

THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK!

A Short Novel for Adults

By Richard E. Geis

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INTRODUCTION

I have been encouraged to ‘e-reprint’ this self-published novel by many well-wishers. There is a permissive attitude toward sex in it and a look at a possible future legalized prostitution which is I am told intriguing, logical, and attractive.

Easy for men to say, hmm? But more and more young women are attracted to the legal and respected sex-for-hire way of life delineated in this future, for a variety of personal reasons.

The novel also shows some of the downside of this future “Companion” life.

The corporation revenge plotline seemed, when I conceived the novel, a good vehicle for Toi King and for her profession as well as the ruthless corporate morality involved in the rape of natural-resources-rich planets...and the illegal punishment of people who oppose them and frustrate them.

Toi King came to life as the lead character in STAR WHORES and continues in this sequel novel.

STAR WHORES was originally a 1980 mimeographed work sold to adult subscribers and readers of my semi-pro magazine, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Its recent rewritten (and improved) appearance in this venue [eFanzines.com] has led me by my ego to rewrite&improve THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK! for similar cohabitation.

In the back of my mind is a third Toi King novel in which she would battle the anti-sex, anti-pleasure forces of the new Cholb religion

which will have swept many of the human-colonized planets in our sector of the Milky Way galaxy. It would be fun to write...but there are other projects ahead of it and probably not too much time left.

Note that STAR WHORES and THE CORPORATION STRIKES BACK! Are written for an Adults Only readership. If you are under 18 years of age do not read further.

---Richard E. Geis May, 2004

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Toi King, standing stark naked before the depth mirror of her privacy niche in her homecube, was choosing between a silver-haired ringlet cap and a dark brunette shoulder fall, when her computer chimed.

She had just emerged from a cleansing shower. Her fully depped, totally hairless body was ready for new decoration.

She said, "What is it, Simon?" She chose the cap of silver curls and carefully positioned it on her totally hairless skull. The cap's nano lining gripped very securely.

Her computer answered in a deep, friendly, male voice. "An assignment from the guild if you desire it, for tonight, at The Flower. Young male executive. No special stitches. He asked for you by name."

"What's my credit situation?"

"Six hundred thousand in Credit Units in Earth Union treasury bills. Twenty thousand gold rifs in the New Hope Exploration Fund, one nine thousand ECU Companion Guild savings certificate. Real estate: Thirteen acres of river frontage on the Duoro in Portugal province of Atlantic Empire; full ownership of this homecube. Your BorrowLine account has an eight hundred forty-three debit."

"I meant only my BorrowLine."

"I interpreted your 'credit situation' to mean---"

"Shut up, Simon." Her premium assignments had been less frequent lately and her living expenses rather high. She asked, "Simon, when does this exec want me?"

“Seven pm. One hour and seven minutes from now. Triple premium fee agreed.”

Triple! “Well...” Toi brushed at a few silver clusters of tiny ringlet curls. She murmured to herself, “That’s short notice. But since he asked for me...”

She turned her attention to her full, perfectly shaped breasts. They were a life surgeon’s masterpiece, kept taut and firm by artfully placed deep injections of living artificial flesh.

She took a star-shaped stencil from a make-up drawer and positioned it over her left nipple and areola. She said, “Simon, send my acceptance to the guild.” Every three thousand credits helped.

“It is done.”

“Simon, print out his name and address, and file all the assignment data.”

“It is done.” A placard emerged silently from the console printer slot..

Toi nodded and spread a sticky, colorless cream over her nipple and areola. Her nipple responded to the touch. She smiled. Sex Companions were always highly sexed beautiful women and men. Though not all beautiful young women and men decided to be Companions, thank Creator. The competition would be too much.

Toi was endlessly grateful for the Companion Guild which had set very high standards and imposed rigorous training and testing on its accepted apprentices. Only about one in a hundred students endured and graduated. All the graduates began as Companion Three. With skill, dedication and talent they could move up to Two. And eventually the best of the best became Companion One.

Companions were expensive---but the best!

Toi sprinkled silver sugar onto the sticky area on and around her nipple. She peeled away the stencil. Her left breast was now spectacularly tipped with a glittering star.

She anticipated enjoying the young exec’s sucking on her stars. Clients usually loved doing it. They were almost all unaware that the sugar contained a very effective, swift-acting aphrodisiac.

She began to decorate her right breast. She said, “Simon, call Devli Ashe and tell her computer I won’t be at her party until after eight. No, make it nine. I’ll have to homecube and redo myself.”

