. The time you started torturing yourself. Cutting.

"Get out!" She yells to the empty room.

Her voices coming back, mocking the control over her consciousness.

He's right, you know.

It's just a song.

One in a million songs.

She strips off the orange and white uniform. Trying to get free from work as fast as possible.

Go take a run. Get free from everything. Listen to some music, get completely free from it.

As she dresses for a workout, her mind creeps back to the song. Not wanting to acknowledge it, but deep down, she wants to hear it again.

She barely makes eye contact, as she slips the sponges in her ears, and out the door. Her feet pickup they're pace. The song begins, as she runs away over gravel.

Just once she thinks to herself.

Chapter 8

Ruby Tuesday

After thirty minutes, she watches her love jog up the path from the porch. Ear buds blinding her from the calls.

"Oh-hey! Sorry, just needed to get a run in."

"I, heard...you, okay?"

"Yeah, I'm good."

Good actress. The smile isn't completely genuine. I can tell.

"Don't cut me out, what was it he said?"

"I'm fine-it wasn't...he just, quoted a certain song...My..."dark time" song...It’s nothing, just needed to clear my mind...I'm fine."

"Are you?"

"Yes, completely. I need to jump in the shower though. You hungry? I'll cook."

She's lying. Shake it off. Don't show.

"Of course, babe."

They share a smile and gentle kiss. She tastes like sweet sweaty nectar.

"Good, I'll shower first." She leaves with a smile.

Give her one back. Even if it's fake, make it genuine.

Wait. Wait for the shower to run. Then check.

She waits for a couple of minutes before, going to find the phone. See what she listened to. What was it?

Get past her security code. Andrea's birthdate. Check history. There it is, in the YouTube sub menu.

Nine Inch Nails, "Right Where It Belongs".

Her eyes drift to the steaming shower. Close everything. Put it back. Forgive, don't forget. This is just a job. Nothing more. She needs to be reminded of that. No matter whom the cost is.

Chapter 9

Wednesday

I open my eyes in the cell, my first thought is, I'm home.

Sad.

I'm here maybe a week, and I'm already used to this. The torture, the pleasure, the uncertainty. First chance I get, I'm looking up Stockholm syndrome. How long is this going to affect me? Am I ever going to be normal again?

I rise. Eat an MRE. Rock a bowel movement. Pace.

I watch the morning's dew evaporate into the day. The temperature rises, wind picking up. The trees sway and I feel the breeze thru the bars.

It's quiet until the sound of two golf carts come from behind the wall with no window. Smart, coming from the view I can't see. I set ready, cross legged on the cot. Not wanting to show eagerness to see what's next.

Not sure if it will be more pleasure or more pain.

Shadows come to the door, before I see them standing at the door. Both decked out in camouflage shorts, fishnets, black boots. They wear tight undershirts covered by sleeveless camo jackets. Black finger less gloves. Camouflage balaclavas protect their lower faces, but stop short of their ice cold eyes.

Both hold funny looking rifles. It's then I see ammo bands with tranquilizer darts. Lots of furry tipped ammo, all over them.

Pain today I see.

"I'm not playing, whatever this is." I say to deaf ears.

The click and the door opens anyway.

"You don't have a say." The blonde eyes me down.

"You will get a five minute head start." The brunette swings the door open.

Neither enters. I scratch my head, try to think.

"What are we...playing, again?" I ask stunned.

"Capture the pet." The blonde states.

"Why...am I running?"

"Whichever tags you, gets to have you tonight..." The blonde starts.

I start to smile.

"...to torture..." The brunette finishes.

And I look stupid.

"...Remember sweetie, you still haven't given us what we want.

The names.

"Typical man." The blonde states.

"Why would I run? What if I just stay here for the five minutes? What then?" I ask both, but stare down the blonde.

"Clocks ticking." She counters, not breaking eye contact.

"We would both take aim, and it would be seriously, the shortest game ever." The brunette counters, wanting my attention.

Use it.

Still looking at the blonde, I pry. "Pretty sad you got all dressed up, probably got all hyped to teach her the training course-"

"What's this teach shit?" The brunette demands my eyes.

"One minute." The blonde tries to talk over.

"...I bet she got all excited to try to prove herself to you-"

"I've got nothing to prove!"

"You're wasting your breath." The blonde looks to the brunette, then her eyes return to mine. "He's trying to get in your head. A distraction. He's planning his move."

Bitch.

I smile before speaking, confidently. Curveball.

"Yeah, but it's true though...You want to prove yourself so bad, even right now you know you're second fiddle..." My eyes finally venturing to hers. "She's your leader-"

"Hollow words, clocks still ticking." The blonde rushes from out of my view.

"...Your boss, you’re...master." My eyes focused into hers.

She says nothing, her eyes starting to boil over with rage. Keep pushing. Almost there. Just need the right wording.

"That makes you...her bitch."

"Shut up!" The blonde yells in at me. "Get up!"

The brunette isn't waiting. She moves in. The blonde follows fast. It's then I see the stun gun in the brunette's left hand. They enter together in the tight quarters, and I rush them. My eyes focused on the stun gun.

All three of us collide together; I have the brunette's hand. I squeeze, and shove.

For once that devil crack doesn't hit me, and I bust threw them like a running back breaking out of the backfield.

I run. I'm not sure if the stun gun got her or not, but I have an inch of freedom, I have to make it a mile. I laugh out of madness in my adrenaline rush. I push and run. Unsure of which direction, I continue blindly running away.

I'm out of breath already. I don't know how long I can run out here, running without shoes. It looks like noon. The sun is at its brightest and warmest. I don't know where I am, or what time zone I'm in, but I'm sure of that.

I see trees ahead of me. Cover. I have to give it everything to make it there, pain in my sides, like daggers. Cutting me when I breathe. Cutting me when I hold my breath.

I haven't ran in years. Cigarettes are killing me. And I can't gasp enough air to keep going, until I hear branches snapping behind.

I turn and see the brunette chasing behind. Her eyes locked on me.

Fuck!

In her arms, the tranq gun. She's catching me, and I'm pushing with everything to keep going. My mind is doubting, my body is redlining.

I duck under low branches, dodging in and out of trees. Using anything for cover, I feel her aim right before I hear the tree I'm rushing past, get stuck with a dart. The thud shakes the tree, causing leaves to fall as I run past.

I'm bobbing and weaving, the pain in my side is second to the fear of getting shot. Our running causes an echo of leaves crunching all around in the untouched forest. Trees causing distortions and reverberations of our chase.

I can't tell how close she is. I don't want to look behind. The lack of shots fired, causes my confidence to grow. I think I'm gaining distance on her, hearing her footsteps falling behind further.

For a second, I turn to see her stopped, lining up a shot. Both hands on the rifle. One eye closed, pinpointing me. It's then I drop to the ground.

I don't hear the fire, but I hear her cuss to herself. She fired, and missed. Get up! Run!

I'm back up, and pushing away. For a second, I see her stopped, loading the rifle. She sees me, and rushes the clip, by then, I'm looking for more trees to dodge in between. Maybe get her to fire. Expel her ammo.

She rushes loading. She’s slow on ammo.

I run down a hill, using trees to slow my quickening steps downwards. A clearing ahead, then a thick forest. I have fifty feet to clear before I can use cover.

It takes everything for me to run normal. My feet have lost the battle, and flop without strength. My sides hurt so badly, I'm crying from the pain, and I can't catch my breath. I run without form, my appendages flop awkwardly. Legs have no strength.

She's behind, catching back up. I don't hear shots, just grass and leaves crushed under her steps. She's stepping hard and faster. She's at the hill. Then she's at the base. I look back, and she looks pissed and surprised at my distance.

I'm sure my face matches hers.

I'm in the sunlight of the clearing. An opening reveals the beautiful scenery, mountains and a clear sky. Thick tall grass slows me down. My steps become large lunges, trying to will myself to cover.

This is it. She's right there. Any second. Any second you'll feel it. It will be a sharp stabbing. She's got to be right there.

Then I hear her behind me scream out in shock. I turn back, and no one. Just tall grass. She's screaming, but my mind can't register. I see nothing, but hear her screams. Her screaming for help is loud, so intense. She's scared.

I slowly stop, and look around for the blonde. It's a trap; it's got to be a trap. No one in any direction, just her screams from the tall grass in a forest of nature. Her screams echo hollow, with no one to hear.

Then my mind reacts: sinkhole!

I rush over, and see a hole into the ground is trying to eat her. I’m frozen momentarily, a large hole into black. No bottom. There she is, holding onto the ground with both outstretched arms. Fingers sunk into dirt. Her face is wild with panic.

In the second I register my situation, I see her slip. Her grip is fading, and she sinks deeper. Only her neck and head are above ground.

I rush over, grabbing her without thought. Our eyes connect for a moment, and I'm pulling her up from her shoulders.

Everywhere I grab, I can't get a hold. She's wet with mud. I feel no grip, just the weight of her, and she's slipping.

I grab and tear, I pull at her clothing with everything I have.

Don't lose her. Don't lose her!

I have no leverage, so I get as low as I can, the dirt and grass are cold and wet. I feel it smear across me.

She's panicking and screaming but it's muted. All I can focus on is seeing her fall from my grip, and I'm panicking.

I pull till my shoulders scream. My whole body is weak, and I'm scared, I'm panicking now. I can't do this. I won't be able to save her.

My hands running from holds on her to anything I can grip.

"Pull up!" I hear myself scream in the madness.

My hand magically runs under her armpit and I finally can grip at her and pull with some leverage. Slowly, very slowly, my body gains the strength. I feel her body hold under me.

My left finds its way under her right arm, and I have her. I lean back, and lift with everything.

My back is stabbing me, my shoulders pop. My body has nothing left, but somehow I keep pulling.

I hear my guttural roar, and I slowly pull her from the mud. She's more, larger than I expect and my body is telling me "no".

Finally I have her up to her stomach, then her waist. I lean back, using my back to bend under her weight. The pull lifts her to her knees, and we both collapse onto the ground.

I can't breathe; my body is killing me all over. Each and every muscle exhausted. My inept physicality exposes my weakness as a man. My determination finally shows its physical face when I needed it most.

We lay there, exhausted, covered in mud, grass; for who knows how long. There's a moment we look to each other, gasping, not knowing what to say. Only her eyes visible under the muddy balaclava.

What did I do? What is she going to do? How are they going to react? What did I just do? I could have Ran. Gotten away.

Maybe.

I look over, and she's looking at me. Shock is what I see.

I'm shocked as well. I didn't know what to do, so I rushed to save her? What did I just do!?

We look to each other for a minute. Not speaking. Her face changing. I can't tell what she's thinking. She registers; acceptance, gratefulness, and then I see shame.

"I'm sorry." I hear, before she pulls a pistol from her holster, and aim it to me.

I'm so shocked, disappointed, I say nothing, and look back to the sky, sucking air.

We just lay there, catching our breaths for a moment, before I hear her slowly getting up. Without needing to respond, I roll over and try to get up. My body has nothing, and I feel like molasses. Hardened jello, with achy joints holding me together by matchstick.

Stumbling when I stand, I see her there, attempting to catch me. But I catch myself, and usher her back with a wave.

"We need to get back." Her eyes speak deeper than her face, so much emotion being held inside. "Move."

I can't find any words to fight, so I say nothing out of some strange form of disappointment. We walk carefully around the mud hole, looking into the black abyss of what could have been. How close today became to the next step of seriousness.

I know deep down, this is just a game. Not a serious kidnapping and torture. This is PG kinky movie version of what should be happening. Fucking Disney. Why am I safe? Why am I being served this dish? What stopped me from being taken from cold forces that would do the most damage to me before wiping me away from existence?

Why was I saved? Why would I be any different than any other exposer of truth? What am I doing to be given this?

We walk in silence. And I want to ask. I want to demand, I want the truth. I want to know everything about my surroundings, my situation, the reason I'm here and not being held by murderous men. Deep state agents with no empathy.

These two are different. This is different. This whole thing, it's not, normal. Not right. Some reason, I feel strangely excited by it all. Even the pain, the physical pain, isn't as bad as my fears tell me.

We walk and walk. Past trees, and valleys. I ran further, a lot further than I thought. In the distance I see mountains, clear skies. I see green grass growing wild. No touch of man in sight in every direction. Where in the fuck am I!?

Occasionally, she barks a direction. "Left", "Go around".

Always behind me, I never turn back to look at her. Out of defiance, she doesn't deserve my look. Not even a glance.

We walk and walk. My sides cramping, I don't even know where we're going. If it's even in the right direction. This looks all so new, in my rush; I didn't take in my surroundings. I have no clue, allowing myself led back to my purgatory.

Coming over a hill, I start to see familiar rock jetting from the ground. I'm back at the cell.

There's the blonde. Setting in the door. She's hurt. The stun gun got her, and she slowly uses the frame to get to her feet.

The look of her eyes is utter anger. I feel it coming. Pain.

She sees us, and I see her react with anger. She's coming at me like a mad zombie. Her eyes are black, and it's the last thing I see before she pulls back. Her fist nails me directly in the face, immediately my eyes are flooding with tears, and I'm hitting the ground with a thud.

My nose feels broke. I can't stop the tears running out of my eyes, as she's screaming down at me.

I can't hear the words, but I get the gist. She's angry. Very angry with me and the diatribe of curse words lets me know. So many words, so fast. I can't even keep up, or listen.

Bitch can get angry.

"What the fuck, do you think was going to happen!? You have fifty miles in every direction before you see the closest neighbors!"

I lay there blinking away signs of weakness. Taking it.

"What the fuck happened to you two!? Why is she covered in mud!?"

She grabs my shirt collar, pulling me up. I'm back on my feet, and she's in my face.

"What the fuck happened out there!?...That you would both get that dirty!?"

I don't respond, and wait on her to speak up. But we both stay silent, like children being scolded by mom.

I finally look back to her, with my eyes I speak, "Tell her I saved you".

Her eyes look back to mine with, "I can't."

It's all I need to know. I'm alone. Even when I'm not.

We both don't respond, the blonde getting madder.

"You can just stay out here then! I don't want you getting the house dirty. Think about your actions. Maybe, even learn that everything has a consequence."

I just look to the brunette. We speak without using words. Her face says so much more, than her mouth.

The blonde grabs my throat hard and forces me to look at her.

"Stop fucking looking to her like she'll fucking save you. You fucked up today bud! Maybe even a day or two worth of punishment. Hope you haven't ate all your food, because it just so happens that were busy tomorrow, and won't be making a trip out to feed you. How does that sound?"

My eyes show no emotion. Even though, I feel so much and want to tell her everything, I stay silent.

This is not what she wants, and I'm spun around, facing the brunette. I hear the handcuffs snap on my wrist. I just look at the brunette, never saying a word. Our eyes bridge and I feel her sympathy as I'm being locked into helplessness.

"Oh, and I forgot the key at home, so I hope your shoulders are doing better."

The words like a dagger, I see the brunette feel for me. The pity in her eyes makes me close mine.

I'm turned back, to the blonde, and I open my eyes to see her condescending eyes.

"Was it worth it?" She asks half mocking, half pissed.

I slowly look to the brunette, and say "Yeah."

My response gets me pushed back into my cell hard. The door slams behind me. The hum comes to life behind me. I just stand there, my back to the door. No words are spoken, as I hear them walk away. Two motors move away into silence.

I'm alone.

Handcuffed and helpless.

My body is weak, and the strength I have left, gets me to the cot. I set down on the sleeping bag, in bondage, unable to even cover myself in the cold. They'll come back. They won't leave me like this all night, I'll freeze.

I'll freeze. The words repeat in my mind, and now for once, this is real. I could die in this game. I could be a real victim of some sadistic government agents. Everything I've done up to this point, I felt invisible. Undetected by authorities.

But now, here in this moment, I'm realizing my situation. I may have just signed my own death warrant.

I try to get the cuffs past my legs, by pushing my restraints under my ass. But my weakness, I can't get them past my ankles. I struggle and flop around, muscles fatigued, I just collapse on the sleeping bag, and wait for my body to regain some strength.

Mud covers my bedding, my shirt and pants. My face and neck, still wet. I'm a mess of brown paint, beginning to dry grey. My face is a mess of tears, snot, and blood. It begins to cake and harden.

I must look real attractive right now is my last thought, as I begin to let thoughts cloud my closed eyes.

Chapter 10

Still Wednesday

I open my eyes, and it's dark. I fell asleep. It's later, and my first thoughts are about getting free. I try to move my arms and legs together to get the cuff past, lying on my side. My left foot goes, then the right, shoulders cracking, and my arms are in front of me. My shoulders burn, aching as I set up. I wipe my nose and face clean with my shirt.

In the darkness, I stop when I see a figure setting across the cell from me to my left. The blonde sets on a metal chair next to the door.

In between shadows, I see her eyes on me. I set without speaking. There is a moment of silence, both of us taking each other in.

I see her face. I see her face! In the greys and blacks of the cell. Her features stand out, as my eyes try to see every detail of her stoic face. She looks familiar, but from where I can't place. Ageless. Maybe late 30's, but no way is she past 40.

Healthy. Her skin is clear. Feminine. Beautiful even.

Her eyes are a different story. They look older, worn out. Like they've seen a life she never wanted.

Next to her is a brown paper sack. In her right hand I see the stun gun, her eyes look down to it, then back to me with a flare of fire.

We both stare each other down, without speaking. Her eyes stand out in the dark. They never leave mine.

I just stare into her beautiful face, wondering what will she say. Wondering why am I here.

Her face smiles slightly, and I see her eyes look to my side, then back to me. Slightly confused, I look down. A pack of cigarettes and lighter set next to me.

I look back to her. She knows.

She knows what I did. Her being here is her way of a thank you, whatever she has for me.

"Go ahead." She speaks with softness.

Hearing that soft voice, strikes me. Her real voice. Her defenseless voice.

My left eye waters and I move to wipe it away.

"It's just cigarettes." She quips.

There it is again, that soft warmth. I smile to myself.

"It's not that. It's you. The you, I wanted."

She shakes her head, confused.

"You don't feel that? The you-you, not the act. It's the voice. I can...tell."

She doesn't respond.

"Whatever this is...it's the you, the real you. Not the agent, the dominatrix."

It's quiet in the cell, and I break the awkwardness by fetching a cigarette, and light it. The first drag takes me away from the moment, and I'm hit with chemicals my body is used to. The rush to my head and instant buzz is dizzying.

"Why didn't you say? What you did for her."

I wait a moment, taking another drag. The cigarette gently lights my face, and I exhale towards the window.

"It wouldn't have mattered in that moment. I saw it in your face."

She waits, then responds, "You saved her life."

I nod and wait for some kind of insult.

"You don't think I would have...what?"

"You wouldn't have cared in that moment."

She doesn't respond immediately, letting my words settle.

"So, what do you want?"

"What do you mean?" I ask.

"You did something that deserves rewarding; you saved someone I care deeply about, so name your price."

I wait, already knowing my response, and the shutdown I'm going to receive, but the wait prevents it from happening with each passing second.

"You already know, so just say it."

"I want to know everything."

"Wow."

"Your story. Your first crush. Your high school mascot. Where you lost your virginity."

"Seriously, we've been over this."

"I don't care!" I scream, while setting passively. "You steal me from my life, without a fucking care in the world. You taunt me. Torture me! You mock me! You lock me away! All for what!? For a game, for your masters!? All my life, I've just wanted the honest, hard to deal with truth. And exposing corruption. Exposing the liars that try to distract and divide us! And you, you fucking tool! You, just do as your told, without resisting!?"

"You don't know-"

"You fucking tell me why!"

My anger and the fact that I'm setting passively, screaming my heart at her, has her taken back.

"Tell me why the most beautiful woman, I've ever laid eyes on, is just a fucking puppet!"

She's shocked silent. Good. My words can do as much pain as their bondage. I'm still good for something.

She takes in my words and digests them a moment before her eyes narrow, and she's deliberating her response.

"Puppet-agent-contractor, maintenance man, we all answer to someone. This, was just a field, I fell into. Just like you. I never said when I was a little girl, I wanted to be...well, whatever it is that I am. Life happens, and it takes from you, pieces of the true you. So, you adapt, evolve, and harden into something that can withstand that pain. Then it happens again, and again, and again. That's life. You make choices based off the past. This was my choice. Do I regret it? How many times a day do you regret the choices you've made, that led to your career?"

She motions with a hand gesture for a cigarette, and I toss her the pack, then the lighter.

"...We all do."

She lights, exhaling out the side of her mouth. Her hand, gingerly holding the smoking glowing stick in the darkness close to her face.

"Do you...regret, this? Me?"

She smiles, her eyes genuine, "No."

We set in moments of quietness, before exchanges, gathering our next round of questions, next round of responses. Like boxers in a prize fight.

"Have you ever loved a man before? Not like, family, but serious feelings, a relationship?"

"Yes."

"Do you care...about me?"

Long pause.

"Yes."

"Were you supposed to kill me?"

"Yes."

No pause.

That one strikes me, and I have to ask for the smokes back for another round. She tosses them, taking a couple before.

I light another one, and wait for my vision to return to where I can see her.

"What stopped you?"

"Who said were not going to?"

"What's stopping you?"

She snorts a silent laugh to herself before responding, "I don't know. I honestly don't know, why, I would risk our lives for yours. Something...about you...like..."

She pauses and I wait for the "you feel like my brother line".

"...in a different life...who knows. I just, I can't explain it...Like I know I could never, actually pull the trigger. You could piss me off, and I could beat the ever living shit out of you, no problem. But to, actually, end you? Something...something would be wrong in the cosmos. Or something."

Did she just imply what I think she did?

"You, you are just so...you. You're defiant, and stubborn, and smart, and...everything a hostage isn't. You're...not scared of dying, of being forgotten. It's like, you're impervious. This was supposed to be about blackmail, and ruining you. And you've fought against everything without raising a fist. You're not a typical man...and something...draws me to it."

"How many of these, have you done?"

She snorts out of her nose, and shakes her head. Counting.

"How old do I look?"

"Early thirties, on your worst day."

"Good response. Ah...the last four years, average two a month, with a couple months of lag time in between...say, twenty."

Twenty. Like it’s just a simple little number.

"How many...killed?"

She stares at me, deciding on what the truth is in this moment.

"All."

I take a long drag, and let that sink in.

"Was she...with you, the whole time? Like a team?"

"No. I never introduced her. I didn't even know, didn't think she was...on our side, till about three months ago."

"Did I...change anything? Your mind? Feelings?"

I see a half smile before she responds, "Of course. You're such a stupid, stubborn man. Just too witty, too opposite of what I'm used to. It's like you're not scared of me. Of my truth. Of my monster."

I’m breaking through.

"No matter what we do, you keep trying to get to me, even though all you see is the act.

"Don't get me wrong I love the act, the...costumes and all, I can see why guys are attracted to prostitutes-"

"You calling me a prostitute?"

"Honey, if the stiletto fits..."

Her facial reaction causes me to laugh openly, and she eyes me with a smile.

"I'm infatuated by you. One day, I want to get your story, the whole unedited, off the record account of your life as a woman agent of chaos. All the corrupt men you've broken or killed. You have all their secrets. And know their stories. You're like Dexter."

She smiles shyly, "One day."

"Are they, buried out here?"

"One day."

"No matter what you tell me, it won't change how, what I feel."

Her eyes focus on me, I see her sizing me up to my words.

She gets up and walks to the door. Turning her back on me, then looking back quickly to check me. I set, not moving on the bed.

"Opposite." I reassure her. Her eyes cling to me. I wait for her to say something.

She comes back, eyeing me without words. Stun gun in hand, the other holds a key. I hold my wrists up, and she unlocks without mistake. My hands free, we stare into each other through the dark.

"Now you know my story. Kelly Kitchen was my first crush. I lost my virginity in an abandoned train car. Trojan...was the mascot, not the condom."

She turns and walks to the door. I see her face reflecting in the moon light, a breath of warm air exhaled from her lips blocks her face.

I smile before I say, "Good night."

She smiles for a moment. "Good night."

She disappears and the hum from the door doesn't come on. I grab the brown paper bag and get dressed in clean clothes, wash my face in the cold water of the sink, before curling up in the sleeping bag.

It's dark, and warm under my thermal blanket. The howling wind outside makes me snuggle in my cocoon, before I know it, I'm dreaming of a world covered in water. Dragons by my side. On some journey with people I only know in my subconscious

Chapter 11

Thursday, obnoxiously early.

"Dissolved Girl"

It's still dark when I'm awoken. Late, or early, whatever.

The hum is gone, but I didn't hear the door open. I dare not move, better to let them think I'm still asleep. Keep my eyes shut.

Is this a dream?

A dragged foot on concrete a second later lets me know, it's very real. Was that staged?

They got in without sound, why accidentally make a noise now in an almost empty cell? Professional hit women don't make minor mistakes like that. That sound was staged, meant for me to give away I'm awake.

Don't move. Breathe normal. Slow. Normal.

Without opening my eyes, I feel someone hovering above me. I feel their eyes on me. Watching, wanting me to move, to wake.

A moment later, I feel a gentle breath blowing on my neck and face.

Breathe. Breathe normal.

Whatever game she's playing, I have to stall. Make her work for me.

A second later, I feel her close to me. Then something tickles my nose.

The brunette, her hair. My blind guess.

She tries over and and over dangling her hair over my nose. It's harder for me not to smile, knowing the work she's putting in.

I want to smile, but I focus on my breathing. Thinking only of inhale, exhale.

A tickle.

Inhale.

A tickle.

Exhale.

Push out louder each time. Mimic deep sleep. Frustrate her.

The tickling stops. A moment later I hear her right in my ear, a loud whisper,

"Wake up."

Exhale.

"Wake up." She whispers again, closer.

I've got goosebumps from her voice. I have to confuse her. Slow her.

"St..stay." I whisper out loud.

Barely audible, but I know she registered. She pauses a moment, I continue deep breathing. Keeping my breathing rhythm steady.

I hear her breathing, it's soft but close. She stays silent, still close enough I feel her presence.

"What?" She whispers.

I don't respond, continue my cadence breathing. Exhale a bit louder; make her think I'm in a deep sleep. My mouth is dry, I have to swallow hard.

She gets so close to my neck, I feel her saliva on skin. Her mouth is close, causes ripples down my spine.

My brain registers where she is, and I let out a slight whimper.

I hear her smile. Her wet lips giving her away. A slight giggle in my ear, she's excited by playing with me.

"Come to me." Another whisper in my ear.

Her head tilts and I feel her lips gently touch my neck. Then she's gone.

Breathe. Don't respond, just breathe.

Another couple of tense moments pass before I hear her say out loud,

"I know you're awake."

I don't respond, just breathing the same inhales and deep exhales.

"Come play with me." She whispers evilly in my ear.

That's it, I can't fake asleep anymore. Moving away from her to my left, her teeth plunge blindly into my neck. My arms flail in the sleeping bag. She pins me down, biting me hard all over. I move trying to resist, as she searches with her teeth.

I manage to blurt out a, "What the fuck?" before she finds my sweet spot. Her body seems to know it when her teeth find it. My body convulses, and strength wains. My brain goes foggy, and I can't help but be turned on by being helpless.

I hear her coo before she's biting, pulling my face over. Her hand near my mouth. I have fingers on my tongue. I let out a moan, of fleeting resistance.

She pins my arms down, I barely acknowledge. Her mouth stays just above mine. I feel her hands all over my face, holding it up to hers. Then my hair is pulled to the side.

Moaning out loud doesn't stop her from plunging her teeth back into me. I try to move, but she uses her body to hold me, pin me into place.

I hear her moan in delight, her mouth still on my neck as I weakly protest. I try forming words, but they come out in stutters.

"St...stop. Don...don't."

She stays on top of me, biting, gnawing, sucking till my strength is completely depleted. Even after I stop moving she stays on top, pulsing with her bites, like a wild animal feasting.

I'm rolled over forcefully, and my wrists are fished from under my dead weight. Both are snapped in restraints, my head swims on the pillow.

Her knees pin me down, as I struggle to move. I feel her pry my wrist until shooting pain stops me.

"Be. Good." She sternly scolds me from above.

There is a moment where I catch my breath to let the pain subside before I try rolling her off me. The pain just intensifies as she pries harder when I refuse to listen.

Her breathing is in my right ear. She regains control, then slams a knee into my spine. The shock freezes me, and I can't even scream out in pain accurately. The noise that comes out of me compares nothing to the internal pain coming up. It knocks the wind out of me, I croak blankly.

Her left hand fishes around my face, before pulling my chin back. Her voice hisses behind me.

"What did I say!?

I try to respond with explicatives, but gasps come out more than words.

It's then I feel nothing on me for a whole second, before I feel her entire body weight being driven into my back by her two boney knees.

The pain is so intense it stops me cold. I can't breathe because of the pain, because she's driven all the air out of me. I just cough and convulse under her. I literally can't do anything.

"Are we done yet?" She softly says to my ear.

I feel her hand stroking my face as I cough. In my anger, I pull away from her touch. My face buried in the pillow, my breathing is muffled by cheap cotton.

"Awww...still not broken yet?...That's okay...I have you all day...Come on."

She gets off my back, and I feel her arms pulling me up by my elbows. I still can't breathe, and she holds me upright. I finally see it's the brunette. She looks to be in all black. Details blur as she moves without any light. I've never had internal pain like this, just this dull ache, pain when I breathe, pain when I stand.

I'm forced forward, and with the dark I'm blindly pushed out into the cold. The moon is covered by clouds, making my eyes work before I can see in this sea of black. I'm shoved forward as I trip over rocks, and weeds.

She shoves my head down, and forces me to walk with my arms high above me. I remember seeing Russian prison guards do the same. So uncomfortable just to stay in this position. Can't see where I'm being led. My equilibrium is off, making the world feel like its slowly titling.

My mouth sweats. My head aches. I want to vomit. My legs stumble in this uncomfortable walk, to which she shoves me around harder.

I stumble and fall face first. She picks me up, I can feel her laughter. She shoves me along the darkened trail. I walk completely blind, and now becoming nauseous.

