

# *Laser Brains*



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# Laser Brains

How did I end up here? I wasn't really sure. All right, I guess I knew. It was a week ago, when I found myself on my figurative knees in front of my best friend of all time.

"I'm sorry, Jess. I'm sorry."

"I was counting on you," she said coldly "You made promises to me, Marita."

"I know, I know, I know. It wasn't my fault. All right, it was, but I didn't do it intentionally."

She tightened her folded arms and gave me The Look, her head tipped slightly and looking at me through the corners of her eyes. Yes, The Look. She only gave someone The Look when she was honestly hurt, but at the same time, we'd known each other a long, long time. She'd forgive me. If. Yes. If.

Oh, she would have forgiven me, anyway, but we had an if. We'd been doing if since we were young teenagers. It had been immature then, and it was immature as adults, but it was our thing, you could say, and so I knew at this point I had to accept an if.

"Please forgive me, Jess." Those were actually the magic words, my way of admitting I had earned an if.

"You think I should forgive you."

"I bet you'll be laughing by the time you're done," I offered.

"You think you can buy forgiveness?"

"Yes."

She snorted. "Well, you're right, but I think we can both agree you screwed up this time, Marita."

"It wasn't intentional. You know that, Jess."

"Fine. Mickie twisted my arm."

"And you caved," I said. "Like you always did. What is it this time?"

"Laser Brains."

"Excuse me?"

"It's one of those altered reality places."

“Oh, fuck,” I said.

“Saturday.”

“Oh, fuck,” I said again. “Tell me at least it’s all women.”

“It’s all women, Marita,” she confirmed. “But no holds barred, so to speak.”

“Oh, fuck.”

“Dress like you hope to get lucky.”

“Laser Brains sounds... athletic.”

“It is,” she said. “It’s laser tag with a twist.”

“Just fuck me now.”

“That probably won’t be me, Marita. Mickie will send a car for you.” She paused, and her expression softened. “Dress nicely, Marita. Mickie told me anyone who doesn’t put in an effort won’t like the results.”

“You could make me do something else, Jess. I’ll clean your house. I’ll...”

“You’ll go to Laser Brains with me on Saturday, and you’ll act like you’re happy to be there.” Then she looked away.

So, it was my turn to soften. I stepped closer and put my hand on her arm. “What is it?”

“Nothing.” It was barely a whisper.

“You don’t have to go.”

She turned back. “It’s complicated. Please, Marita. You know it will be fun.”

“It’s the aftermath that’s messy,” I replied. “Especially if Mickie’s friends are involved.”

“I’m her friend.”

“Yeah, well, if we weren’t best friends, I’d point out that you can be scary sometimes.”

“Hey!”

“I’ll be there,” I said. “But I want advance forgiveness and a hug.”

\* \* \* \*

So, that was how I ended up seated in one of the alteration chairs, a

headset in place, fifteen other women in similar chairs around me. I knew most of them, some better than others. We were a varied lot. The youngest was Tasia; she was 18. Vesta had been “pushing 50” for several years; no one knew which side of that particular line she was. I was a middle-of-the-road 32.

“Well, well, ladies,” said the Laser Brains employee. “Welcome to Laser Brains.”

“Thanks, Francoise!” Mickie called out. “Everyone. That’s Francoise. Francoise, this is everyone.”

There were chuckles. Francoise offered a tiny bow and then said, “Everyone has signed their paperwork.” Some paperwork, too. I’d legal authorized them to do... more than I was remotely comfortable. I offered Jess a look, but she was ignoring me, perhaps feeling a little guilty.

“This is an X-rated event,” Francoise announced. “If you came for the kiddie games, that was last Saturday. Now, we get a few new people every time, so I’m going to explain a little bit. First, this is strip laser tag. We will be forming teams, rotating for each game, and if your team loses an event, you’ll be removing one article.”

I suppressed a groan. Mickie was a total hedonist. I figured there’s be nudity even when I let Jess strong-arm me.

“Now, I see a few of you anticipated that. How many scarves are you wearing?” She was looking at Liza, seated in the third chair to my right.

“I didn’t count,” Liza said with a laugh.

“Well, that planning doesn’t do you one bit of good. You all get five items. Top; bottom, bra, undies, feet.” She looked around. “Who is wearing choices that don’t make that possible?” No one raised her hand. “Excellent, I want to see a show of hands if you’re here because someone else talked you into it.”

I sighed, sure I was about to be handicapped, but I already knew it wouldn’t do to lie. I raised my hand. I was somewhat surprised to see about half the other women also put their hands up, including Jess. Francoise pointed to the first. “Who?”

“Mickie.”

She went around the room, hitting each woman with her hand up. Most of them, including Jess, mentioned Mickie. Three of us said other names, two for Gabriele and Jess had talked me into coming.

“All right,” Francoise said. “Keep your hand up if raising your hand made you nervous.” Everyone laughed, and most of us kept our hands up. “All right. You can put your hands down. The people who talked you into coming get a small bonus. Mickie, I’m not giving you that many. She stepped over to a table, counted something out, and then she stepped to Mickie, handing her 3 scarves. Gabriele got two, and Jess got the last. Then she turned to Liza, “No, yours don’t count as extra!”

“You can’t blame a girl for trying.”

Jess tied the scarf around her neck and tossed me her first smile since we’d arrived, then blew me a kiss.

“All right,” Francoise said. “We’re going to have great fun tonight. Other than public embarrassment, there is no penalty to getting naked. However, for the final game, those still wearing clothing will begin with a bonus. Good luck, ladies! Nighty-night.”

With that, the sounds started. The lights started. And while it wasn’t like throwing a light switch, it took little time until I was completely out of it.

I would eventually find out what they had done to my brain.

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“It’s time for our first game,” Francoise said. It was the first thing I registered since the lights started.

We weren’t in our chairs.

Francoise paused. She probably knew waking up somewhere else was disconcerting, and she gave us a moment, grinning at us. Larue muttered something about “show-offs.”

“What’s the game?” Mickie finally asked.

“This is simple laser tag. There is no respawn, but if you are captured, you may be freed from jail. Perhaps you’ll discover how. You have 15 seconds to move into your staging room. Go!”

My visor told me I was on team blue. There were two exits from the briefing room, one marked by a blue arch, the other a green arch. A third, red arch, had a closed door.

I ran for the blue arch; I wasn’t the only one. Melissa and Venetta barely made it through the arch before a force field settled across the opening. Somehow, that made sense.

My visor indicated: Game Begins: One Minute. A clock began counting down. The visor didn't list my teammates, as I looked around, I saw that we each had a slight blue glow about us. I could also see the score was zero-zero.

"Strategy?" Tasia asked.

"Don't get shot," Theodora replied.

"Helpful," Tasia said. "Very helpful. Stick together? Break into sub-teams? Sit and wait for them? Do we even know what it's like out there?" She gestured to the only other exit from our room, which I knew entered into the playing field.

"It's different for each game," Mickie explained. "Partner up and stick with your partner as best you can."

I turned to Jess, but Tasia had already grabbed her. She shrugged at me. I ended up with Melissa. She was a little younger than me, a few years, and I knew she played soccer. That was about all I knew about her.

"Ever done this before?"

"Laser Brains, or X-rated Laser Brains?"

"Either, I guess."

"Yes and no, but I've done other X-rated events other places." She grinned. "They're always fun."

And that was when the timer reached zero.

"Go!" Mickie ordered "And play to win!"

Four sub-teams of two ran into the playing area. I immediately realized we were playing in a maze, and a map of the maze appeared in my visor, but only the areas I'd seen. The other three subteams spread in different directions. Melissa set out, not running, but moving quickly, and I followed after her.

She ran us for only about thirty seconds. As we moved, the maze map filled into my visor, and I could see dots for each of my teammates, although I didn't know who each dot represented. But then Melissa flattened herself against the wall, right beside a corner. I stepped beside her.

"To be fair," she said. "We should switch who goes around each corner first." Then she gave a quick peek before pulling back. "Clear. Looks like a T-intersection in about ten steps. Your turn. Go!"

I stepped around her, peeked, and then moved along the wall, watching the

left while hugging the right. Melissa followed me. I reached the T without seeing anyone. From my position on the right wall, I could see partially around the left corner, but almost nothing to the right.

I was about to peek when I felt a hand on my leg. I froze, suddenly unable to move.

We had two weapons. We had a laser gun, and if we shot someone with it, she was captured. But we could be stunned with a hand stunner, and someone had gotten me. I was entirely stunned for 30 seconds. I could look straight ahead. I could breathe and blink, but I couldn't do so much as move my eyes, and I certainly couldn't tell Melissa I'd just been stunned.

But then Melissa reached awkwardly around me and began pulling the trigger of her laser gun. One, two, three shots, then she stepped past me, still firing. "Got her!"

On my visor, the score turned to 0(1) to 0, and then I heard Fidelia say in a monotone voice, "I am a prisoner. Prisoners go to jail." She continued to repeat that as she walked away. I never saw her.

My stun timer counted down to zero. I turned to Melissa. "Why didn't she just shoot me? For that matter, what good is a stunner?"

"The rules will be different in other games," she said. "And I suspect she knew we were both here and hopped to shoot me, then you."

"Oh. Should I have figured that out?"

She shrugged. "Let's go that way."

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The score became 3 to 4(1). "We're in trouble," Melissa said. "We're outnumbered three to five. I say we find jail and free some of our teammates."

"I think it's that way," I said. "If we shoot someone, we can follow her, if it's the same jail for both teams."

"It should be," she said.

"They'll be guarding it."

"Then we need to be careful."

We began moving. And just then, the score became 3 to 4(2). "Shit," said Melissa. "Well, I'm not giving up."

"Neither am I."