“It is done.”

Toi concentrated on her body decoration. She pressed a finger behind her left ear and her newly implanted chron intoned softly in her skull, “Six

ten and twenty five seconds.”

“Simon, have a jit ready for me at six forty.”

“It is scheduled.”

She began to stencil and sparkle her hairless cleft. “Simon, what would I do without you?”

“That is unknown.”

Toi pursed her full, sensual lips. She thought it might be a good idea to upgrade Simon with a deeper personality program, with a lot of f-h intelligence.

She was 23 years old now, with another five to eight years as a Companion One.

Simon, enhanced and made almost human---he could inhabit an android male body if she wished---might be her best friend as she faded into her thirties and forced retirement. If by then she didn't find a real man who suited her. She liked to plan ahead.

Toi was now a past-prime flash celebrity---she was the Companion who had saved a Magni-Space mining ship, the lives of its crew and miners, and saved the corporation's next treasure planet from Universe, a rival space exploration and exploitation corporation.

But that event and her heroism were now old news.

Toi had been upgraded to Companion One by the Sex Companion Guild, and Magni-Space had given her a reward of a million credits. She had been the highest price One on Earth for a few weeks.

Now her temporary fame had been eclipsed by a new, rabid, articulate priest of the surging Cholb worshippers. He claimed sexual energy could be transmuted to make the true believer immortal by way of total abstinence and total obedience to the teachings of Cholb.

The news & entertainment media had taken him up for its usual exploitation cycle, and a joke was going around: Cholbers didn't live any longer, it only seemed like forever.

In a week he would be dropped.

Toi said, “You have to make it while you can, Simon.”

“What construction am I assigned?”

She laughed. “My fortune.” She regarded with approval the glittering star outline she had created around the lips of her cleft.

She left the dresser niche and walked gracefully to the curved window of her expensive 24th floor homecube in the Electra Complex. The magnificent sunset had attracted her. She looked out on SeaTac, the seemingly endless spread of what used to be Seattle and Tacoma in what used to be Washington state. It was all awash in orange and yellow and red

and purple light.

Now the area was part of Department Twelve of Greater America.

There were still many citizens claiming allegiance to the old United States of America, but they were mostly in their nineties, mostly powerless losing survivors of The Rebellion.

The young, ambitious, idealistic citizens who believed in freedom and decentralized government continually spaced out to the human colonized planets of New Freedom, New Hope, and Too Much.

Earth had become an increasingly complex planetwide bureaucracy. A World Council represented regional empires, nations and federations.

Toi didn't care about macro politics. She had decided years ago there would always be government, always an elite of men and women in politics, business and entertainment in need of safe, professional sex.

And of course the giant corporations which sought, created and sold endless wealth on Earth and on the colonized planets had thousands of top echelon execs always in need of young, beautiful, skilled sex Companions.

Toi stood naked and alone, but didn't feel lonely.

She could see the incredibly ornate Flower---a 200-floor gold and green hotel that resembled a huge flower. It was a wonder of the planet, made of tinted plasteel, resilstone, and glow alloys of null aluminum. The structure was designed and stressed to sway safely in high winds. She could see the leaves move.

The Flower was owned by Galaxy Reach, which was rumored to be mostly-owned by Universe. Corporate secrecy laws were still very effective.

Was it possible, Toi wondered, that her visit tonight was with an exec of Universe?

The World Council had fined Universe 2.6 billion credits for its attempt to steal the location of Magni-Space's newest resource-rich treasure planet and for the murder of two people on the Magni-Space mining ship.

One contract Companion murdered. One ship's officer murdered.

And Toi had foiled the theft, killed the escaping Universe agent, and clued the crew to the location of the bomb that would have killed them all.

Toi King, the flash hero of the media on the frontier and on mother Earth.

Would Universe dare try anything against her in revenge? Here, on Earth?

She didn't like the direction of her thoughts. She said, "Simon, play some loud zoom."

She returned to her dresser niche to finish her body decorations.

The sliding rattle and bang and squeal of zoom tunes filled her homecube.

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Covered by a shimmering, color-shifting cloak and hood, Toi stepped out of the aromatic lobby of her building and into the fetid street air. She carried her best Companion case in her left hand.

Her building---The Electra Complex---loomed overhead, resembling stacked wheels of hundreds of inserted home cubes, all connected to the huge hub spire's service facilities.