I hold it down as she walks me over rocks, and branches. I choke down saliva, forcing it down my throat takes all my concentration. She walks me around with ease, I have no leverage, and any attempts, she raises my arms to the point of pain.

Each time, I have to relent. I feel her grip tighten, then over time, release. Each time, I struggle and lose, ending up in the same position. Each time her grip, her roughness gets harder.

I'm herded along, the wind inconsistently whipping me, causing goosebumps over my exposed upper body. I'm so cold, my fight dies. I just want protection, inside something, away from the elements.

I slow, attempting to use her as a wind block. She notices, kicking me square in the ass. The surprise, embarrassment from the pain causes me to walk faster.

Any time I try to raise my head to see, I feel her slap the back of my head. Each time, harder and harder.

I spit out, "You having fun!?"

She pulls me back, stopping me in the cold. We stand together, the wind whipping me.

"Watching you shiver, yes. Are you cold, little boy?" She mockingly asks.

I grit my teeth, not offering her any more ammo. She holds me for another moment before asking,

"Are you done? Can we go home now?"

I give her nothing, raising my head to look around. She shoves me forward when only my teeth chattering is the response she gets. We come around a row of trees, and I think I see a trail. We follow along the beaten path, until it turns to gravel with large rocks lining the edges. Trees end and we both now face a large three story mansion in the middle of the wilderness.

"Welcome to "the house". She says matter of factly, allowing me to stand.

I stand up, letting my back straighten back out, as I take it in. It's amazing. Beautiful. Her words, "the house" cues up a song in my head. "House of the Rising Sun's" guitar rift starts as I take in the house. The goosebumps are gone. I'm in awe.

In the dark wilderness, lights illuminate all over the very massive ever expanding mansion. Its base made of masonry brick, leading to wooden logs. High above the green metal roof sprinkled white with snow. Each window lit up, I lose track the number. I can't even tell which front door I'm being pushed towards. I see a massive wrap around driveway. Two large garages. Barns, horse stables in the distance.

The walk, stamped double wide two tone concrete tiles. Circular solar lights illuminating my steps. My eyes wide, I can't stop drinking this in. I'm running a guesstimate in my head, and home alone hits millions. Let alone all the land. Architectural porn.

I hear myself say, "That's a house" loud enough to make her laugh.

It stops me; I'm being allowed to see the house. Which means they've decided. I'm not leaving here.

I turn to her, hurt and shocked. Her face reads my mind. She blinks a recognizing acknowledgment, slowly nodding.

I don't beg or plead; I just shake my head, looking her in the eyes. She realizes, and looks away as she turns me.

"Really?" I say defeated, still trying.

We walk together towards the house. I'm deflated, somehow feeling betrayed without even getting a confirmation. I'm stopped by her squeezing my elbow with a hand. I look back to her as she covers my head with a cloth bag. She tightens it with draw string around my neck.

"Okay?" I ask, confused.

"Think you can keep your mouth shut about that, Mr. Leaks?"

I wait a moment, "Yeah."

She shoves me forward, "Good."

"What's that all about?" I ask, still walking forward.

"Want to see if you can keep a secret."

I scoff, laughing, "I still have some you don't know."

She doesn't respond and we keep walking in silence. Her words running on a loop in my head. "Want to see if you can keep a secret." Why? Or more importantly, who I'm keeping the secret from.

The blonde.

Again, why?

She doesn't offer me anything more, and if she knows me like she claims, she knows my brain is running on hyper drive. Asking this question over and over. If she knows me, she'll give me something else to spin my wheels on.

"Steps". She flatly states, as we reach what I guess is the front steps.

She stops me at the front door; I feel something tighten around my neck, then the familiar chain metal. A leash.

"Left foot." She states.

I hesitantly lift my left foot, and she rips the dirty thermal sock from it. I lift my right foot without command and she repeats. I'm barefoot, feeling even more naked and helpless by my evil captors.

She pulls, and I'm led further inside. It's so warm, so nice to get out of the wind. My body shivers, and without words she leads me across hardwood floors. Lights in the windows slightly illuminate my surroundings through the fabric. I see fancy furniture. Expensive. Each room we walk thru, furniture that costs more than everything I own.

I'm walking on heated tile, in a darkened room. I hear a door latch open, and I'm led towards total black.

"Steps." She repeats, without anything more.

"How many?" I ask, pausing.

Her only response is to pull me towards the black abyss. I can't resist. I'm walking down wooden steps, into a hollow darkened basement.

We reach the bottom without mistake, now I walk across cold concrete. We walk twenty feet, past two doors being closed behind me. I'm blind, but feel a presence behind me now.

The blonde.

I'm led into another room, it's quiet, warm. I hear, "Stop" then the door closes behind me. I hear two sets of steps moving around me. Then lights come on from all over the room. What looks like Christmas lights, strung around the rooms ceiling. Blue and green little lights dots give away pieces of the room.

I think I see bondage structures. A giant X standing like a billboard. I see something hanging from the ceiling. My head is jerked away from trying to take in my surroundings.

I'm pulled to the center of the room before two sets of hands stop me. One set of hands holds onto my neck, and my lower back. One of them speaks, "Make me use this, please."

The crackle of the stun gun lights even under the mask. I see a flash of blue, and just nod, acknowledging.

My wrists are released, and I feel the stun gun pressed into my neck. I don't dare move.

Each hand is strapped to something above my head; all I can do is sigh out of frustration. Both my captors pay no mind, and soon I'm strapped to something hard behind me.

I blindly get accustomed to my bondage. I'm so limited, that only my hearing is left. They walk around me, I hear one of them giggle after a whispered conversation. My head slowly looks around, my eyes squinting trying to make out shapes. I see a bed close. A tripod. Some kind of dentist torture chair.

The leash is undone, and the hood is removed slowly. My eyes open and have to squint from the entire room lit with a neon hue. I blink away tears and try to adjust, then I see both of them.

Both donning tight black leather. Pointy heels. Black gloves. Faces covered by black studded plastic. I think I see super heroine masks.

They look me over; they're helpless piece of meat. The blonde stares a hole into me, what looks like a whip in her hand. The brunette circles me, every once in a while jabbing me with the prongs.

The blonde faces me with an air of authority, "Welcome to "the House" as your government unofficially calls it. You want the truth, there's a good chance your tax dollars helped pay for it."

The brunette still circling me, eyeing me with each pass. On the second pass, she stops at my left arm, looking at my armpit with curiosity. My own self harm from years before. She sees it.

Twenty one little happy faces burnt into my flesh. The most sensitive flesh on our shell. Each one burnt so deep, they never went away. Twenty one times I got a lighter red hot, and jabbed it under my left arm. Twenty one times I dabbled in self misery.

Her eyes widen, and her face studies them. I see her realizing something new about me. Something we share. Her eyes looking to mine, I refuse looking back.

The blonde continues unaware, "Not one man that has visited our fine house has gone home, yet. Do you honestly think you'll be the first?"

Her smile moves my gaze from the blonde to the brunette, who still eyes me with intrigue.

"I think I got better odds."

She shyly smiles, then continues circling.

The blonde almost laughs, continuing, "Well, that may be true. You've got better odds of getting two lesbians to fall in love with you first though."

The brunette comes around, jabbing me again. Passing in front, she touches somewhere in my armpit.

My eyes follow her, then back to the blonde. She strolls up to me, beginning to snap the whip in her hands. She pauses, wanting me to speak, but I know the game. I stay silent.

She realizes and smiles, continuing, "No smart words? Tell me, what scares you more?"

Snap! Cracking the whip.

Crack! Snapping the stun gun.

They come closer; their eyes jet out in my vision. They're both right in my personal bubble.

"Oh, he's too smart for us now. Maybe we should just hurt him!"

The brunette jabs me with the stun gun, her eyes mad. The blonde's eyeing me with sparkling diamonds behind the mask.

"Tell me, how are you going to get out of this?"

"I'm going to get two beautiful women to fall in love with me."

They both look at each other, then burst out laughing in my face.

I wait for them to quiet before I fight back, "I make both of you smile, I push you. Mentally. Both of you, love coming to me. Torture, or intrigue, you both enjoy your time with me. I’m not the enemy you've been programmed to hate. You're seeing that now. Tell me, when's the last captive that got this much attention?"

I don't wait for an answer continuing, "Have I once begged for my life? I've taken whatever you've thrown at me without complaint. You've drugged me, tortured me, beat me. I'm not scared, of you, of dying, of being forgotten. You hold no power over me."

They look at each other; I can feel the smiles under the masks.

"Get free if we hold no power over you." The brunette coos.

"You're just two scared little girls."

"Scared of what!?" The blonde snaps with confidence.

"Scared you don't know what you want. Scared that you're wrong."

One of them scoffs a laugh. I'm not deterred.

"Scared your movement is just another glass ceiling. Scared you're being programmed all over again. Scared you might have found your match. Everything you stand for, and have done, is the complete opposite to what I stand for. And you're scared, that I'm on the right, regardless of how this ends. And that...that makes you-"

ZAP!

The brunette catches me off guard with the stun gun. The jolt of pain courses throughout my body, stopping my tirade dead. Electricity in my bones. The pain is sudden, and causes my body to ache all over. Everything stiff.

"Sorry, sounded like begging to me." The brunette mockingly points out.

"What do you think; do you think that we're attracted to you? What self respecting couple would stoop themselves to having a man come into the picture, and screw everything up?!" The blonde holds my face up to hers.

I want to respond, but my teeth clenched from pain, it takes everything not to groan out in pain.

"He's got a magical dick that us little girls need to be filled with!" The brunette jabs.

I look to her, hurt by her action of inflicting so much pain, so quickly. To boil me down, to just a simple "thing".

"You're...still the same...you're...no better...than the men you'll replace."

The blonde's fire in her eyes dies in that moment. She sees the truth in my words. And finally, finally I break through to her. I see her whole energy change. She holds my face up differently. Softer. Her eyes are seeing something not in front of her.

The brunette is still energized, not realizing what just happened. The blonde looks into my eyes, I'm not afraid of holding her gaze. Expecting more pain, but in this moment, our energy are one.

She blinks away those thoughts blinding her, letting go of my face. My head drops, and I have to look up to watch what unfolds.

"He's yours for the night." The blonde states, I see her heels walking out of sight.

"Wait, what? We have plans." The brunette protests.

The two walk out of hearing distance. I hear parts of a heated exchange between the two before the brunette returns.

My face is snapped up to hers, I'm inches from her. Her face is determined, angry.

"We had plans for tonight, and someone's stupid mouth had to ruin them!"

She lets go, and my head drops again.

ZAP!

Another wave of electric pain shoots throughout my body. My head jerks upwards, in a flash I see her smiling like a demon. My body slumps, but pain ripples down my arms and legs. I piss a little. It takes all my concentration to keep from letting it all go.

"Let's see how much pain you can take, lighter boy!"

ZAP!

Pain, all over. I shake from it.

ZAP!

I beg stop, pleas in my mind. Nothing more than groans and moans are verbally shit out of my mouth.

ZAP!

Pain, burning feeling. I let go and piss down my leg. Almost crying from the agony of this unrelenting hatred.

ZAP!

I arch back, seeing her again for a second.

She grabs my jaw, holding my face up to hers.

"You want the truth!? This! This is the truth! You want to love her!? You want to love the monster too!? You think we want you? Like we need you!"

Her words and saliva spit in my face. Hurt worse than the stun gun.

"Like we need a grown ass man baby in our life! Look, you fucking pissed yourself! You think a man who pisses himself turns us on!? You think we need to clean up after you like a fucking dog!?"

I'm nothing right now. Hurt by her words to the point of shutting the world out to numbness. I try to close my eyes, but she cracks the stun gun in my face.

"Face the fucking truth coward! You can't always run off into your mind when reality hits you in the face!"

I have nothing to fight her with. No will or reason to trust my own thoughts.

"See this little gem?" She asks holding a vial of clear fluid. "All it takes is just the teeniest, tiniest drop, and you'll just forget just about anything. We're going to erase this. You won't remember us, or your trip out west. Your vacation was full of video games, house chores, quality time with the kids."

I see her filling a needle with some clear fluid.

Her smile is staged. I have to act now.

She's turns, coming to me with the needle.

"I may not...remember you...but you'll never forget me."

Her face changes. Confidence escaping her.

"Who wins?" I say with fleeting hope.

Immediately she's struck, I feel it in her touch. Her hold on my chin isn't rough.

Her gaze drifts; I see her contemplating more pain, more torture. She wants more. My words have her mind dialing; I see her thinking out her next steps. I have to cut ahead.

"I would..give up...my life...to be in yours."

She stops, mind reeling. The needle moves away.

"I...would...save you, again...without a second thought."

Her eyes lock into mine for a moment, before they stare past me. She's not in character anymore. I broke through. I feel victorious mentally while being completely ragged physically. My mouth sticky, I smell my own urine. Somehow, I feel like I'm not the exposed one.

After a moment I hear her softly say, "You're no fun."

She lets go of my face, and I strain to watch her walk out of the room.

"Don't let me go." I say out loud, unsure if she hears.

The lights stay on, but the door closed behind her. I'm alone again. My mind begins to take in the pain I just endured, the emotional roller coaster I'm on. We're all on. I have moments, thinking of them, thinking of what they're experiencing. What my words may be doing behind the scenes. If they'll do anything.

Have I changed my course? My destination or my destiny?

Could I win their love? Could I be on their level? Could I keep the secret? Try to live a "normal" life?

My mind rattles off these questions, and the more I think, the more I think I'm stupid. To think I could be loved by not one, but two women, who do I think I am?

Then a muffled conversation stops all thought.

I hear through the floor boards, "Why-why-why can't I do this?! What is wrong with me!?"

I scream out, "Because you care about me!"

I can't stop the tears from running down my face, finally knowing, finally hearing my voice has connected with a real human again. I feel alive again. For the first time in forever, I feel the urge to touch. To desire another. To interact, to learn their ways. To break their bad habits. To be someone's rock, even if it is two. I want the challenge, the push, the rush.

I want them. Both of them.

I selfishly want to the be the man to change them. To share my world with them, to make our own world. Away from it all, and the ones who try to control and manipulate. We could be our own happy family, without labels, without judgment.

Just the truth.

Most real life couples drift away and divorce when they discover who the other has become under their watch. Why not just jump past the crazy down the line, and get that over in the beginning.

I'm sure we won't be explaining how we came to be at any fancy black tie events or family get togethers.

It's quiet all around me. I hear nothing from upstairs. I'm sure my words hit her. They moved so I couldn't hear any more. Their professional facade is cracking. Part of me wants to smile, knowing a man started those cracks. But I have nothing to smile about. The uprising is still happening. The two still have all the power. And I'm still hung up.

After a couple of minutes I hear the furnace kick on. I finally feel actual heat hit my body. My whole body shivers, enjoying, reveling in man's greatest achievement. Heated air.

My body exhausted, my mind is drained from thinking, and I know the crash is coming. So I accept it, and try to get as comfortable as I can, strung up. My body starts to go numb, and my head bobs before I know I close my eyes.

A peaceful black accepts me, and I'm whooshed away from "the House", I temporarily forget my hell awaiting me when I wake. My only escape is to a world that's not even real.

Chapter 12

Thursday?

"Angel"

I wake from the beauty of sleep, to my arms tied at my sides. I can't move, and the room looks like some dimly lit operating room.

Craning my head I see a mobile cart next to me with painful looking items. My eyes can't hold the discomfort hidden.

A propane torch. A peering knife. A white towel. Sanitizer wipes all setting on a metal rolling cart.

Cold sweat and that light headed feeling makes me rest my head. Overhead, a circular white light becomes blinding.

White everywhere. I close my eyes but it's blinding behind closed lids. So blinding it hurts, and I pull against my restraints. My whole body sore, rips and tears of pain shoot threw me. The inability causes my anger to come out.

I pull and yank in every direction, gritting my teeth I yell and kick. Against metal I lose, yet resist giving up. The struggle causes my body to hurt, cramping starts.

In vain I continue, pulling wherever I can, unable to gain an inch.

My will breaks and I stop, finally resting. I know I'm fucked. The light drops back down.

From out of view, I hear a metal door unlatch and swing open with a heavy creak.

"You can't afford some WD-40?" I call out without looking up. "What kind of uprising is this?"

Before I see them, I hear their heels clicking on the concrete coming past my feet. I look down, and drop my head back to the metal.

Two sexy nurses, wearing surgical masks eyeing me as they walk past. The blonde, and now a red head. Another wig.

"Fuck me." I can only whisper.

"Good morning Mr. Writer, did we have a good sleep?" One asks.

I pinch my lips shut.

"That's too bad. Now before surgery, we'll have to ask you some questions, ok?" The other continues.

More questions. Don't give them anything.

"You have no family; your mother doesn't remember you. Your father died when you were young. How old were you?"

Thirteen, I think to myself. I look over to the blonde in the red wig. She stares down at me from behind her surgical mask. Her uniform white and red made of rubber. The same colors run up her arms under fishnet sleeves, down to gloved hands. I see no skin, other than her eyes.

Her finger slowly strokes up my leg, over my boxers, across my chest.

Look to the light, don't respond.

"Are you there now?" The brunette asks. "You were waiting for him after practice, weren't you?"

I can't help but remember it. I'm there all over again. Exhausted and uncomfortable in my own skin, I remember the sour smell of sweat from my baseball cap. The humid, hot Iowa summer heat. My cleats caked in mud.

My frail arms could barely carry my books and pads, but I drug them to the parking lot. I watched as everyone slowly disappeared into their families vehicles. I said "no, thank you" to countless offers.

And then I'm alone in a vast parking lot. With that sun bearing down.

No phones. No parents for miles. No clue what's happening. Alone. I sat for hours. No one remembering me. Me, too exhausted to make a move. It's there my fear of being alone is born.

"How long did you wait? Alone." The blonde pries, snapping me back to reality.

"How scared were you, little boy?" The brunette asks right in my ear.

I lived seven miles from my school, and after hours of panic, frustration, I hid my books and began the long and arduous walk home. My legs were jello, and my ankles, had no strength to allow me to walk normal. Clopping my feet like a clydesdale.

"I bet your little body wasn't ready, but you did it anyway. Didn't you? Thirteen years old and you walked five miles in 100 degree heat."

"Seven." I say forgetting, I'm giving them the silent treatment.

Her eyes light up, "You are there!"

I remember at 7th and Fillmore, I had to hide under a tree to stop myself from passing out. Cars passing, watching a little boy struggle without stopping.

"And no one would stop to help you, did they? Did you see any of your classmates that day?"

No, I think.

With my eyes closed, I feel one gently push my head to the side.

"No!" I resist, opening my eyes to see the brunette bringing a gas mask to my face. "No-No-No!"

Protesting gets me nowhere as it’s strapped over my nose and mouth.

"Ssshh." She blankly states, disappearing out of view.

I look over to the blonde. She stands looking down at me, a clipboard in between us. She writes as she continues, "No one was there when you got home. An empty house, where are mom and dad?"

"Hey, I got an idea" I scream, "Let’s bring up your worst memories! Let’s dissect you two crazy fucks!" I stare into her abyss with no fear of what comes next.

She stands silent, no response. Those eyes boring holes into me.

It's then I hear a faint hissing, slowly getting louder. Then a funny, sweet smell. All I can do is look up into her eyes and wait. I try to hold my breath, but she nonchalantly pushes the air out of my stomach, until I'm forced to exhale.

I wait, thinking I'll get sleepy, but instead, my head rushes with a flushed feeling. Soon, all is okay. I'm not scared anymore, and somehow I feel love for my captors. An understanding even.

My eyes holding onto hers. Imagining what she looks like. What her life is filled with. Her schedule.

They are just cogs in the bigger machine. Slaves like me, but not.

Then all my anger subsides, and my...everything, changes. I want to know them. Understand them. Know the actual person behind their mission. These agents. Their pasts, like they know mine. They're true feelings on social justice, the truth, the conspiracies. All the missions they've been on. Their backgrounds. First loves. Where they grew up.

I'm enamored by them.

"There we go. Are we not so angry now?" The brunette comes back into view. A hand resting on my knee, the other combing my hair with her fingers.

I slowly shake my head. My eyes looking over them lovingly.

"I love nitrous." I say into the mask

"How did you find out?" The blonde asks. "Your dad had died." She leans in close to my face; her right finger slowly stroking my head, then comes under my chin.

Helpless by those eyes, I weakly start, "Phone...uncle Mike, called." Somehow I'm saying this, even when I don't want to. "He didn't...didn't mean to. Someone was supposed to...to get me."

"Did someone come get you? Take you to, see him?"

"No." I say without emotion. "I just...sat alone in the quiet house...I just...didn't know...what I was supposed to do...I didn't...understand...so I just...lost myself...in my mind...tried to...hide."

Hearing my own words, it opens me up, exposing my flaws. Realizing for the first time, I've used smoke and mirrors to distract myself from my own truth.

"That's what you do, isn't it?" The brunette. "Hide away in there when life hurts you." She taps my forehead.

The blonde continues, "Always searching, picking others apart, not fixing yourself, while trying to fix the world for everyone else."

Truth. It hits, that I am no better than the ones I seek to expose. I've lied to myself my whole life. Driven myself my adult life for some cause, and in the end, that drive pushed down my truth. My inability to cope with real loss, real life. To evolve.

"You've been lying to yourself, while trying to tell the world the sky is falling." She casts down on me. Her eyes show sympathy for once.

"A poor misguided soul that needs us...to fix him." The brunette chimes.

They make eye contact, then the brunette disappears. The hissing stops and my mask is removed. I feel drool coming out of my mouth, and try to wipe away with my restrained shoulder.

I'm cut off as the blonde wipes it away with her rubber finger. She pushes my head to the side gently, and I don't resist.

I can watch the brunette facing the other way. Seeing her entire outfit for the first time.

Red heels, light white hose all the way up her legs disappearing into the white and red nurse dress. Her arms covered in white and red fishnet sleeves. White gloved hands. Her face covered with the surgical mask. Head adorned with a nurse cap. Every inch of her body is covered. Except around her eyes.

I watch as she clicks something on a laptop, then I hear familiar music. I know this song.

"Angel." I say to myself.

She turns and notices my studying eyes. Her head tilts slightly, and her hips start to slowly sway and pop with the beat of the song. Her eyes hypnotizing me, as she continues dancing, slowly coming my way.

I blink and blink as I begin seeing visuals. I think World War 2 candy stripers, burlesque show girls.

From over my shoulder I hear the torch hiss to life, and the familiar pop of a flame.

She slowly dances towards me, the song now louder in the room. Her eyes never leave mine. She gets close, and I'm hypnotized by her stare. The song. Wanting to avoid whatever pain that's coming.

"This will only hurt for a little bit." I think I hear.

My neck is wetted, and wiped. The brunette comes closer, reaching out she grabs my head with both hands gently. Her eyes boring holes into my conscious. She continues to dance slowly, almost as if it's normal.

Her face gets close to mine, and she whispers, "I'm right here. Don't go in there." Her hands tighten down.

I don't register what she says till extreme burning comes from behind my left ear. Pain everywhere.

I slightly jerk, and she holds my head tight in her arms. Pain-pain-pain. Her firearms flexed, her eyes inches from mine. She's not shying away or blinking as I try to block it out.

Think: ice hockey. What is icing? Ice melting, catching on fire. Wanting to escape. To numb this burning into my flesh.

I try and jerk, I see her arms flex, holding me with everything.

"No. Stay with me." She whispers as my eyes begin to water.

The smell of burning flesh. The sound of sizzling meat. I imagine bacon frying in a pan.

"No! Stay here!" Her eyes almost pleading.

In that moment something hits me, pain is just mental. This I can overcome. And I stop resisting.

My right eye waters over, spilling down the side of my cheek. Pain stretches down my neck, shoulder. I want to piss. It spills over my entirety and I can't escape it, like the tingles of an appendage falling asleep. So quit trying.

"Stay right here with me...it's almost over." Her eyes seem to be proud, "Good, good boy!...Its...over!"

The pain stays, but the searing is gone. My body rushes endorphins, adrenaline. Shock or orgasm. My body exhausted. I breathe hard, covered in sweat. I want a smoke.

I hear the blonde opening something, then feel a gel on my now aching neck. Then a bandage.

"For the first time since your father died, you didn't run to escape your pain." The brunette states, wiping sweat from my head. "You took it, accepted it...you will remember this because it will make you stronger...you will accept your circumstances, and move on...This life is temporary, pain, whether it's physical or mental, cannot, will not control your destiny."

"You say that...with mine in your hands." I finally croak out.

She doesn't respond, slightly taken by my words.

"We don't control your destiny." The blonde states out of sight, "We're here to distract you."

"To stop me?" I say looking up, "Silence me! Suicide me!"

"No." She responds, not looking at me, "What are your readers going to do...your outgunned, outplayed, and outclassed. By the time we release you back into the wild, it will be too late...Soon more of you, "truthers" will be weeded out or face smear campaigns...The future doesn't look too bright for the truth."

Her eyes meet mine; she registers some sort of sympathy for either truthers or humankind. Either or, I'm not sure.

"Then, what is this?...Blackmail?"

The both smile under their masks.

The brunette leans in, "Do you see any cameras?...You're here because your work, your treatment of women throughout your life proves you're not a threat."

"A threat?...To what?" I ask, not wanting the truth for once.

"You already know, silly...our uprising."

It's true! Her words finally confirming my worst fears. I see joy in her eyes with those words.

"Oh, look at his face!...He wanted to be wrong!"

Validity holds no water in my situation. The truth can come out, but if nine out of ten people are living with their beliefs rooted in the system, the very essence of what's controlling the masses, the narrative, then you will be easily targeted. Easily uprooted and disposed of, like a weed. If the masses don't want to believe, no matter what, it's just a conspiracy theory.

They look to each other, sharing a laugh.

"What did you do to me!?" I demand of the blonde, under her wig, layers of makeup. This plastic fembot.

Her eyes glaze over, and she looks away without response.

"You brand me! Make me a target! What, you think you can shame me into silence!?"

The brunette looks me in the eyes and matter of factly states, "Sweetie, when we're done with you, your whole world will be upside down...you won't care about exposing us...That stubborn will of yours, will be broken...I promise you that."

We hold eye contact for a moment, before she reaches over and pinches my nose.

"Boop!"

She disappears then returns with another gas mask, and slips it on without effort.

"Come on!" I protest.

I hear another round of hissing, and she returns standing next to me. Watching me eagerly.

"What now?"

"Now, you sleep."

My eyes register before my body can protest.

"No! Come on, you're leaving me out there again!?"

"You were a good boy...so you will be rewarded." She states.

I grab her wrist, "Don't...leave...leave me...out...out there."

My mind starts to swim, but I hold my breath, trying to snap out of it. I feel her hand take mine in hers. My resisting pauses. I blink, and blink, trying to stay focused. Trying to, fight.

I see her remove her mask, but her face is darkened by the bright light above. My eyes are heavy, and I feel them close. I hear the sweetest, "Night-night" before all goes black.

Chapter 13

Friday

I wake from sleep, and my neck is burning. Outside again, it's a chilly morning. Their mark. I gently touch at the bandage, removing it and pawing at the burn. Unsure of how it looks, or what it means.

Whatever they pumped me full of, makes me dumb. My body slow in responding to commands. Sitting up and holding my head with both hands seemed to move in slow motion.

I don't have energy to stand, or even the desire. I just set on the cot, trying to think, to remember but everything is out of place. I'm not remembering, placing things in the right order, I know this.

My mind wanders through the fog, not being able to distinguish reality from fantasy. What did they ask? What did I tell them? I remember...the brunette, she questioned me, she pried into me.

What did she ask!?

I hear her voice, "No, stay with me."

The searing pain in my neck refreshes in my mind. They branded me.

It means something. I'm going to be released. Why else would they mark me? Why go to the trouble? Leave an incriminating mark on a corpse? I ask these questions as I pace the small cell, regaining control of my body.

Blood flow, gets memories flashing at me.

"How scared were you little boy?"

"How did you find out? Your dad died?"

The blonde. My dad. They know about that now. What else, what else?

"We don't control your destiny...we're just here to distract you."

Distract me? From what!?

Then the brunette's in my face, "You already know, silly...our uprising."

Her voice darkens. My memory screeches to a halt.

It's true.

My research, all the hours of research, the deep tunnels of conspiracy. All true.

The drug still kicking me. My mind goes sideways. I'm stumbling now, as I'm pulling memories from yesterday, while dealing with a bendy jail cell.

The nurse outfits. The dungeon. The uprising. The "shift". They know everything about me. Everything.

I'm no longer protected by anonymity. Completely exposed.

I manage to hold myself up with the aid of the wall, my body wants to puke, but not from the drug. This level of truth. This deep of a rabbit hole. And they all but confirmed it.

You can question it all you want. The evidence adds up. It all adds up.

My mind spins and spins, I get nowhere. No traction. I can't form coherent thoughts worthy of deeper investigation, just immediate conclusions.

The leaks that led the purge of male deep state agents over the last six months. The drug running and prostitution ring exposed at the C.I.A. The sex scandals from both political sides. All men.

The new head of the N.S.A. Female.

The new Lieutenant Governor of New York. Female.

Stop it.

The new C.O.O. of the C.I.A. The head of Vera Media. The new Vice President. Iowa's Governor. All female.

That's just the last month. Who knows what's been happening, the hidden moves happening right now.

I'm numb. I barely register falling to my ass. Missing the cot, I'm slightly embarrassed, but more stunned. Words. Intelligent words escaping me.

I don't know how long I sat. Just staring at the wall, I'm just seeing the world changing around me. Watching the new direction. The new influence. The wave of pro female programming. Female control. Over everything. Social media. Television.  Government. Corporate. Military?

Honestly, I know they wouldn't be any worse. Probably be less apt to invest in secret foreign wars, but it's the way it's going down. The secrecy. The manipulation of the true story being hid behind so many males downfalls.

Yes, the men, all the men involved are guilty. It's the manipulation; I'm hung up on, the subvertness of this tactical move. This global wave. It's a move one would expect from men.

Goosebumps cover me when I realize I'm helpless to do anything. To stop or slow this. Could my readers ever truly do anything? Here I am, rotting away in a jail cell in the middle of nowhere, and I'm worried about telling strangers, the larger story.