Thirty seconds later, we heard Jess saying, “I am a prisoner; prisoners go to jail.” I froze, and then Jess turned the corner, walking straight towards us. I aimed my gun past her.

“Let’s follow her,” I said. “I’ll watch our back; you watch our front.”

Jess passed us, and then Melissa and I tucked in behind her, me walking backwards, my gun out.

Jess led us straight to the jail, but Team Green had set up a defense, which wasn’t surprising. Jess got shot several more times, which didn’t matter, and Melissa dragged me to the floor. “I don’t know if they saw us,” she said.

“There’s the last two!” Liza yelled.

“Or maybe they did.”

There was running, and then Liza came running around the corner. I have no idea what she was thinking. Melissa and I both lit her up, and she stiffened, came to a stop, and then said, “I am a prisoner; prisoners go to jail.”

Larue was a little more careful. She tried firing from around the corner. I pushed away from Melissa, ran, and got behind Liza. Larue tried shooting me, but she kept hitting her own teammate. But then I got a lucky shot from over Liza’s shoulder about the same time Melissa also nailed Larue.

“I am a prisoner,” she said, getting up from the floor. “Prisoners go to jail.”

We followed both of them to jail, and then I stopped, stunned. There were eleven women in jail, and they were all... doing things. Sexy things. Oh, they hadn’t stripped, and they weren’t making out, well, not with each other.

Jess was making out with her own hand. Mickie was making out with an imaginary lover. Tasia had her hand inside her shirt, and it looked like she was playing with her own breasts. Well, you get the idea.

“Oh, shit,” I said.

“Yeah,” Melissa agreed. “Enough gawking. Let’s get them freed, and fast, before the rest of Team Green checks on us here.”

“Right. How?”

And then I knew. To free one of my teammates, she had to willingly, and somewhat passionately, kiss me.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Melissa said. But then she grabbed Venitia



and kissed her. It didn't work.

"She has to kiss you," I said. I looked at Jess; we didn't have that kind of relationship. Well, I didn't have that kind of relationship with anyone here, although I used to with Vesta. Well, if you count one weekend a "relationship."

I sat down on the bench. She was caressing her own bare skin, but I pulled her hands away from her and set them on my cheeks, then smiled. "Hello, Vesta," I said gently.

From behind her visor, her eyes focused on me. She smiled. "Marita."

"Please kiss me," I told her. Her smile grew, and she brought me to her. We kissed, and wow! I'd forgotten how good she was. But then she stiffened and pushed me away. "Marita?" She looked around. "Oh. Laser Brains." She began laughing, but then she stiffened again, stood up, and then just... disappeared.

"What the fuck?"

"She's resetting," Melissa said. "She probably will be invisible until she makes it back to the start."

"Oh. Well, convince someone to kiss you."

Most of them were easy. She saw to Mickie. I struggled, but I got Theodora to kiss me. Melissa, once I'd shown her how, did most of the rest, and we got down to Jess. "You're up," Melissa said.

"She's my best friend since forever," I said. "And we don't have that kind of relationship."

"You do tonight. I'll cover the door."

"Just kiss her."

"This one is yours," she said, moving away.

Damn it.

I considered leaving her, but if she found out I had, she'd be mad. So, I moved to her. Once we were touching, her eyes focused. "Hey," she whispered.

"Please kiss me, Jess."

"Funny."

"Jess, if you don't kiss me, you're stuck in jail."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but you're being a goof." She frowned. "Where did my date go?"

“Jess, I dare you to kiss me.”

She pushed me away. “You goof.”

We broke contact, and her eyes took on the glazed look again. I grabbed her, smiled, and said, “Jess, if you kiss me, and make me feel like you mean it, I’ll go out with that woman from your work, the one you keep trying to set me up with.”

She frowned. “You can’t stand Frankie.”

“No, the other one,” I said. “But you have to make me think you mean it.”

She cocked her head, but then she pulled me to her, and we had our first kiss. Now, it wasn’t like I had never thought about kissing Jess. We’d even talked about it a few times, but we decided neither of us was good at remaining friends with our ex’s, and we were self-aware enough to know that while we were really good friends, we’d be terrible lovers.

But she kissed me, and it took about two seconds before I realized how much I’d been missing, all this time. She kissed me, and boy! Did she mean it.

But then she pushed away. “What the fuck, Marita?” And then she faded from view.

“Let’s get moving,” Melissa said. The score was five to zero.

We got one more, entirely by luck. Melissa peeked around a corner and then froze. I didn’t even hesitate. I dashed around her, firing like crazy, and I got Marcelina before she could raise her gun. She’d stunned Melissa, but I shot her.

Thirty seconds later, the score became 6(2) to 0. I hung out with Melissa as it became 7(1) and then 8(0).

*Blue Team Wins!*

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We all met back in the briefing room. Once we were there, Francoise said, “Congratulations, Team Blue! Three, two, one, zero!”

At zero, Jodie from Team Green turned to me and set her hand on my arm. “Marita, will you take my shoes off for me?” Around me, the other members of Team Green had all done the same, asking a member of my team to remove an article of clothing. Most chose their shoes, which would be the least revealing, but Laue, Lisa, and Jenise all asked to have their tops removed.

I knelt down in front of Jodie and removed her sneakers and socks. When I

stood, she hugged and kissed me, which felt entirely natural, and then she turned and headed for the locker room to put her shoes away.

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We had a break for water and a little trash talk. But Jess grabbed my hand and pulled me to the edge of the room. “Thanks for freeing me.”

“You seemed a little upset, and then you disappeared.”

“What do you mean, I disappeared?”

“Melissa said it’s a reset. One moment you were there, then I couldn’t see you. All of you did that.”

“How many women did you kiss?” she squeaked.

“Three and three,” I said.

“You little hussy,” Jess said with a smile.

“What do you remember?”

“I knew I was shot, and then... I was on a date.”

“You were kissing an imaginary lover and playing with your nips.”

“I was not!”

“Totally.”

“Full of it,” she said. “You interrupted my date.”

“Jess. Look around. We’re at Laser Brains.”

“I know we’re at Laser Brains.”

“You got shot. You went to jail. And then they made you think you were on a date.”

“Oh, fuck,” she said.

“This wasn’t my idea, I’ll point out. What do you remember next?”

“You begging me to kiss you.” She sighed. “You’re not really going to go out with anyone from my work, are you?”

“Not a chance,” I replied. “Then what?”

“I kissed you, and then I became myself. Then I got up and walked back to the start. I don’t really remember in between. I remember I had to go back to start, and then I could reenter the game.”

“Normal after that?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, there you have it.” I paused. “Jess, that was a really, really good kiss.”

“Yeah, yeah, but we’d still be lousy lovers.” She grinned. “And yeah, it was. Even if you made me go third.”

“All right, Ladies!” Francoise said. “It’s time for Capture the Flag. The teams are rearranged.”

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This time, we knew a little more about the arena. There would be our side, their side, and a no-man’s side. And the rules were different depending upon where you were.

If I shot someone while she was in our territory, she was captured, just like the first game, and she would go to jail.

If I shot someone in no-man’s territory, she was stunned, just like if I had used the stunner. To actually capture her, I had to use the stunner, so the two were switched.

And if I were on the other side, all I could do is stun; my gun was useless.

I was Team Blue again, along with Jess, Mickie, and Tasia. We lost Theodora, Vesta, Venetta, and Melissa and gained Jenise, Isis, Gabriele, and Fidelia. Mickie took charge long enough to say, “I’m not leading each game. Someone step up, Isis.”

Isis laughed. “Three teams, two looking for their flag, two guarding no-man’s land, and three guarding our flag.”

“We probably won’t know where our flag is,” Mickie said. “But every game of Capture The Flag I’ve played, you can see the flag carrier on your visor.”

“We’ll do our best,” Isis said. “Who wants to hunt their flag?” Jess, Gabriele, and Fidelia raised their hands.

“Okay. Mickie?”

“I’ll help guard the middle. Tasia, want to hang with me?”

“Sure.”

“Then we’ll try to protect,” Isis said.

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Capture the Flag was a much longer game. If you went to jail, you stayed there until freed, or until the other team captured your flag. We began with Isis, Jenise, and me roaming solo in our territory. It didn't take long until the score changed to 0-0 to 0-0(1), and one of the dots on my minimap faded out. Someone on Team Blue's forward team had been tagged. About a minute after that, I heard someone saying, "I am a prisoner; prisoners go to jail." And then Jodie stepped around the corner, looking vacant. I nearly shot her anyway, but she repeated the phrase and stepped forward like she didn't see me.

Then, just as she was about to walk past me, she reached out with her hand and slapped my arm. I froze. She giggled. "You know," she said, turning to me. "Your visor shows you if someone has been tagged."

Oh shit. She'd been faking it, and I should have figured that out.

I stood there, not moving, my stun timer counting down. When it reached 15, a new dot appeared on my minimap from the direction Jodie had arrived; someone on Team Green had our flag.

But Jodie wasn't wasting her time. While I stood, entirely stunned, she pried my gun from my hand and put it into my holster. My hand stunner wouldn't work unless I was holding my gun. Then she patted my cheek. That didn't reset my stun timer. I couldn't be restunned until the old one wore off.

Two Team Green members appeared in my field of view. Theodora was holding the blue flag, and Vesta was moving ahead of her. "We could take her with us," Vesta said.

"Maybe next time," Jodie said. "I'm going to have some fun with her right here."

"Enjoy," Theodora said. As she passed me, she patted my bottom. It felt really, really nice. "Nice ass. I can't wait for future games, Marita. I'm glad Jess talked you into coming."

They continued. Jodie then said, "When you can move, raise your hands into the air or I'll stun you again, then I'll drag you to jail." I didn't realize they could do that, but it made sense. The timer reached zero, and very slowly I lifted my hands. Jodie smiled. "Good girl."

"What do you want?"