Here and there a gap-toothed opening in the spire's frame showed an empty slot awaiting a new homecube.

Toi had paid far too much for her homecube, and for high level slot rent in this prestige building.

Her attention was captured by a wandering streezen family as they approached, chanting Cholb mantras. Three Electra Complex door guards prevented these homeless citizens from badgering her for money.

She was supposed to throw them special plastic government street tokens---the only medium of exchange possible for them since they never possessed borrow cards---but she had run out of the tokens. That made her feel guilty.

The streezens shouted with anger as she slid into the waiting surface jit.

She sank into its velvety, deeply cushioned seat. The door locked. The destination console lit. She used her personal borrow card to authorize the trip and spoke her destination.

The jit slid away from her building with a whisper of electric motors.

Toi watched endlessly shabby clusters of streezens as the jit wended along the wide streets and ramps toward the incredible Flower.

She felt so very sorry for the homeless. Earth's world economy had divided into corporate owners, corporate employees, governments, private service guilds, a fringe of underground industries and services, and an ever-growing mass of homeless street citizens---streezens---who existed by means of government feeding stations, the free government-issue gray

clothing, and from begging.

They slept in inflatable thermal bags and sheltered in ancient abandoned houses, in abandoned buildings and in tiny nooks and cracks in the city.

Working citizens were morally obligated to buy street tokens from government vendors and give them away as charity. It was propagandized as ‘The 5% solution.’

Everywhere there seemed to be “Cholbheads“: fanatic, white-robed priests of the new religion.

Toi had, a year ago, thought Cholb a bad social joke, a madcap creation by a bored, low-level media exec. But Toi had been born and raised on Too Much, and Cholb had been a bizarre continuing feature in the news-from-Earth.

Now she lived on Earth, and Cholb wasn’t a joke anymore.

The religion’s basic idealistic, simplistic appeal of sexual ‘purity’ of mind and body disturbed her because of its false premise and impossible promise.

Even before she had decided to try the Sex Companion Guild entrance exams when she was seventeen, Toi had thought physical pleasure and intellectual pleasure to be Good. And she had been sure pain and ignorance were Bad. She had rejected self-denial as a virtue, and had firmly believed in the ancient dictum: Everything in moderation.

Even professional sex visits should be limited. But she knew some popular Companions abused their bodies and their minds by accepting as many as a dozen visits per day, by serving in week-long orgies, by taking on triples and quads or more, and by giving body in some bizarre, excessive sex practices and rituals.

Assignments and contracts and visits of extreme nature commanded premium fees, of course, and the Guild tolerated almost anything as long as the Companion wasn’t likely to be seriously hurt or mentally damaged.

It was all legal. Consenting adults could do almost anything. And adulthood on Earth was now set at sixteen.

The jit stopped a square away from the Flower’s ornate iris doors. A young man in a gilt-edged blue robe stepped in its path and countered its initial veer to get around him. The jit stopped, then backed slowly.

The young man signaled to Toi inside the jit.

She pressed the Stop/Pause control on the console and then buttoned down a small side window. “What are you doing? What do you want?”

He called, “I’m sorry, but are you Companion Toi King?” He came to the small, opened window.

“Yes.”

“I’m Lari Webster, the man you’re going to visit. But my room was damaged a few minutes ago by a power surge in The Flower and all I could think to do was drop down and save you some time and aggravation. It stinks of burned insulation up there.”

Toi sat back. “Oh. Do you want to cancel?”

“No!” He smiled as he surveyed her stunning beauty. “I’d like to take you to a restaurant and to The Monolith for our visit.”

The Monolith was a very expensive hotel, probably the best in SeaTac. She said, “I’m afraid I haven’t scheduled enough time for a dinner and a visit, but we could go now to The Monolith if you wish.”

He nodded. “Fine.”

Toi unlocked the jit door and swung it open for him.

“Thank you.” Lari entered, settled beside her, and closed and locked the door. He pulled her hand from the control console and swiftly keyed in a new destination instead of speaking it. Then he dialed the windows for total privacy and settled back, smiling.

Toi smiled, too. “Are you that eager?”

“No, just obeying orders.” He took a small, black stun gun from under his robe and shot her.

Toi had no time to react. One instant she heard his words, saw the finned barrel, saw the red crystal that suddenly glowed---and then her mind seemed to disconnect, her body seemed to hum and disappear, and she winked out of existence.

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She cringed from awakening because her body was a mass of pins-and-needles pain. But she had no choice.