Fucking. Idiot.

I set for hours, running thru the emotions of shock, disbelief, bartering and realization. I think about having a cigarette, but I just don't have the will to get up.

The day drags on, and the sun passes overhead. Not moving lowers my body temp, and soon I'm curled up. Wrapping my arms around myself to keep warm. I hear nothing but the wind snapping outside my cell. Its late fall, wherever I am, it's colder than Iowa right now.

I don't eat all day. One MRE remains, some snacks but my appetite has vanished. My nicotine thirst has dried up. I feel hollow all day. I don't suffer from depression, but in my mind, I somehow feel a strong sense of it.

Is it the male ego, and its loss of control? Or more of, who do I know is involved with the uprising?

The sun sets and I begin to get up, when I hear a golf cart stop close.

"And, here we go." I say to myself.

Their footsteps on dirt and rock give them away. It's after a moment of silence before I look over to them. I'm frozen when I see what they're wearing. Two cheerleaders stand at my door. Two sets of pigtails on both their heads. Their faces covered by the clear plastic masks, fake makeup painted on.

Both of them smiling at me. Their pom poms swish in the breeze. The blonde's wig is golden blonde. The colors of their uniform coincidentally matching my high schools. Black and orange. Their legs shiny and brown, more hose.

Dammit, I'm easy.

I have to look away as they eye me like an exhibit.

"He's sooo cute, makes you just want to take him home." The brunette.

"He looks sad." The blonde says in a baby voice.

"Maybe we can give him a treat before the teacher comes over."

We're role playing now. I'm reluctant to play into their plan.

"Come here, come here." The brunette says sweetly into my cell, like I'm a pet.

I roll my eyes, trying not to look to them. Keep some form of control.

Facing them, I look to the sky past them. I can feel their eyes pulling me to them, wanting my attention.

"Aww, he's scared." The blonde quips.

My eyes shoot rage to hers, only to see her evil smile. My eyes deceiving me, run a once over her, and back to her eyes. It's exactly what she wanted.

Her eyes sparkle, knowing I can't resist my own temptations. Even when the world is crumbling all around me.

"Which is it, drug me or zap me?"

They eye each other, and giggle together. I can't help but get turned on by this.

Don't show them!

"Funny you should ask." The brunette says matter of factly, as she pulls a joint from her bra.

My eyes look from the joint, then to both of them.

"What...is this?"

"It's weed you silly boy...and we have to smoke it fast before our group comes back!" She states with enthusiasm.

"Do ya have a light?" The blonde pulls my attention to her with rhetorical question. "Or are ya scared?"

I think I nod, my eyes locked onto hers.

They giggle and whisper to each other, eyeing me like meat. I retrieve the lighter, and turn to see them laughing and almost posing themselves as giggly cheerleaders for me.

I can't help it. I'm rock hard, and he, who I will not name again, must have made an impression, as their eyes bulge and they laugh enthusiastically at me as I return to the door.

Now this feels like high school all over again.

I dare not touch the metal door as I slowly hand over my only lighter. I see the blonde eyeing me as she takes it. There's a moment I realize what I've just done, the control I've just handed over to her.

My face has to say it.

Smiling like a temptress, she lights the joint for the brunette. Holding onto it, she eyes me as she plays with it. She sees I want it back, eyeing it then her with reservation. I watch her helplessly as she tucks in her skirt. Her eyes tell me I have to earn it back.

The brunette has taken a large drag, coughing, she holds it awkwardly for the blonde.

The blonde is locked in eye contact war with me. Not letting go of the lighter, or my eyes. She finally blinks, letting go, giggling as she takes the joint. She stands, leg bent, holding the joint like an inexperienced teenager. She takes me in as she inhales, her eyes water, as she hands it through the bars.

I take the smoking joint, and pull two big hits before handing it to the brunette. She takes it; I see her eyes sparkling under her mask. She stands close to the door, her face changes, her head lowers, her eyes boring into me.

"Did you ever get to smoke with cheerleaders in high school?"

"Not like this."

Both girls giggle, passing the joint. The brunette starts twisting her hips, causing her skirt the fly up. Both stare holes into me, looming closer to the door. The blonde begins twirling her hair, handing me the joint.

"I bet. Probably too good for you weren't they?"

"I wasn't...popular back then, so kinda. Was that...in my files too?"

Both girls laugh without giving me a response. They stand together, I hit the dwindling joint and look back to them, to see them so close to each other; they look like a two headed fantasy monster.

They don't offer to take the roach, and I save it for later on the metal sink. I turn back to them, only to see the blonde. A click then the hum stops, and the brunette comes back into view.

She tosses the blonde a pair of handcuffs, and their attention comes back to me. The blonde looks to me without speaking. She holds them up, as she leans in. The brunette gets my attention by crackling the stun gun to life.

The look on her face says don't resist. I realize I can't. I numbly give her left then my right. Her eyes never leave mine, attaching my wrists by feel. I'm married to the electrified metal door by metal handcuffs. Experience says, this isn't going well.

Her left hand holds on my right and I look down, then her right hand is at my face. Stroking it with affection. She eyes me like a mythical creature.

The brunette has the stun gun in one hand, and the key in the other. Her eyes penetrating me without speaking. The door unlocks, and I nervously step back.

They both push the door into me, and I back up to the wall. I'm pinned between the metal door and the concrete wall and I have two evil cheerleaders eyeing me like helpless prey.

It's like they know my fantasies.

My wrists are pulled through by both of them, and the metal door is in my face. Their eyes are all I see. My hands go to fists squished in between them; I feel the material of their uniforms. I'm inches from their faces. A layer of metal bars between us.

I'm not going to say anything, so I stand silently, waiting for them to lead.

"Now, I see that cuteness. Look at him, trying to act tough." The blonde says leaning in.

"And now I smell that fear." The brunette adds, leaning in so close she smells me. "I love the way he smells."

In this close quarters, my eyes shift from each girls faces. Only their eyes are visible behind the plastic. The blonde and her blue eyes. The brunette with her green eyes. Both sets look illuminated, vampire like. Contacts.

 "What would you do if we turned the juice back on?"

"Probably invent a couple new dance moves." I say unsure I want to imagine that scenario.

They both snicker, staying close to me. I feel my hands being pried open. I don't resist, until I see the brunette making her way into my hands. My hands are pushed apart, with just enough room she slides in between my secured wrists, forcing them to hold her. I feel her skirt and shell, both feel rough. Feels uncomfortable to wear.

She shimmies in my hands, running them over her skinny hips, over her skirt. I open my hands, attempting to not touch her anymore than I have to. Even though I really, really want to.

My resistance drives her; I can see it in her eyes. Slowly moving back and forth, her eyes locked into mine. Her hands make their way to my face, holding it directly facing hers.

I feel another hand moving over my hips. Running under the waistband of my sweatpants, then my boxers. I feel her nails running over my skin as I can't move, I can't look away.

"You have me helpless, now what?"

"Completely." The blonde starts.

"Helpless." The brunette finishes.

The brunette continues shimmying in my hands; I feel her raise up on her toes. My hands run further down her skirt, and I try to protest as they go past the tip of fabric. She drops back down, and my hands run up her hosed legs.

My hands try to protest, but the bondage keeps them on her. My heart rushes and the blonde's hands make their way forward. Then lower.

I can't help it. I'm hard. I'm immobile and I can't look away. My hands begin to betray me first, becoming soft on her legs. The blonde grabs hold, and my eyes bounce from each face.

Scared but excited. A fantasy roller coaster I have no control over. I can't get off or stop.

The brunette notices my hands and I see her face change to excitement under the mask. She moves her hips slower and harder in my hands. I can't stop, my hands grab. She notices, her hands grab my neck harder. My eyes glued into hers.

Her masked face leans in close to mine. I swallow dried saliva, wetting my lips. I rush a fading thought about my breath.

My face is held tight, she moves closer until I smell her breath. Sweet, like strawberries. Her shampoo is citrus infused expensiveness. Her face tilts, matching mine.

The blonde tugs gently at me with one hand, the other pulls me close to the bars. I feel cold steel on my stomach. My groin is cold outside her warm hand.

"What...where-"

The brunette cuts me off by touching her face to mine. I feel her real lips touch mine. I stop and hold myself there. She doesn't kiss me, gently running her lips over mine. I feel her tongue grazing me.

Her eyes stare into mine without a word. I'm frozen, breathing shallow gasps with her lips on mine. I try to move to the right; she moves just a fraction with me. Her eyes overconfident, expects me to jerk to the left.

I swallow instead, and wait. Another moment goes by, I can't help it, I breathe into her mouth. Holding it in for as long as I can, only builds pressure, making it hard not to think of breathing. Hitting her with my horrible breath.

She doesn't react, instead I feel her closer to me on the other side of metal. I feel the warmth from their bodies pressing into me. I feel her pull me closer, our lips press into each other.

I can't take it anymore, I try to push my lips into hers, and she pulls away. Staying just inches from my now outstretched lips. I lean forward, she pulls back a fraction.

Molecules away from me. Just staying out of touch. Her eyes sparkling evilly at me.

She got me.

I lean back, realizing I lost round one. Realizing the game.

The blonde begins rubbing her leg on the bar, slightly getting my attention. She raises it to catch my eye. Perverted instinct gets me to look.

She smiles silently, raising her leg just enough for me to see. Slipping her knee in between the bars. She provocatively stares holes into me, slightly smiling at my slipping resistance.

I hear her nylon graze the metal before I feel it gently on my skin. She feels me swell and harden. Her face changes to excitement. I feel it on my hip, my face wains, and I have to wake my eyes from glazing over into hers.

The brunette moves out of my hands, I can't stop my hands from running over her underwear. Turning back, she smiles coyly.

She stops five feet from me, standing rigid, she faces the door.

"Ready?! Okay!"

"Oh no." I say out loud to myself, trying to look away.

The blonde grabs the back of my neck with her right hand. My face is forced into the bars, I can't look away. Her left stays firmly on my member.

"No." She says loud enough for me to hear. "You're going to watch."

I look into her eyes, trying to move.

"Not me. Her." She eyes the brunette, then back to me.

I defiantly look away, and feel her nails dig into my sensitive skin. My eyes bulge, looking to her in pain.

"Watch. Her." She firmly states, then releasing her claw grip.

I gasp out a breath, trying not to let her know how much that hurt. My eyes reluctantly blink, and go to the brunette. The blonde's eyes stay on me; I feel her leg rubbing my stomach. Nails at the ready to dig in.

The brunette stands rigid, still smiling big. Her hands on her hips, pom poms in each hand.

"I said, ready!? Okay!...Two-four-six-eight, the N-S-A is really great!"

I try to pull away feeling myself forced harder into the bars. My eyes defiantly slam shut, and her nails dig into me harder than before. I cough out in pain, as I feel a sickness creep into my stomach. I resist, trying to jerk out of grip. I pull and tug, only to feel more pain, and now nausea.

My eyes open with tears welled in them. My eyes go back to the brunette, who waits for my eye contact before smiling big again. I inexplicably let out a whimper, and feel the blonde eat it up.

"Awww, be a little good boy then." Whispering in my ear.

"Fuck you." I hear myself thru grit teeth.

"Does this still feel like a game?"

I pull my arms back, and push away from the bars with what strength I have. She still has a tight grip, and this is the worst decision I've made so far.

The pain stops all strength causing me to let go. I'm forced back into the bars. She has such a tight grip; I'm literally putty in her hands. She knows I still want to fight, and holds me tight with both hands.

The brunette finishes her cheer by jumping up and down, screaming "Yeah!" repeatedly, pom poms flaring out around her. Her eyes, lasered into mine.

Walking up to me, her face changing from overly happy to seductress confident. I'm completely helpless in her eyes. I give in; my body becomes one with the metal bars. The blonde's grip lessons, then slowly let’s go.

The brunette saunters to me, dropping the pom poms, then gently grabbing my wrists, putting them over her head. I see the blonde disappear behind her as she grabs the door with both hands.

She slowly dances backwards, I'm helplessly pulled along. Her eyes never leaving mine. I take small step after small step until I hear the door click shut.

My eyes finally break from hers, looking for the blonde. The door.

The brunette stays in my arms. The door doesn't come to life. My eyes dart around looking for the blonde, who stays out of sight. She moves something towards her face.

I'm too slow, my eyes fall back into hers, I think I see her biting her lip, a smile starting. I'm too concerned about feeling that pain again to notice.

She leans forward; her eyes softly look up to me. My face isn't buying round two. She looms closer and closer, until my eyes betray me, breaking character. Her lips press into mine, and before I know it, our lips are locked.

For a brief moment she lets me have control. I engulf her lips, wanting so much. She pulls back from my aggressive start, allowing me to learn to slow to her pace. She shows me, slowly pulling me in, making her lips soft; teasing me by pulling away. She releases her grip on me and I feel something other than her tongue enter my mouth.

My eyes meet her in confusion. It's hard, a toy? A key?

She pulls away, smiling a Cheshire grin.

The key.

"Three...two...one." Her face changes to evil.

I jump back, confused. I hear the click, followed by the electric hum. My arms careful to not touch. I'm standing awkward, arms outstretched, kinda squatting to keep my sweatpants at my waist. Real attractive like.

The blonde comes back into sight, they stand together, giggling and laughing at the sight of me. With the key in my mouth, I can sense where this is going.

"Ok, well we're going to go now." The brunette almost finishes without laughing.

Of course.

I don't give them a response; I figure my face says it all. My eyes burn holes into both of them, I go as dark as these looks will allow. Both of them notice, and mock me.

"So mean."

The blonde faces me first.

"This was fun." She genuinely states before giving me a flirtatious smile.

"Was it?" I ask with the key in my mouth, censoring my Iowan dialect.

She looks at me with a "you know you liked it" face.

"Would have changed a thing or two." I say looking away.

She reaches thru the bars and strokes my face, looking at me until my eyes match hers. I feel her nails gently scratch my beard.

"Maybe next time." She smiles at me, then turns and walks out of sight.

"I hate you." I call out sarcastically.

The brunette kneels down and picks up her pom poms, then strolls over to me.

"You hate me too?"

I stifle out a legitimate laugh, almost choking on the key. It's the absurdity of it I tell myself. My face must tell all.

"I see." She continues, "Well, I like you."

"Do you now?' I say with my tongue handicapped by the key.

"I mean that. Maybe it's crazy, no, I know it's crazy. There’s something about you."

I feel her hand touch my face, holding my gaze. Her stare looks through me, studying my soul. Our eyes hold onto each other, and I feel like I can release years of pain into hers, not breaking from her. Her face welcomes this, her eyes blink, and on a different level other than conversation she understands me without words.

Crazy.

What am I saying? What am I believing?

"Heh, maybe we're both crazy." She says, her hand slowly leaving my face.

"We're all crazy." I rush out, not wanting her touch to leave. My face turns towards her fleeting touch.

It pauses her momentarily, long enough for another questioning look. I stand stoic, not embarrassed of how I look.

"Some more than others, Mr. Masochist."

"It's just an act." I state without hesitation. "I'm interested in the truth. The true you."

I hear her respond without words. Her face brightens, as she looks into my eyes questioning. After a moment of studying, her face changes to seductress.

"I’m afraid that's all you're going to get."

She starts to walk with a childlike bounce. Stopping, she looks back, flipping her skirt up at me.

"For today."

The last thing I see is her coy smile before she disappears out of view.

"I hate you." I say loud enough only I can hear.

"No you don't!" She calls back to me.

That was for me. My heart skips, surprised by the attention to detail. Her knowing me.

In the distance the cart starts up, and drives away until it's nothing. I spend the next ten minutes slowly pulling my arms back, fishing the key from my mouth to a hand, dropping it, twice. Then finally freeing my left hand, then my right before dropping the handcuffs outside the cell.

I can only pace in frustration. Adrenaline. Energy. So excited, turned on, frustrated, turned on. What was that!? What the fuck just happened?

A distraction.

Immediately all my perverted memories from minutes ago are now tainted. Unusable material for later. I ride a roller coaster of emotion, unable to understand or separate myself from someone above this game. Today was their attempt at reprogramming. Get me to fall back onto my old crutches.

Slightly hurt, was any of her words true? The ones that mattered, the "something about you" line. Searching back, it was the only real foundation of a bridge at this point. Why would my dumbass believe any of what either has to say? How could someone who considers himself smart, be so blatantly stupid in the face of reality.

Buying into their characters, are you, rube? These soap opera actors. These agents of chaos.

Then there's a moment. A flash image of the three of us. Embracing. Being one.

It's just a flash, but I see it clear. I see it like I've lived it already. Just not here. I see it as natural, right.

It stops my torment momentarily. Stopping my ego from berating my heart. My brain hates me.

I can't get a hold on today. Such a whirlwind. What happened to the day? I was lost for so long, only to end up more confused.

Self depreciating, or so I've been told. It's now I see how crazy I am. I'm questioning my true feeling towards my captors. Actual Stockholm syndrome.

My cell is dark when my eyes return me back to my present settings. Literally just lost a day. Guess that happens on vacation?

Tell yourself that curling up in the sleeping bag, hiding away from the cold night creeping in. I'm not tired; my eyes find their way to the stars above. So clear, so quiet.

So peaceful, no noise, no light pollution from society. Nothing to fix out here, a maintenance man's dream. I could die out here, literally. If my dumbass keeps playing my cards right, keeps wanting more from these "she devils". My brain argues amongst itself, and I just want to check out. Just want to enjoy something in this life.

Not think about how it's made, who backed it, supported it, whose paying for it?

These questions before I can even make breakfast each morning. Why can't things just be honest?

Rhetorical question idiot. Honesty exposes more than we're programmed to accept. There is less money to go around if the world only knew everything about everything they loved. We wouldn't love those things as much, and money is driven by want. Everything, every material possession in front of you is its own money making business.

Some company directing endless funds to keep us wanting, needing their product. Without that want, without that need for everything they're selling, we become disconnected from years of programming, advertising.

Tonight, was just business. Just they're type of business.

How many cameras recorded today? How or for what purposes is it going to be used for? Was the whole performance an act? Her words? The brunette.

These questions pelt me, as I slowly numb them out. Stop thinking a voice in my head states. My eyes get heavy, and I can't tell if they're open before I'm asleep.

Chapter 14

Before

Subject: Target 06092005

Field Report: Agent 3301

Night after night, after the dog walk and dinner, he spends all night researching, writing, editing, researching his videos, articles. Never going out. Never interacting with society. With women.

All reports have him being polite, quiet, never rude, angry or misogynistic. Even with field agents.

His isolation seems self imposed. Not hostile towards the movement. He is onto the conspiracy. Reports indicate he has no bias other than exposing the truth.

Blackmail is nonexistent outside of marijuana usage or porn. Tracking his digital footprint, suggests he has a stash on his personal computer he regularly uses. Does not search out sex, companionship, or any type of physical relationship.

Last relationship was ten years previous. Little detail has been given in email; target does not stalk, communicate, or seek previous relationships out. Seeming to have clean breaks. No relationships in so long suggest a bad ending that still haunts him.

All communication throughout his email, conspiracy site, comments suggest a driven professional, who ignores calls from his subscribers to show his face, reveal any details of who he is. His voice has been matched as the narrator on 127 videos. All response is written.

Data suggests target spends most of his night listening to wide range of music. See attached file for detailed list.

His work life has no clue of who he is outside of work. Residents of housing complex seem to not know as well. Only 10 residents are subscribers. Online world knows nothing of his job, location, or personal details.

Target lives in the shadows at night. By day, he makes no waves at his job. Is barely acknowledged by coworkers. Has been averaging less than six hours of sleep for the last year. Willing to bet this has been going on for longer.

Target seems unattached to society, without friends or close family. Only direct family is his mother who resides in assisted living. (Alzheimer's) The only person still alive, who will remember him, is slowly forgetting his every detail.

He has no one.

Despite this, he deliberately pushes forward with his fight for the truth. For the same people he resists joining. He seems to want to exist as a faceless narrator, forgotten after his time, but striving to impact everyone around him for the betterment of all.

He has pushed multiple female writers for better, seeming to hold them to higher standards than their male contemporaries. Online agents have been reluctant to move on target.

NSA and other agencies have struggled with disinformation attacks on him. It seems his subscribers may be hackers or better informed citizens, who have back channeled and traced different bot accounts. Even releasing their findings in videos, reaffirming their beliefs, and proving state sponsored attacks on citizen journalists. See attached file.

Synopsis:

Threat Level: 8

Immediate steps need to be taken. Target must be taken to "the House" and either influenced or silenced. He is too committed to a cause to believe in permanent influence, agent or agents need to consider alternative methods.

A private rendition site would alleviate immediate concerns, and halt his ongoing investigation before he can spread his findings.

We have nothing publicly to shame or censor him. He seems hyper aware of male agents, or local authorities. Suggest using operatives to get close to learn daily routine/weaknesses, before field agents would be sent in to collect.

Chapter 15

Saturday

I wake but don't move in the sleeping bag. The hum dies, and I hear the door slowly swing open. From out of sight, I hear the sound of someone entering and slowly stepping over to me.

I close my eyes, and wait.

They stand close, not moving.

Did she see me? No way she saw.

Another moment goes by. I feel eyes watching me, then I gently feel my cover being peeled back from my face.

The cool air hits my face, and I gently whimper for affect. Another moment and the sleeping bag is gently laid back across my face.

Her footsteps walk back to the entrance. I hear something hit the ground at the door, sounds open. I hear nothing for a moment, then quiet steps walk until I can't hear. I wait another couple of minutes before slowly looking over my shoulder towards the door.

A backpack sets next to the open door. I get up unsure, looking out the window. It's early. So early, I see my breath. The sun is covered by a grey sky. No one is around.

I'm freezing, but I take my first steps outside my cell. I slowly take in the view of freedom. It's a trap.

But I'm alone. Completely alone. I walk around my cell. Taking it in, I see how it’s camouflaged into the wilderness surroundings. It's shaped, and looks exactly like a large boulder made of clay. An art project? A very large, art project. Three other large boulders surround the vicinity.

"Smart." I say to myself, admiring whoever’s work.

I walk back inside and take the backpack, and open it. Inside, an axe, a yellow GAP hoodie. Obviously females, but it's warm and fits, kind of. Two water bottles, some snacks, two MRE's, a pen and paper. Last but not least, a fresh pack of smokes, and a cheap gas station lighter.

I put on my pants and thermal socks, considering my options. I could take the food, water and run. Try and make it back to civilization on what little I have. My feet reminding me how difficult it will be. Or I can take this opportunity to get fire wood for the cold night.

I chose the ladder. Not wanting to leave my captors. I try not to think they have a hold over me. My choice is free will. Not of lust.

It doesn't take me long to find dead and dying trees. Twenty yards away I begin chopping smaller victims. I break down three trees, dragging them back to my shelter. I cut them down, and sweat under my layers.

It's chilly outside, and the sweat drops my temp. I cut the trees down to manageable chunks, stacking them inside. The pile looks like it could last me a couple of nights, but I don't know how much I should grab.

I return outside to grab the rocks for a small fire pit, and finish my makeshift heating source. I'm dirty, sweaty. Finally feel like a man. I gather wood. I make fire.

After completing, and being ready for tonight's cold, I head outside and admire the view restricted. I wonder the immediate area, grabbing an armload of small branches. I climb on top of my cell, and set on the fake boulder, enjoying my silent surroundings.

Mountain to my left. Valley that leads to another mountain range to my right. Trees and green grass in between. Almost doesn't feel like I'm in the lower forty-eight.

I randomly notice a cactus tree, and the black circle in its center. Another camera.

I fetch the pen and paper, then return to my spot. I write "not running" then a moment later "join me" and motion at the view all around.

No response or noise, so I write another note, and another.

"Free smokes" and "bring marshmallows", still no response.

So I give up, and stare off, enjoying my new backyard. The pen finds its way to the pad, and before I know it, I'm sketching both sets of their eyes. My art skills have diminished since grade school, but my memory is razor sharp.

I focus, and work. For the first time since I can remember, I draw like a child. The sun runs over my shoulder, and the breeze dips colder. I make my way back to my cell, working at the fire until my room is lit by fire and fading sun.

The sun drops past the mountain, and the air is immediately ten degrees cooler. Inside my cell, it's warm from the flaming fire. My picture is placed at the window, still attached to the notepad. Their eyes watch me wherever I walk.

Fitting.

The night comes, and I eat, smoke, and think. Setting in this purgatory, I have nothing but time to consider my decisions in life. I wonder if I was supposed to run, was this their way from letting me go? Did I just get myself killed?

No. They wanted me to know, to see, I have options, I can leave. This isn't a real kidnapping. This is a game, they won't execute me.

Right?

Second guessing myself helps time slow down, and the night becomes darker as my mind takes me to places I'm unsure if I can swallow.

They're going to kill me. This is all part of the game. They don't love you. How could they? You're a man, the target. Everything you know, and seen, how can I think about trust?

Everything is black surrounding me, trees the mountain hidden from sight looms as a large black mass behind me. I walk around, seeing only the valley lit up by moon and stars. My breath visible, I can't go far without returning to fire.

I spend the night inside, sticking my picture to the wall with pieces from their chewed floor candy. The fire lights the room as my mind blinds me, I begin writing my thoughts, leaving them my heart on paper.

I've always been able to strike with pen better than mouth or fist.

"You have stolen me from my life, and the heart from my chest. You may label it away, but inside, you know you feel it as well. We can't just go back to our normal lives. Not now. You know that, and you're questioning your next moves. Never give up on what if. We could make it happen. Look at what you've accomplished to this point. No one will ever know about this time. Regardless of if I'm wiped away or not. This is the most special time, in my stupid little life. I wouldn't trade this for anything. You are my angels."

I rewrite it, over and over. Throwing away edits into the fire until the final note looks perfect. I leave it attached to the notepad, setting it next to me so nothing destroys it.

Before curling into bed, I refill the fire. Enough to relight and go when I wake. I'm unsure if I'll get another opportunity for wood, but something tells me to go with my heart. Trust in them. They could kill me at any time, and somehow I'm kept safe.

I think about life without them as I curl up in my bag, I don't want to after feeling the depression in my gut. So I think of a better life, the fantasy life. Living somewhere out here, with my dogs. Not working for a corporation, college kids. Working at some mom and pop establishment by day. Going home to them at night. They could retire at this line, do something better. I could retire from my truth seeking, maybe write fiction. Never saying how we came to be, we just did.

I imagine not having to worry about bills, money. Just being happy. Nights of kinky sex, and romantic dinners for three. Every man's dream. To me, it's not just the sex, it's the ability to tame and ride someone's crazy. To see them at their strongest, and weakest, and be there without batting an eye in fear.

Somehow I don't see it as me getting more. Somehow I feel I deserve this. The pain and backwardness of it all. The glory and hard work. If, if I can somehow live through this, find a new life, a new love, I've somehow conquered life. The life I've ignored for so long.

My thoughts drift into oblivion as I believe on some level, I've already won.

They wait for me at night when I close the world away; in my mind I hear their voices.

"About time young man."

"Are you trying to avoid us?"

They say it like we've lived years together in this fantasy world. I picture them, pulling me to the bed. Wrapping their spider arms around me. Sealing me to the bed in a cocoon of blankets and appendages.

I imagine their warmth keeping me in bed during those cold early mornings. I would burn my sick days as soon as winter hit. I would work out, go all "He-Man". Quit smoking. Run.

Get as much out of this shell as I can. Thirty years, if I'm lucky. Probably die sooner due to some night of kinky sex. If I'm lucky.

I see them older, both setting together, alone at my funeral. I see them crying, the scene is cast in a white hues, the sky orange.

This was my life. And I'm grateful for every second.

Chapter 16

Saturday, late.

"Glory Box"

She parks the cart plenty of distance and behind rows of trees, making her way by memory, she doesn't need the moon light, she could make her way out here blindfolded.

So many men, so many targets. So many nights of torture. Coming out here in the middle of the night, was always for more pain. Tonight, could be the first in memory, she comes out, out of curiosity.

She walks gingerly, stepping quietly along the rocks, until she sees the lit up cell. Funny, the first time she's ever seen it lit up at night. The first and only target that got an axe, a weapon, or tool. It must be taken, that can be the excuse.

The truth, she wanted to see what he spent all night, writing and rewriting. What was so important that he stayed up till three am, killing his eyes for?

She tiptoes towards the open door; the campfire is burning bright, and his lump of mass moves up and down inside the sleeping bag. The notepad and his cigarettes lay on the ground next to him. The axe lies at the front door, in the open. Above him, stuck on the wall, something catches her eye.

She steps inside, still aware to look for any signs of traps, but the cell is bare. On the wall above him, he's drawn two sets of eyes. It's their eyes. Shaking her head slightly with a smile, she looks closer, and thinks, has anyone ever done this for me?

Looking down to him, his eyes closed, she leans close and watches his short breaths. His aura is passive, she can tell when one fakes, and he's completely at peace.

Bending down, she takes the notepad, keeping an eye on him, she begins to read.

The last paragraph makes her read again.

"I feel again, and want to actually risk my heart by giving it to you. You are the first time I have attempted to do so in so long, I don't know what I'm doing. You have to help me. You have three choices, you can accept me, this, and we can find a way to make it work. You can release me back to "normal", to a world I don't exist in or kill me.

There are only two choices. I don't want to live without you."

His heart, on paper.

Finishing his words, she imagines his fantasy, with every fiber in her body telling her no, she sees past and considers a "what if". The one in a billion scenario.

What if, they stayed, together? Undue everything she's been taught, everything she's worked for.

"For what, a man? Another man, preventing you from your absolute greatness" she could already hear from professor Kurtz.

"Domesticated. Domesticated and obedient just like every-other!"

Her words echo out of fear, while his out of love. She watches him for a moment, his sleeping; she's moved to touch his face. He moves in his sleep towards her hand after she pulls away, causing her to smile.

She quietly leaves taking the axe, and quickly tearing his words from the notepad, leaving it at the entrance, and closing the door.

No need for electricity, we've obviously moved past that.