"Other than to win?" She cocked her head. "You get a choice. You can agree to do whatever I tell you, and the two of us will stay right here until we win that point or someone else captures those two. Or else I'll restun you and

then drag you to jail.”

“It will reset when they capture the flag.”

She frowned, then smiled. “The game is continuous. Everyone *in* jail will reset. I’ll keep you stunned in no-man’s land until the point is scored, and then I’ll capture you. You’ll be out of it until we get your flag again.”

“You promise no other tricks?” I asked. “And I want to know what I’m promising.”

“You won’t mind.”

“You could order me to do almost anything.”

“If you honestly don’t like it, I’ll stun you and run.”

“Once the flag is captured, you retreat to no-man’s land. I won’t chase after you.”

“Once the flag is captured, I’ll stun you and retreat.”

“I’ll do what you order.”

She smiled broadly. “Excellent.” She stepped closer, her gun still in her right hand, her left ready to slap me if I moved. “Set your hands on my shoulders. Move slowly.” I did what she said. “Your right hand stays where it is. Move your left to my back.” She lifted her own arm out of the way. “Don’t move.” Then she gently grabbed my right arm. The stunner required a slap, but she could grab me and it didn’t fire. “I can still slap you faster than you can grab your gun,” she said. “Let me put this arm where I want it. Slide your arm slowly until I’m holding your wrist.”

I obeyed. She clasped my wrist and then used my own arm to pull me tightly against her before pushing my hand.

Onto her ass.

“Move your right to the other cheek,” she said with a smile. I laughed and did what she said. “Rub,” she ordered. “And kiss me.”

I laughed again and did what she ordered. Her own hands found their own places on my body, but I rubbed her bottom, and we kissed, and kissed, and kissed.

And then she pulled away. “We scored.”

I opened my eyes. The score was 0-0 to 1-0. Jodie was smiling broadly.

“We have a deal,” she said. “Are you going to break it?”

“No.”

“I won’t, either. Do you want to know why I wanted you to do that?”

“Because you have the hots for me?”

“While that’s true, right now, I have the hots for *everyone*. How curious are you?”

“Not curious enough to throw the game or something.”

“Lift your hands into the air, turn around, and set them flat against the wall.”

“Is that how you’re going to stun me? I don’t actually have to obey you.”

“Do it anyway.”

I thought, nodded, and lifted my hands, then turned and set them against the wall. Jodie shifted slightly and said, “I’m going to touch you.” I nodded. And then her hand was on my bottom. She began to rub, and it took seconds before I was squirming.

“Ooh,” I said. “Oh. My. God.” I felt my libido rising just from a bun rub.

Jodie froze with her hand on my ass. “Welcome to X-rated games, Marita,” she said, a little huskily. “You get a choice now. Walk with me to no-man’s land, and I’ll do that the entire way. Or ask me to stun you.”

I sighed. “That’s really nice, Jodie. Maybe I’ll catch you next time.”

“So be it.” She spanked my ass, and I froze.

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Team Blue wasn’t doing very well. We got their flag once, but it was 1-3(1) to 4-5(1). There were only two of us left, and if Team Green got our flag once more, the game was over. Even if I we caught their flag, all that would happen was that all of their captured members would be free, but ours would remain in jail, and outnumbered eight to two, they’d easily beat us.

I decided to make an attempt on freeing my teammates.

I’d been to jail a few times, but I didn’t know the route. It took me time to find it, and then I only realized I was there when I saw Marcelina disappear behind me, and a second later, our score went to 1-4(0), indicating a member not tagged, but in jail.

I hurried after her. Once I stepped around the corner, I saw jail, an archway with a shimmer over it. As I wasn’t a prisoner, I knew I could walk

right through the force field, but I stepped to it and cautiously touched it. There was a tingle, but I could put my hand through it. I followed after.

There were ten other women here. None of them was making out with her hand, but they were definitely, um, enjoying themselves. No one actually had her hand down her pants, but several were teasing themselves from the outside. Others were teasing their breasts or rubbing their bodies.

It was hot, and just watching them made me horny. Hornier. Okay, hornier.

Jess wasn't here, but the rest of my team was. I kept Mickie for last. I stepped to Tasia. The rules for freeing someone had changed, but I didn't realize what they were. I knew I had to kiss her. I moved into her field of vision, touched her cheek, and she focused on me, smiling. "Marita," she whispered. "Kiss me!"

I did, and then I found us not just kissing, but entirely lip-locked. Then, without any control myself, I pulled away, bent over, and waited.

Tasia began to rub my bottom, then she knelt behind me, lifted my skirt, pulled a section of my panties out of the way, and kissed my bare bottom.

It seared me, and I gasped.

And then Tasia was gone.

"Oh. My. God!" I said. "You have got to be kidding me."

But I needed to free my teammates. I grabbed Jenise, got her focused on me, then drew Isis in, too. I got hungry kisses from both of them then found myself bent over again, my ass in the air. They each knelt behind me, lifted my skirt, partly pulled my panties down, and kissed. I gasped, again, and I would have fallen over if they hadn't steadied me.

"Thank you, Marita," Jenise said, and then they disappeared.

Gabriele and Fidelia were next, and I was practically ready to ask someone to take me, right there in jail. But it was Mickie that nearly pushed me over the edge, as she massaged my bottom before kissing it. She laughed before she disappeared.

And I stayed where I was for another minute or two, breathing heavily and trying to get myself under control.

By the time I had myself together and stepped from jail, my teammates had tagged two more from Team Green. I'd taken longer than I thought, or



perhaps they were caught very near our start. I turned towards Team Green territory, hoping to find their flag.

I didn't. It must have been Jess. I never saw her, but I saw the dot that represented my teammate carrying the flag. I moved towards her, hoping to help protect her, but she moved faster than I did, and she was already through no-man's land by the time I reached the edge. I turned around and decided to find a place to hide while waiting for the flag to reset and be ready to be found.

We got the point. There was a thirty-second delay, than practically right next to me, I got a ping to their flag. It was just around the corner! I ran for it. It was right there. Right there! I grabbed it, turned, and made it forty steps before I froze.

“I am a prisoner; prisoner's go to jail.”

I received four separate bun rubs during my walk, although I didn't see who they were.

\* \* \* \*

“The winners, of course, were Team Green! Congratulations. Team Blue, you know what to do.”

I'd already edged over to Jodie. I turned to her and set my hands on her shoulders. She smiled at me. “You picked me intentionally.”

“Please take off my blouse, Jodie.”

She took her time at it, and I held still when she kissed my bared skin, just above the lacy bra I was wearing. I'd taken Jess's suggestion on how to dress, in spite of the nature of the games. I was fairly sure something bad would have happened to me if I didn't, but it seemed half the women here were far more suitably dressed for laser tag. I saw sports bras, jeans, and tennis shoes. I was in blouse, lacy bra, skirt, lacy undies, stockings, and flats.

But I wasn't the only one.

I thanked Jodie and then walked to the locker room to hang my blouse up in the locker assigned to me. When I got back, I looked around. After two games, the only people still wearing all their clothes were the ones who had changed from Team Blue to Team Green. Half of us were down one piece of clothing, and the last quarter were down two pieces. Jess had given up her scarf, and Mickie one of her three scarves.

I found Jodie. She had lost the first game and had elected to keep her shoes

but remove her blouse. I sat down beside her, drinking from my water. “Hey,” I said. We smiled at each other.

“Just so you know,” she said. “I make a policy of not making any decisions affecting life outside Laser Brains during one of these events. Don’t ask me out, but if I call you next week?”

“Yes,” I said.

“We’re both hopped up on Alteration,” she said. “You haven’t done this before, have you?”

“Not X-rated, no. Normal games, yes.”

“Look around,” she said. “Don’t mention names, but do you see anyone here you don’t think is incredibly attractive?”

I tried to judge fairly. It was the typical range. Butches, femmes. Half the women here probably played soccer or softball fairly competitively. And right then I realized they were all beautiful. “I think I see your point.”

“If you want, we can meet for coffee, once our heads our clear. Then we’ll see.”

“Very wise,” I said.

“Right now,” she laughed. “I want you, right here, right now, in front of everyone.” I joined her laugh.

“Yeah. God.”

“Want me to rub your bottom for a while?” she asked.

“I’m not quite ready to strip down and beg to be banged,” I replied.

“If you let me rub for a while, you won’t be thinking about anything else.”

“I think you’re right.” I nudged her with my shoulder.

“Why did you come?”

“I was supposed to meet Jodie and have dinner with her parents. Instead, I was out, and my phone died. She left about 20 messages.”

“I take it she doesn’t get along with her folks?”

“They get along great if I’m there,” she said. “It’s horrible if I’m not. I completely forgot about it. This is my penance.”

She laughed. “I’m fairly sure she planned on getting you here somehow. When Mickie talked to me, she said I was number 16. I asked for the list, and

she didn't mention you but only said Jess promised to bring someone."

"Oh, I'm going to have a chat with her."

"Maybe wait," Jodie replied. "For when you have a clear head."

"Good advice."

She smiled. "You dressed up."

"So did you." She wasn't dressed all that dissimilarly to me. "Jess warned me that Mickie would do something about anyone who underdressed, but I think she was playing games with me."

"She wasn't," Jodie replied. "But if I tell you, I join the Ones Yet To Be Punished."

I gestured to a woman in a sports bra and jeans. "Do you think she knows?"

"Marcelina? Yeah. She does it intentionally."

"So the punishment must not be that bad."

"I can't say anything else." But it was clear she preferred her disadvantage of having dressed for a date rather than wearing more athletic clothing.

\* \* \* \*

I looked around at my team. We had two people who had been on both winning teams, two from both losing teams, and the remaining four had each lost once. I knew the other team was the same, so this was when it started to get serious. Two people were going to have their third loss.