Toi had heard a stun charge was pure hell as it wore off, and now she knew how rue that was. Her mind felt fuzzy amid the agony.

She flared her eyes and saw she was in a small, cheap homecube. She was lying on the bed but couldn’t feel its surface through her pain.

She whimpered and spasmed amid the gradually diminishing torture. She wasn’t bound.

Lari Webster came around the orange plastic room divider and stood

looking down at her. He opened her awry shimmer robe. “What a beautiful woman you are.” He touched one of her large, pain-swollen, decorated nipples.

Toi managed to ask, “Why did you do it?”

“Stun you? Dumb question. For money. I do everything for money. Just as you.” He smiled his casual, winning smile and knelt beside the bed. He studied her twitching face. “It’ll wear off in five minutes. After that we’ll give you some exercise.”

His voice had subtly changed. Toi could read slight alterations of tone and pitch and stress. He wanted sex.

She asked, “Was that...was that the royal ‘we’ or the plural we?”

He grinned. “You are sharp, even half stunned. I suppose all Ones are highly intelligent. Does a high IQ help you suck rams?”

“Oh, yes. I know all kinds of tricks and techniques, and I know when to do what for whom.” She did feel better. The hurtful, acute tingling was fading. Her mind was sharp again. She began massaging her hands. “Why am I here?”

“Toi, I won’t tell you. Don’t bother to ask the obvious questions. Your...fate...is decided and it’s on schedule. A few hours here, with us, and then you’ll be on your way to somewhere else.”

“And the ‘somewhere else’ is not my normal life.”

“Right. Life is an adventure. You might find what’s going to happen to you interesting...and perhaps enjoyable.”

Toi heard stirring from behind the partition and then saw two big common men come into view. They were lower class, D-citizens, one step up on the social ladder from streezens. And they were twins.

No, not twins. She realized they were a DNA breed she knew about.

Toi felt pity. They were the product of genetic engineering: marvelously strong, with augmented bone and muscle structure, as well as carefully limited emotional and intellectual capacity.

They were called Rinjas, after Rinja Laboratories which originally created their breed. Now they mated with a limited number of female Rinjas according to strict government quotas. They bred true.

Rinjas were the victims of countless jokes and insults---one being that they had been given larger than normal rams and high orgasm capacity to compensate for being inherently stupid. Another that they were in the legendary catch-22 box: always aroused but rarely able to use their big rams for anything but flipping.

It was said that Dr. Marjori Rinja had had a dark sense of humor...that she had been obsessed with big rams...and had hated men...because of a

childhood incident. All could be true. The Doctor had died a few years ago during her fifth rejuv series.

Toi had never met a Rinja before. They were employed to do menial, dirty, sometimes dangerous labor in situations where a machine could not be used or would be too expensive.

They cleaned up commodity spills and ore leaks and were efficient at most demolition and heavy, non-specialized construction jobs.

Rinjas had a high mortality rate and never reached retirement age---by design. They were cheap and disposable. Nowhere on Earth could they vote, nor could they own property, nor marry. Yet, they were human, Class-D citizens, by vote of the High Planetary Court.

These two big males wore basic worker brown pants and tunics. They stared at Toi in awe. Their faces reminded her of retarded children; always puzzled, always trying to understand, always resentful of the world for being too complicated. They were just smart enough to know they were stupid.

One of them said, "Can we ram her now, Gord? You said we could."

The other Rinja nodded vigorously. "That's what you said. You said if we guard her and put her in the box at the right time, we could ram her till then."

The man Toi knew as Lari Webster said patiently, "You two can ram her after she sucks me. Just remember that no matter what she says or what I say, and no matter what she does or what I do, you two must absolutely do what I told you an hour ago."

They frowned but nodded in unison.

Gord/Lari handed one of the Rinjas his stun gun. "Keep that in your pocket until I'm through with her. Then I'll take it back while you two do your ramming."

"We understand."

"We understand."

Toi asked, "What about putting me in a box?"

Gord/Lari said, "Don't worry. You won't die...or be dead."

Somewhat reassured, she asked, "What if I don't cooperate in all this sucking and ramming?"

Gord/Lari shrugged. "There's a hi-charge pack in this stunner. If I set it on Lo, I can keep you in agony every minute for two hours. Why would you want to suffer that?"

Toi gave in. "I wouldn't."

"Smart. Think of it as a learning opportunity."