The trip seems faster, back to the mansion, her heart fluttering, almost like she's decided yes, and her body responds with endorphins. Time slows but the trip in darkness is sped.

Imaging accepting this choice, this life. His search for the truth, it would lead to wanting to know all her darkness. All her truth.

This strange life of theirs. Hers, his, and hers. It could lead to something more than what society would accept, or could understand. Their wants, desires. Their shortfalls and weaknesses.

Could it be the strange element missing, or the downfall of something she's worked for her whole life?

It hits her as she comes out of the wilderness to see the family estate. Everything she's worked for, her whole life could be thrown away. On a target, a man.

Chapter 17

Saturday, smidge later.

"And All That Could Have Been"

The sound of a cart pulling up close wakes me from my sleep, and I look around confused. The fire still alive, the door is shut and the axe is gone. My notepad is moved by the door. Then I see her. The blonde.

She looks furious as she yanks the door open, and over to me.

"Stand up!" She yells.

My note in her hand, crumpled.

"What is this!?"

I try to stand in a hurry, and she shoves me back to bed. I almost laugh, but the anger on her face freezes me.

"Explain! Explain this shit!"

She shoves me back down again, my note shoved in my face crumpled in her fist.

My heart on paper, crushed in her anger.

"You want to strike my heart, and end it with love me, or kill me! You want me to go to sleep, knowing this idiot has fallen in love with us, and doesn't want to live without us! Get up! Get up!"

"I...I can't-"

POP!

My face stings hard from her left hand, hitting my face blindly.

"No, no get on your knees. You want this, fine!"

She pulls a pistol from her waistband, and my heart freezes in shock. I stifle a breath, realizing, this is it.

This is it.

We stare at each other for a moment; both our eyes begin to water. I nod, closing my eyes.

I get out of the bed, my eyes not wanting to open, not wanting to look into hers.

"What was that?" I hear from above, her voice wavering.

"It was the truth." I say into darkness. I have to swallow to stifle tears.

"You want me to live with that, knowing that. Knowing you would, you would rather be dead, than living without us? You don't even know us!"

I breathe a moment, before finally opening my eyes, "Let me in."

It's her turn to stifle a breath, tears running down both our faces. The gun pointed at my face.

I hold my gaze into hers, holding my hands up at my sides, I push her by standing back up.  She's on the brink of shooting or breaking, and I slowly point the gun into my heart, so our view isn't obstructed.

It's then I see her face is so pretty, so stoic, even when she cries. My gesture causes more tears. I wait for the flash and the feel of my heart exploding in my chest at any moment.

 "Last words?" She angrily questions.

"Burry me some place nice, and take care of my kids. Come visit me every once in awhile...think...think of the life...we could have had."

I can't hold it in. Closing my eyes, doesn't hold back the tears. Knowing I'm going to die, right here, right now. Going to sleep thinking I was safe, waking to this.

Ask and you shall receive.

I am receiving that moment of death, that moment of regret. Not wanting it to end like this. Not now. Not right now.

"Is this...what you want?"

I don't hold back, "God, no! I want you! I want your love, your eyes, your heart! I want to be the one, one of the ones, to make you smile. Every day. I want you to grow to love me, want to be the one to make me smile. Grow old together. White picket fence and all that shit! Why am I speaking s foreign language with you? Why is this such a no?!"

"Because, it just is." She says with broken hearted sincerity.

I feel it. She's not lying. She can't let me live.

There it is, and we both know it in this moment. So I take my final deep breath, and accept it. The life that could have been.

"Ok then solider, you have a job to do." My eyes never breaking from hers.

There is a moment, where both our eyes run at the same moment, and I think, I can live with that being the last thing I see, so I close them.

And wait.

In the black, I imagine this happening all so different. Waking to both of them accepting me, taking me in. The three of us embracing. I see living out here, exploring the land. Bringing my dogs back. Enjoying the-

Then my face is in pain. Crushed, my face takes punch after punch. I feel her fury and rage unleashed as she punches me until I can't stand. I hit the ground, my head bounces off something hard and she's still on top of me.

Yelling fists into my face.

I don't even fight back; I just feel her fists hitting me. Over and over. My head bounces off the concrete. Another fist. Ground cold. Then black.

Chapter 18

Saturday, moments later.

He stopped moving, crumbled on the ground. So much anger, resentment, she barely registers before she's pointing the gun in his unconscious face. The dire consequences of her decision, he needs put down. Her hands shakes, knuckles bleeding.

That liability.

Do it!

Just a target. She forces the words over and over to run in her mind until she's repeating it out loud. She sees herself with both of them as the words play on a loop. The image grows stronger. His words "grow old together". Had anyone ever said that to her?

All energy spent on holding herself back from pulling the trigger. Tears stream down her face, as she screams out in anger. The gun wavering, inches from him.

Put him down! Put him down!

Could she do it? Could she actually do it, to the one man who could make her smile? Images of his smile. Their bantering.

Everything in her body telling her no, don't  pull. Her mind reminds her of the reality awaiting her if she doesn't. It makes the moment so much more, and before she knows it, she throws the gun out of the cell; instead screaming in his unconscious face.

After the unleashing of her rage, she looks down to him, spent from the whirlwind she just lived through. Unsure of herself, she waits for the spent tears to dry as she looks down on him blankly. Her hand touches his bruising face.

From behind a familiar voice asks, "Are we going to be okay?"

She looks back, unsure for the first time since she can remember, and it registers. She doesn't have to get up, she's held by a loving embrace that lets her know, and her decision was the right one.

In that moment, it's only opinion that matters.

Chapter 19

Sunday, painfully early.

"Paradise Circus"

I wake on the floor, choking on snot, blood. My face is broken, seriously broken. Something is wrapped around my neck. It's dark, but I can see the black turning to dark blue. Early morning. I'm not alone. I don't have to see to know it's the blonde.

"Well...I'm still alive...so I got that going for me."

"I could have put you down-"

"Oh-why didn't you?" I croak out almost laughing, trying to set up.

She's quick, shoving me back to the ground hard. I see her standing above me, fist clenched. Those eyes piercing darkness. She uses a pointy boot to stab me down.

"You're worth more to us alive."

Funny, my face wants to argue that point. My right hand moves to my neck. It's a leash, tight. Bulky, heavy. I try to blindly feel it, still looking to those eyes.

In her hand, a remote.

My hand jumps away from the collar, my eyes terrified. She smiles down at me, not having to show me. My hands open passively, my eyes darting around. I have no move.

"Good. Don't try anything. We have something you need to see."

Her foot holds me to the ground as she fishes something from a backpack on the cot. Something tells me I really, really don't want to see.

"This might make you change your mind." Her eyes returning to mine.

Her face lights up behind the screen of a laptop for a moment before she drops it on my chest.

"About?"

"Press play." Comes from the darkness above the screen.

I reluctantly do as I'm told, and her boot leaves.

The screen lights up and I see myself standing in front of a camera. Obvious green screen behind me. It looks exactly like my office.

When did I do this? Did they drug me? I don't remember. Wait, I didn't do this!

NSA deep fake technology.

My eyes moves past the screen and to her, as she watches me coldly, then fall back to myself on the screen.

"Hello subscribers, for years you have been searching and wanting the truth. My truth, or at least my identity as well...We’ll wait no further, my name is-"

I blur out hearing my name, my location.

I pause it, not wanting to hear another second. It looks like me, sounds exactly like me. It's enough to fool even myself.

"Oh-no, you're going to watch your other love's hard work." She smiles down to me, "You know, what's her name? This is what she can do. Now, hit play."

I want to curl up in a ball, but I reluctantly do as she commands.

"I want to come clean...I'm a fraud. A liar. My evidence is falsified, fabricated, and false. All of it."

My heart sinks knowing the brunette did this. With her skills, her tools. Every sentence cuts deeper and deeper.

"I've been lying to you for years and now I'm going to stop...This is a list of the people who have helped in the "Guffybomb" release..."

As each name is read from "my" lips, I'm crushed. They knew the whole time. Each name, I think of the years of hard work to build my cred. The countless measures I had to take to cover our conversations.

All wiped away with this video. All of them, exposed.

Real enough it wouldn't be questioned. Even worse, every contact released to the world is real. Real world people who exist in the shadows, bringing secrets to the light. Exposed for each of their countries secret police. Each name listed off, punctures new holes in my soul.

I would be completely ruined. Not only the world would think I exposed everyone who helped me, but now the world sees my face. My name. My location.

Iowa City isn't that big. I would be hunted down. Taken all over again. Killed.

"...This will be the final video from this site. All my videos will be deleted soon after I release this. I'm sorry for lying and wasting your time."

Each sentence eviscerates me, knowing they wrote it. They want me crumbled to dust. To be nothing.

The video stops, and my eyes reluctantly make their way back up to her.

"You want us? Upload it. Walk away."

"Why would I agree to it? Agree to let the world think I'm a liar?! Agree to expose everyone I trust?! Agree to cave into thee system for what!?"

"For us."

I'm completely struck. Is this another lie? Another manipulation?

"Can't I just...walk away?"

"No, you could just, walk back when we don't work out."

"When?...If I had you, I wouldn't...I couldn't go back. I would be complicit in the world's largest conspiracy, I would be a hypocrite!"

"It's decision time. You can't have both worlds. We have to make sure it's one or the other-"

"You know that's fucked!"

"Is it? You want us, to give up everything we've worked for, for you? You can't make that same sacrifice for us?"

"I won't fucking do it!"

"Is that your final answer?" She asks, eyeing me with intrigue.

I shake my head, unsure of how I can answer this.

"Don't make me do this..." I whisper up to her. "This...would kill every one of them."

She doesn't flinch.

"Seventeen people...you would have me kill seventeen people...to be worthy of you?"

Her face seems slightly affected, but she doesn't respond.

"You knew them, all of them...the entire time...you just, just tortured me to see...see how much you could put me through until I cracked?"

Her face softens slightly. Almost looking human down on me.

"If you...already knew...their names." I stop, not wanting to finish. Her eyes let me know with sympathy.

They're...already gone.

"Fuck, you." I whisper defiantly. "You don't, don't fucking deserve me!"

Tears in my eyes, I almost see her smile. I can't tell for sure. Her eyes standing out in the dark.

I slam the laptop shut, tossing it on the cot. I lay there, staring up at her, completely defeated. Angry, I allowed them to manipulate me. To beat me.

I don't want her. I don't want to see her. I don't want her love. I can't stand the thought of falling for her. Them. Their traps, manipulations.

I'm so easy. So stupid, for someone who thinks he's so smart.

She finally speaks her face still confident. "One day, you'll thank us. It's better this way..."

I move my head away, refuse to look at her. Out of spite. Out of hatred.

"...Look at me...Please."

Hearing her say please. Breaks my armor. Even for this. I can't help but slowly look back to her.

"...We can't do this...going forward...You would be a target-"

"I already am." I counter, my voice raspy with emotion. "I can't make another video...either way...I'm finished."

"We haven't released that."

"If you release me, and I make another video, it shows you didn't do your job...You would be targeted...I can't do that...not even to you."

Saying it out loud, forces me to realize it's true. I'm finished online. Only the world of work exists for me now. I'm a slave without my hope.

I see her face realizing what I would still give up for her. Even under the circumstances

We set staring each other down for a moment, before she breaks the silence.

"Come on, let's go home."

I stare to the ceiling, gritting my teeth, "Fuck you."

She holds up the remote, her face edges towards angry.

"Don't make me."

I refuse to look at her. "Fuck you. Fucking, murderer. You fucking handed them over."

"Don't. The trade was worth it."

"The trade!?...Seventeen people sacrificed for...me, was worth it!?"

"You get to live!"

"I'm not worth seventeen people!...You selfishly saved me, for what?! You don't want me! You...you think I can live the rest of my life, knowing, my life was traded for all of theirs!?"

"You think I want to live knowing you would rather be dead, than to be in our lives?...I had to...I had to make you hate me...us."

I can't look at her. I'm completely and utterly defeated. I have no fight left, I just want it over.

"You got what you want." I say to the floor.

She doesn't respond, as she bags the laptop, and some other things out of sight, then fishes the backpack over her shoulders.

I see her hand reach out to me. I look at it, but refuse her assistance. I slowly rise, my face is sore from her kicking my ass. My soul is crushed by her kicking my ass.

This is when I think being alone is the right path for me.

I feel her eyes on me, but I refuse to look up. I keep thinking seventeen people. Jeremiah, from the west coast. Benjamin from Saul Palo. Annie from Britain.

She grabs my wrists, and handcuffs me. Her eyes watch me, but I can't break the train of thoughts.

Ian from Ireland. Shen from Seoul.

"You can ride in the front." She says nicely.

I don't acknowledge.

She walks me out of the cell, and we enter the cold dark morning. Blues start streaking across the sky, and she puts her balaclava on. I don't even care about her identity anymore.

She walks me over to the cart, and deposits me in the passenger seat. Then she's next to me in the driver seat. My eyes just stare at the dashboard.

Nahal from India. Dimitri from Georgia.

We lurch forward, and move across terrain I refuse to take in. She drives in silence; I feel her eyes occasionally look to me. My eyes just stare at the dashboard.

I think of the countless conversations, the work put into establishing connections, the amount of information coming from all over the world. Now gone.

The world's exposers of corruption being rounded up, eliminated. All because of me.

I hear her voice, "We had to protect you."

My mind shuts down, until we reach the house, I just stare at nothing. My mind has lost its resistance, its will to fight. We pull up to the house, and I don't even care. Into the garage, the goosebumps dry up.

She doesn't put anything over my head, just staring at me a moment before she rounds me up, and we head into the house.

I'm pulled through the kitchen, the dining room in the dark. Everything is shades of blues and blacks.

I hear steps coming down from above, and the brunette's silhouette says, "Good morning, Mr."

"Fuck you." I respond with venom, not looking up.

She stops, her face looks surprised in my peripheral, as we continue past.

We're at the basement door, and its pure black I step into and down. The steps creek under us then we walk on cold concrete.

I'm led past their torture room, and to the X frame in the next room. I'm numb as she takes my freedom, I just look down. Not even strong enough to fight her with words, or looks.

I'm secured, and she stays close to me in this dark room. Not saying anything, I feel her eyes studying me. I'm a shell of a shell, and I can't even look up to her.

After a minute she starts to speak, "I'm sorry-"

"Just leave." I cut her off quickly, and it's silent again.

After another moment, I hear her move away in the dark. The door closes, and I'm alone. I'm shredded to pieces, foundations crumbling. I don't have anything, my sources are dead, my secret is exposed, and I’m exposed.

Tears just stream down my face. I'm so exhausted.

I have nothing to return to. I have no safe base. My dogs are more than likely dead. If they have any mercy in their souls, they'll put me down as well.

Chapter 20

Sunday, evening.

I open my eyes and I'm hung up. The room is dark. Warm. Their bondage basement. I remember everything again, as a new wave of hopelessness bathes me. Her words, the conversation, it rushes me, and I have nothing to counter. Nothing to build resistance left.

My arms are past numb. Shoulders, arms screaming at the joints. My back hurts all over. Literally, paralyzing pain. Just slight movements send pain shivers down my back. I have a black right eye, distorting my sight. My face feels grotesque, disfigured.

Time doesn't exist in this world. I have no clue what day it is. How long I've been strung up. When it will eventually end.

I immediately remember the blonde punching me, hard. Didn't think my face was that soft.

My head hurts, I'm dehydrated. In front of me sets a glass of water on a wooden table, magically lit up by the day's light creeping in from a window.

"Are you kidding me?" I whisper to myself.

I drop my head in exhaustion. My mind keeps repeating, how much more? How much more do I have to take? My eyes are heavy, and I fight to stay awake.

Above I hear the metal click of a lock, and the door slowly squeaks open. Steps creak one by one, as heels click towards me.

I whimper slightly and look up, expecting more pain.

The brunette stands, wearing some red summer dress, white spots. Her face barely covered by a white mask I've never seen, possibly lace. Suntan pantyhose shine in the dim light. Red heels. Her hair is perfect, nothing out of place. She dons white plastic flowers in her hair. She holds her hands in an air of entitlement, donning white lace gloves. Some expensive looking white leather purse in the crook of her arm.

"Awww, poor baby...Are you thirsty?"

The glass of water is to my chapped, cracked lips. The water stings and my head jerks back, unsure to trust her. I wait a moment, reluctant to make eye contact.

"Aww!"

Her hands go to my chin, turning my black eye towards her. I keep my eyes closed, not wanting to see her face mocking me.

"What did she do to that pretty face?" She whispers to herself.

My eye slowly opens, and we connect. I see her face react with pity under her mask, and she gently touches the swollen skin.

"Does...it hurt?"

"I'm fine." I say robotically.

"What did you do this time?" She asks, still studying the bruised and swollen skin.

"I...fell down some stairs." I say without emotion.

She smiles, then hushes me with a finger to my lips. Bringing the water back to my lips, I clumsily choke down the entire glass. Her eyes study me, holding the glass to my lips.

Her face slowly grows concerned before asking, "When was the last time you drank?"

I think, yesterday.

I answer, "I...I don't...know."

Her face reacts in shock, and she immediately sets the glass down, and retrieves a key from her bra. My head hangs, and I watch her lower body as she unlocks me. My left arm is free, and I fall into her. She catches me with ease. I look surprised, then pain shoots from my right shoulder.

Grimacing, she requests nicely, "Stand with everything, if you can."

I groan out of pain, but try to stand on legs that have no strength. Feels like day old jello. I'm even slightly embarrassed, being held by her, unable to stand.

My right arm is freed, and I'm getting carried over to the bed and set down, then I'm laid down.

She disappears for a couple of minutes.

I'm completely immobile. My arms and legs are so sore, I don't even try to resist or move. I know the blonde is watching on some hidden cameras. My left eye looks around, as my body reacts to finally being freed. Pain in my joints; shooting down my back, cramping in my legs cause me groan out in pain.

She returns, and sets down next to me. All prim and proper, back into character, she holds a bag of ice to my eye.

"Did we antagonize again?" She prods.

I can only see out of my left, and I look to her face. She wears make up, her cheeks are bronze. Her eyes caked in a thick red hue. Her hair looks plastic. On her mask, a set of red painted lips.

I respond by looking to the ceiling.

"Can...you not move?" I sense eagerness.

I look back reluctant. I'm sure my face gives me away.

I see her biting her lips under the lace material. Her eyes seem energized.

"That's too bad!..." She pivots, stretching her legs across my bare stomach. I feel the silky pantyhose on me, and the one part of my body that's not sore, perks to life.

Holding the ice to my eye with her left hand, she looks directly down at me as she begins to slowly kick her heels off. I can't help it but watch, then look back to her.

She obviously smiles thru her mask, knowing I'm weak. I immediately regret looking. I try to close my eye to block out her control over me, but I'm melted the second she begins to rub her feet across me.

I hear the swish-swish of her legs rubbing together, and open my eye without thinking. She's bent her knees, holding her feet on my stomach, moving them back and forth.

I hear her giggle, and my eyes shoot back to hers.

"My feet are so sore!" Her eyes taunting me. "Wish someone could help."

She holds her powerful look onto me, and I can only close my eyes.

"Ah-ah-ah!"

My eye goes back to hers. She enjoys my utter helplessness. With her left hand she adjusts the ice on my face, then I hear a familiar snap. My eye goes to her legs, and sees her right hand pull her pantyhose, then letting it snap back to her leg.

My heart jumps, but I can't show my waning spirit. My resistance crumbles under her hosed feet.

"Oh, this feels nice." She says as she continues moving her feet across me. I hear her toes pop; feel them wiggle through the nylon.

I try to move, but my body aches, and the weight of her legs feels massive. I barely move, as my left arm flops weakly at my side.

"Awww, are you trying to get away?...That's so cute!" She mockingly taunts, as she adjusts the ice. Her face looks closer to mine, her eyes just staring holes into my one.

I try to roll away, but her feet push hard into my stomach. My body reacts, and I stifle a groan threw grit teeth. I'm held down by her feet, she holds the ice harder to my eye.

"You're not going anywhere young man. Now, I have a full day planned, and since I'm being so nice, and helping your poor-widdle-eye, were not starting this full day, till I get my foot massage."

My eye looks to my left hand, then shamefully towards her.

"Both hands." She matter of factly states.

This hurts my head just to think of moving my arms, let alone give her a massage, without getting turned on. I'm convincing myself I won't cave. Deep down, I'm already losing the battle.

"Here, I'll even help you get started."

She adjusts herself to take my right hand, popping my shoulder then placing it on her feet. My eyes contemplate, but before I can answer her feet push hard into me again.

"Arrgg." I can't help but groan out in surprise.

"Thinking won't get you out of this. Both. Hands." She now commands, but with a robotic politeness.

My left and right hands struggle, but find her nylon feet. I pick one, her left, and begin massaging with the little strength I have left.

She lets out a little moan, and stretches her foot in my hands. Arching and flexing her foot, feeling it in my hand, I can't help but get excited.

"Mmm, so today, I'm going to take you on a little walkie pooh. Oh don't worry; I know you can't stand, so you're going to crawl for me. Oh! And I have the cutest little dog collar for you. I even got your name engraved..."

She opens her purse, and pulls out a dog leash, showing me. A black studded dog leash, "SLAVE" engraved on a stainless steel plate.

"See?...I even made sure you have your rabies vaccination updated. Figured the little jingle jingle it makes, will let me know where you're at, at all times. Just like a real dog. Ha-ha-ha!"

She moves to attach it around my neck, I stop massaging, and she immediately pushes harder into me with her feet.

The pain causes me to freeze.

"Did I say you could stop? And, I didn't hear a "thank you" for this pretty little necklace I spent a-lot of money on."

My hands reluctantly touch her foot again, she releases her pressure. Then takes the ice from my eye. Leaning in close, I know she's attaching the leash, but her mouth is just inches from mine.

My eye watches her lips; she wets and bites her bottom lip as I feel the leash tightening around my neck. My head refuses to just accept this, twitches loose from her grip.

Her one eyebrow raises, and she stops with the leash. Her hands move around both sides of my jaw, holding my face to hers.

I close my eyes out of resistance.

"You, are, mine, today. You are my cute little broken pet, understand? You, don't get any say today, what you eat, what you do, or how I dress you."

Her breath right in my face. I smell ice breakers. I smell it again. Her lips still close to mine. She doesn't speak, just stays over me.

I open my eye, she's right there. Holding me so close, I swear I'm touching that mask. Her eyes locked into mine. Oh god, I've lost. I want to lean up and kiss her.

She knows.

"You, will call me "mistress."

Something in the sparkle of her eyes, the confidence, or the cockiness; I vow to refuse. I'm sure my face tells her this, because her face changes.

I see "challenge accepted mother fucker" on her face, but in a turned on dominatrix abductor kind of way.

"I know you want to kiss me..."

Her eyes drift to my lips, her face moves back slightly.

She waits a moment before prodding, "What, you're not even going to deny it?"

I give her nothing, blindly massaging her foot, looking to the ceiling. Trying not to look at her face. Trying.

"Come on...Lie to me. I want to see your poker face." Her eyes drift back to mine, waiting for my response.

I don't know what she wants. Me to lie to her and say I don't. Or admit how weak I am, and this fasad of a tough exterior crumbles.

She grows impatient, and pushes hard with both feet into my stomach. I groan out in pain, doubling over, and letting go of her feet. The ice pack slips off my face. I see her grab the leash; both hands attach it roughly around my neck.

It's tight. Then it's really tight. Not play tight anymore, my eye looks scared to her. I see her looking at me, in character. Looking down at me, enjoying her control.

My hands flop to my neck, weakly grabbing at the collar. I numbly feel her hands, holding it tight to me. I try and grab fingers; pulling at them my brain goes numb. And my vision, hearing begin to blur.

My eyes flutter, and I forget about breathing, I just sleep.

What I think is a moment later, I open my eyes. For a second, I forget where I'm at, and what's going on. In that second, I see her, and think she's my lover in another reality.

Her face looks cold towards me. Then I remember, and reality hits.

"You know...the KGB had all sorts of torture methods, we learned about. Easy, little things that leave long lasting effects. Take, oxygen deprivation for example...did you know that one way they used to silence critics of the Kremlin, was to abduct, torture, and make them mentally retarded?"

Cold sweat hits me. My mind.

"In fact, after World War Two, after they took their half of the Nazis not worth executing, they learned all sorts of tricks...if a man can't think, a man can't fight back...Take your beautiful mind for example..."

Her hands tighten their hold on the leash. My eye looks down, then back up to her legitimately scared now.

"If I let you breathe, then deprive you of air..."

Her hands grab tight, my eyes get watery, I gasp for air. Nothing comes. I start to see and hear static.

Then she releases. Air.

"Now, I could do this, over and over, and over again...it wouldn't take that long to make you forget, well, just about anything! I could program you however I wanted!"

My heart is broken, shocked by her twistedness.

I respond without thinking, "You...like me...the way I am."

She contemplates for a moment, "I do?"

"You wouldn't...You want me to be defiant, to make you work-"

Her hands tighten around my neck again, and I can't breathe. I look up to her face, it's focused, intent on breaking me.

I choke out, "If I was...retarded...you wouldn't...have any...fun!"

I see her mind thinking, her hands loosen up slightly. Her head tilts slightly.

"You wouldn't...have any reason...to keep me."

Her hands loosen up, still resting on either side, and I breathe a full breath. I see her mind working to answer this in character.

"We don't have any reason to keep you. You are just a stray that we will keep and play with, for as long as we want."

My left hand clumsily finds its way to my neck, then her hand. She holds it on my neck, still looking into me. My fingers find hers, and try to inner lock themselves into hers. I feel her hand tighten on my skin, and I rest my hand on hers.

"That's...not true!" I want to yell, but it comes out stifled, like a hurt child.

Her eyes mock me, "You, are just a mission. After you are released, you will forget this, us...you will move on with your sad little life, and you won't interfere anymore with the "rise"...Probably get married, kids-"

"Liar!"

Her hands go tight again. I can't breathe, my hand holds onto hers. Her eyes are wild, and mine try to melt through to her soul. They seem to ignore, looking past me, she chokes me harder.

"I-refuse!" I choke out threw grit teeth.

"What?" She playfully looks down to me. "What will you refuse?"

"I won't...forget you...I won't...move on..."

Her hands tighten again.

My eyes watered over, tears run down my face. I'm almost out of breath, but I have to make this statement rush out of me before I lose conciseness.

"I...won't...call...you...mi-"

Everything fades to a peaceful numb. I'm not thinking of her, I'm not worried about air. I'm floating above my body, and I don't have the human attachment to myself.

"You will!"

Her voice snaps me back to reality, and I wake up. Her face is close to mine, her eyes determined, angry. Her face is sour; I see the ugly version of her beautiful face.

"What's my name?" She asks innocently, her face looks to me with curiosity.

"I won't-"

Her hands tighten again. Tears in my eyes. I choke on snot in my throat. I gasp, and twitch inches from her face. The whole time she looks down to me without emotion.

Then air. I suck in so much, I choke on snot. She cuts me off with a slight squeeze from her thumbs.

"What, is, my, name!?"

"I...won't-"

Hands tighten down; eyes watered over to the point all I see is blurry colors. My hand tightens on hers, squeezing it to let her know, I won't resist physically, just mentally. And right now, my physical side is getting his ass whipped.

I open my eyes to her unemotional face, "Name?"

Thru grit teeth, "Bitch. Cunt. Slut-"

She chokes hard; I barely register her grip before I'm out again.

I wake up when my left hand hits the bed, and I forget I can't move. I struggle weakly on the bed, as she looks down on me.

"We are having so-much fun...breaking you!" Her smile shines through the lace mask, it's her genuine smile.

I whimper and make pathetic sounds trying to catch my breath. My hands flop, trying to get me away. I'm legitimately scared, but my terror can't be used as her weapon against me.

Her eyes locked on mine, she retrieves a metal chain leash from her purse. Slowly pulling it, like a clown pulling tissues from a prop.

I see her lean over me, attaching it to my neck. Her mouth, so close, this time my lips tuck in from fear. I hear the snap, and her eyes are on my lips. She leans in closer, and I push into the pillow until I can't get further away. She stays right on me; I see a sparkle in her eyes as she looms right above.

Her right hand tilts my chin up, as she blankly states, "Kiss me. Now."

Hesitant, our eye contact is the only communication before she speaks.

"What will he do?"

She's backed me into a corner, torn between lust and servitude. I want to. Either decision leads to a bad consequence. I cave in and kiss her, but my defiance is just a show. Or defy her, risk more physical abuse, but show her my will is stronger than my weaknesses.

"What would you do?" I whisper out loud before I can stop myself.

Her face isn't deterred by the question, as she ponders her own response.

"I would do as I'm told. Especially in your situation."

"If I cave now, I'll cave on everything."

"I want you crumbled."

Those eyes looking down on me can cut, and she has me in ribbons. Never wanting to leave her gaze.

"There will always be more pain waiting for you...what not enjoy what few pleasures you are given?"

Her words hypnotizing, I start to believe. Start to realize I've withheld myself out of fear of pain. It will come, even when I'm not looking.

"For once in your life, do as you're told."

So I lean the inch up, and our lips touch. A spark of static zaps us both, but I commit, pushing my lips gently into hers. She answers back with a slow, passionate kiss. Holding me into the bed, I melt and let out lips do the conversation. The mask blocks our tongues like a lace fence.

 She pulls away, slow. Staying just out of reach. Allowing me to struggle to keep her connected to me. Her smile, letting me know her enjoyment, watching me want her.

"That's better. Now, it's time for some exercise. Come on."

She grabs her heels and spins off the bed, pulling on the chain in the process. Standing, she spins back towards me, arm flared back, legs pointed in a dance pose. I'm jerked upwards, then falling towards her, I tumble off the bed.

My body screams in pain, I can only raise myself on my elbows and knees; twitching in blinding pain as I hear her drop her shoes in my face.

"Be a dear."

Her right foot rises off the ground and arches impatiently in my face. I slowly look up to her, as she's fetching a stun gun from her purse.

"Oh, do hurry. I don't want to ruin our day."

She smiles a genuine broad smile. I study her face, the smile, her eyes, completely honest. I realized a long time ago, you can't argue with crazy. I reluctantly accept playing along is my best, and only option.