We were playing a base defense game. We started earning points if we had two or more people inside one of three bases, with points earned faster if we held more than one base. Points were also earned when an opponent arrived at jail, and more earned if a teammate reset after being freed from jail.

To add to the interest, we could communicate by radio; we were on sort of an open mic.

I was still on Mickie's team. She looked around. "All right. We need a leader. We're going to vote. Do we want a leader who has won both games or lost both games? Someone who won may be better; on the other hand, if we elect Jenise or Gabriele, she can't blame us for a bad strategy that takes her third piece of clothing."

We laughed, and then the voting was near unanimous. "One of you

volunteer.”

“You,” Jenise said to Gabriele, who laughed and said, “Sure. You’re my backup if I’m sent to jail.”

Gabriele looked at us. “We’re all going to head straight to the B as in Baker base,” she said. “We then lay down covering fire while two of us try to move in. Mickie and Theodora.”

They both nodded. “We then look at how it goes, but we’ll move to Charlie base next, leaving Mickie and Theodora to defend Baker. Unless we manage to send a lot of them to jail, we won’t go for all three bases. The four who aren’t holding a particular base will go where needed, but we retreat from strength.”

Thirty seconds later, we moved out.

The arena wasn’t a maze this time, although there was a lot of cover. We had a complete map, but no indicator where the other team was. We made it to Baker base without seeing an opponent. Mickie and Theodora slipped in, and on the map, the base changed from grey to Blue. We got five points for taking a base, and after that, we’d get two points a minute. We were playing to 100.

Seconds later, only a few seconds apart, both Alpha and Charlie bases turned Green. “Head to Charlie,” Gabriele said. “Expect moderate resistance. Baker base, expect company.”

We came under fire two thirds of the way to Charlie base, but the first shots were misses, and then we were all under cover. We returned fire, although I didn’t see our opponents. But I could see where they were firing from.

Yeah, I know. We shouldn’t be able to see streaks of light. Chalk it up to the visors. Our laser shots looked a lot like Stormtrooper fire streaking across a battle zone, the light either blue or green depending upon who fired. The streaks were fast, but when they came from far enough away, you could actually dodge them. Go figure.

“Everyone,” Gabriele said. “Smothering fire on Zero. Pop up on Zero. Three, two, one, ZERO!”

We all popped out of our hiding places and began firing a little wildly.

“Marita! With me,” Gabriele ordered. “Everyone else keep firing. Marita, stop firing unless you have a good target. We’re flanking right.”

We moved quickly, careful to avoid being easy targets. Then I dodged

incoming fire, skidding on the ground and coming to a stop in plain view, not two yards from Jess. She didn't see me. I lifted my gun and put three shots into her before scrambling behind cover.

Jess stood up, ignoring the extra shooting, and said, "I am a prisoner; prisoners go to jail."

"Nice shooting, Marita," Gabriele said. And then our score indicated a second member of their team tagged.

We got one more before the rest retreated, and we moved into the base.

"All right. They'll either regroup and come back here, or they'll go for Baker base. They know they can't win just by holding one base. Vanetta and Jodie stay here. The rest of us will move back and forth. How you doing, Baker?"

"Someone is firing at us," Mickie said. "But she's firing blindly. Theodora has her pinned down. We haven't seen anyone else."

We moved out.

\* \* \* \*

We ranged back and forth. We sent one more to jail, and were well ahead on points, but then the count of our prisoners began decreasing. "That was inevitable," Gabriele said simply. "We got more points for sending them to jail than they get for freeing them."

"And now it's a target-rich environment," Jodie added.

\* \* \* \*

I grinned at Jess. "Nice bra. Very sexy." I wasn't being sarcastic.

"Thanks," she said. "It's new." She brushed fingers over the top of one breast, drawing my eye. It was a nice view, although I'd seen it before. "I'm so fucking horny."

I laughed. "I know the feeling." I looked around. Mickie still had two scarves. I'd lost my blouse, but nothing else. Fidelia and Isis were down three articles and were down to bras and panties. Fidelia had come sporty, but Isis had dressed up even more than I had, and she looked quite sexy in her lacy bra and very skimpy undies.

Then I turned back to Jess. "Did you set me up, Jess?"

"What are you talking about?"

“When did you decide you were going to talk me into coming?”

She paused then said, “When Mickie asked me to come.” She grinned. “Thanks for blowing off my parents’ dinner.”

“What were you going to do to talk me into it?”

“Ask nicely and make whatever promise I had to make to get you to come. Are you mad?”

“No, but I’m still mostly dressed.” She laughed. “God, Jess. I want to ask out half the women here.”

“Be careful about that,” she replied. “Everyone is altered, and we’re all horny.”

“I know,” I said. “Want me to rub your bottom?”

She laughed. “More than I’m willing to admit.” She didn’t stand up for me, though.

\* \* \* \*

The fourth game was quite different. The two teams entered from opposite sides. At the adjacent sides, across from each other, each team had a base. To score points, we had to convince an opponent to enter her own base. I had no idea how we were going to do that. We were playing to twenty.

We couldn’t communicate during this game, but there were power-ups. Our guns could be set to either stun or “kill”, where kill was the old setting, and if someone were “killed”, she went to jail.

“All right,” said Isis. “Go for power-ups.”

And that was the extent of her leadership.

The game began, and we fanned out. Ten seconds later, my map flashed a power up, but I got there seconds behind Gabriel. She grinned at me. “Too slow,” she said.

It took me another minute to find my next power up, but just before I got to it, I stiffened, stunned. Jess ran past me, caught the power up, then ran back to me. She slapped me with her stunner and then said, “Turn yourself into your base.”

“I obey Jess,” I said, and the thought filled me with pleasure. I smiled. “I obey Jess.” I put my gun away, turned around, and began moving to our base. “I obey Jess. I obey Jess.”

I made it most of the way to our base, ready to turn myself in, giving Jess a point. The idea of giving her a point filled me with as much pleasure as declaring my obedience. But then I stopped, shaking for a moment.

The compulsion to obey had worn off. I gave a little gasp and then leaned against the wall, collecting myself.

I don't know how long I stayed there, then Jodie was beside me, her hand on my arm. "Are you all right?"

"Jess got me with a power up," I whispered. "I was going to turn myself in."

"They have time limits," she replied. "Are you all right?" she asked again.

"Yeah. Wow." I turned and looked at her. "Thanks." I checked the score. We were down one to three. "Shit."

"Yeah. I just gave them a point," she said.

"Why are you doing better than I am?"

"I don't know. Duration? I don't know. You good?"

"I'm good."

\* \* \* \*

I finally found a power up. "Thirty-second freeze all." I went looking for another. And then I stiffened again, this time getting shot in the front. Mickie and Venetta appeared in front of me, and Venetta's hand was glowing with a power up. Before she could touch me, I said, "Freeze all!"

I shouldn't have been able to talk, but apparently, I could apply that power up. They both froze. I let my freeze timer run down then ran over, grabbed Venetta's hand, and used it to slap Mickie. "Mickie, run to your base and turn yourself in." Then I stepped away behind Venetta. I counted down, but I didn't do very well, and they both began moving when I reached ten seconds remaining. Mickie spun and took off down the hallway past me. Venetta spun, raising her gun, but I shot her.

And my gun was on "kill". I hadn't set it to "stun". She lifted her gun and said, "I am a prisoner. Prisoners go to jail."

"Yes!"

I patted her bottom as she stepped past me.

\* \* \* \*

I managed to shoot one more person, but I didn't have any power ups. But in that time, I got caught twice more. The first time, it was Larue who caught me. She shot me then walked up, touched me, and said, "Traitor."

And suddenly I was overcome. I smiled. She was so amazingly beautiful. "I must protect you," I said.

"We're going that way," she said with a gesture.

I couldn't shoot, but Larue used me as a shield. She stunned Gabriele and Vesta, but she didn't find a new power up by the time my compulsion wore off. I came to a stop then turned to face her. She sighed. "Aw, it wore off?"

She was still so beautiful, and I knelt in front of her. She offered her hand, and I kissed it.

And then she disappeared. I remained kneeling for another thirty seconds.

It was Jenise that got me the last time. She stunned me from behind, slapped my bottom, and ordered me, "Run to your base and turn yourself in."

I never saw her, but I said, "I obey Jenise. I must turn myself in." I took off, running.

Our base wasn't far. I ran right in, basely winded, and then I dropped to my knees. In my mind, I saw Jenise. "I obeyed Jenise," I said. And with that, I was taken with an orgasm. It arrived over the course of several seconds, but then it flooded through me, and I screamed her name, then again, before collapsing into a heap, shuddering and panting with the pleasure coursing through me.

When I came to awareness, Jess and Jodie were kneeling beside me. I covered my face. They both laughed. "Don't be embarrassed," Jodie said. "That happened to me for my last turn in, too."

"God," I muttered, still hiding my face. "And I'm still horny as hell."

They laughed again then helped me stand up.

\* \* \* \*

On the way to the briefing room, I considered my choices. We'd lost again, and if I did nothing about it, I'd be beside Jess when I had to pick someone to take something off me. Of course, maybe Jodie would claim her before I could. Well, I'd have to figure it out when I saw my options.

I would have to ask someone to take off my skirt. I made my decision, and then we reached the briefing room. Women were standing around, laughing, sharing exploits. Jess checked if I was all right then let Jodie pull her away.



And then Jenise was beside me. I blushed, but at the same time, I turned to her, remembering. “Feeling good? I’m a little jealous.”

“Does everyone know what happened to me?”

“Don’t be embarrassed,” she said. “That happened to almost everyone. Well, not me, but it was close.” She grinned. “I want you.”

“No comment,” I managed to say.

“Are you mad at me?”