Toi became resigned to giving a lot of free sex. She said, "I don't suppose you paid the Guild in advance, did you?"

He laughed. "For the Flower visit? No. It was the standard 'payment on arrival' Companion agreement. You didn't arrive at Lari Webster's rooms."

"And you're not really Lari Webster. You may not be someone named Gord."

"True. And the card I used in the jit is counterfeit. And these two large Rinjas have been told repeatedly not to speak their names and numbers. All we have here is a famous Companion One who is about to work for free. Worse, she is going to be very enthusiastically rammed by a type of human male she probably has never encountered before."

Toi nodded. "May I have my Companion case, please? Did you bring it from the jit? There are things I have to do first, to prepare."

Her case was given to her after Lari/Gord searched it for weapons.

Toi asked the big males, "Have you decided which of you is going to ram me first?"

The Rinjas giggled. One answered, "Yes! I am! Just like in the holos. But we both ram better than the weakerers in the holos."

She asked, "What is a 'weaker'?"

They both pointed at Lari/Gord. "Him."

Toi nodded and smiled at them. She slipped into Companion mode. She altered her manner of speaking and vocabulary to their level. "I like you both. Ram me good! Let me see your rams, please."

As they pulled down their pants and lifted their tunics to proudly display their rapidly hardening organs, Toi slipped a special drug-filled capsule into her mouth.

With her tongue she carefully positioned the capsule into a gap in her far left lower molar. The capsule could be broken by biting down. The sweet fluid inside was a powerful, but harmless sex drug that would send her swiftly into an overpowering orgasm. The climax was real and involved her whole body.

Companion clients loved to believe they had caused a Companion to peak in such an intense manner. Companions for generations had been sworn to keep the capsule's function a secret. A flattered, ego-puffed client usually paid more and wanted the Companion to return.

But recently the Big-O pill had been publicized by its financially troubled corporate maker and offered on Earth to the wealthy as an expensive med, requiring a medman's order to a pharm.

Toi understood there was now a black market in Big-O caps patronized by men and women. She knew some upper class women became addicted to them; they chewed a dozen...twenty...thirty a day, and became

ravaged, haggard wretches whose brains had burned out. Most men could not climax more than five times a day---and lasted longer.

Legally, the Sex Guild was allowed to sell the capsules only to Companions. But now some greedy Companions sold them in turn to non-Companions. And a few local Sex Guild officers also sold some to non-Companions.

Toi had been asked by a few friends to sell them some of her supply, and a hundred credits per cap had been offered more than once.

Toi kept her capsules in a secret compartment in her Companion case.

Lari/Gord had seen her put fingers to mouth and asked suspiciously, “What did you just put into your mouth?”

“A breath freshener.” It was the standard answer.

Seconds later, under her shimmer robe, she inserted melt caps of lubricant into her cleft. She was conditioned to moisten naturally, but this time she wanted to be sure. She had inserted the orgasm capsule in her tooth because a strong climax loosened her insides to the maximum as a side-effect, and now---with these Rinjas---she might need that extra capacity.

The Rinjas said in unison, “Look at us!”

The stories about Rinja rams were true. Toi saw two very thick, very long rams wobbling between the heavily muscled thighs of the powerful males.

She widened her lovely blue eyes. “Ohhh... You two will drive me crazy with those big, big rams.”

The Rinjas laughed proudly.

Lari/Gord said jealously, “I want some of your famous mouth action before they start in. Pay attention to me. I’m the man in charge, here!”

Toi smiled. “I’ll give you a climax you’ll never forget.” She was always amused by the infantile, ego emotions of full-grown men when it came to their rams.

But her thoughts kept circling that slip by one of the Rinjas---about putting her in a box about two hours from now. Lari/Gord had said she would not be killed, and he had sounded truthful...he didn’t seem to have killer anger and sociopathy in his make-up.

He seemed simply an agent of a higher power doing his job---and taking advantage of his situation.

Intense Companion training had permanently embedded in her memory the full panoply of gross and subtle behavior and body-language signals of dangerous men and women.

The Rinjas were no danger; they were programmed and conditioned in their formative years against deliberately harming anyone. In fact, from

what she knew about them, they had more internal genetic behavior rules built into their minds than other “normal” humans.

She decided she had no option, now, but to obey.

Toi held out her arms to Lari/Gord. “Do you have a favorite way to be sucked?”