I grab each of her heels, and carefully Cindarellaing each foot in its shoe. After finishing she stabs me in my back with her heel. I'm pushed down, unable to fight back. Looking up, I see her checking her heels and hose.

Before I know it, I'm jerked forward, crawling, faster than my weakened body can keep up with. My chin hits the hard ground, and the sound of my teeth clanking causes her to turn in surprise.

"Oh wow, you are in bad shape." I hear her sincerely state.

I gather myself, and feel her grab my chin. My face is lifted, and she checks my mouth.

"Making sure you didn't bite your tongue off. Come-come." Her voice fluctuates in tone as she leads me.

I crawl behind her; the chain pulls with no slack. I'm led to the table, and I feel her jerk up. I see a sly smile from over her shoulder.

"Stay."

She leans over and pushes the leash handle into my mouth, then pushes my jaw closed. My eyes glare up in response.

She pauses, smiling broadly. I'm sure she's taking a mental snapshot of me.

She giggles, and then walks into the darkness, returning with a metal chair in her arms. She sets it at the table, and then squats in front of me. Her face swoons seeing me, simmering but unable to stop her. Her right hand strokes my chin, and then fetches the handle from my mouth.

"Think you can stand?"

With my anger bleeding thru, I spit out, "Yeah, want a lap dance as well?"

I see her mind taking in my response, her thinking about her next words carefully before responding.

"You know, I'm not even supposed to tell you this, but...we had a bet, between us girls...It was to see which one you would fall in love with first...It’s so obvious...I won...its, kinda sad actually...Is it my looks?...Are you in love with my longing looks?"

I can't help it but inside I'm fuming. Her words, her every venomous word, stings.

She strokes my cheek, her face looking at me with pity.

"I told her, I bet that when he goes home, he'll get married to the first girl who looks like me. We even have a bet on how long till you settle down after this. I bet she'll be some sad Iowa City bar whore...someone tough enough to remind you of her, but looks like me."

She stands, facing away from me, continuing to poke and stab.

"She said, after us, he would spend his life searching for us...I don't know what's sadder...but I'm sure you'll find out...You can't surprise us."

That's it. I snap. Taking everything I have I lunge upwards at her. My body fragile, hurting everywhere. I have barely enough strength to tackle her at the waist.

She anticipates, catching me with ease, and spinning us both. I land in the chair and already regretting playing into her bait.

She snaps my right wrist in handcuffs, then to the chair. Walking behind me, I hear her heels clicking in my right ear, then in my left. The metal jingles, and I don't resist when she snatches my left wrist.

The chair is hard, no padding. My boney ass adds another shooting pain in my body. She secures my other wrist, and then begins to slowly circle me. Her eyes never leaving mine.

"Well, that was pathetic. I thought you were supposed to be smart...that was too easy. You can't be that weak! I think you wanted me to throw you around. "

My head begins to spin, as the exhaustion kicks in. The sunlight shining off the table is brightened in the dark room. Every couple of seconds I see her pass left to right. Always staring at me. In character, poking me.

"When was the last time you ate?"

"Is your tum-tum growling yet?"

"I spent all day preparing dinner, and you had to be late!"

I never respond, just look at her with my good eye.

She walks out of the room, disappearing into darkness, and I feel alone.

I look around the dark room, not seeing much. Everything is shades of black. The sunlight blinds most of the room. Except to my left, my left I can see the wall is stone wallpaper. In one of the "mortar crevasses" I can see a small black glass circle.

A camera.

I don't know if the blonde is watching, but it doesn't matter. I have to show whoever watches, I may be down, but I still have fangs.

"Are you watching monster?" I ask the camera, unsure if my words will be heard.

I hear the brunette's heels clicking on the floor, and my head hangs back down. Not letting her know, I know where the camera is.

From out of the darkness she emerges carrying a covered stainless steel plate. She sets it down in front of me, and it shines blindingly in my face. Pained, I look away, and up to her. She smiles then pulls the lid off.

Food! Real fucking food! Steak. Potato. Beans. What the fuck do I have to do or say to get that shoved in my mouth?

"You were out with her, weren't you?"

"I can practically see it on your face."

"Tell me you love me...and I can forget it."

Her face wants to hear me say it. A hand strokes my chin.

I pause on the word "me".

Her face starts to crack. Starts to show waning patience.

"I...love...you...both."

Her face tells all. That's not the answer she wants. Her smile is gone, and her lips disappear behind the painted lips of the mask. Her eyes are cold, then look away to slam the metal back down on the plate.

The clang of metal is loud and I miss the first of what she says.

"-LOVE, BOTH of us!? BOTH, like YOU think you get to have either of us! You can just wait a little longer for dinner then!"

She gets up furious, wanting to say more, she paces in front of me.

"You know she has less of an attachment to you than I do? She wanted to leave you out there, like a dog! To freeze! And I said no!"

She gets right in my face. Hers, angry but determined to know why. Grabbing my face, she shoves it into hers.

"She punched you!"

"I know-"

"Slapped you in your face!"

"I know!"

"How, how, HOW can you still love her!?"

"I don't...know, it's just a body...a shell."

"What do you even know about her!? Tell me, what's her name? What's my name!? "

"We have some...something more. A spark. We can't help it, were attracted to each other. The butterflies in the stomach. Eyes never leaving each other. That spark when we touch. I want to know everything about you, the both of you. You know this. I've begged you both, for anything, any-thing about your pasts. You mock, and taunt me. Have I ever not accepted you, for who, what you are?"

Out of anger she lets go, and starts to walk away.

"The three of us...we have...something more than just the...physical."

She pauses, back turned to me. Her head turns, and I see her eye looking down. Contemplating. Her hand slowly moves to the table.

Her face glows in the sunlight. Silhouette of her body, mixed with the sun's rays, makes my view of her majestic. Artistic even. I wish I could pause this moment, and tell her how gorgeous she is in this moment.

Her hand grabs the lid from the serving tray, and she finally looks back to me.

"Let's see if that spark gets you fed."

She removes the lid from the plate, and walks away without looking back. She slowly saunters out, her heels clicking away from me into darkness. Then she's clicking up the wooden stairs. And I hear the metal latch locking.

I'm alone, facing a delicious meal I can only enjoy with my one eye.

I want to escape, to sleep. So I tuck my chin, and try. Try to ignore the food in front of me. Before I know it, I'm asleep. Nothing hurts. All is calm, and I'm comfortable.

Chapter 21

Sunday

A wall of lit up screens light a darkened room. Security cameras for the entire family estate. A compound now.

After her time enlisted, her experiences, her loss. She came home to the wealth she had known her whole life.

Only "mother" was left after "William" had passed. She was the youngest heir of a wealthy cattle ranching family that had many farms in four different states.

She wasn't like other wealthy heiress’s; she was a "tom-boy" in world porcelain princesses. She was dirty, hands on, helping "fathers" ranch hands at five am from an early age.

"Mother" seemed indifferent, never understanding her need to do more. Not relishing, enjoying her life of luxury.

No, "mother" never understood who she was, "father" knew, and pushed her to work hard, so being allowed to enjoy more, was the trade.

"Your life of spoils came off of someone else's hard work, don't ever forget that."

That's one life lesson he instilled.

"William", "mother's" second husband instilled, "some things matter more."

Money.

But to her, money was the strife of the world. It's what everyone worked for, slaved away their lives for, all so they could buy things.

Both are gone. "William" by stroke four years ago. "Father" was taken in a car accident when she was 17.

He was gone before she could tell him she had enlisted. He would have been proud. Her test scores, elevating her above most.

"Mother" was distraught enough.

The time away, the distance, "mother" was changed. Within the year, "William" was introduced to the family, and the accounts.

Luckily for "mother", "William" cared and actually took "father's" money and tripled it.

"Mother" was already fabulously wealthy. "William" made it so "mother" could live on every continent, travel whenever, and never work a day in her life, again. Money was never a worry, or something her family ever thought about. Not after investing heavily in private military contracting sectors.

War equals money.

A sad fact of today's society.

The "compound" covers over 1,000 acres. This was "mother's" gift for "not dying out there."

The one home she knew, grew up in. "Mother" had obviously moved on. Handing over the land, the mineral rights, the mansion, stables, the crew; all like it was nothing. A multi-million dollar estate.

"William" had got her accustomed to the east coast. They traveled throughout Europe, always living lavishly.

Buying mansions, just to own them. Over the years, the different countries, she had lost count of the stamps on "mother's" passport.

The blonde comes into the small ten by ten room, fifty screens showing different views. She sets a steaming cup of coffee down on the counter in front of them, then sets down in a leather chair.

Still wet from her morning shower, her silk robe clings to her every inch. She watches the three monitors cover the torture room.

She sets forward, realizing he has company already. She freed him. He now lies on the bed, being tortured by her "love". Her feet grinding into his stomach. He, unable to move.

The coffee is at its perfect temp, finally, and she takes large gulps of the delicious mixture.

Curious, she asks out loud, "What are you up to?"

She smiles after turning up the volume on the closest camera.

"Oh!" She says in surprise watching tumble off the bed, wearing only his boxers and a dog leash.

Pivoting on the chair, she watches the next screen, adjusting its volume louder. She watches with a voyeur’s sense of eagerness to see what's next. Turned on, one hand makes its way south.

Her control over him. Watching him slowly bend to her will. Something she does gets him.

Last night’s frustration, led to a great night’s sleep, and seeing him now, wavering to the "good cop".

He's on the brink of giving in. She feels it.

That feeling of control. Dominance. Ownership.

They all are her sex kryptonite. The things that turn her on that she can never explain, just wanted. Always.

"Their" relationship, "the brunette" was different. She introduced "control" to her. Her BDSM secret was finally opened up to the right one. She understood her, and it. Even taught her trading, giving and receiving.

Their relationship developed, by a series of unfortunate events.

The brunette's sister was the key. She and the blonde were the only two cadets in their class.

"Andrea" or "Dre".

They saw action. Fallujah. Un-officially. Even after the insurgents attacked their convoy.

After they took her from the world, "Dre" dying in her arms.

Life was shaded grey after the only sister she had ever wanted, now taken, forever. Cold, difficult to finish her time. A darkness inside was brought to life. A world of man's control sickened and influenced her every decision.

Innocents were taken indiscriminately without cares of feeling or remorse. She found ways to elevate herself, her status and influence. All with meaningless flesh and sex.

Once you lose your anchor, nothing can tether you in the safe shallows.

Her darkness got her out and alive in a country still controlling and manipulating women subvertly.

The person who came back was her, but it was the focused dark version.

She had no true friends. Just aristocrats enjoying the democrat influence over the country.

Family and siblings had moved on, lives, kids, their own dynasty to run under the family name.

Coming here, home, "mother" came, finally, three months into her taking over the daily operations of the ranch.

The hurt her mother felt, "the betrayal of character" she once said, had built the wall between the two, which could never be scaled.

Living life, not reveling in the family name was some kind of black eye her mother was slow to heal from.

She remembers the fight, the traded words. They never really understood each other, and the last fight caused the divide that still exists.

Not enough to dump the estate that forced "mother" to remember him.

Six million dollar property, handed over like it was a burden, with no celebration. Just "sign this paper and you can stay here forever since you want to live in the past."

She was sure "mother" knew of her bi-sexuality. Not wanting to know or understand that either. To "mother" relationships were one way.

"The gays can have Las Vegas, why do they need to rub it everyone's faces?!" She overheard her say in passing when she was younger.

"You know it's spreading, the gays, Oregon will be the next to fall." Over a phone call to someone just like her.

Remembering different statements "mother" would say made over the years, could be woven into the republican bible. Both sides have always made her sick, for various reasons. Why anyone would blindly side with one side always confounded her.

In the months of darkness, work, and isolation from attachments, one person lit the night and brought her back to shore.

"Dre's" sister. Out of nowhere, and it all started with a letter. Wanting to know, wanting to know her real sisters last month's of life. The pain, the trials, her never wavering spirit in the heart of terror.

Hell has a front door, and it's a desert the size of a country.

Their correspondence eventually led to emails, then more. A phone call. Her voice for the first time.

It was a younger "Dre". Maybe a little more naive, innocent, awkward.

This bond, this friendship led to a cross country flight. Their first meeting.

It was love at first sight.

They both knew it. Months of deeply personal letters and emails, allowed a sisterly bond, a trust she hadn't experienced since "Dre".

All of "Dre's" strengths, her sister hadn't developed yet. It was her "duty" to bring it out. The focus, the confidence, the drive, she watches on the screen now, was buried deep years ago.

Now, she can watch her dominate him for hours, with an excitement resembling foreplay. She tingles, and pleasures herself, stretched out in the comfy chair.

The brunette eyes the different cameras, and then stares into the closest one. Her eyes light up, not knowing if she's being watched.

"You know, I'm not even supposed to tell you this, but...we had a bet, between us girls...It was to see which one you would fall in love with first..."

"You bitch." The blonde smiles using one, then two fingers on herself.

She switches her view to behind the two. Noticing his body tense at her spiteful prodding.

"Watch it girl." Her awareness heightening.

In a flash, he lunges upwards, and is caught, spun, and sat down in the restraint chair.

Watching her handle him like a pet, drives her to go harder-faster. The control over him in his weakened state causes ripples of orgasm to come at her like dripping water.

He looks broken, beaten, and unable to hold his head up as she circles him. Like a vulture circling its next meal.

She lifts his chin with one finger, and his face is lit up, showing his bruised face.

One eye looks up to the brunette reluctantly.

His face, now ugly and broken, horrifies her. Immediately her excitement, her "personal time" has passed. Seeing his face, her dirty work, suddenly, it's not "fun" anymore.

Suddenly, she sees herself as a monster, a cruel version of her own mother. Just one without the verbal violence. Seeing the results of her physical side, dries up any feelings of desire.

His face is centered in the monitor, and she slowly zooms in close. Her hand remembers the stinging pain it felt, hitting his face. It moves to touch his face in the screen.

His left eye finds the camera, and looks at it for a moment taking her breath away in surprise.

It looks back down to the table in front of him, defeated.

The brunette disappears from the cameras, and he sets alone for a moment.

She watches him set alone. Not knowing what comes next. Vulnerable, unable to move or get free, he waits helplessly. His one eye wonders around the room, coming back to the camera she watches on.

His croaky voice breaks the silence.

"Are you watching monster?"

His head hangs, but his eye focused razor sharp on the small black lens. His face distorted, evil, exhausted. A drip of spit hangs from his bottom lip.

She sets in shock for a moment as he looks into the camera.

Through another monitor, the brunette returns with a covered plate. Carrying it in both arms, her eyes watches him as she comes closer.

She sets it down, standing next to him; she pulls the lid off, revealing a full plate of food.  A slab of stake, a baked potato, and a side of baked beans.

His face looking to the plate, eyes it, then her again.

"You were out with her, weren't you?"

"I can practically see it on your face."

The blonde sets forward, interested where this is going.

"Tell me you love me...and I can forget it."

Her face is slightly put off by the last statement, confused.

He waits a moment, then causes her heart to skip a beat. The first time a man has done that in a very long time.

"I...love...you...both."

She can't help but smile to herself.

She’s angry, and slams the lid back onto the metal plate.

KLAANG!

"You, you love, both of us!? Both, like you think you get to have either of us! You can just wait a little longer for dinner then!"

She's pacing, just like "Dre". She's really angry.

"You know she has less of an attachment to you than I do? She wanted to leave you out there, like a dog! To freeze! And I said no!"

She grabs him by the collar. Inches from his face, but miles from giving in to him.

"She punched you! Slapped you in your face! How, how, how can you still love her!? What do you even know about her!? Tell me, what's her name? What's my name!? "

His response will be everything.

"I don't...know, it's just a body...a shell. We have some...something more. A spark. We can't help it, were attracted to each other. The butterflies in the stomach. Eyes never leaving each other. That spark when we touch. I want to know everything about you, the both of you. You know this. I've begged you both, for anything, any-thing about your pasts. You mock, and taunt me. Have I ever not accepted you, for who, what you are?"

She stares at him with ferocious anger, then let's go. She wants to hit him. She wants to yell at him.

"The three of us...we have...something more than just the...physical."

Goosebumps run down her arms when he says it, matter of fact. His face, sure of his words. It's not an act, or a ruse. He genuinely believes it.

She turns from him, looking directly into one of the cameras; the blonde adjusts her seat to watch both, until the brunette lips the words,

"Told you. You're move."

She turns her head towards him slightly, holding this moment.

She takes the lid, then turns to him, "Let's see if that spark gets you fed."

The blonde watches the brunette exit the room, and hears her heels clicking closer to her. The basement door opens, and then she looks over; the two make eye contact, sharing a smile. The door closes, and latches locked.

The brunette takes off her heels, and comes over. She sets in her lap. Her smile, enticing her. But the image of his bruised face etched in her mind, causes the distance in her kiss.

She doesn't have to say anything. The two separate and her gaze drifts to the screen. His face on display, he doesn't make a sound. Just head rising with breath, his eyes scanning environment.

"Are you not having fun?" She hears the question from over her left shoulder.

"I was." Not finishing her thought, she has to get up. Causing her to shift and get up frustrated.

She moves to leave the room when her words stop her, causing her to turn and look back.

"What if?"

"What if, what?" Already knowing where she's being led.

"What if, he's right...we're not "normal"...Just, what if?"

Her face has to say it without speaking it out loud.

"All I'm saying is...what if? Don't tell me you haven't considered it. It's okay. Seriously-"

"What if!? What if, he's just acting!? Just saying anything to get free!? To expose us! To expose everything!? Think!"

"This is just a job-"

"Exactly! This is just a job!"

"Babe, it's just a job...we don't need money...Let them continue their little war, we can live however we want-"

"You're not afraid of becoming a target!? You don't know the people we work for-"

"You do...I get that, but we've done enough...we've given them enough to win if they want...Think about not having to do this anymore...Wake up, and enjoy what we've been given for once."

Her eyes pleading with mine.

"I know you think about it all the time..." She continues, "...your nightmares, just think about being able to let go, now, not later when you're told to. Fuck em...Fuck, them."

It's my turn to take a walk. Her words strike me. So willing to leave now, when the battle is almost won. For what? A man.

I travel downstairs, still taken by her. I have to see him, to look him dead in the eyes. To know if he's worth it.

Chapter 22

Sunday, little later.

"Ping-slice, slice, slice. Ping-slice, slice, slice. Ping-slice, slice, slice."

I try to open my eyes, but I'm blindfolded. I continue to hear someone cutting the steak on the plate in front of me. I hear them close, moving around me. I hear bare feet on concrete.

My head goes up, and looks around. Whoever it is, she'll notice soon enough.

She finishes cutting the steak, then whispers in my ear.

"What did you mean, when you said we have something more than just the physical?"

My head turns in her direction. She's close. I can feel her just to my left.

"You don't...feel it to?" I ask, "Like, you know me...more than just what your files say...you know how I'm going to respond to all your crazy, and yet all I have is a black eye, a little starved...If this was a real abduction, I would be dead by now...You know I have no money, no family...Why else am I still alive?"

She doesn't respond for a moment. And I start to second guess my choice of words.

"Open your mouth." She whispers in my ears.

I'm hesitant, not sure of what's going in.

Then it touches my lips. A small piece of steak and the familiar A1 spicy tang hits my dry lips. It stings, but so delicious at the same time. My moan is muffled by the juicy meat and sauce. The first "food" I've had in over a day.

"You know we can't...this is a job. Just, a job."

I shake my head no in defiance. Not going to win verbally.

She waits for me to swallow, before lightly touching my lips with forkfuls of food, never responding with more. I feel her right hand on my neck, as she silently feeds me.

After a couple of moments of this intimacy, her hand moves away.

"What's your-"

She cuts me off by shushing me in my ear, and sticking another mouthful in.

After another bite, there is a pause, then the food is to my mouth. The baked potato. I taste the potato, butter, chalk.

Chalk?

Drug! No!

"No! Your-"

She shoves another mouthful in, as I try to spit it out. Her hand covers my mouth. I'm resisting, restrained, pretty much fucked.

With half a mouthful of food, I speak threw her closed hand, "You're drugging me?!"

"Mommy and mommy have some things to discuss." She calmly states in a low voice.

"You tried to lie to me, after I'm nothing but honest-"

"You need food, and real sleep. We haven't been...particularly nice to you, let's call this a night off."

"So just trust the kidnapper, and take the mystery drug she sneaks in my meal!? Tell me again which one you are? The one who punches me when we have a breakthrough or the one who ruins my career!?"

"I'm...not sorry for...a lot of things I've done in my life. What I've done for the movement. Some parts of my past, heh, some of the guys I blackmailed. I took down a four star general...but for some reason...I am sorry for punching you."

The blonde.

"I...truly am. I don't know why?! I mean, you're a man; you can take a punch, right? Why is it, this stupid-smart ass-defiant-NERD, keeps me...excited? Keeps me questioning...I don't know what this is becoming, but you're going to have to trust me... Here, last bite."

Before I can resist, it's forked into my mouth. She holds my jaw shut, and I hang my head down, chewing reluctantly.

Her words start drowning out as I start to feel a little vertigo. The blindfold isn't helping.

"I'm also sorry, but I drugged the A-1...It does a great job of concealing...You might be feeling it already."

"I'm...no. Don't...don't do this."

"Too late."

"Your...whyyou do this?"

Words not right. My heads bobbing. I'm fucked.

"Don't lemme fall in the food."

"You're fine."

"Tellme-somthinn."

"What, Mr. Slurs"

"Anyfang...yuu...yuu drugged me, makeme sleep bettrr."

 My head is swimming. I swear I'm hearing the ocean. Waves crashing over and over. I can't remember if my eyes are open or closed. My pain is gone; my body is going numb, with tingles in my feet and hands.

"Your sources are still alive. No one knows yet."

In between crashing waves, I hear her.

Crash.

"I'm not sorry we took you."

Crash.

I see an ocean I'm falling towards. And my face lands on a comfy pillow.

Crash.

Chapter 23

Sunday, late.

I'm awoken in the middle of the night. My head jerks up, and its pitch black. Someone moves around the room, then behind me. I feel the cuffs loosened from my left wrist, until it’s free. I move slightly and the pain is immense. Then my right is free, and I'm being grabbed, pulled up. My right arm is thrown over her and she carries me a couple steps, then drops me on the bed.

My body bounces lifelessly, shockwaves of pain each time my body hits the bed. I can barely move, gasping in surprise by every joint coming to screaming life.

I hear her walking away, so I rush out a "Wait."

Her footsteps stop, and I breathe through pain before continuing.

"Why-"

"That's enough from your mouth tonight." Her steps come back to me.

The brunette.

I expect pain from somewhere in the dark, flinching when she sets next to me. She says nothing as I feel a blanket being pulled over my shoulder.

"But-"

"Ssshhhh." She quietly stops me.

Out of the dark her hand strokes my face. I can't help but flinch. She sets with me, beginning to moan gently a tune. Her fingers stroke, gently touching my face. Feeling it with her fingertips. Sharp little nails dragging on my flesh.

It softens me, making my eyes flutter. I try to resist after it's too late. I sink back into the black, curling around her, wanting to keep her close. In my sleep I think I feel her curl up behind me. Holding me like her little spoon. I feel my hand in hers; instinct locks her fingers into mine.

It all fades to nothing as I go under. I sleep better than I have ever slept in my life. Even after I wake in the middle of the night, after she has long left. Her side of the bed is cold, and I look around, hoping someone is there. The room feels empty, and I lie back down when my body reminds me of how much pain I'm going to wake to soon enough.

A little hurt, I stretch out and fall back asleep.

Chapter 24

Monday

"Lonesome Tears"

I open my eyes and my whole body aches. I'm on the bed in the basement. It's dark in the room, only lit by the ground level window. My shoulders are so sore I cannot use them to push myself up. My stomach is so sore, setting up requires me to roll to my side. Those fucking bitches.

I flash back to the last two days. Punishment. Suspended in bondage, and tortured by kindness. I wanted to scream, they loved every second of control. Me unable to fight.

I hear the door lock from above before her bare feet come one by one down to the concrete. My whole body hurts; I only look with my eyes. It's a moment before her figure is blurry at the edge of clear vision unlocking the torture room door.

I can still see it's the blonde wearing a pink silk bathrobe, and a lace mask. Her bare feet smack across the concrete floor. She stands a foot away from me, without any energy, I glare up to her.

Her eyes look me over, then catch mine, giving me a look of "come on, get up" without saying it.

I shoot lasers from my eyes as a response. One she picks up on, and barely acknowledges. I'm pulled up, forced to stand weakly next to her. My pride pushes me away from her, when she tries to offer me an arm.

Another decision I immediately regret.

I fall back to the bed clumsily. I hear her scoff, then my vision is blinded. She knots the blindfold tight, making me growl.

Before I can protest, my left arm is thrown over her shoulder, and I'm hoisted up. Being walked like a wounded soldier out of the torture room. My feet slapping the ground all the way to the wooden stairs. My body move awkward, stiff.

She lifts me upwards, and I struggle to even find a way to resist her leverage over me. A complete lack of strength in my body causes my feet to drag over each of the sixteen steps upwards.

Ten stumbling steps over hardwood, then eight over lamanent. Another set of steps, this one soft with carpet. Another thirteen steps upwards and I'm blindly walking on plush carpet for twenty six steps. The little light bleeding through my blindfold lets me know its day, the piercing white coming from the windows we pass.

I'm walked back to tile. Expensive, heated tile.

She turns, setting me down with a twist on a toilet.

"You have five minutes. Don't touch the blindfold...Do you need me to get your pants to?"

I don't respond, shooting her an evil look under my blindfold. My right hand waves her away with disgust, and I hear the door shut soon after.

She comes back in when I flush. I'm trying to stand blindly, when she catches me in her arms.

"No, I haven't...washed." I feel myself say stupidly.

She ignores, instead asking, "Can you lean here?"

I nod slightly confused, as she lets go of me. I lean into the wall next to me, unable to stand on my own. The sound of the tub turning running gets my attention, and I look in its direction without asking. I hear her spark a lighter multiple times.

Soon the tub fills; I can feel the heat washing over me. Warm humid air. The sound of water filling becomes deeper and deeper, then she kills the faucet. The overhead light dims, the room darkens, with tiny dots of light. Candles, I guess.

I stand unsure, until I feel her lifting the shirt from me. I try to weakly protest, but she easily takes more from me. Then it's the sweatpants. Socks. And finally she rips my boxers from me.

I'll admit it. I'm turned on, but I cover myself. Slightly embarrassed. She stripped me, carried me, like I was nothing.

I hear her, "The water is hot. Big step, okay?"

I try to say, "Wait" but I'm stepping up three steps, then into hot water. She steps in with me, and it's deeper than I expect. A whirlpool? A spa?

She stands right with me, until we're both in. My semi erect cock bounces off the hot water, and I have to cover and protect him from the searing water. She slowly lowers me deeper until I'm in up to my chest. I moan out in pain and pleasure as the hot water burns. Feels like ecstasy lava, swallowing me up to my neck.

She moves behind me, and then pulls me into her. We set together, our naked bodies intertwined. Her legs straddling mine, she pulls me back and I don't resist. Her left hand pushes my chin back until my head rests on her shoulder.

I want to say something, and my throat begins to croak out a "why?" before she silences me.

Whispering in my ear, I hear, "No words. Okay?"

I slightly nod, not breaking our new deal.

After a couple of relaxing minutes, she begins to wash me. Starting with my back, I moan every time I feel the sponge run over me. She pulls me back into her, washing my shoulders, arms. I feel her hands run over my arms, her fingers soapy, she interlocks with mine. I feel her brush my nails, scrubbing my hands with something rough.

I feel uncomfortable leaning on her, and slowly pull away from her. Wanting to set on my own. She pulls me back into her, tightly this time. Even growling before releasing me.

She hand washes my legs, lifting them, and scrubbing every inch. She grabs and cleans my cock, like it's just another appendage. My hands try to stop her, but she moves directly, and faster than I can stop. She washes my chest, then pulls my soapy body to hers.

We set together, our bodies’ one. I hear her begin to hum, as she holds me close. After a couple of peaceful minutes, she turns on the jets. I groan out blindly, she answers with a similar acknowledging moan.

We both lean back, letting the water swallow more of us. Enjoying the silence and the jets until I blindly allow my arms to float in the water. I let my pain ravaged body float, our bodies stewing in foam and bubbles.

Eventually the jets click off, I guess by timer as her arms are still wrapped around mine, I make a silent frowny face, knowing fun time is over.

She sighs, then I feel her get up behind me. Water drips on my shoulders; I feel her sloshing the water with her movement. I hear the drain pulled, the water drains around me.

I slowly stand up without an order. I feel her eyes on me, as I blindly reach out. I'm sure she's holding out when my hand bumps into a towel. Drying myself in the draining tub, I feel her hand on my shoulder. She helps me out of the tub, even taking the towel and wiping my back for me.

I feel something heavy on my shoulders, I reluctantly accept. She takes my arm, fishing the bathrobe on me. My legs feel a breeze, chuckling to myself; I feel no material around my legs.

I'm wearing a female's bathrobe.

Her giggle makes me smile; I tongue a tooth to protect from blushing. My legs start cramping, ruining the moment. I reach out, finding the cabinet next to me. Leaning doesn't take away the pain, and she's there the second my face shows pain.

"Come on." I hear her say gently in my ear.

My left arm is over her shoulder again, and she leads me back through the house. Back down the carpeted stairs, across the hardwood. I hear the basement door open, and we descend together.

Each step is slow, with the cramps running throughout both legs. I hear myself laugh, surprised by the increasing pain. Our steps come faster; she rushes me across the concrete.

I know where we're headed, and my frustrated breaths aren't ignored.

"Stop pouting, we can't spend all day taking bubble baths."

We take a couple more steps in unison before she lowers me to the bed. My head lands on the pillow, her weight giving away she sets next to me. I hear her filling a glass, then offering it to my lips. Holding myself up, I savagely drain the glass of water. Not allowing her to take it from me.

"Gez."

I turn my head in her direction, without offering any rebuttal. There's a second before she asks almost laughing.