“No, Jenise.” I found myself moving closer. She didn’t step away, and we found ourselves holding each other. “God,” I whispered.

She kissed me. It was a sweet little kiss, but then I buried my face against her neck. She smelled amazing.

We behaved at that point, but it was hard. She kept tracing her fingers down my back, almost making it to my bottom before yanking them back up. The third time she did it, we both laughed. “I’m sorry.”

“For *almost* doing it, or for *only* almost doing it?”

“I’m not sure,” she said with another laugh.

“Very good, Ladies,” Francoise said. “You know what to do.”

“Jenise,” I whispered. “Will you remove my skirt?”

“Oh, good choice,” she replied. “I would love to.”

She took her time, kneeling down before me and hooking her thumbs. She slid them down slowly, very slowly, using her other fingers to caress my bare skin. I shivered to her touch, but then stepped out of the undies. I held still as she kissed my tummy, then she stood. I looked up into her eyes. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She handed my undies to me. “I want your number. If you authorize it on their web site, they’ll let me have it, and you’ll get mine.”

“Yes,” I said. “But please don’t call for a few days.”

“I’ll try to respect that, Marita, but I can’t promise. Do you understand?”

“I’ve never done this,” I said. “But I think I understand completely. I won’t be mad if you call, but if I have any brain left, I’m going to put you off for a few days.”

“Then maybe I’ll call, just to talk.”

“I’d like that.”

\* \* \* \*

I had a bad fifth game. Our fifth game was very similar to the first. If you were shot, you became a prisoner and went to jail. But this time, we were playing for points. Every person who arrived in jail was one point for the opposing team, and we were playing for 20 points. Ultimately, I would be responsible for five of those points for the other team, four for going to jail myself and once more, which I'll get to

There were power ups, but no communication.

I'm going to explain one weird thing, the only time I managed to shoot someone. It happened midway through the game, shortly after I'd reset to the beginning. Tasia and I came around from opposite corners. She was faster, but she missed. I didn't, and then I shot her three more times, just to be sure, and probably out of a little frustration.

Tasia had been having an even worse day than I had. I had lost my shoes and blouse, but she was in tennis shoes and sports bra, having lost the rest. She stiffened from being shot and then said, "I am Marita's prisoner, but I was naughty and must beg forgiveness." And then she dropped to the floor and began crawling towards me. "I am Marita's prisoner but must be forgiven." She crawled all the way to me, then as I stared at her, she began kissing my feet. "Please forgive me."

Each kiss gave me pleasure, but the moment she began kissing, a timer started, and I didn't think I wanted to let it reach zero. I let it count down half-way, but if I'd let it go longer, I don't know if I would have had any brains left.

The pleasure from each kiss was beginning to overwhelm me.

"I forgive you, Tasia," I said.

She kissed each foot once more, then said, "Marita has forgiven me. I am a prisoner and must go to jail." Then she stood, turned around, and walked away.

I watched her ass. She was the youngest of us, and she looked fine, just fine. It was a great view. She was the only person I managed to shoot or stun the entire game. But now let's back up.

The first time I was shot was one minute into the game. Jodie got me. I stiffened, holstered my gun, and said, "I am Jodie's prisoner and must go to jail." But instead of walking to jail, I walked to her and knelt down, bowing my head. "I am Jodie's prisoner and must go to jail."

Then I stayed there, waiting, until finally Jodie lifted my chin with her

fingers and kissed me. Oh, it was a magical kiss, and I became lost to it. “Go to jail now, prisoner.”

I stood. “Jodie kissed me, and I must go to jail.”

I was the first to arrive. When I arrived, my visor changed, and I saw my name listed on the right side. Over time, more names would appear, but I would learn that this was the order we might be released. I’ll get to that.

“Jodie kissed me,” I said. “I am her prisoner.” And then I sat down and said, over and over, “I am Jodie’s prisoner.” And I began teasing myself, all the while thinking of Jodie, and only Jodie.

That would change.

Fidelia arrived. She was on the other team. She was down to a sports bra. “I am Mickie’s prisoner,” she declared. But then she walked to me. “I was naughty and must be punished.”

I looked up at her, my hand freezing. Then she said, “I am Marita’s prisoner, and she must spank me for being naughty.” And then she laid herself across my lap. “Spank me, Marita. I was naughty.”

I gave her a playful little swat, nothing terrible, and I received a rush of pleasure. But then I rubbed her bottom for a bit until she said, “Spank me, Marita. I was naughty.”

After that, I zoned out, I zoned out entirely. I don’t know how many times I spanked her, but I think I did far more rubbing than spanking.

Awareness came back. I froze, my hand on her bottom. And then Fidelia climbed from my lap, but she knelt to me. I looked around, somewhat confused. We were in jail, and we weren’t alone anymore. Jenise and Marcelina were there; they were on opposite teams, and they each had hold of the other’s foot. “I am Jenise’s prisoner,” Marcelina said. “But I was naughty and she must tickle.” They were taking turns tickling each other.

Neither seemed like the sort to be on the receiving end of tickles like that.

But then I zoned out again, and when next I was aware, I was standing at our start. I’d been reset.

\* \* \* \*

I ran into Mickie. We were on the same team again. “I don’t remember anyone freeing me,” I told her.

“There are power ups that free the first person on the list, or else you get

freed after spending too long in jail.”

“Oh.”

We separated, and then I found my first power up from the game. “Traitor,” I said. “Excellent.” I cautiously went hunting.

And got shot in the back. I froze, and then Theodora was beside me. “Theft,” she said, touching me. My power up disappeared. She had stolen it. She laughed. “Oh, this is perfect.” She touched me again. “Traitor.”

I turned to her, knelt, and bowed my head. She kissed me on the top of head and then said, “Go capture someone for me, Darling.”

“I am Theodora’s traitor,” I said. “I must obey.”

I went hunting, following after one of the green dots on my screen; I was Team Green normally, but all I could think was, “I am Theodora’s traitor and must obey.”

I chased down a green dot. Isis smiled at me. And I shot her. She stiffened then said, “Theodora’s traitor shot me, and I am a prisoner. I must go to jail.”

I zoned out, and when I came back to awareness, I was at our start.

After that, I was worthless for Team Green. I got shot twice more and sent off to jail. The final time, I spent the remainder of the game in jail, which was probably for the best. I’d cost us five points. It was my third loss.

Back in the briefing room, I walked to Tasia. She smiled at me. “Your feet tasted good,” she said.

“Please remove my sandals, Tasia.”

“Gladly.”

I’d kept them as long as I could. I didn’t really like being barefoot for something like, this, but it was shoes, undies, or bra, so it became an easy choice. Tasia removed my sandals and handed them to me. I took them to the locker room and put them away, but then I found myself walking back to Tasia. She was waiting for me, and I knelt in front of her. I said nothing, but she closed the distance and wrapped her arms around me, simply holding me as I knelt before her.

Everyone else from my losing team was doing the same thing, although a few were receiving more intimate touches.

“Thank you,” I whispered to her.

She bent her head. "I'm the youngest here. Venetta is the closest, and she's four years older." She paused. "And I have the hots for all of you."

I laughed. "Your first time?"

"Second. Venetta talked me into coming shortly after I turned eighteen." She gave a little laugh. "I dressed for a date with her the first time, but I thought that was a mistake this time. I kissed four sets of feet."

"You got caught four times?"

"Twice, but once I was in jail, I was kissing someone's feet there, too."

"It could have been worse; I got to spank Fidelia."

\* \* \* \*

I knelt to her until Francoise declared the sixth game. "We'll have time for this and maybe one more, then we'll have the final battle royale."

This was an entirely different game. Three of us began as hostages. The goal was to free a hostage, and then one of us would be selected to become a new hostage. These hostages were assigned a place, somewhere in the maze. We could see their locations on the map, but it would change each time we freed one.

There were power ups, and we could communicate, except, it would turn out, hostages could declare themselves a hostage, but after that, they couldn't talk. To free a hostage, we had to rescue her from her assigned place and then escort her to any of the opposing hostages. As soon as the two touched, ours was freed.

We were again playing to twenty points, and you could also gain a point if you captured the people leading a hostage to safety. There were otherwise no points for sending someone to jail.

Venetta, Theodora, and Larue were the first hostages from our team. We couldn't see who from Team Green was a hostage, but we could see where they were. And so things began with all three declaring, "I am a hostage," and walking from our start room. The rest of us remained where we were.

"Strategy?" Liza prompted. "We can stick together or separate. We can play defensively or offensively."

"There are five of us now," Jenise said. "I think we should all stay together to the first hostage, but then we only need one person to escort her to safety. The rest can go to the next."

“There’s a problem with that,” I said. “Unless they hide moving hostages, they’ll see her moving on the minimap, and they’ll know someone is with her.”

“Oh.”

“I think we should all stick together and move to the first hostage. Once we get her, we stick together. If one of their hostages is moving, we head in that direction. Otherwise we head for the closest.”

“That’s a better plan,” Liza said.

And then it began.

The hostage locations were spread around, but near the perimeter of the playing area, with significant separation between ours and theirs. We made it to our first hostage without seeing anyone from the other team, but then I said, “Don’t touch her!”

“What?” Liza asked.

“Look at the minimap,” I said. One of the green dots was moving. “They’re bringing a hostage to us. If we grab her, they’ll know we’re here. If we leave her still, they’ll think we’re somewhere else.”

“Set up a trap,” Liza said.

“Exactly.”

We all took cover, some of us beyond Larue, the hostage, others arranged forward. I was the one forward, and I lay down on the cold floor, right up against the wall.

I paid half of my attention on the green dot, although I figured they’d have an advance scout. I wasn’t disappointed when a head appeared then ducked back.

“We’re seen,” I whispered.

A moment later, the green dot stopped moving, and a moment after that, two green players appeared, firing.

And five of us opened fire. They were each hit multiple times, and they missed us, they entirely missed us.

We waited, and then Liza said, “Go peek, Marita.”

Marcelina and Vesta both walked away saying, “I am a prisoner. I must go to jail.” I followed them, but crawling, and then when I stuck my nose around the corner, I saw Jess, standing there, frozen, saying, “I am a hostage.”

“Grab Larue. Come help me here.”

We got a point for capturing or driving off Jess’s rescuers, and another point for freeing Larue. The score changed to 2-0(2) to 0. Larue disappeared, and she would reappear back at the start point soon. And then Jodie said, “I am a hostage.” And she disappeared. The rest of us headed for our next nearest hostage.

Along the way, we came under fire, but we fired back, and we drove them off. About then, the score changed to 2-1(0) to 0.

Tasia got a power up. “Enemy awareness.”

“Trigger it, Liza said. “Follow behind Marita but warn her if someone gets close.”

We made it to Theodora without further encounters. Liza got a power up. “Invulnerability,” she said. “Up to three shots. I’m saving it.”

We made it most of the way back to Jess, still a hostage, when it was my turn to grab a power up. “Location Swap: Swap locations with the furthest hostage.”

I eyed the map. The furthest hostage was currently a green dot, moving towards the furthest blue dot. So I took off. I ran past Jess, came to a stop, and eyed the map, and then triggered the power up.

I don’t know exactly what happened. I faded awareness. When I came back, I was out of breath and in a different location on the map. Our score was now 3-0 to 0, and as I watched, it became 4-0 to 0. In the meantime, there was a moving green dot, still moving towards me. I don’t know what the green team thought when the hostage they’d been heading for disappeared, but they were still coming here.

I knew the next thing they would do is head towards the only remaining hostage they could see, now all the way across the playing field. But I took off towards the original point where we’d found Larue.

I heard noise. I ducked away from it, but eventually made my way to Larue’s point just as a blue dot appeared, right around the corner. I ducked around and found Tasia. “I am a hostage.”

I grabbed her and headed for the green dot that wasn’t moving. Twenty seconds later, more members of my team converged on me. Then we were jumped. They got Larue. We got Vesta and Fidelia. All three wandered off. We made it to Jess with our third hostage. We freed Tasia, and then I straightened. “I

am a hostage.”

I remember, well, not everything. I started walking through the maze. My headset didn't show me any details, or if it did, they didn't register. “I am a hostage,” I said periodically.

I didn't see anyone, and then I came to a dead end. I turned around and said, “I am a hostage.”

And there I stood, but I didn't mind. I thought about Françoise. She was so pretty. And Jodie was sexy, and Jess was a good kisser, and, and, and... I smiled, blissed out to be a happy little hostage.

\* \* \* \*

Then several of my teammates were there. “I am a hostage,” I told them. Venetta took my arm, and then they were trying to hurry me. “I am a hostage.”

They freed me. Venetta became the next hostage.

\* \* \* \*

Someone shot me. “I am a prisoner.” Around me, two others also said the same thing, and then a fourth person, someone from the other team. Together, we walked to jail. Once there, two of the prisoners begged to be punished for being naughty.

I was filled with pleasure while I punished Marcelina.

\* \* \* \*

It was a long game, but at the end, my team won. Mickie finally ran out of scarves. She let me take it from her, then smiled and cupped my cheek. “Are you having a good time?”

“I'm so damned horny.”

She laughed. “Does that mean ‘yes’?”

“Yeah, it does,” I agreed. “I'm glad I dressed properly.”

“I told Jess to warn you,” she replied. “But you know you would have enjoyed it.” She smiled again. “We have one regular game left, then the grand finale. You should volunteer for punishment.”

“Why would I do that?”

“For a taste?”

“I've been spanked; I know what it feels like.”



“Have you ever been spanked while altered?”

“No, I can’t say I have.”

“So, no, you don’t really know what it’s like.”

“What happens if I turn down your offer?”

“Then you do,” she said. “You’re worried I’ll game the game?”

“Or something.”

She shook her head. “No,” she said gently.

I thought about it then said, “I will if you do.”

“For a kiss,” she said.

Mickie was half again my age, but I was so horny I could barely walk, and right now, everyone here looked pretty damned good to me. “Okay,” I whispered.

She didn’t wait. She brought us together, and it was electric. The moment our lips brushed, I was filled with the deepest pleasure, and if she hadn’t supported me, I might have collapsed right there. She kissed me, and she kissed me, and I couldn’t think.

Then she pulled me to her, support me as she whispered into my ear. “If you think this is good, you should come for my special, special events.”

“What was this?” I managed to ask.

“Only a special event. In my special, special events, we’d all be getting laid by now. Laser Brains won’t do it. I have to hire a special company, and we rent a venue. I don’t invite this many.”

“Sounds expensive.”

“You can afford it,” she said. “Ask me to invite you the next time, and I’ll kiss you again.”

“Yes,” I whispered.

If the first kiss made my knees weak, the second did it entirely. Mickie had to lower me to the floor, and we went together as we kissed, and then we were hugging, me cradled in her arms and clutching at her. “Altered kisses are the best,” she whispered.

Then Francoise was there, kneeling down in front of us, smiling. “Having a nice time?”

“Yes,” I whispered. “Um. Mickie is going to tell you something.”

“We’re both volunteering to be punished as if we wore sports clothes,” Mickie said. “For one game.”

“Is that correct, Marita?”

“Yes.”

“All right, then,” she said. “Some of you help Marita to a seat. Mickie, go take care of your scarf. We have time for a game of Queens.”

\* \* \* \*

This game was entirely different. We began with one of us being declared queen. The queen could talk to us, but we couldn’t communicate back. For the non-queens, the game was the same as other games. The goal was to capture the opposing queen. If you did, she went to jail as sudden death; she couldn’t be freed. And then the next queen was selected.

Venetta was our first queen. The game began, and she said, “Come with me.”

I found myself obeying absolutely. Oh, I could do anything else I wanted, as long as I obeyed her. And we could talk, but we wouldn’t transmit over the headsets.

She led us to a defensible position and then asked, “Larue, what do you see on your mini-map?”

“There’s a green dot for you,” Larue said. “And I can see a little of the immediate maze, but the part we passed through is gone.”

Mine was the same, and I would discover that I could see the map nearest me and the map nearest the queen, plus a dot for the queen, and nothing else.

“All right,” Venetta said. “Larue, Melissa, and Marita, stay together. Head north. I’ll guide you. Avoid getting shot. Jenise and Fidelia, step up to the next corner and guard. Vesta and Gabriele, stay with me. Protect me.”

Larue, Melissa, and I were already heading out, obeying our queen. Obedience felt really, really good, and I spent the time thinking about what an amazing queen she was.

A minute later, we came under light fire. We pinned down whoever it was, and then we were stuck. Venetta had told us to avoid getting shot, but to head north. She hadn’t said a thing about capturing anyone. But then I said, “We have free will within our orders. We need to move north, so we move north, and

avoiding getting shot is easiest if we capture whoever is shooting us.”

So we moved north, two of us laying down covering fire while the other moved ahead. It was Melissa who got the enemy combatant and me who barely avoided getting shot myself.

“Larue, Melissa, and Marita,” came our queen’s voice. “Continue north, but a little bit to the west as well.”

A minute later, one of my teammates must have been shot, as the blue team’s score turned to 0-0(1). Ours became 0-1, and then 0-1(1), then (2), then (3). We’d caught half their team, and that meant there were probably three people in front of us, plus the queen.

“Melissa, Larue, and Marita,” said the queen. “Their queen is now due north, not far. They have, at most, three people guarding her. Capture the enemy queen.”

The orders were clear and vague at the same time. I had to obey. I had to capture the enemy queen. I was driven to capture the enemy queen.

As were Melissa and Larue.

We rushed forward, Larue in front. I slipped and fell behind, and then both of them were taking fire. I rushed past them, my gun firing, firing, firing.

My shots hit twice. I don’t know how many times I got hit. But I got one of the enemy.

And Mickie, their queen.

“Good job!” said my queen, and I was filled with the deepest pleasure. I had obeyed and been successful. And then I said, “I am a prisoner and must go to jail.”

\* \* \* \*

I knelt to Isis. “I have been naughty and must be punished.” She sat down on a waiting bench and patted her lap. I slid across it. Isis hooked my undies and slid them down to my ankles, and then she began rubbing my bare bottom.

I was in heaven, absolutely heaven. And then I asked, “Please spank me.”

She did, one swat. It was firm enough to notice, but it was really more pleasure than pain, and then more pleasure besides.

She rubbed, and she spanked, and then the orgasm hit. I called out her name, thanking her loudly. She rubbed my bottom as I shuddered and panted.

\* \* \* \*

I reset. We were down. Two of our queens had been taken to their one, but then Melissa said, “Everyone to me. If you encounter the enemy, try to tag them if you think you can, but otherwise retreat and find a new route.”

I turned and began jogging. It wasn't long, and then I saw my queen. I ran to her and knelt; I wasn't the only one. She caressed my cheek and then said, “Defend me.”

We took positions. And then Melissa said, “Marita, you're going to head to jail and try to free our friends. If you come under cover, defend yourself and retreat, but your goal is to reach jail and free everyone you can.”

“Yes, My Queen.” I took off again. But I didn't make it very far before I came under heavy fire. I managed to retreat, drawing some of the opponents with me, and when I could, I ran.

I made it halfway to jail before the compulsion to obey dissipated. They had captured Melissa. I felt a moment of grief, but then I said, “I am your queen. Converge on my location. We're all going after their queen.”

We got Theodora. And then I saw our count of blue prisoners going down. “They'll be coming for us,” I said. “We're heading for jail to free our teammates.”