"Are you going to speak?"

"You said no words." I respond with an error of coyness.

There's a pause, I feel her smile.

"That I did."

Her hand strokes my hair; I hear the glass set on the headboard above me.

"What would have happened if I hit upload?"

"I know you wouldn't so-"

"What if I did?" I cut her off, "Would it have changed anything?"

She doesn't respond.

"I didn't think so." I say with a hint of anger.

She still doesn't respond, setting right next to me.

I'm still bitter at being manipulated by her.

"Typical." I shoot, shaking my head.

I feel her change. Sense her anger. Hear her snort.

"What do you seriously think is going to happen?" She cuts. "That we can magically ride off into the sunset together? Jesus, think with your brain, not your dick!"

She gets up, and I blindly reach out. Snatching her at the wrist.

"Why can't-"

Her hand stops me in mid thought, pinning me to the bed by my neck. My hands instinctively want to stop her, but I will them to my sides. I can't stop the clenched fists.

"Why can't you just accept, we, don't want you!?"

"Tell...a lie...enough."

Her grip tightens, and I hear her laugh out of frustration.

"I will make you hate me, if it's the last thing I do!" She venomously spits at me.

Her face is right in mine; I feel saliva shot onto my face. She's lording over, I feel her weight pressing down on my throat.

"Resort to your...programming...solider girl?" I spit through grit teeth. "Surprised you didn't respond...with your fists this time!...Oh-wait."

I hear her growl out of frustration.

"Go ahead...prove me right...I'm not the liar."

She roughly spins me over, grabbing my left arm and pinning it behind me with all her weight. She stretches me, and it takes everything not to scream out.

"She only hits me, cause she loves me!" I say in a mocking tone, "Argghh!"

"You just have to keep pushing-"

"Its...fucking...obvious."

"...and pushing me!

She lifts me up, pulling my twisted arm with enough force; I'm pulled along wherever she leads.

"You're mad at yourself...for having feelings...no matter what you do to distance yourself! You feel-"

"You, haven't even begun to feel what I can do!"

She marches me across the room, and I see the light of the torture room bleed through my blindfold. I stop suddenly. She jerks up hard on my arm. I turn to my left to counter her leverage.

I spin free, but she shoots in, taking my legs from me. We tumble to the ground, and I feel her arms flailing, trying to get control over mine. She grabs a wrist, I take one of hers.

Were crawling over concrete. I'm on my back, trying to get distance, but she stays right on me. We wrestle on the ground. I hear her frustrated grunts, as I wrestle blind.

She gets control, then I roll and take it from her. Her grip on my wrist is gone, and instantly I feel a shot to my gut. It pushes the air from me, and I lose control.

I'm rolled back to the ground, I feel pinned next to the wall. She uses a knee to my chest, as her hands grab at me. My wrist flops around, desperately avoiding her grip.

Elbow pushes my face into the wall. I taste shredded gums. Bloody, sticky saliva. Her boney elbow pushes into my mouth.

My face jerks free, we struggle to get each other's wrists. I feel her frustration mounting, as she intensifies her fight. Her grunts turn to growls. She slams my right hand into the wall.

Her hair is in my mouth, using her head to push my face. I taste chemicals on my dry tongue. Both her hands shoot to my left. One holds my wrist to the wall, the other struggles for something. My right hand can't get in to stop her, as I feel my left being pushed.

I hear the familiar snap of handcuffs, and my left is locked to something. Her weight shifts on me, and her hands find my right wrist. I struggle with everything, but she overpowers me, yanking my wrist up. Before I can protest, her hands hold and secure me.

"No!" I gasp out.

I'm setting, stuck to the wall.

We both pant after the workout. Still setting on me, she's slow to get up.

"This, this is for, for your own good..." She tries convincing us both, "...I'm going to make...make you forget. It's the only way."

She gets up, leaving me.

"No!" I call out, hearing her in the other room.

She comes stomping back to me. And I'm nervous. My ears strain to hear what's she's doing next to me. Then she's right in front of me, I feel her pinch my arm.

I scream, "Don't, don't, don't fucking do this! Don't take this from me! Please!"

I struggle in her grasp, struggle to not stay still for her, spitting anything I can. Not wanting to be stuck with whatever drugs they have.

"You mean everything, everything to me!"

I feel the needle at my skin, and I'm blubbering, scared.

"Don't, don't, don't, if I, if I, I have to, to remember you, so I don't, don't make any more videos...you can't...can't make me forget...I have to remember this...to keep you safe...even...even if it's...not with me."

She says nothing, as the sharp needle tip is removed. Her touch is gone.

"I have to remember you...for the rest of my shity life; I have to remember you two."

I hear her angry breaths. She waits a moment before getting up; I can feel her eyes staring heat vision beams at me.

My heart feels like it's been run through the grinder. Such a tornado of destruction. A roller coaster with free falls. I thought yesterday was the bottom, but now, now I realize my true punishment, is that I can't forget them ever. What I've seen, been through. I can't be in their lives. I can't be their love. Now, I realize my punishment. My true punishment. I have to hold onto them without getting anything for all of this.

"Mission accomplished...You got what they wanted. My silence."

Just not the way they planned.

My head drops, as I'm left broken all over again. Twice in two days by the same girl. Funny how love can do that.

She stays a couple of minutes, as I set wallowing in silent self pity.

"Why are you still here!?" I finally snap at her, "Go celebrate your hard fought victory! Another man broken!"

She doesn't respond verbally, but I hear her feet slowly walk away. I feel the room empty and hollow again. In front of me, the door closes softly. It latches slowly, then all is silent.

I sat for a moment before my rage builds, thinking how easy it was to wear me down. Using sex and taboo to control me. I scream out, pulling and jerking my body away from the wall. Like a caged beast, I cry out a guttural roar as I pull and jerk my wrists. I stand, and pull at the wall, using a foot to push. Then both feet with all my weight behind it.

Fail. Nothing but pain, and sweaty struggling.

I lean in, and pull the blindfold from my face as I continue my rage. Jerking, and ripping the handcuffs at the wall anchor holding me. Nothing works, and I scream out as loud and as long as my spent lungs will allow.

It's not as fierce, or long as I want. It never is, when I get to that point.

I slink back to ground exhausted and defeated. My arms, shoulders stretched and burning from yanking against metal. Again, not the smartest guy in the room.

At least I can see, my stupid brain gleefully reminds me in my sad state. I'm facing the door. I notice it has a peep hole for the first time looking in my direction. The bed, the soft, cozy, amazing bed is to my left. The same one I stupidly talked myself out of relaxing in for the rest of the day.

Instead, I had to push and pry. End up on my ass, literally.

I think of her, the blonde. I see her smile in my mind. How can this girl have such a control over my heart? Over my own mind? I've given up; allowed them to beat me, break me. Stop me.

Yet here I am, glutton of stupidity, thinking of "what's best". I don't want to say goodbye to them, to this, but at some point, we all wake up. Dreams are nice for some. I guess mine, are just impossible.

I sat for awhile, thoughts rambling over the previous two days on a loop. Memories spin faster and faster, and they blend into one long day. One long horrible day that bleeds into my visions. My thoughts run on repeat. Always of her.

Her smile. Her angry eyes. Her touch, gentle, then hard. Her hair, its dried gel feel. Those two diamonds, sparkling within a muted laugh.

"I'm not sorry." I hear her whisper before I fall into the numbed nothing.

Chapter 25

Tuesday

I open my eyes and she's there. The blonde. Setting five feet from me. I'm setting up; my hands are handcuffed to the anchor in the wall, just above my head. It's early morning; I can see the sun's light creeping in. My face, feels broken, bruised all over.

I'm so tired, this can't be real. I'm seeing things again.

She wears all black. I see fishnets. Pointy heels, arms in black glossy gloves. Her face covered under a black mask. I think Mardi gras, ball room dancing, that one movie.

She sets, staring at me without wanting to speak.  So I start.

"Is this...where I apologize?"

Her eyes look to me with intrigue, still not followed by words.

"...I don't love you, I never did, okay? It was just a ploy..."

Her face doesn't buy it. But I continue to lie with what feels like a broken bruised jaw. To set any seeds of dysfunction that I can. However I can.

"...Just my plan to separate...divide you...Another shitty man, with his shitty lies."

I jingle the handcuffs and wait for her first words.

She opens her mouth to speak but pauses right as the first word is about to escape her lips, then she closes her mouth. Smiling slightly, I see she wanted to watch my reaction.

Point, her.

Instead her laser eyes lock onto me as she slowly stands from a folding chair.  It's then I take in her outfit.  Some lacey one piece, fishnets, knee high boots, gloves. Her boobs pressed to her neck. Latex, leather, lace.

She slowly strolls over next to me in the darkened room. Her heels click on the concrete, almost echoing. The air is so stale; her scent fills up my immediate vicinity.  I smell her deodorant. Some girly brand mixed with rubber.

She walks up to my feet, and I'm forced to look up to her. My eyes want to run all over her. Take in the erotic outfit, but, I hesitate. My eyes not straying from hers.

There she is, that smile, that stare. No words.  Her confidence over me, knowing I have nothing to combat her with, other than my mind and mouth.

"Silent treatment?...After all the work you did to abduct me?...Figured I'd be wired up to some "C.I.A. brainwash machine" by now."

She reaches over and takes my cigarette without breaking eye contact.

My eyes break, to do a mental stock. One left. Bitch!

She puts it to her lips, then squats down and strikes my last match on the wall next to my head.  She lights the cigarette, then holds the lit match over my stomach.

I squirm for a moment, but stop. I can't move out of the way if she drops it. I can't fight it, so why try?

I look to her eyes. She just watches me, like a bully over its victim. Our eyes locked, she realizes I'm accepting my fate, my pain.  Her face uglies, she tosses the match uninterested.

She takes a long drag, then blows it in my face.  I close my eyes, holding my breath; I wait out the cloud of smoke.

When I open my eyes, she's moving back down on the chair.  Setting in it backwards, with power. Her legs spread, her eyes smug.  She holds the cigarette like a pro. I think, Vegas hourly girls.

She's not going to respond to normal. I have to think different.

"Thirty." I state matter of factly, without offering explanation.

She gives me a raised eyebrow, then laughs to herself.

I don't budge, keeping my mouth shut. She doesn't budge, smoking my second to last cigarette.

We set there for an uncomfortable minute. My shoulders ache. I show no discomfort.

Finally, finally, she responds.

"Thirty?" She dryly asks. Ashing her cigarette without care.

"You do speak!" I quip.

"Yes, well, you seem to have got me Sherlock. What's thirty?"

"It's my guess." I say without continuing.

"Do you enjoy being in pain?" She fakes anger, "Stating a random number like it’s a secret is going annoy me."

"It got you talking."

"It's what got you chained to that wall." She states slowly. Ashes. Then looks back to me without continuing.

"What..do you want from me?!" I yank the handcuffs out of frustration.

She just smiles, blowing a stream of smoke out the side of her mouth.

I close my eyes out of frustration. Breathing one out, trying to figure my way out. My way to unlock her from this, mission, she is dead set on. My mouth wants to ask "What, why, how" but I know that's what she wants. For me to beg.

Without opening my eyes, I state, "I think you're thirty years old. You look younger than what you are, but your attitude gives away your frustration with the other one...She's...twenty-five, twenty-six. You probably got assigned with her, new partner...or you're training her...You're...very pretty. You know this, you know men drool and fawn over you. I'm guessing you're bisexual, probably more lesbian as you got older. You've only dealt with men who are lowlife man-boys that want only your body, not your...sass. I don't blame you there. I'd be a lesbian too...you know, if I was born female...I'm guessing you were born on a coast...Oregon, or Washington. Traveled a lot, you're cultured, speak...three languages.

"What three?" She stops me.

I smile with my eyes closed.

"English, French, and German. You wanted to get away from the U.S. mentality. You're smart, very smart. Probably valedictorian, or close to. You've wanted your intelligence to show thru, but have become jaded over the years with how society treats an intelligent women, who is also, what some might call beautiful.

"Know me so well. What school did I attend?"

"I don't know, your eyes say city tough, but that strength, I'm guessing country girl. What is this place, Idaho, Montana? Daddy was probably in financial, or some rancher. Scored off the charts in high school, got Ivy League attention. Guessing you stayed closer though. Stanford or Oregon. Made the big college trek, mom and dad helped...you have a mom and dad..." I smile seeing them in my mind. "Gene, and Carroll, or Randy and Vanessa.  They have no clue of what you really do...you tell them-"

"Stop." She commands.

I open my eyes and see she's not smiling anymore. I smile, then close my eyes, and continue.

"You tell them you work...for one of your old professors, which is probably, techniquely, accurate. I bet she recruited you, a long time ago. You were her aide. She helped you along after graduation. Got you interviews within...within what sector?"

"Stop!" She yells.

I'm not scared; I feel adrenaline, feeling like I'm seeing her life without having her tell me. I "know".

 "N.S.A....No, wait...your military!-GRK!"

My eyes bulge open and she's there.  Her forearm is lodged in my neck. I can't breathe.  My throat screams in pain but not a sound can come up.

"What. Did. I. Say!?...Are you happy, knowing everything!?...Does this feel like victory to you!?"

Her eyes are fire. Knowing I know her past is huge. Even with the immediate pain I receive from it.

Her arm lets up a little and I can choke out a breath. She's breathing through grit teeth right in my face.

"The more you know...the more we will take."

I look up, choking out, "Take...every...thing."

Her eyes flare up and the pain intensifies. Throat is crushed and vision blurs. I hear her growl like a dog, then ringing. All is numb. She lets off and I gasp for air uncontrollably.

"COUGH-COUGH-COUGH!...I mean...I mean it...if, if you have to put a bullet in me, after you tell me everything about you...then do it! You've seen my life...what do I have to lose?...What do I have that's "normal"?...Just be honest...trust...again...I promise I will not betray you...ever."

She refuses to look at me. Instead, she faces out the window. I see half her face. She's thinking.

"I know there is some attraction between us...am I wrong?...Tell me, and I'll stop talking all crazy...I'll just...ride out this...whatever this is!...Am I?"

She doesn't look back to me or respond.

"Am I wrong?...Is there an attraction?"

She acknowledges the cigarette, tossing it to the ground.  Her eyes drift to mine.

"Tell me I'm crazy."

Her eyes say more than her mouth, and she turns to the door.

"No, no, no, no." I whisper to myself.

She walks away from me to the door. One hand goes to the door, the other to the back of her head. I stop, frozen in this moment.

Her hand unlaces the mask, with one pull. I see the mask fall loose from her head. She stands at the door, one hand on the door, the other holding her mask. She stands directly away from me, not allowing a clear view of her face.

"Wait, wait...stay with me...you can put your mask back on, and I'll stay all, chained up...and we can just...talk...I can tell you all the things your computers couldn't tell you about me, I won't ask anything about you...you can torture me, or choke me again, you know, get your frustration out on men and I'll sit here and contin-"

The door shuts. No clear view of her face.

I sigh, as I'm alone again. My shoulders are killing. My stomach is empty. I have to piss. Great way to start off...I don't even know, or care what day it is.

All I can do is position myself to ache the least. My boney ass on the concrete. My wrists in the handcuffs. My traps, now on fire. Before I know it, my eyes are heavy and I'm comfy enough to nod off.

Chapter 26

Tuesday, little later.

I hear metal scraping, and it wakes me from my half sleep.  I see the brunette, sharpening a straight razor. She eyes me passively, then looks back to her blade.

She wears a barber outfit, complete with red bow tie and sleeveless shirt over a black shirt. Black short-shorts, with tan pantyhose, black heels. Her lower face covered with a thick mustache and foo man shoo.  In front of her is a cart on wheels. I see shaving cream, a metal pan, a tea kettle and white towel.

My body aches all over, my ass, my hips, my knees, my arms are all numb. The slightest movement causes ripples of pain throughout every point in my body.

I grimace but keep silent. She notices and eyes me with authority.

I say nothing, wanting to know what she's planning to cut, without having to ask.

She hums to herself and places the knife on the cart. She bobs her head to the tune and pushes the cart over to me.

I swallow and set up straight.  A bone pops somewhere inside of me, and she looks at me.

"Ouch. Someone is getting old!" She bubbles at me.

Saying nothing is getting me further than the quagmire my questions lead to. She notices I'm not responding and presses.

"Oh, silent treatment. Phooey!"

She shakes the shaving cream, and sprays a handful.

She squats in front of me, directly facing me.

"Whatever, shall, I do?"  Her eyes inches from me as she gently runs the foam across my face, studying me.  Her fingers are soft, nails gently grazing my skin.

She pulls the metal pan down, and sets it in my lap.  The towel, she stretches over my shoulder. She pours hot water into the pan from the kettle, instantly my legs feel the heat.

"Are we ready?" She asks without wanting my response.

Her hand gently lifts my chin up, and the blade comes close. I can't control my breathing, expecting the worst.  Her eyes are curious, as the knife touches my skin.

I close my eyes, waiting for her next move.

I feel that sharp metal point on my neck. The razor line of safety, and pain. She uses two fingers to hold my chin up.  I hear the metal scraping across my skin, filleting hairs from my face.

Each stroke, scraping, peeling hairs off.  She cuts clean, without causing pain. She cuts left to right, in upward strokes. Never breaking skin.

I hold my breath, not wanting to move. Each couple of seconds I hear the scrape-scrape-scrape, then pause, water sloshing, the towel gently tugged at from my shoulder, then repeat.

The process goes, until I feel her move my head around. My neck feels bare, clean, and cold.

She takes her middle finger and tilts my head down, "You can breathe."

I open my eyes, and her face studies mine. Our eyes lock for a moment before I think I sense a smile from under her facial hair.

She pushes my face to the right with little effort and begins scraping upwards.

"What will it be today, Mr.?" She asks in a voice from the days of radio. "Mustache? Go-tee? Foomanshoo? Sideburns? Or we going clean?"

"Whatever cuts me the least." I shoot in.

She pauses, then continues in a cartoon barber voice, "The clean shave. Good call Mr."

Each stroke, I feel her eyes on me. My breathing relaxes, but my nerves are on edge.  A stranger with a sharp object to your face does that.

"I've had practice before. Can't you tell?" She asks her eyes on the blade.

My eye shifts to her. "Are we being serious now? Or is this just part of the game?"

She stops cutting, and looks to me, "She said you like to...pry. Pry into me...how do I have experience with a knife?"

I have to lick my lips and take a deep swallow before I start, "If you respond any way like she did, no thank you. We can just say I guessed, and was way-wrong and-"

Suddenly I'm facing her. Her right hand holds my face with force, then releases to gentle.

"No!" She cuts me off, "Pry, into me."

Her eyes are hypnotic and I can't seem to look away from her.

"I...I really know nothing about-"

She slowly raises the knife to my field of view. Her gentle touch pushes my face to the other side. Her eyes are saying, "test me."

"It's easy...ask questions...maybe I'll tell you the truth, maybe I'll just play with you...Pretend like there is a stranger with a very pointy, sharp object close to your face...It might help that investigator in you."

Her eyes shift to the knife as it comes closer to my left cheek.

"Ok, ok...ah, hands, arms to skinny, you're not military. You're young, too young to graduate from field work...smart, very smart, manipulative-"

The knife touches my skin, and she slowly begins the shaving process all over again.  Her eyes on the knife; her head tilts, mouth is focused, her tongue curls in concentration.

"...You, you seem driven, you don't seem to have a problem using your body to further your mission...

She stops, "Are you saying I'm a slut?!" One eyebrow raised.

"No, no...you're confident, in your body, in your own skin...confident more-so than she is, in those outfits you wear...Why, is...those outfits...is that some new protocol for fucking with your abductee?"

She smiles to herself, then goes back to focusing on shaving my face, "There is no protocol for what we're doing...You are just, a good little boy, who got very, very lucky...Continue."

"East coast, I'm guessing North Carolina, maybe moved, I'm sensing New York, New Jersey. Smartest in your class. Ivy League, no! You stayed close...What's a New York college?...Rutgers? Probably didn't go out there for tech, but it was something you discovered you were great at."

"Why would I be the tech geek again?"

"One of you had to have info on me. Did the digging...the research. Probably even subscribed. Her arms, her strength is trained. Yours, are more recent. More for show, not for go."

"Hmm...That still doesn't account for the knife..." She postulates, still gently slicing hairs from my face. "...Your mouth is dry, swallow."

She pauses and allows me a moment before we both continue.

"So, N.S.A., or C.I.A...Moved up ranks quickly, you rode the wave after that prostitution ring was exposed last year...You went from what, second year agent to, admin?"

She doesn't look up, "Third. Special Council."

"Spe, special council?...Were you the center of the recent leaks?! Or just blackmailed...the president?"

She smiles. "Close enough."

"There, there is NO-WAY you are a day older than twenty-five-twenty-six, so rewind four years, you're twenty-two...you graduated in four years, and immediately went to government work?"

"Aww, thanks...who says I didn't graduate early...Both times."

I turn my head, double-taking her response. She immediately pushes my head back in place. I think I see her smile.

"How old are you!?"

She pauses, "Didn't your mama ever teach you, it's impolite to ask a girl her age?"

"Yes, but you have more facial hair than I do now. How old are you?"

"You haven't guessed it yet, and I'm not saying it. Why is my age so important? What's it matter?"

"Oh, you know, this whole week, getting abducted for the first time in my life...the Stockholm syndrome I recently contracted. You said pry. I'm just doing as you commanded."

She stops and eyes me a second, "Yes, so you are. Well, I'm not telling you that."

I quickly face her, "You will."

She double takes and I move my face back in place before she can do it for me.

The pause before she responds makes me smile wide. I can feel her wanting to say more but she continues cutting upwards.

I stay silent as she carefully cuts around my mouth, and under my nose.  She turns my face in different directions

"You haven't explained my experience with a knife, care to guess, or should I taunt you some more?"

"I...I really don't have a guess...did you have some fascination with shaving dudes faces?"

It's then I look up her arm, I see the scars. Old lines, healed over years. My eyes run to hers.

She sees the pity on my face. Her eyes drift from mine, to her arms, then back, "Years ago. Like she said, are you happier finding the truth?"

"I'm...never happy...but that doesn't mean the truth isn't worth searching for...The sooner it gets brought to light, the sooner you can heal."

She pulls her arm back, but my eyes want to see more. My whole body is in extreme pain, or the tingly numb that makes me constantly move.

"Some of us have survived this long without needing your light."

"Just survived?"

Her eyes answer me with impatience, before she fishes a key out of her pocket.

"I have more money in my bank account, a security clearance, a politician's healthcare, access to every American's private emails, search history-"

"Yeah-yeah-yeah, you get every-thing you want working for the bad guys."

"Yes, I do."

"But when you're alone at night-"

"I buy friendship."

"Do you buy someone who understands you? The true, weird, sexy, secretive you? Someone you don't have to have secrets from?! Someone whose there for you, regardless of what money you have, or what job you maintain?"

She looks down to me; I see her face digest my question with sincerity, before she responds,

"Some times, you just...can't change your circumstances. No matter how bad you want something...or someone...Sometimes, life, only gives you moments..."

Her eyes look into mine, as she lifts the key to my wrists. I don't even look away. I almost don't care; I'm hanging on her words.

"...You have to enjoy those tiny moments, because...circumstances, control all the things you can't see..."

I feel the key go into one the handcuffs.

"Like, if I were to say to you, "We can be together, forever...but you have to stand, remove my mask, and kiss me like I know you mean it..."

I feel the handcuff go loose, and my right arm drops immediately to my side.

"...Prove to me that circumstances don't exist in your world, and I'll believe."

The click of metal and my left numb arm falls to my side. Both arms rush with blood and stinging.

She stands up over me, "Kiss me right now. Prove me wrong."

I try and move but my body is jello. Painful, stinging, jello. Cramps in my legs, my quads unable to lift my weight.

She looms over me, her eyes unsympathetic. I repeatedly try to move, but look pathetic in my attempts.

From above I hear her ask, "Circumstance, you see?"

I want to yell and spit in her face. Looking up to her, I'm sure she sees in my eyes.

"Remember...it's the small moments."

Her eyes penetrate me; her hand reaches down, touching my face, breaking my anger. It's not pity, it's like she lacks the will of experiencing our "connection".

She turns and pushes the cart towards the door. Out of exhaustion, I can only watch as she leaves the cell.

I feel broken, exhausted. I can't even move like a human being, and I end up on fours.

"You still owe me," I hear from out of sight.

I look to the door, she's there.

"...for the shave."

Our eyes stay locked for a moment.

"Small moments." She smiles before the door closes.

I collapse to the cool concrete. I want a cigarette, but close my eyes instead.

Chapter 27

Tuesday, night.

I wake from an exhaustion nap, my body aches at every joint. I try to move but crawling is its own mission. I struggle to relieve myself. First time pissing from my hands and knees into a floor drain.

Ending up stretched out on the mattress, my last cigarette dangles above me on the headboard. Something else taunting me, just out of reach.

"Of course." I say to myself.  My body unable to do as I command, I can only watch the afternoon sun light up the basement room.

The sun falls over and the days light fades to black. I lay on the bed as all the light is slowly taken from me.

My last match refuses to spark, and I throw it with anger. Cigarette still stuck to my lips.

With my luck and body working against me, I curl up in the bed. Angry, sore, and in the midst of the worst nicotine fit I've ever suffered all week.

Screaming out, "I hate you!"

My ears ring for a moment after and I throw the blanket over my head like a child.

After a couple of moments, I hear muffled footsteps coming close. Two sets. Both of them. I throw the blanket off, and wait for them to enter.

Instead they stand at the door, the light from the room they stand in cast silhouette shadows into mine.

"Is someone in a bad mood?" One asks, I guess the brunette.

I'm blinded by two flashlights, flashing across my face. Angrily, I face to the side of the blinding lights, not acknowledging them.

"Maybe he wants to stay out down here tonight, instead of coming." I guess the blonde prods.

"I'd be a lot nicer if I wasn't being blinded." I say to the wall.

The lights stay in my face.

"But how would we be able to see that angry-face?" The brunette asks, her voice mocks me in a baby tone.

I sigh and shake my head. I don't want to play.

"That's it. He can stay down here. Come on."

I look over and one of the shadows has disappeared, the second starts to lower.

"Wait, wait..." I rush, only to see the light fading. "I would love to come...please!"

No response.

"I know you're still there! You wouldn't come all this way, downstairs, for nothing."

Still no response.

"Please, continue torturing me. I love being tied up, and left, for hours!...You take my last fucking good match...try to cripple me emotionally!"

One footstep, followed by, "Cigarettes are bad for you, didn't you know?"

The brunette.

"I might have heard that."

She continues, "And you were already crippled when we got you. Stand and face the wall. Hands up, cowboy. No funny business."

I look in her direction; her silhouette keeps the light low, then reluctantly get up. My body is sore all over.

"Just get it over with." I say to the wall.

Her boots click across the concrete floor towards me. I feel her behind me.

She takes my left hand and cuffs it, then my right.

And I'm helpless.

I face the wall for a moment, as her light shines around the room. I'm turned around and my last cigarette is put to my lips. A lighter flashes in my face, and I instinctively puff it to life.

"Get it smoked fast."

So I stand, and smoke it awkwardly with my hands cuffed behind me. She watches, almost with a smile, as I don't ask for help. My face contorted, one eye closed, my mouth pushing a stream out the side. I wonder how many arrestees have had this same opportunity.

In the shadowed light, I don't see a mask on her face. Just fragments of features. Her eyes light up the dark, reflecting light, I can see them clear in this soup of black.

"I look funny?"

Her smile broadens, "Yes, of course you do."

"Feel like a cop, don't you?"

She smiles as she takes the cigarette from my lips. Taking a drag, she ashes, then returns it.

"Yes, kinda." She exhales, never breaking eye contact. "Except, you're going to be tortured like no other criminal. Enjoy that cigarette."

We stand and together, as I shiver and suck down nicotine. Before I know it, its heat is close to my lips. She takes it from me, and stomps it out.

"Excuse me, ma'am! This is where I live! Cigarettes are tossed in the-"

She spins me around, "Walk."

I immediately stop when I see the other flashlight. The blonde at the door.

There is an awkward moment that stops us.

"Hey, crazy." She says softly.

She bags my head with some fabric, and I'm blinded.

I'm at the door, and being pushed out. The light from the torture room, I see the torture chair. The tools. Then more black as we walk through the basement without light.

I shake my head, "I meant what I said. You know that."

She doesn't respond, as I'm pushed forward. She pulls the draw string tight around my neck as we walk. I guess the blonde in front, the brunette behind me.

I feel a hand holding my head down. Touching me. And I don't want it to stop, or leave.

"At least...tell me, you know that."

Her hand runs under my chin, lifting my head upwards.

"I know you're not a liar...not a good one at least."

She's close. Her voice inches from my face. Close enough to kiss.

"What does-"

I try to ask, but cut off by her lips finding mine under the fabric. We share a passionate kiss under the cloth before her hands leave my head. Then her lips.

"What, is this? Do I know too much? Is...this is how it ends?"

They don't respond verbally, but one straps something around my neck. I hear the rattle of chain metal. A leash.

I'm pulled ahead by the neck, and I have to walk blindly upstairs. The figure ahead leads me in the dark.

We enter a large home; lights from a kitchen expose shapes and furniture as I pass. Everything looks rich, nice. I trip over nothing and walk from marble, to hardwood.

My socks glide on the floor. Each room has one light, dimly allowing me to see. We enter another room. A dining room. Then a living room. Then I stand at stairs, and I'm pulled upwards. I step slow, and up curling stairs. The steps continue up and we go what I guess is to the third floor.

Stopping, we walk on carpet. Soft, lush. My feet enjoy some sense of padding for the first time in weeks. I curl my toes as I step, taking in the soft feel.

We walk to a door, I hear it open, and can see it's even darker inside. I see nothing. I'm pulled towards it, but resist.

"Where, where are we going? What's going on!?"

From behind, a voice is in my ear, "Dummy, if we wanted to kill you, we would have done it outside, or the first night we got you...How about, trust us?"