We caught Jess as she exited jail. I followed her in. “Set up defense,” I ordered. Jess was the only blue player present. Venetta and Larue were punishing Melissa. They had her pinned on her stomach and were tickling her, Larue on her feet and Venetta tickling her ribs. As I watched, she had what I was sure was an orgasm, and then Larue began to shudder from one as well.

I couldn't free them. They were permanently out, defeated queens.

Mickie was being punished by two of my teammates. Vesta wasn't tickling her feet; she was biting them. Mickie was squirming like crazy while begging for more.

I fanned myself. I freed Vesta and Gabriele. Mickie lay on the floor, panting for a while; I left her there.

And out in the hall, my defenders came under fire. I hid inside the jail and tried firing out, but my shots hit the force field and fizzled out. So I smiled, slipped forward, stuck the tip of my gun out, and began firing.

And that worked like a champ.

I hit Marcelina. They got Jenise and Fidelia. I kept firing, but they used the three new prisoners for coverage. I managed to hit Isis, but then they were through the force field, and I took a flurry of shots.

“I am a prisoner,” I said. “I am in jail.”

They freed their prisoners. I crawled to Mickie. “I have been naughty, please punish me.”

“I can’t,” she said. “I have been naughty and must be punished.” She moved to Venetta and knelt to her. “I have been naughty. Please punish me.”

Venetta smiled and left off tickling Melissa. She sat on the floor, and Mickie crawled across her for a spanking.

I turned to Jenise and Fidelia. “I have been naughty. Please punish me.” I didn’t resist as Fidelia sat down on the floor. Jenise pushed me backwards into her, and I found myself with her arms around me. Jenise began tickling me. And Fidelia wrapped her hand over my mouth.

I moaned from the pleasure. After that, they changed around a little, Jenise changing how she punished me. And from time to time, Fidelia also plugged my nose, so I couldn’t breathe. Oh, she never did it for long, maybe five or ten seconds.

And it was horrible and wonderful.

\* \* \* \*

I lost track of the rest of the game. My punishers changed a few times, and they changed what they did to me. I couldn’t tell you what else was happening, but I begged for more punishment.

I was spanked. My feet were bitten. I lost track.

I lost track of the orgasms, of the bliss, of who was doing what to me.

I hated it, and I loved it at the same time.

But then everyone stilled. Then someone pulled me into her arms, rocking me. At first, I wasn’t sure who it was, but then Fidelia asked, “Are you all right?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“No,” I whispered back. “But I don’t know if I can move.”

“Is that good or bad?”

“Both.”

\* \* \* \*

I lost my undies, choosing to keep my bra for support. Isis seemed to enjoy taking them from me.

Francoise gave us a chance to recover, as best we could. I used the bathroom, cleaning myself up. Then I collected fresh water and sat down in the briefing room. A minute later, Mickie sat down next to me. I laid my head on her shoulder. “Wow.”

“I can’t believe I did that for a game in which I spent nearly the entire time in jail,” she said.

And then Jess was there on my other side. “What happened in there? You were both asking for punishment.” I let Mickie explain. Jess didn’t say anything, but she took my hand.

“For the record,” I said. “Oh. Em. Gee.”

“You’re not mad?”

“No. But I also think I’ll remember to always dress nicely.”

Mickie chuckled.

The three of us sat quietly, and then Francoise said, “It’s time for the final game. Only one of you lost a game after losing her last article of clothing. You are automatically a pawn and may be commanded by anyone who touches you.”

“Great,” Isis said.

“Pawns will show in red.” Isis’s color changed red. “There is a safe area in the playing field. If you make it to the safe area while holding hands with a pawn, you may safely exit. Once you exit, she belongs to you.”

“Be gentle,” Isis said.

“You may give a pawn other orders, of course, and this is a power-up heavy game. Pawns may still fire. If you are hit, you go to jail and remain for a period of time. Pawns are stunned only, but you’re always free to tag her and then send her to jail, if you find that amusing.”

“This is going to be interesting,” Fidelia said.

“Nothing keeps you from capturing more pawns.”

“Isis is the only pawn,” Mickie pointed out.

Francoise grinned. “This is where your clothing matters. Every time you reset, you sacrifice an article of clothing. Once you’re out, the next time you reset, you become a pawn.”

“What happens if everyone remaining is a pawn?” Mickie asked.

“Ah, if the last non-pawn exits?”

“Yes.”

“If that happens, pawns may capture other pawns,” Francoise said. “Or they may exit and will be able to choose her owner.”

“What would it take to get you into the arena, Francoise?” Mickie asked.

“Oh, my,” Francoise said. “I’m not supposed to do that.”

“Uh, huh,” Mickie said. “Tell me you didn’t get yourself altered for this event.”

Francoise gave a light laugh. “What am I offered?”

“You may enter while still wearing three articles of clothing.”

“Uh, huh. I go in with as much clothing as you do.”

“Well, I’m not giving you a huge advantage, Francoise,” Mickie said. “You need to risk losing.”

Francoise walked over to Mickie and looked her in the eye. “24-hour obedience.”

“Me?”

“No. Everyone agrees. Any captured pawns accept 24-hour obedience. Everyone here agrees.”

“They’re not going to agree if you don’t give something up.”

“Fine. I’ll go in with three articles of clothing, but I can’t be shot by anyone wearing more than I am.”

Mickie laughed. “And?”

“And, what?”

I stood up. “I’ll agree, if Francois and Mickie both agree to ask for punishment whenever they’re in jail.”

Mickie laughed first and raised an eyebrow. “That’s the full list,” Francois said. “No asking for anything else.”

“Agreed,” said Mickie.

“Agreed,” said Francois.

“Stand up if you need convincing,” Mickie said. “Sit down if you’ll accept 24-hour obedience if you leave as a pawn.”

I immediately sat, as did Mickie. It took a minute, but then Francois was the only one still standing. Mickie waved a finger at her. “You, too, Francoise.”

The woman laughed and sat down.

\* \* \* \*

Awareness faded, and then I was deep in the maze. On my visor, I had a map of the arena, and if I wandered close enough, power ups would appear on my map. I could also see the number of people still playing, and how many of them were pawns. We had 17 players, 1 pawn.

Poor Isis, but she hadn’t seemed that upset.

I went looking for a power up. It took no time to find one, but then it disappeared from my mini-map. I dropped to the floor and waited. The moment I saw feet, I fired.

My shot rebounded and hit me. I froze, unable to move, and then I watched the feet walk to me. They were lovely feet. “You look cute there, Marita,” Jodie said. “The power-up was rebound.” She pressed her gun into my back, then her free hand began stroking my bottom. I moaned and squirmed, and then the stun wore off.

I moved, and she shot me.

“I am Jodie’s prisoner,” I said. “Prisoners go to jail.”

“Good girl.” She patted my bottom and jogged away.

I wasn’t the first to arrive in jail. When I arrived, Larue was punishing Melissa. I sat down on the floor, closed my eyes, and thought about Jodie.

I came to awareness when Melissa crawled across my lap. Larue was gone. “Please punish me.”

I blissed out.

When I came to awareness, I was in the locker room, taking off my bra. I reentered the game, obedient to my programming, but this time I was aware. I walked right past Mickie; she was stalking Liza. Neither of them noticed me.

Finally, I was released, and I immediately turned around. I arrived to see



Liza prone on the ground, firing around the corner. I thought about shooting her, but if I did, Mickie would know someone else had gotten her. So I waited to see what would happen.

“Yes!” she said a few shots later. And then I faintly heard Mickie declare herself a prisoner.

And I shot Liza.

And someone patted me. I’d never heard her. I felt a naked body against my back, and Isis whispered into my ear. “If I send you to jail, you’ll become a pawn. Move and that’s what happens.” She took my gun from me and holstered it, then she moved my hands to the top of my head. “When the stun wears off, lace your fingers.” She waited, and then I could move.

I laced my fingers together, resting on top of my head.

“Good girl,” she whispered.

“Why didn’t you make me a pawn?”

“Pawns are wildcards,” she said. “Jokers.”

“Oh, oh.”

“Be nice,” she said.

“I meant that in the nicest way. What do you want, Isis?”

“I have a permanent power up. It’s called obedience. Choose.”

“Do it?”

“Define ‘it’,” she said with a laugh.

“Obedience.”

“Excellent. Obedience!” I felt it settle over me. “Marita, turn yourself into jail and ask for punishment. When obedience wears off, you may reenter the game. You aren’t a prisoner, but you will act like one.”

“I am Isis’s prisoner and must go to jail,” I said. And then I did just that.

I got shot on the way, but obedience overrode it, and I continued to jail. Francoise was already there, being punished by Jess, Vanetta watching. I knelt to her and said, “I am Isis’s prisoner and must be punished.”

“Oh, my,” she said.

\* \* \* \*

I came to awareness. I was somewhere in the maze. Awareness? Ha! I

could barely think.

Over the next several minutes, I twice escaped from being shot, once because the person firing at me got shot from someone else. Then I peeked around a corner and saw Fidelia, her back to me. Of course, I shot her.

The number of pawns increased. It was at three when I got shot the next time. I turned and walked right past Francoise on the way to jail. I'd been there a half minute before she stepped in, walked to me, and begged for punishment.

Ah, paybacks, although I'm not sure who enjoyed it more.

But then I reset. I had one of Francoise's feet, and I'd been biting it. I stared at it. She looked over her shoulder at me. "You made me a pawn," I complained.

She smiled. "I think it's only fitting. You helped Mickie convince everyone to let me play. Please bite a few more times, until the programming steals you."

I nodded and did just that.

\* \* \* \*

I came to awareness. I was a pawn. On my visor was a message: *Your first power up is permanent.*

I went looking for one. It didn't take long, and I found Awareness. I triggered it, and my visor showed me locations for four people. I studied a moment, then I picked one and began stalking her.