I hesitate a moment. With no pull from the leash, I'm not forced. So I reluctantly step into the darkness.

I'm led across the room. Their footsteps are all around me in dark. I hear things being moved and shuffled around me.

I'm pulled over to something soft around my knees. A bed, I guess.

Two sets of hands help me set down on a large mattress. I feel one of them pull me and I shift with them, unsure of what's happening. I scoot across the bed; a left hand gently stays on my jaw, directing me.

I'm stopped in the middle of the large mattress. I guess king, by the amount of moving I have to do.

Two sets of mass are on either side of me, their weight pushes down on both sides of me. I hear the familiar snap of a knife, and I'm rolled on my side. The leash is removed, and I hear,

"Don't get your hopes high."

One of them says, before I feel my hands being freed from the handcuffs. I don't move, allowing them to move me where they want. Each grabs a wrist and I'm on my back.

They push my hands down to the bed, and I stay without fight.

The hood is pulled from my head, and I can't see much, as the room is dark.  I can see their figures on either side of me. In the moonlight I can see the knifes reflection. Their eyes stand out, looking down on me without emotion.

"Wait-"

"Sshhh." One interrupts.

My sweatshirt is lifted, and the knife comes to my neck.

I try to move away but the blonde holds my neck gently.  The brunette leans in and begins slicing south. She comes back, cutting down each arm, and the sweatshirt is sliced to ribbons.

Neither says a word as the brunette looks to my legs, the blonde holds my face still.

I feel my sweatpants being sliced similar down each leg. My body is overtaken by goosebumps. It's probably 70 degrees, but to me I'm frozen.

"Wait, couldn't you just...take them off?"

Both girls look to each other before looking back to me.

The brunette responds, "I just did."

I feel my wrists being grabbed, and I start to protest. The brunette shoots in close, letting go of my wrist. Immediately she's at my neck with the knife.

I can't move. Frozen in fear. Her face is close to mine. Her eyes are clear in the dark, intently staring into mine. I can smell her breath. Cinnamon.

She says nothing and I feel the blonde take my left wrist and pull it over my head. I hear the familiar metal restraints clank on the bed frame, and my wrist is secured.

Looking into the brunette's eyes, unable to speak to her, I just look back. She looks down to me, willing or wanting me to move. I feel her wanting to cut me. Wanting to show me she can.

The blonde leans over above me, grabbing my other wrist and securing it to the bed.

In this moment, I barely pay her attention, right now I'm connected to the brunette.

"If you want to do it so bad, just do it. I'm not going to force you."

The blonde stops, I feel her energy looking back. The brunette doesn't bat an eye, still looking at me. Deciding.

The blonde finishes securing my wrist, and I know I'm stuck, but don't move or acknowledge it.

I see the brunette's eyes slowly drift to my neck. Her face is curious. I feel the knife slightly change on my skin. She's repositioning.

"Hey." The blonde softly says.

"It's a lot funnier if you do though." She says in a whisper.

Her body on mine, warms me. I feel her hand run down my head and to my neck. She gently pushes my head, exposing more of my neck.

"What are you doing?" The blonde questions with an air of authority in her question.

The brunette doesn't respond right away, instead her eyes trace my body with curiosity. Her eyes are distant, seeing someone else at the tip of the blade.

"We're just...playing a little game." She finally responds, almost sounding not like herself.

There's a moment of silence before I look over to the blonde.

"She wants to show me she can hurt me...whenever she wants."

Her eyes look back to mine, and I see her snap back to the here and now. She looks to the blonde, then gets up and leaves the room.

I'm left with the blonde for a moment, in my mind, I fumble over how to start. Before I can think of something to say, she gets up, and follows her.

I'm alone again. My body shivers, and I try to kick the blankets up to cover myself. I succeed in covering my legs, causing my upper body to crave warmth even more.

In the other room, their voices come across as mumbles just out of the reach of my ears. I lay and wait for a short time before one comes back to the room. She stands at the door, barely entering.

I can't see who it is, so I start blind.

"I know one of you is there, I can't tell who, but I know both of you feel some sort of regret...for your actions, or decisions...look, I don't know how this is supposed to end, but I'm...happy, you entered my life, both of you, regardless of details...You can say it's Stockholm syndrome all you want, but you feel it too. Both of you. You know you do."

"You love to hear yourself talk, don't you?"

The blonde. I can tell her sass.

"I wouldn't have to, if you wouldn't speak in riddles all the time. Week two, and I can't get one straight answer out of either of you. What do you expect?"

I see her adjust her stance, to lean against the door.

"What do you want from me?"

"Answers." I protest, "Just tell me the true you-"

"What do you want to know about the true me?"

"Your name. Your passions. Your loves. The reason you're attracted to me-"

"I'm not attracted to you-"

"Bullshit!" I almost yell.

"You're a target. A mission. A training mission at that!"

"Bullshit!"

"Look at you! Thinking how important you are-"

"I saw you-"

"That us poor little girls need a man-"

"I never said you need me, but something inside you, wants more of me."

She scoffs as a response.

"You can't even argue it, I saw you take off your mask...you considered, showing me your face!"

She doesn't argue, I can tell, for once, I can beat her with words. I see her head look down.

"Anything...tell me anything. But stop talking to me like I'm not more than just a mission."

There is a moment of silence before I hear footsteps.

"You were going to show him your face?"

The brunette freezes both of us. Oh fuck. This could be bad.

She walks past the blonde, and near the bed.

"I...considered...it." She finally states.

"And!?" The brunette questions, I see her stance change to defensive. Her arms look crossed.

"And I came to my senses. Case closed."

"You want loyalty?! No secrets, but you can have your own!?"

"I...I didn't do anything!...I considered it, but wanted to discuss it...with you."

"Funny, you haven't said anything till he pushed it out of you. Apparently, he seems to know you better than I do!"

"Really?...You can't seriously say that after your little cutter incident?"

They both go silent for a moment.

"It's my fault." I break this awkward silence.

Both their silhouettes turn to my direction.

"I found a way in...to both of you. I found a way to get you both to break your rules."

I'm not even paying attention to my body now. I just don't want issues between the two holding me captive. Especially since the inexperienced one likes knives and electricity.

They look back to each other, then the brunette speaks first.

"So...we both like to break the rules, we already knew that...Can we, move past it?"

I don't hear if the blonde responds, I see her move and the two embrace. The two share a kiss, I hear their lips in the dark.

The two hold each other close; speaking in a whisper, before looking in my direction. The two walk together, separating at the foot of the bed. Going to either side of me. My eyes bounce left to right, not knowing what comes next.

The two silently undress, until I can tell they're naked.

"Sooo...what...what's going on?" I ask unsure if I'm supposed to be turned on or not.

One responds, "Ssshh."

I feel both of them enter the bed on both sides of me. The blankets are yanked from my waist upwards. I instinctively try to move to avoid contact.

Both move under the sheets and close to me.

"Ahh-"

I hear one of them respond, "Now it's bedtime. You have a big day ahead of you tomorrow."

I feel their arms surround me, their body heat immediately warms my cool skin.

"He's so cold." One says as she snuggles into me.

"Mmm, too bad we can't do that to him more often." The other whispers.

I want to ask, but keep it in.

They nestle into me, both breathing on me, cold hands dig in. Their noses still cold, touching my neck. Their breaths, causing goosebumps down my shoulders and arms.

"Now, he's really cold!...heh-heh-heh!"

"No-no-"

"Yeah, right here!"

I struggle as they both tease me with their mouths on my neck. Almost biting, dragging their teeth on my skin. Before I can stop myself, I hear a moan escape my lips.

This is not ignored by my captors. Their giggles, and dragged nails across my chest. I can't help but want more. I try to resist. My body bucks, and pulls away from them.

It's like fuel for them. They feed off my weakening resistance.

One moves above me, keeping her lips just above mine. At first, I push back into the pillow, but she stays just above me. I smell her breath in my face. It's, not bad.

The other, moves her hand to my cock while gently biting into my neck.

I can't take it and lunge upwards, forcing myself into the lips above. She moans in surprise, but doesn't pull away.

I increase my intensity to her. And her lips become passive, I feel her moan through my mouth. I keep my lips pressed to hers, not letting her leave.

The other bites down hard, and I freeze up. My lips open and cannot move.

She's released, and I see her stay just above me. Her hand pushes my face over, allowing the other free reign on my neck.  She bites hard, then gentle, then dragging her mouth to mine.

She kisses me and my lips come to life. Before I know who, I'm inside one of them.

I let go, slightly confused. She presses my elbows down, and her mouth comes back to mine. Her pressure pushes me back to the bed, I feel someone rocking on me. I can't tell who I'm in, but hesitantly go with it.

In the complete dark, the brunette stays over me, keeping my sight on her as I'm sure, the blonde rides me until she climaxes. I feel the two change, and repeat the process. The blonde grabs my throat and teases choking me, studying me like a specimen. Her breath teases my lips, just inches away.

I try to kiss her, and she holds me down. I begin to struggle, to try and get my lips on hers. No matter how hard I struggle she doesn't allow our lips to touch. She never moves back, allowing my struggle.

I feel the other begin to grind harder on me, and I pump back hard. My struggle with the blonde has my frustration being taken out on the brunette. Our bodies’ in sync, pistoning her up and down. She pushes harder into me.

Her moans are silenced as I look into mischievous eyes. Wanting her has the world silenced.

The blonde, I feel her smiling down, letting me struggle. Enjoying her control. I feel her gently blowing on my lips, causing me to struggle harder.

She whispers, "So close."

The brunette moans behind her. I can tell she's close. I have to time this right.

Our bodies still pumping harder and harder into each other, I wait for her to pause, and she pushes down, collapsing onto me. Her weight pushes the blonde down, closer.

I lunge into her, my lips fight to keep her on mine, but she relents and I finally take the kiss I've been withheld from. Our lips pulse and fight each other for control.

Her hands move to hold my face close to hers as the kiss winds down. We share a loving ending kiss, more pecks and holding our faces close to one another's.

The room smells of sweat and sex. I'm no longer cold. I'm covered in perspiration, chest heaving from the workout. Okay with not having an orgasm.

The two separate, and fall to either side of me. I hear their breaths, feel their sweat covered skin. Both pull their pillows up near my armpits. Their faces lay at my chest.

They pull the blanket to our waists. No one breaks the silence. Their hands lock and move over my heartbeat. After a moment, I hear the one to my left begin to breath deeper. She begins to moan quietly, her body twitches.

I look to my right, whispering; "Are you still with me?"

I don't get a response.

"I hate it when you lie."

Her head moves up, "Don't ruin the moment with words, dummy."

I laugh to myself, not offering a rebuttal. I kiss her hair, and rest my head against hers. I feel her snuggle into me. After a minute, she moans under her breath. Soon after I let go, before all goes black.

Chapter 28

Wednesday

"Teardrop"

Before I open my eyes, I feel the soft silk sheets. I feel both my arms are free from the bonds, but pinned underneath their pillows.

I open my eyes, and smile when I see both of them nestled close. My heart stops, both of them without any masks, anything concealing their sleeping faces. In the open light of day. I lean in and crane my head to study their every inch before they wake.

The blonde sleeps with her mouth open. Her small nose, pointed chin, large nasally breaths. Deep sleep. I wonder if she has sleep apnea.

The brunette, hides her face in my armpit. She breathes in short quick almost panic breaths. I lean in close, and smell her hair. That unknown fragrance. The motion awakens her to my presence. I feel her hand run across my chest, over my heart. She squeezes slightly, then fades.

I look back to the blonde, taking this moment as my only chance to see my captor’s faces. Her right nostril pierced. Her pores, so tiny. I see the top of some tattoo at the base of her neck, exposed from the blanket. Her haircut looks brand new, ends looks perfect.

Somehow she's sexier with bed-head.

A whimper from over my shoulder causes me to instinctively pull her into me.

I feel it immediately. She's awake.

I snap my eyes shut, and relax my lids.

Her body jerks up, and I can tell she's looking me over. I feel her eyes on my face. I breathe in steady rhythm. Not panicking, just acting I tell myself.

Her hand searches, then finds my heartbeat. Don't panic, don't panic, don't panic.

Then I feel her close, and her whisper is loud in my face,

"I know you're awake. Open those eyes and you can see my face."

My heart stops, but somehow I continue breathing in rhythm.

She waits a moment, then leans in closer. Her lips touching mine as she barely whispers, "She's still asleep. Open your eyes."

It's a trap, my mind reassures me, and I respond by moaning slightly, then turning away. Keeping those eyes closed, I pretend to fall into a deeper sleep.

A moment of uncomfortable silence later then I hear the blonde whisper, "He's not stupid."

I feel the brunette mount me, her voice isn't a whisper anymore, "Open your eyes, or I'm going to zap you."

I refuse to break. I've committed this far. I have to risk it.

I feel the metal prongs touch my neck, and I let out a slight whimper.

"It's his last day." The blonde, with her raspy morning voice.

Before I realize it, I whimper no. My brain screams mistake! Then I feel both their eyes on me.

Another uncomfortable moment of silence. The metal prongs still at my neck.

Suddenly lips are touching mine and I hear, "You're a bad actor" as the other forces a kiss on me. I can't help but jerk back in surprise. I open my eyes in surprise, seeing the brunette smiling down on me.

"Little liar."

She moves off of me, but holds the stun gun to my neck. Both stand naked, confident. Dressing as if I'm not there.

"No, wait..."I plead, "I know this has become more...Don't leave me. Whatever it is you're being told to do, don't!"

The brunette's eyes look to my lips as she speaks, "That may be the sweetest case of Stockholm I've ever heard."

Her eyes look to mine. There's a moment of sweet smile.

Inside I'm melted by the twinkle of morning sun reflecting on her face.

Then I hear the electric crack, and the familiar pain. Immobility. The pain is immense. My eyes well with tears, my teeth grind without control. I try with everything not to piss myself. My body twitches, my arms cramp and flex. I must look pathetic by the looks of pity cast down on me.

My body relaxes, and I'm exhausted and numb all over. I don't notice them taking my hands in opposite directions.

They begin tying my wrists, as I protest threw grit teeth, "What, whatever your lives are, I have, have nothing...I would...would give up my life to be with...with you."

They continue securing my wrists, not looking back to me.

"You can, can torture me, abuse me, starve me...I can take what...whatever you dish out...I won't...I don't want to tell anyone about...this."

"Because no one would believe you." The brunette says as she ties my wrist, hard, in the silk fabric.

"No, because this...this is ours...Regard, regardless of what you've been...told to do...I've never...felt so alive...I know, know you have some feelings for me."

The blonde stares to the wall as she secures my right hand. Not responding. Her lack of response makes me question my words. My sanity.

They make eye contact. "Breakfast?" She asks.

With my heart already exposed I continue, "Are there rules against falling in love!? If the uprising is inevitable, then why would it matter?"

"The blonde ignores, looking to me and asking, "Pancakes or waffles? Your last day, you get to choose."

I'm almost heartbroken by her lack of acknowledgement.

"You can't tell me you feel nothing for me...How long did you follow me?...Learn every detail about me? Why?!...These last two weeks-"

The blonde cuts me off. "I didn't say that. I didn't respond to your demands. Instead, I asked, pancakes or waffles?"

"But you do feel something, for me...don't you?...Why...can't you just say it?"

She's slightly annoyed, but stops, looking at me with a patient smile.

I drop my head onto the pillow, and sigh, "Pancakes" looking to the ceiling defeated.

She smiles and walks out of sight. I have a second before I'm surprised by the brunette jumping back on top of me.

"You talk of feelings, and love like two weeks is long enough-"

"It's long enough for me to want to know you, the real you!"

"What two weeks of punishment and pleasure and your sour little heart develops feelings again? Tell me, Mr. Writer, could a normal person pull the trigger?" She shows me the stun gun, then pushes it to my neck. "Would a normal person inflict so much pain, onto someone they love?"

Her eyes leave mine, looking to my neck.

"Would a normal person willingly want to stay despite what you say or do?...We're not, normal, the three of us...I would do anything to stay in your life-"

"What, be my boyfriend? Jesus, you think a dick is some magical kind of answer all women are searching for!"

"I would be your punching bag, your shoulder, your rock, anything you wanted, just to stay in your life."

Tears almost coming from my eyes. Her expression isn't as hostile. She still holds the stun gun to my neck.

"If I loved you..." Her eyes making their way back to mine. "...then why do I want to make you hate me?" Her eyes drifting to my neck.

I have time to swallow before I continue my stay of execution, "You do."

Her eyes back to mine.

"...You hate yourself...for developing feelings...you feel like, you've betrayed your mission...because I'm not every other man you've had in your life."

She rams the stun gun hard into me, forcing my face to the side.

She's inches from me, hissing, "What do you know about me!? About my life!?"

Calmly, I try to defuse, "Nothing. I know nothing...I...I want to know everything...I don't care how. I don't care how much you put me through! I would-"

SMACK!

"How about now, lover boy!?"

She hit me. My face slowly registers as pain flushes over the left side of my face.

"Why-"

SMACK!

The other side of my face is on fire. Blood in my mouth, hot syrupy metal.

"More!?" Her crazy face hisses.

"Get...get it all out."

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

More blood. I'm woozy, can't, focus. Pain everywhere in my face. I hear a ringing, then her screams.

She's right over me, "Say something stupid!"

I regain my senses, and slowly make eye contact, "I'm, I'm not them...and I'll never be them."

She raises up in anger, and I close my eyes, waiting for the pain.

But it never comes.

I slowly open my eyes, waiting to see the angry she-devil lording over me with more pain as my only reward. Instead, I see a completely changed face. Empathy, then realization. Her eyes cringing at the impact her rage inflicted on my face.

She wants to apologize, I can see it in her eyes. Her words never come, instead she looks over me.

Her hand slowly reaches down, touching my face. Her face registers pain as it slowly makes its way over my face. Her index finger traces my bruised and swelling lips.

"I'm...I'm okay." Incoherent words spill out of my mouth.

"No you're not...none of us are."

She gets up and leaves. I hear water running, then she returns with a towel. She plops down next to me, and begins cleaning my face. The wet towel washes slime from my face, I see it change color with my blood.

Looking me over she speaks softly, "No, you're not like any other man in my life...The longer I know a guy, the less there is to like, until I...react...you...I know every detail of your life within a week."

"Guess I haven't lived." I say into her eyes.

She laughs to herself, "Actually, most targets take only two days...There's not much to them...That's why they’re so easy to manipulate, control...You have the mind of a chess player...Yes, I did become one of your followers."

My ego swells a little bit. I bite my lip to hide the smile creeping in.

She finishes with the towel, and sets it aside, still looking me over.

"You stay celebid with your awakening, your writing, your mission to save the world, you live so disconnected from, why?"

I don't know where she's going, all I can do is shrug.

"Before last night, when was the last time you had sex?"

Meghann, I immediately think.

"How long ago was that?"

That was before my awakening. What year was that? 2011?

"2010, maybe 2011?" I say like she knows.

"We searched. No dating profiles. No phone calls, texts. Just late night porn sites...seven years, you've chosen to stay alone with your dogs, for almost a decade now. If we didn't come into the picture you would have reached it without even noticing.!"

She's right. I've been alone for over seven years. Now, what? What does that mean? For me? For us?

"Maybe...I was just saving myself for the right relationship to come along."

"This is no way the right relationship.

"Right, wrong, it's all subjective. Do I make you smile? Can you not wait for the next moment?

"The next moment isn't real, sweetie. It's part of the story, just an act." Her face saddening. "It's just a job."

"Then make it real!" I demand, "What’s your name? Where were you born? What's your favorite color?"

"Stop."

"What dinner do you want to come home to? Tell me anything!"

"Stop."

"Show me, the real you!" I plead.

"Stop!"

The stun gun jabs into my neck again, and her face is full of rage. I'm frozen.

"You...you don't get to know me!...After today, you will never see me, or us, ever again! You have to accept that. This war, just a job. That's all it's ever going to be! You were a stupid target! To distract, discredit, dispose of! That, is all!"

She looks down at me, angry she had to say it, or she has to accept it. I'm not sure of either, so I stay silent.

She slowly gets up, still looking me in the eyes, "Today is your day...Whatever you want."

"Can you make it last forever then?" I say weakly.

She blinks, wanting to respond, but doesn't. Her eyes study me for a moment as she throws a large shirt on, then exits the room. I hear her bare feet on the tile floor walking away.

And I'm alone for a moment.

I smell cooked goodness, and I'm surprised by a soft voice.

"Oh, what happened to your face?"

I look over to the blonde, standing in the doorway. Her face confused. She wears only a t-shirt. She holds a tray with pancakes and coffee.

"I...fell down some stairs."

She walks over, slightly smiling as she sets the tray down over me.

"That mouth of yours."

I smile as she snuggles next to me.

"I brought you breakfast in bed, and I'm not going to feed you..." She smiles, "...You only get to look at it."

"Sounds right." I smile back at her, "You love torturing me...I don't even want it."

My stomach growls, causing her to set up and laugh.

"Are you sure about that? Sounds like he's hungry."

"He's a liar."

She sets up, begins cutting into the stack.

"You probably poisoned it...You just want me to want it."

"Uh-huh." She smiles, showing me a forkful, then shovels in her mouth. Her eyes sparkling in the sun.

"Well, you didn't poison those, but I'm sure..."

She cuts more pancakes.

Her eyes meet mine, "Shut up."

So I shut up and she feeds me with that beautiful smile. We have a lovely breakfast. Laughter. A spill or two. Her feeding me. Me tied up. You know, normal.

Chapter 29

Wednesday, afternoon-ish.

I awake from a nap, the blonde is gone. Breakfast tray is on the dresser. My left arm is untied. I untie the other arm, and relieve myself in the bathroom. Towels and new pair of boxers set on the counter. I enjoy a long, hot shower.

I dress in the boxers, and rock a pink female bathrobe. Strolling through the enormous mansion, like I own it. Grab another cup of coffee and enjoy the labor, craftsmanship, the money, that went into this monstrosity of a home.

I casually make my way through this monument to lavish in the absolute middle of untouched land. Each room has art covering its walls. Gold crowning. Bulletproof glass. Not one clock, digital, grandfather, or even an ancient sun telling device in all the art.

Apparently here, time doesn't exist. I'm guessing its 2:00 pm.

I stop in the library, and study the immense walls of books. Four walls, covered floor to ceiling. Porn to me. Such a rich and wide selection of the greatest writings, of all time, rests before me under a generation of dust.

I'm barely aware of the heels clicking on the hardwood floors, until I hear the blonde’s voice.

"Oh, sir, you're up from your nap!"

I turn around and almost spill my coffee. She stands at the doorway, adorned in a French maid outfit.

"French maid?" I laugh, embarrassed.

"Yes, sir. Today it's your mansion, and I work for you." She smiles. Her energy screams "sex now" and it takes everything I have to look away.

"My mansion, huh?"

"Yes sir. What's wrong? Does my uniform not please you?"

Gotta breathe hard before I start, "No, no, definitely pleases me."

I hear her heels coming closer, and I'm forced to look out the window.

From behind she asks, "If it pleases you sir, why do you look away?"

I'm so turned on, excitement makes my voice crack, "Because if I look at you too long, my pants get tight."

"You're not wearing pants, sir."

I'm frozen when I feel her breath on my neck. I feel light as a feather, my head swimming as she gently holds me still. Breathing on my neck, her lips touching skin. Causing waves of goosebumps to populate my arms.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to confiscate my robe back, sir."

I feel her hands run down and slowly untie the waist.

I lean back to her lips, "You'll have to excuse me, I've seemed to lost the control over my hands."

I turn to face her as she unties the waist completely. It's now I take in her outfit. The shiny black latex, the glow of her stalkings.

I'm so excited, I want to take her face and gorge myself on her lips. Her eyes look up to me with confidence, I can't resist any longer. I grab it, pulling it to mine, taking her lips gently to mine. I match her intensity, even though I want to ravage her without permission.

"Ah-hem!"

I immediately stop, and we both look to the brunette. My dick screams, God-dammit!

Standing in the doorway, wearing baggy sweatpants, a loose, tacky sweater, Kroc’s, her hair a complete mess. Her eyes angry.

"I'm not playing anymore." She states to both of us.

I look to the slightly confused blonde, then back to her.

"I'm not playing dress up, or dominatrix, or secret agent."

She stands confidently in the door. The blonde lets go, and we both face her.

"You say you want to know me, the real me, well, here I am! Is this what you want to know!?"

She shakes her sweater at me. I want to laugh, as I notice the obnoxious cat sweatshirt being waved at me. Her eyes so angry. They catch the smile on my face.

"What!? What's so fucking funny!?...Is this some joke to you!? This is my point! You think that-"

She motions to the blonde.

"Is what we wear all the time!?"

"No. I know that." I answer genuinely.

I put my hands up, and slowly walk to her.

"Even if this isn't the real you, I've never been more turned on by you, because, this...act of defiance, this statement...shows your independence, and genuine...I don't deserve you...or this, but I am lucky."

I'm a couple of feet from her now.

"...fortunate to get whatever, or whoever you truly are..."

She stands less confident, I see nervousness. Unsure.

"I know you still don't trust me, I know you have that fucking stun gun behind your back..."

She blinks, and shows me it with a sly smile.

"...I just want to kiss you right now."

She eyes me for a moment. "Try me."

I move slow, hands up till I'm inches from her. I take a moment to study her beauty, before I slowly move my hands to her face. She slightly reaches her face to mine, her eyes still untrusting.

My right hand moves to her chin, my left gently combs her hair, till I caress the back of her skull. It's then I feel the stun gun's prongs on my neck. Her eyes aren't as green as they stare up at me.

I push my lips to hers and envelop hers. Kissing her with everything I have. I feel the prongs press harder, and I pull her into me. Kissing, mashing her lips into mine.

Her right hand moves to my hip. She doesn't pull away.

My right hand runs down her arm, to her hand. She tries to jerk it away, but I hold her wrist, keeping the stun gun to my neck. Her eyes meet mine in surprise. I push forward with my lips, till her eyes close. I feel her give into me. Embrace me.

Her hand drops the stun gun, and moves to my neck, pulling me into her. I feel a thud at my feet. I run my hands under her sweater, pulling her petite frame into mine. Her ribs press into me as I hold her close.

I hear her moan, as I'm pulled back. The blonde is right there.

"Now, I'm jealous."

It's there I get to share my first three way kiss. Experiencing something the teenage me only dreamed about. All while wearing a pink bathrobe.

We peel off clothes like wild animals, moving to the bedroom like a rotating tornado of busy arms and stumbling legs. I let them throw me to the bed. This time they don't tie me up. We take turns with force.

They've driven me crazy with restraint, punishment, reward. With my hands free, I want to caress every inch of both girls. I want to touch, feel what they're every inch feels like. I want to taste their sweat. Inhale their aromas.

I bite the blonde's lip gently, running my lips from her chin to her neck. I breathe on her neck, and hear her whisper,

"Bite me, show me how to bite you."

I pull her with force into me until I hear her gasp, and bite down on the back of her neck. With just enough force to make her moan. My hand runs up her head, gently pulling her mohawk to tilt her head back. I bite hard enough to let her know how hard, random impulsive bites to surprise.

I hear her moan a low, "Oh god."

Hearing her, this weak, this exposed. I can't resist, I have to have her lips back on mine. I pull her into a passionate kiss that she reciprocates with force. I let her lips control the moment, her head pushes me back and our lips separate. The brunette to is there.

"Show me."

She grabs my face with both hands and pulls me into her. I feel the blonde let go, as the brunette forces me into her.

I match her, then take control. My lips travel to cheek, then I breathe into her ear, my teeth pinching the bottom of her ear. I linger for a second before surprising her by lunging into her neck.

Her gasp moves to a higher pitch moan. Surprising her with biting, she gleefully gasps. I feel her body shiver, going weak in my arms. Her hands, blindly pulling my face to hers.

Her lips are dry, and I wet them with my tongue before she pushes into me, demanding control. My will becomes submissive to her whim. It fuels her. Her kiss. She teases me with her tongue. I try to reciprocate, but she sucks my tongue, keeping it sucked into her mouth.

Her eyes are confident, as she holds me with her mouth. Both hands holding me tight.

My hands weakly hold her, when she lets go.

"You made me cum. Do it again."

My eyes light up, and I take her neck without hesitation. Biting, then gnawing on the same spot. My reflexes fast, and immediately take her body, pulling her head to the side.

Her whimpering my ear, drives me harder. Her hands try to protest.

I overpower her, feeling her resist, then come into me. Her body quivers, and she moans out loud.

I feel her body pulse, going weak in my arms. I stop biting. My lips breathe gently next to her ear, as I feel her recover. Her breaths are deep. Her hair is damp, and I slide her bangs back, to see her eyes. They go from shock to exhaustion, glazing over.

"Yes, no?" I whisper in her ear, knowing her answer.

She nods, smiling as she catches her breath.

I look over to the blonde, who now lays watching from the bed. One hand behind her, the other hidden in her panties.

Her smile cues me, and I tug the brunette to the bed.

I crawl to the blondes feet, gently pulling her heels off. Kissing her stalkings to her knee.

"Fix my stalkings." She gently commands.

I'm excited to hear, and take my time making sure both are pulled high. Her breaths getting deeper above me. Her hand moves faster under the white silk.

I finish her right, then left. Hovering right above her faster moving hand. I lean in close, close enough to smell her excitement. Breathing hard just inches from her, we stare each other down, until her hand comes up for air.

Her index and middle finger come up to my mouth. I clean both with my tongue, never break eye contact.

Her hand moves up my face, over my forehead. I take the cue, and pull her panties to the side, then begin the process of spelling out the alphabet with my tongue.

She laughs and moans, "E...F...G...mmm..."

Her hands grab my head, holding it strong. I angle and flick the tip of my tongue deep inside her. Her nylons rub into my ears as her legs tighten around me.

My hands hold her into me, my eyes drift to hers. Her right hand releases from head, making its way to my left. It lets go of her hip, and locks in a tight grip.

With her teeth grit, she looks down to me. Patience, anticipation, ecstasy, surprise, euphoria, all in that order.

Her legs release their grip, and her heavy panting is my cue. My eyes look up to her mischievously.