She came to a stop just around the corner. I peeked. It was Mickie again. She was down to her undies and bra, but there were 5 pawns. I slipped around the corner, moving as quietly as I could. She was focused on things around the next corner, which made sense, as there were two dots. I wondered if two people were cooperating.

I stepped up behind Mickie and slapped her with my hand, stunning her. "Francoise is ahead of you," I whispered. "Unless she's been hit in the last two minutes." Then I gave her a little push, moving her past the corner.

She got hit several times. I then followed behind her, using her as a shield, firing, firing, firing. Mickie got hit a few times, but I managed to shoot Isis and Jess. Mickie and Jess declared themselves prisoners and headed for jail. I approached Isis, my gun on her. She started to move, and I shot her again, then walked up to face her. "If you want it," I whispered, "You may have my phone

number.” I stepped past her, rubbing her bottom, and then left her there, but I turned around and waited. The moment she moved, I shot her again, then I went in search of the next person.

\* \* \* \*

I did more good as a pawn than I did prior to that. But then I got shot in the back. She’d never shown on my mini radar, although everyone else had. I heard her approach, and then a hand wrapped around my wrist. I could move.

But I had to obey.

I turned, and Jodie was smiling at me. “I should have seen you,” I told her. “I have Awareness.”

“Power up: Stealth,” she replied. “Answer my questions honestly: Is anyone close?”

“Not anymore.”

“Marita, I have never taken someone to my bed who didn’t want to be there. Choose to try to exit with me, or I’ll order something else.”

I smiled. “Did you want someone else?”

“I’m more than happy to have you obeying me,” she said.

“Sounds good, Jodie.”

“Lead the way,” she said. “Defend me, and warn me if anyone comes close. Stealth is off.”

I nodded and turned for the exit.

\* \* \* \*

We shot Francoise on the way. Then Tasia got me, but Jodie got her. I was frozen, but Jodie whispered, “Join us when you can move.” Then she ran ahead and grabbed Tasia’s wrist. She was a pawn, like me.

The stun wore off. By the time I arrived, they’d reached an agreement. “Stay with Marita, Tasia. Protect me.” She grabbed my wrist. “Take us to the exit. Protect me.”

I warned us of one other person. I didn’t see who it was, but we hit her. She was gone by the time we could have seen who it was.

And then we exited the arena.

\* \* \* \*

Jodie ordered Tasia and me to serve her as if she were our queen. We helped her dress, retrieved a soda for her, then knelt at her feet, waiting for more orders.

More queens came out of the arena with their pawns. Mickie caught Jess; Gabriele caught Isis.

Francoise, Larue, and Liza were last to exit. When it ended, it was together. Liza was a free pawn. Larue had Francoise, and then Liza turned to her and offered herself.

The event was over.

Jodie didn't let Tasia and me dress. Instead, we rode in the back of her car, and we were ordered to tease each other, but weren't permitted orgasms. We made out, and I was insane with desire, absolutely insane.

Jodie had a nice home. The moment we were inside, she said, "It's late. Come." He led us to her bed. "Undress me. Slowly. Touch and kiss everything you bare."

We took turns giving her pleasure, and then she held me down while Tasia kissed her way down my body. "Struggle with me," she ordered. "But I'm too strong for you."

And so, as Tasia reached my center, I tried to free myself. She began kissing, and licking, and she was very, very good.

"Make her work for this," Jodie ordered. "Pull her against you with your feet."

She gave orders, and I accepted them, and I held out for a long time. When finally I came, it was nearly explosive.

I zoned out from that; I may have passed out. When I woke, they were both lying beside me, and Jodie was whispering, "Wake up, Marita. Wake up now." I opened my eyes and turned to look at her. "Do you want to let Tasia take her pleasure from you, once more before we sleep?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"Do it, Tasia. Marita, remain where you are but do anything to Tasia that you think she might enjoy."

I didn't have to use my imagination, as the woman climbed atop me, perching over me, and offered her sex to me. It took no further encouragement before I began to taste.

\* \* \* \*

24 hours passed. Jodie let us sleep, but we spent much of those 24 hours in bed, or in the shower, or giving Jodie massages. But finally, the obedience wore off, and when it did, we were lying in a tangled heap on Jodie's bed.

For a while, none of us moved. When finally I looked, Jodie was looking at the ceiling, and Tasia was curled against her, her face hidden.

"Jodie?" I whispered.

"I've never won before," she said, a little dully, not moving.

"You look upset?"

"No," she said. "Tasia?"

"I didn't want it to end," Tasia said, not lifting her face. "Please don't make me go home."

"You don't have to go home," Jodie said. That was when she turned her head to look at me. "Nor do you."

"I could use a shower," I said.

"We all could," she replied. "We can take turns. You first."

I nodded and rolled out of bed.

\* \* \* \*

When I stepped out of the shower, they were both waiting me. They both had towels, and I said nothing as they wrapped me. They dried me and then pulled me to the dressing table. I sat down, and they went to work on my hair, brushing and drying. I stared at them in the mirror, both still naked. But then Jodie said, "Your turn, Tasia."

She nodded, handed over the brush, and turned for the shower.

Jodie turned me to look up at her. "Are you all right?"

"Yes. May I stay?" she nodded. But then she knelt down beside me and laid her head in my lap. "Hey," I whispered.

"I've never won before."

"You mentioned that. What's wrong, Jodie?"

"I feel guilty."

"I don't know why. Can you explain it?"

She looked up at me. "I made you both..."

"Have an amazing 24 hours of entirely debauched, wonderful, three-way sex?" I prompted.

"Tasia is upset."

"Tasia is young, overwhelmed, and probably in love with both of us."

She bumped me. "She is not."

"Maybe not with me, but with you. If she's upset, it's because she knows this was just a game, and she doesn't want it to stop."

"And you?"

"I'm not ready to leave, but I know it's just a game. Maybe it's the sort of game that can lead to more games, but they're just games, at least unless we decide they're more."

We talked quietly, and then the shower shut off. Jodie grabbed two fresh towels and stole the one wrapped around me. And so, like they had met me, we met Tasia and set to pampering her.

Then, while Jodie was in the shower, Tasia looked at me. "Do you love her?"

"I'm fond of her," I replied. I cupped her cheek. "Tasia, it's just a game, though."

"I know." I could hear the pain in her voice. "I should go."

"No, you shouldn't," I said. "First, if you run out on her, she's going to worry about you. Second, I bet you don't know where your clothes are. And three, um. I'm sure there's a three. No running away." I bent over and kissed the top of her head. Slowly, she nodded.

The shower shut off, and then we took care of Jodie.

\* \* \* \*

We slept, not a stitch of clothing between us. We woke early; it was Monday, a work day for us. I would have to go home and get dressed. Tasia and I both put on our clothing from Saturday, although I took a look at my undies and couldn't stand the idea of putting them on. Jodie gave me a small bag, and Tasia as well.

But then she led us to the living room. We sat, looking at each other. Jodie gave me a look, and I understood. We both turned to Tasia. "I had an amazing

time,” I told her. “I’m so glad it was with both of you.”

“Me, too,” she whispered.

I cupped her cheek. “I’d do it again. But I’m more than half again your age.”

“I’m just a girl.”

“You’re a woman,” Jodie corrected. “You’re not in love. You’re in lust.”

“It feels like love.”

“It feels like leftover bliss from a weekend of debauchery,” Jodie replied. “I want you to take a few days, then call me.”

“What’s the point?”

“I guess we’ll see,” Jodie said. “I think you’ll calm down and realize it’s just lust, and maybe appreciation for what two women were doing to you.”

Tasia snorted. “That part was pretty good.”

“Oh, yeah,” Jodie said. “I ordered Lyfts for both of you.”

She saw us out. It was a little, maybe a lot depressing, but I was halfway home when my phone rang. I answered it.

“It’s Jodie.”

“Oh,” I said, smiling. “Did you miss me?”

“Will you go out with me Friday?”

“Yes.”

“Something tame.”

“Sure.”

“I’m normally a lot kinkier than that, but...”

“Tasia is young.”

She laughed. “I didn’t want to entirely shock her.”

“I can handle some kink,” I said. “But Jodie, I had a lot of fun.”

She laughed. “You’re telling me you have some oats to still sew.”

“Oh, yeah.”

\* \* \* \*

Twenty minutes later, as I was just leaving the house after dressing hastily,

my phone rang. This time, it was Jess. “Hey, sec, I’m getting into my car. You’ll be on hands free.”

“Why do you sound so damned normal?”

“Just a sec.”

I climbed in and then switched to hands free. I backed out of my garage and then asked, “What’s up? Have a good time?”

“Yes. Did you?”

“Yes. Thank you for talking me into coming with.”

“About that kiss,” she said.

“Jodie asked me out.”

“Oh.”

“I thought you should know.”

“Thanks for telling me.”

“Come to dinner tonight.”

“Okay.”

“Not for sex.”

“I’m not going to be ready for sex for weeks. I thought Jodie asked you out.”

“She did. And now I’m asking you to dinner. After dinner, you may pick any of the two-player games I have. Winner gets a naked massage. Don’t expect to go home.”

She paused. “Is this a date, Marita?”

“Uh, huh.”

“What if I don’t want a massage?”

“What do you want instead?”

“I want you to tie me up and tease the crap out of me.”

I laughed. “Really?”

“I can’t stop thinking about it,” she whispered. “That was one of the things I saw when...”

“When you were in jail, masturbating like a monkey?”



“Do you have to be crude?”

“Well?”

“Um. Yeah.”

“I thought you were sexed out.”

“I said tease, not sex.”

I laughed. “If that’s what you want tonight, and if you win, you can have it.”

“What if I don’t want to gamble on it?”

“I want my massage,” I said.

“I can do that.”

“Bring the rope.”

“I will.”

“Good.”