I am so turned on by the look of shock in her eyes as a response.

My right hand tightens its grip on her hip, and my tongue pushes forward.

She continues to look down on me with surprise, and I try to one up my game. My tongue forms a "C" and I rock it over her most sensitive area. Her eyes glaze over, and I feel a faint resistance before she accepts the incoming pulsive wave of orgasm.

It takes her faster than she expects. Her body arches. Her bottom lip quivers. Her eyes looks hopeless to me as I hear.

"Mmmmmooooooyyyy-gaaaaooooowwwddd!"

Her gasps turn to pants. She lets out a laughing moan, then shoves me back.

"No, no, no more from you."

I lean back on my knees, and look to the brunette laughing next to her. She looks to me with tepid anticipation, at my next move. She wears only her matching black bra and panties.

"You." I say as a demand, just to see the look of surprise register on her face before I head south on her. I hear her gasp as my face heads straight towards her crotch.

"Oh!-Oh! Easy!...Eas-see."

I smile to myself catching her that off guard. Her body is static, jumping at my every touch. So I slow down.

Breathing directly onto her panties with deep breaths. I gently pull her panties off, she lifts herself to help.

My face returns, and my tongue tries to recite the alphabet backwards. Getting lost after "W", I often forget letters until I jump to "M", then work my way forward.

My hands pull her into me from her backside. Her right hand slides down to my head. I feel resistance and hesitate until I see she wants eye contact.

"Oh..,oh-dear...just...just one!...Promise meeee!"

I smile and giggle is muffled, as I dive back in. Her left hand finds its way down to my right, and she uses it to pivot her crotch to my mouth. My tongue cramps, and I struggle to reach "A".

I literally want to quit as my jaw begins to ache. My tongue is losing its flexibility, I finally hear her begin to climax.

"Oh-Ohhh-Ohhhhh-Yeeeeaaaaassisss!"

I feel her lower body lunge into me, her upper body arches back. Her gentle grip on my head turns to playful slaps.

"No...no more...no more, your turn."

I reluctantly raise up, and look to see her euphoric smile.

Two sets of hands shove me to the bed. The brunette helps the blonde undress from the maid outfit. She wears only her white thigh highs.

The blonde helps the brunette, removing her bra, then they both embrace. The blonde kisses the brunette's neck from behind. Her hands cupping, massaging her small chest.

She cranes her face so their lips can meet. The two share a kiss as their bodies melt into each other.

They stop, both eyes look to me.

I can only bite my lip and try to look grateful for whatever comes next.

Each girl lunge for an arm. The blonde my right, the brunette at my left. I'm instantly surprised by the force they use. And my inability to move them.

This excites them and I hear their giggles as they both lunge face first into each side of my neck.

I have no chance as I can't even move fast enough. I'm paralyzed. All the blood in my body rushes south. One thing is hard while the rest of my body lies soft.

They coo and laugh at my lack of fight. My wrists being forced in different directions.

"Awww...poor, poor baby." One taunts.

I try and pull away, and laugh desperately as I'm held down without much effort.

"It's like he wants to be our weak little sex doll!" The other says into my ear.

I focus, and try to pull free. They both hold leverage over me, and all I can do is squirm as they giggled own at me.

"How do you want to be tied?" One asks.

"Criminal? Spread?...Or how about we keep you weak, and hold you down?"

I stop resisting to catch my breath, "I'm...I'm not even trying."

The brunette shoves her face into mine, her lips barely touch mine, "Then try. I. Dare. You."

She pulls back, her eyes never leaving mine. I surprise the blonde, yanking my wrist free from her grip. Pulling the brunette over me, she rolls onto her back in between the blonde and I.

I have position on her, hovering over her, I struggle to grab her wrists. She fights back, and I can't get control on her before the blonde bites down on my exposed neck.

"You...fuck...stop." I whimper before falling face first onto the bed.

She stays on top. Pinning me dos with her weight. Biting me like a vulture, feasting on its prey.

My eyelids fluttering, I feel them pull my boxers off. My hands swim on the bed, before I can get up, they turn me over. My eyes focus, just as the brunette locks her lips onto minded. I feel the blondes mouth on my chest, working its way south.

My hands move to touch, but both are pinned down. I'm unable to move, other than my lips, which swim to keep up with hers.

I feel the blonde's mouth run up and down my hips. Her mouth latches on my hip bone, and I jump. She continues, circling and licking all the sensitive areas.

The blonde's mouth engulfs me. This could be the greatest feeling I've ever had. The brunette disappears southward, soon after both my hands are released.

Both girls begin pleasuring me, in different ways. The brunette's soft hands, the blonde's deep throat.

I'm riding the orgasm roller coaster. Before I can tell them to slow, I'm exploding. Endorphins, my body stretching and going rigid. Both girls hold me down, one swallows.

Both amazing. Best I've ever had, and not because I'm living out a twisted fantasy. But that does help.

They return to me, and we lay together in a naked mess of exhaustion under the smell of sex. We cuddle, explore and run our hands over each other. Living in this moment, all feels perfect. None of us ruining it with words.

Chapter 30

Wednesday evening

I wake from a magnificent slumber. I stretch in between layers of slippery silk sheets still wet from our sex. Nothing quite feels like stretching out in a comfortable bed, not your own.

It's completely silent in the spacious upstairs. I passively walk in sweatpants throughout the rooms. I try not to snoop, just glance over what adorns their walls. Pictures of strangers, all smiling the same. No awards. Nothing with a name. Anywhere.

I rush and try to silently find a shred of evidence to either girl’s identities. A diploma. A letter. A phone bill.

Nothing.

The rooms bare of technology outside a light. No televisions. A room larger than my living room, full of clothing. Just clothing, lots and lots of women's clothing. And shoes.

I'm somehow stumbled into a women's clothing store.

The sun setting, casts the open mansion in hues of oranges and yellows. I walk around the third floor, enjoying the master bedroom view of the surrounding wilderness. Far off in the distance, I see a heard of specs moving across the valley below. Deer, cattle or horses, I cannot tell, nor do I care.

I passively watch the world pass by me outside, as I wait for some noise from below, indicating I'm not forgotten. In the bathroom, a tuxedo hangs from the door with a note.

Dinner at 7. Don't be late.

It's written all girly and bubbly. I keep the note.

I take the newly dry cleaned suit and carry the loud plastic to the bedroom. I have an hour, so I set in the silence and watch the sunset. The room slowly loses its light, and I'm forced to turn on technology to get dressed.

It's been so long since I wore a suit. I fumble with the cuff links and tie, and try to remember the last time I had to remember these dance steps. Prom.

Almost twenty years ago. Where has my time gone? I wonder what my prom date is doing right then. I couldn't imagine telling her my abduction story. Those moments of thinking of someone from your past, and imagining catching them up to your life up till now.

I couldn't say I did anything worth mentioning, till recently. Honestly, this, has little to do with me, and more to do with silencing the disobedient.

I've never just went along with the system. Yes, I've done the job, the house and grind. But I've stayed unattached, disconnected from the masses. I've never bought into voting or getting into petty online squabbles. Sports teams or television shows.

Staying focused on exposing corruption, has blinded me to the life I was supposed to live. I imagine what life I was supposed to live. What girl was I supposed to settle down with. How many kids suck my salary away. What town, state was I supposed to call home. Get used to. Do the daily grind without thought or sleep.

All these details of a life I was supposed to experience, and I walked my own path.

It's at 6:45. I look myself over in mirror one last time. Fucking, sharp.

I could have been an actor, maybe a big budget villain with these looks. I clean up well.

The second floor is darkened, lit only by holiday lights strung along the stair banister downwards. I follow the lights all the way to the first floor. No lights on, but the string of tiny yellow flares. Neatly strung and tucked throughout the rails, and over doorways, through the kitchen, and into the dining room.

A long table is adorned with shiny silverware. Priceless China plates. Sparkling glass. Metal plates set covered, lit by white candles. The room is surrounded in hundreds of lit candles.

At one end, a single plate sets. My spot.

I move to it, eyeing the expensive room. Setting uneasily, I wait.

Chapter 31

Wednesday, moments later.

"Wicked Game"

The grandfather clocks rings seven times, and I continue to wait in the dark silence.

Then from above I hear two sets of heels clicking down the stairs towards me. Neither speak as their silhouettes come closer. The string lights illuminate their long dresses. One black, the other red. Both with slits towards the lights.

They come through the door, arms locked.

Both look absolutely stunning.

The blonde wears the black dress. Her shoulder bare, the dress clings to her. Her makeup and hair is styled to perfection.

The brunette wears the bold red dress, silver sparkles up the slit. Her hair perfectly runs down over her shoulders in flawless waves.

They stand together allowing me to catch my breath, before I stand. Letting them take me in as I gentlemanly offer their seats to them. The brunette first, she offers her hand gingerly, and I take it. I walk her the couple of steps to her seat, and slide her in after she sets.

I return to the blonde, who smiles at me. I feel her uncomfortableness with being too feminine, so I advert my eyes from staring. I offer my arm, and she locks hers into mine.

"You, are breathtaking." I say so only she can hear.

I don't have to look, I feel her squeeze my arm affectionately. I pull her chair out, and she sets. I tuck her chair into place, then return to my place.

I look, and see both, eyeing me like a piece of meat eagerly.

"I clean up ok?" I ask, knowing their response.

Both smile, and the brunette calls out, "Show it off! Let's see the other side!"

I smile and turn, showing off the tuxedo they picked out for me.

"This custom fit?" I ask, unsure how they'll answer.

The brunette looks over, and the blonde responds still smiling, "We took your measurements. The first time we drugged you."

 "Of course you did." I smile to myself, as I uncork the wine, and pour their glasses.

"So, what is this? Today, no masks, freedom. You putting me down?"

The brunette hesitates, but the blonde speaks immediately. Covering.

"Hah-hah, tonight, we don't talk about the future. So go ahead, you've earned it...ask away about the past."

I stop pouring my glass, and give them both a look before responding.

The brunette's face goes back to her smiling character. I notice the split second change.

I set the bottle down, and rest my knuckles on the table. I tongue a tooth, thinking of my response.

"This is it, huh? My last day...the whole day, the uncensored you. My reward?"

 The blonde elegantly takes the wine glass, "Can we talk politics after we toast?"

The brunette takes her glass, looking at me, "To moments. The happy, few, precious moments. Tomorrow isn't promised, so enjoy today."

The three of us salute, and sip. My eyes never leave the blonde's.

"Fine." She finally responds, wetting her red lips.

"We're letting you go home."

The words like daggers in my heart.

"Before you cut me to shreds, I want you to know, this, was not an easy decision for us."

My face is tight. My eyes go razor sharp.

"You don't know...who, you're dealing with."

I shake my head. They're breaking up with me.

"Don't...don't, you honestly can't think-"

"I can think whatever I want. Just another mission, right?"

The brunette's face is hurt. The blonde's seems prepared for my venom.

"None of this really happened, none of it mattered, right?"

My anger grows. I see the brunette getting nervous. The blonde sets stoic, her eyes unflinching.

"Just get rid of the mark and move on to the next. Continue to break the man, right!?"

The brunette's eyes move to her right. The blonde grows tired.

"Whatever I say, you're just going to get angrier. Yes, this happened. Yes, this, all mattered. You, you are no mark. You-"

"Let me guess, I'm the one-man, to change you. To make you quit your evil feminist agenda to take over the world!"

"Don't do this." She calmly states.

"Don't do what!? React like a man!?"

The brunette slowly moves her arm, her eyes watching me. Scared.

"Don't end it like this." The blonde states without moving.

I'm broken by hearing it again. There's no hope. I can see it in her glass face. They are leaving my life and I can't fight it. I shake my head in frustration. I want to go to them, but there is a chasm between us now. My emotions get the better of me, and I pace.

"Why!? Why does this have to be it!?"

"Because-"

"Fuck the rules!" I interrupt, knowing where she's going.

She lets me continue, her face torn.

"If this meant anything to you, how can you just disappear from me? How can you do this? How, how can you possibly do this again?!"

I go to step forward, but I hear a familiar click.

"Don't." The brunette finally speaks.

She points the taser gun at me. Her eyes watery.

In this moment, I'm heartbroken all over again, and I can't hide it. My eyes go watery.

"I don't know what hurts worse. You breaking up with me." I eye the blonde.

"Or you thinking I could possibly hurt you." I turn my eyes towards the brunette.

I set down in my seat, grabbing my wine glass, and down it.

"We can't be together," I hear.

I grab the wine bottle.

"Our decision, about you...is going to cost us," Blah-blah-blah.

I notice my tears have dotted the white linen, and I drink straight from the bottle. My eyes won't look to either.

"We're giving up...our future, because of you," I hear.

"Look! We're targets now! Because of you! We're giving up this life, because of you! Because of some stupid man!"

My eyes slowly make their way back to blonde's. Both their eyes are leaking, and none of us care to wipe them dry.

"I'm serious." She says, wanting to calm me. Pleading with me to listen.

I can't. Not now. I have to hurt them. My eyes search metal trays, pulling the lids free from the three in front of me. The first, uncovers a gourmet steak. The second, a double chocolate cake. The third, a salad full of my favorite veggies.

My eyes, dart thinking.

"Don't." I hear the blonde say solemnly.

My eyes go to the chocolate cake, then to hers. Her face scared, openly shakes sideways.

I grab a handful of cake, my eyes never leaving hers. Raising it to my mouth, "I have to hurt you. Somehow."

She gasps in shock, silently protesting.

"Don't leave us yet." The brunette says out of my blurred vision.

I stuff a handful of cake in my mouth. Defiantly chewing the delicious drugged cake. Swallowing it, and looking hurt to the now distraught two. Both not wanting it to end this way, this fast.

I shove all the cake into my mouth, wiping my hand on the tuxedo out of spite. The three of us strife tears. The blonde closes her eyes, tears run black streaks down her perfect face.

I regret it right then.

"Not like this! We had a great night planned! We could have-"

I cut the brunette off, "It's better this way. You can use this to forget me. I'm just another shitty man in your life. Another disappointment-"

"We're never going to forget you." The blonde responds, not opening her eyes.

"Thanks, nameless blonde! That's going to matter to me, because you keep all control! You know everything about me, and I know jack-shit about either of you! You, you can walk into my life, spy on me whenever you want, and I get no say, no clue, if I really mattered!"

Both set in silence. The blonde still sets with her eyes closed.

"If I really mattered, you would tell me your names! Just you’re fucking first names! I don't care about your families, or you mission! I, I just wanted you."

They both set in pained silence. Both wanting to respond, but both being held.

My thoughts echo, and my head feels a familiar rush.

"It's...it's starting...already." My hand awkwardly rubs my eye, and the brunette looks to the blonde.

I can't remember my last meal exactly in this moment, but my stomach is empty. Fucking working fast.

I grab a cigarette, and light it. My breathing is slowing. The nicotine rush, flushes my head with new chemicals. I'm spinning. My posture slouches in the chair.

Both refrain from responding. The brunette openly cries, letting her tears run; as she bites her bottom lip. The blonde has two dark streaks under both eyes. Her face looks like a cracked porcelain doll, still not looking to me.

My pride bends, and I regret my every second with them.

I wish in that second to start over when I wake.

"Ok...ok, so this is it. Ok, I want...I want you both to know, I was a very lucky man. To have both of your hearts. I will never get to forget you. You will haunt me forever. I...I love you..both...find me...find me again...when it's over."

The blonde forces her eyes open. She distorts in my vision, and her face is lost to static. The brunette's body distorts, and color streaks starts to take my vision. I can't hear anything but the beat of a song I can't place.

I see the brunette get up from her chair and rush to me. Her arms hug me tight. My mind focuses on the song, and I think I hear myself sing,

"I never...dreamed that I'd love...somebody like you..."

The brunette's holding me, and saying something. Her words are muted, her face is close to mine.

"...I never...dreamed...I'd lose...some...body...like...you..."

My head bobs, and I see the blonde's face in agony through waves of static. I feel both of them holding me. My arms feel like anchors, trying to lift them. I want to hold them, but I'm weak. I flail grabbing at their backs. I feel one's spine and the others ribs before all goes black.

I repeat, "I'm sorry," into the abyss

Chapter 32

"The Spoils"

A plain white van backs into the suburban two stall driveway. From inside someone clicks the garage door to life. The back van door swings open, and a bearded female dressed in a khaki uniform, and tool belt walks into the garage. The door closes as the plain white van slowly exits out of the driveway, and down the street.

Inside the female undresses, removing her fake beard, and uniform to wearing normal feminine clothing. Inside the tool bag is her purse, which she fetches before heading inside.

The dogs bark, and she speaks in baby talk, feeding them treats. The dogs happily accept, and she is welcomed into the home. Twenty minutes later a knock at the door, and an unsuspecting kenneler comes, and takes the happy dogs unknowingly.

Paying him in advance, she even kisses them each extra, then smiles and waves as he takes the dogs.

She shuts the door, then slowly walks the house, looking at his walls, pictures; stopping to take in his private office. His inner sanctuary. A place no other knows of or has seen. His "bat cave".

This faceless man. This friendless savior. Superman's fortress of solitude, hiding in plain sight. All his files. All his exposures of corruption. Just another target of the deep state. Just this one knows how to stay anonymous from them.

The garage door opens, and she gets into position. Hiding in the darkness of his laundry room, she waits. The door opens and he is seen for a full second. He pauses, knowing something isn't right.

In that second she studies his face the entire stride forward. He never saw her as she jabbed the syringe into his arm. She injected fast, but he jerks away. His face looks to hers, confused. He takes a step forward, then another, then falls face first onto the carpet. He gasps like a fish out of water before falling asleep.

Sun falls over the horizon and night drops into darkness.

The white van returns, and backs to the garage door. It opens and two women dressed as men carry a human shaped roll of carpet to the van. Then climb in, and drive off as the garage door closes.

The two women drive to their rented Camry, in a vacant field. Unrolling  him from the carpet, then carrying him to the Camry's trunk. Inside a cozy sleeping bag with pillow.

The two make their way across country, taking turns driving thru the night. South Dakota. Wyoming. Finally, Montana.

Their passenger asleep in the back, now wearing a full diaper inside a water proof sleeping bag.

Not much is said but at each stop, they look at each other, wondering if the other is tough enough.

The brunette looks down at him know, asleep in her lap, remembering their trip home. Now, the story is changed, no longer the abductee, he sleeps peacefully the put down dog, being taken to the farm.

The blonde drives the entire trip, as the two barely speak through words. Glances, and long looks in the mirror, state both their intentions.

One wants to hold onto him a long as she can, emotion of the experience holding her like she holds him.

The other, still the solider, inside wanting to be back there, holding both of them, but pushes past emotion, knowing what's at stake if they fail.

Both reflect on the last two weeks. The change in both of them. No longer foot solders for a "greater good". Both are awoken to their insignificance to the bigger picture. Both not wanting that life anymore.

Both not knowing the other's thoughts, drive in silence, wondering what comes next. After they return him to "normal life". Is there a next mission? Is it worth it? Is any of it worth it, if it doesn't have your heart?

The blonde watches the brunette at a stoplight, thru the rear view. She watches him sleep, even calming his panic breaths with a gentle touch and quiet shushing.

Wanting to say something, a green light change takes the thought, leaving it there.

Wyoming is cold, and snow covered. South Dakota the same. Iowa returns to normal, but cold and desolate stretches of farmland.

At a rest stop in Iowa, the brunette takes over driving. Only asking, "You want some time with him?"

Nodding, the blonde cradled his head into her lap. Reminding her of taking her pet dog out to the farm after it had passed. Sad, but not the same sad.

She sheds a tear, looking down at him, wondering which male she has to target next, since this will be labeled a "success."

"The only man I could ever love on this planet, and I'm giving him up" repeats in her head. Rain and sleet block her view away, forcing her to look back to him.

After a moment she leans down, kissing him on the forehead. Mouthing an "I'm sorry" only he could hear.

The Camry pulls into his driveway, early in the morning hours. The garage door opens, and his sleeping body is carried inside. They lug him up the stairs, and deposit him on the bed, moving him into place.

The brunette sets with him a moment, as the blonde walks around his house. Taking in his memories, his past. His love of writing since an early age. His first book, written on colored cardboard paper.

The pictures and pictures of him and his dogs. So many, it's almost a family. Kids she never had, but wanted. A little princess girl, and a smelly old hunting dog. Its smell still permeates the house. The Bassett hound smell.

This simple little life she could accept. Take on. Once his mother passes, he can be free. Free from a state without friends, without a future. They could all escape back to the ranch. Live together, hiding, in plain sight. A life of working the ranch with him, she could do anything with her skills. The three could live together, in their weird bdsm world. No one would judge or care, because they could live freely, isolated. Away from the constant war. The constant fear spread on television. Live life, happy, full of smiles, and love, pain and ecstasy, fighting and makeup. Like any other loving relationship.

Then reality hits her. She could be silenced. Erased. Just like her. They could both be sent to opposite sides of the world. Tortured. Killed. Dumped in unmarked graves. Forgotten. Lost.

Then the first option becomes the Disney ending that can't come true. No matter how bad you want it.

Looking down the hall, she grabs a picture of him and the dogs. Taken by whom, she doesn't know or care. The happiness in his face, his smile in that moment moves her to keep it. Not as a trophy, but as a tether. One day, when it's over. Maybe.

She walks to the bedroom door, and looks in. The brunette dries her eyes, and kisses his forehead. Closing her eyes, she smells him one last time, the gesture causes a tear to drop onto his lips.

She moves to wipe it away, but his lips pinch tougher and a slight whimper comes from his sleeping mouth.

She repeats, "I will see you soon. I will see you soon."

Getting up, she turns and the two females see each other. See each other's hurt in this moment, and move to embrace each other, letting off some steam from the emotional charge.

Their embrace is stopped a moment later as the door bell rings. The brunette checks her phone, then her eyes in the mirror. She answers the door and takes the dogs, loving and hugging each one. Tipping the man extra, and closing the door.

The brunette walks upstairs to see the dogs setting, watching the blonde with eagerness. She looks timid, never being sure around dogs, she waits for the brunette's reassurance before petting them.

Both dogs melt in their arms, and they take a moment to enjoy the company. The two play with the blonde as the brunette gets their treats ready. The two women deposit each dog in a kennel, and look around his home one final time.

The two make their way out the garage, getting in their Camry, the blonde clicks the garage door to close, and the two drive slowly down the block. Both in the front seat, holding hands, tears streaking their faces as they leave Iowa City.

Chapter 33

Friday afternoon.

"Uninvited"

Before I open my eyes, I'm swimming in some sort of loss. Feeling so empty, so utterly destroyed. I can't even really sleep.

Then I wake. I don't have to open my eyes, I know.

I'm home.

The familiar feeling under me, covering me, under my head. My bed.

Instead of joy, I'm heartbroken. When I reach out to either side, I'm alone in my king size bed. So empty, so cold. Their faces, somehow erased from my memory.

I'm alone again.

Finally opening my eyes, I see my bedroom, perfectly intact, cleaned even.

It takes me a moment to will myself out of bed. Suddenly I'm 13 and waiting for dad all over again.

I walk around the house, looking over my office. Slowly walk over to my files, everything still there. My laptop untouched. The room, cleaned.

That's when I hear whimpering from the other room. My dogs!

My life. My dogs. I haven't thought of my real life in so long. I run out to the living room, seeing my kids in separate kennels. The second they see me, they bark more excited than I've ever heard. Tails banging inside the plastic.

I let them out, and the rush of pure love they give with kisses, forced snuggles. I'm takled as they bark in loud happiness. It's then I finally feel some sort of happiness, I'm alive. For better or worse, I'm back to my normal, boring life.

Looking out the window, nothing looks worse off. I can't tell if the "rise" has officially became public. A car passes by with a family in it. The Internet is still working. News is covering some sort of baseball scandal.

My phone is setting charged, next to my glasses. No missed calls. No text messages waiting for my response.

I can believe it.

With some semblance of purpose, I feed the dogs and accept that Monday I have to go back. Back to a reality that could never accept or believe my last two weeks. At least I have the weekend.

Possibly the greatest two weeks of my existence.

Sad, yes, but being abducted by a secret female organization and held by two dominatrix’s, who grew feelings and broke their own mission, for me, made me feel more alive, more wanted, more loved than I have in my entire life.

Whatever the last two weeks was, it changed me, it made me see what I could take. Mentally, emotionally, physically.

I've never felt normal in a relationship, or in general. I know now, I will never want a "normal" relationship again.

The next three weeks are painful, slow, depressing. Take your choice. Every day I look at a sea of beautiful females, only to be disappointed it's never "them".

I don't have a favorite, or a choice of them. My soul just aches for the spark of their eye contact. Their enchantress voices. How they knew everything about me. Like long time lovers without the lost desire to evolve sexually.

As days pass their faces elude me. All I can remember is their eyes. Whatever drug they fed me, it erased parts, I find myself trying to remember days, events, conversations. It just slowly evaporates into grey.

The grind is hard. Mornings, feeding the dogs and taking them on their demanded walk, is the only thing that gets me out of bed. I burn a sick day or two.

Some days, I notice women looking at me with those same penetrating stares. Never looking away, eyeing me like meat.

Each time I notice, eyeing them back without fear. No matter how beautiful they are, they don't compare. Iowa City "9's and 10's" barely compare to the two I couldn't unmask.

Each time, I touch the scar as I walk away without engaging conversation. I know they watch me walk away. In my mind, it's me giving them the finger.

Work orders come in and doing my little work dance. Clogged toilets. Wasp nests. Fan vents. Monday's blurs into Friday's, which are the worst, because I'm surrounded by people in relationships. With plans and lives.

And I'm over her, missing my dominatrix captors.

I quit writing and publishing my research altogether. Not even three days back, and I pass over control to a handful of trusted allies. Two females included. I didn't care about the uprising.

My spirit and stubbornness lie broken.

I would never go public with what happened to me. Yes, I may have my house broken into, drugged, abducted, tortured, starved, burned and from the feel of it, branded. But it made me feel alive.

If I could have stayed there forever, with my dogs, but never seeing their faces, I would. Without a second's thought I would.

I can suppress those thoughts with searches of Google maps. I go premium, and search. I spend weekends searching. Colorado. Then Utah. Then Washington. Montana. Idaho.

All fruitless out of desperation.

I search social media accounts. Celebrity images.

I'm not going to "accept my circumstances".

Wyoming. North and South Dakota. Oregon.

I'm not "fixed". I need to be reabducted. Retrained. Reprogrammed. Everything.

I’m spinning out, my beard grows wild, and I quit sleep. Conversation. Exercise. Engaging.

I want them to see their failed experiment. Fix it again.

In a rage I destroy my laptops, my phone, my television. I only succeed in scaring the ones who would never leave me.

My two fur babies demand my attention, and I realize they are the only tethers from leaving this life to find them.

Then something weird started to happen. I awoke to my morning alarm on a Monday, with some sense of hope. I don't know why I remembered it, or why a dream would stir a real life feeling of something positive was going to happen.

I felt it all day, only to lose it and forget it by Thursday. The grind will do that.

Then, Friday.

Late in the afternoon were informed of a new move in. A top floor, fully furnished, two bed, two bath. I'm tasked with the final walk through, handing out the swag and making sure everything is "five star" worthy.

I rush to complete it as the day winds down. I want to go home so bad, I rush. I sweat. I cuss.

Its 4:30, then 4:50. I'm shampooing carpets. Cleaning dead bugs for the lights. Then mopping the hardwood floors. Its past 5:00, everyone in the office is most likely gone.

I lock the door, and overload my arms with cleaning products, ladder, dragging the vacuum behind to the elevator.

I wait for the slow elevator, and hear a female voice from the stairwell below. The elevator bing grabs my attention.

I remember time slowing down, exhaling right before the doors open.

Then it freezes.

Standing in the elevator in front of me, are the two women. Them!

Their eyes focused directly on me. A blue eyed red head with short hair. The brunette, now adorns silver hair, with lime green eyes.

I'm frozen in shock. My eyes are full of tears instantly.

They stand for a second, they're eyes know me. They react like typical residents, stepping aside still staring holes into me. Playing the part. Their eyes never leave mine.

I know I exhaled before, because I involuntarily forget the breathing process. Blinking, I feel two wet lines running down my face. I can't even stutter a word, goosebumps run down my left arm.

"Are you the nice maintenance man who cleaned our apartment?" The silver fox asks.

I slowly nod, not wanting to do two things at once. Not being able to breathe correctly at this moment.

"Thank you, so much! I know we came at the last minute, that is so nice of you!" She continues, "Wow, your arms are full!"

I cough, forgetting to breathe.

"Cough-cough!...Sorry, excuse me, cough!"

"You okay? You look like you've seen a ghost." The red head asks. She stares me down, slightly smiling.

"More like two." I finally respond.

I struggle to keep the ladder from falling.

I want to drop everything, rush to them, pull them into my arms, never let go, but I'm frozen, believing this isn't real. A fantasy from sleep deprivation.

The silver fox leans in close, smelling me without being discrete. Her eyes looking to my name tag then back into mine.

"Colby, nice to meet you." She states locked deep in my eyes.

I'm speechless hearing her say my name for the first time.

We're close, both our eyes venture to the other's lips, then back.

"Maybe I'll see you around." She eyes me walking away.

My eyes drift to the red head, she stands unmoving, waiting for alone time.

A random resident walks by, and she just stares at me. Her face lightens up when we're alone. Her stare, piercing.

She slowly strolls towards me, a smile stretches across her gorgeous face.

"Colby. Nice to finally meet you."

Hearing her voice, I drop everything, and kiss her. The loud crash of everything is muted. We're magnetized to each other for a moment.

She finally pulls away gently, smiling, eyes sparkling, "You're sure friendly here in Iowa."

"Took you long enough." I respond on the verge of tears.

The joy in her smile changes to a sly demeanor.

"I want you to go clock out, then come directly back to us."

She leaves my embrace, then turns back to me, "I have an inspection report to fill out."

Still walking, she calls back, "You have ten minutes."

I can't contain my smile. Apparently I have plans this weekend.

"Yes, mistress."

Fucking Disney ending over here.