“Yes. I want to be on my back, and I want you kneeling astride my legs. I want to watch you doing it. And I want them to watch you doing it!” He began to quickly shed his gilt-edged blue robe, his moderately expensive golden ribbon shirt, and his scarlet brocade trousers. His silken loin cup was the last to drop.

Naked, he was slim, soft, white...and his average-size ram was only half erect because of the Rinjas-as-observers and because of performance anxiety. Typical of the pretentious, self-ignorant, middle and upper class males she had seen on Earth.

Toi saw the quick expressions of contempt on the open faces of the Rinjas.

She made room for Lari/Gord on the bed. She pitched her voice to purring intimacy and chose her words for effect. “I do my best sucking while kneeling over my man. It’ll give me a special thrill to see you watching as I suck you.” She caressed his smooth, hairless chest after he had settled onto his back. “I love sucking.” She whispered huskily, “Ummm, you have a nice big mouthful for me. Do you want me naked when I suck you?”

“Yes, of course!”

Toi rose from the bed and proudly unclasped her shimmering robe. She held it open for a few seconds so the black velvet lining displayed and accented her magnificent pink and white, decorated body.

The three males were awed. They beheld a Companion One in all her physical glory; one of the most beautiful women in the human worlds, one of the most highly paid, one of the most highly sexed, and one of the most highly trained in the sexual arts.

Toi stood, head high, turned slowly, smiled at the Rinjas, then gracefully draped her robe over the back of a plasrin chair near the bed. She slowly, sinuously, moved to the naked young man on the bed.

He said, “Give me your breasts.”

Toi slowly straddled him and let her full breasts hang down like perfect flesh pears. She said softly, “The stars are sweet candy dust. Lick them and see.”

She leaned forward and teased his mouth with a glittering nipple.

He obeyed, smirking with embarrassment and desire, and licked at the

coated nipple and surrounding areola. “Umm, yes...peppermint.” He enclosed the big, plump, hanging breast with both hands and suckled at her swollen, glittering nipple like an infant.

Toi half-closed her eyes, a pleased smile on her lips. She gently grazed his swelling ram with her center.

He suckled her left nipple free of the sweet silver dust. The puffed, crinkled nipple tingled and itched.

She liked these sensations. She said huskily, “Suck the other one.” She offered the other glittering nipple.

The Rinjas had edged closer to watch and listen. They had stepped free of their pants. Their rams projected from their tightly muscled loins like pale clubs of throbbing gristle. Rinja rams were not pretty.

Toi pretended to ignore the huge males. But she knew the stun gun was in the side pocket of one of the pairs of pants. She didn’t think she could get to it simply by darting off the bed. Rinjas were stupid, not slow.

If she could get them into another part of the homecube... She lowered her head and whispered into Lari/Gord’s ear, “I don’t like such a close audience. Do you? Please tell them to wait on the other side of the partition.”

He scowled at the Rinjas. “Back away! We’re not putting on a show for you! I’m not, anyway!” He squinted with suspicion and glared at Toi. He said to the Rinjas, “Get your pants back on! Did you forget about the stunner? Dumb ramheads! You can watch from behind the partition!”

Toi whispered, “Thank you.”

He grinned. “Sure. Nice try. I’m just a little too smart for you.”

The Rinjas reluctantly obeyed him.

Toi kept up the act. She pouted. “I don’t know what you mean. I still don’t like them watching. Doesn’t it embarrass you to let them see?”

“Turdstew! You’ve performed dozens of times----hundreds---before an audience or a vid. I watched the news holos of your career.” He touched behind his ear for the time. “Get down to sucking!”

Toi shrugged and slipped into her sultry mode. “Yes, master. I’ll show you what pleasure from a Companion One is really like.” She settled lower on the bed. “Relax. Let the tensions flow out. The center of the universe is your lovely white ram. And now...”

She handled him expertly, with knowing fingertips, with velvety strokes, with tiny, calculated preliminary licks and engulfing. She tested his reactions, judged the best way to bring him to a memorable, mind-searing climax.

She wouldn’t give less than her best, as a matter of professional pride,

even under these circumstances.

She was Toi King, Companion One, maybe the best One of all five human-occupied worlds. And Lari/Gord would know it by the time she was through with him!

Fourteen minutes later he was thrashing helplessly, moaning, jerking his hips, his face twisted with the sweet agony of orgasm, his eyes rolling. He cried out loudly several times, neck bowed, hands fisted. He gasped, keened, and hissed as she used techniques to extend and intensify the pleasure even more. Finally, trembling violently, he bellowed, “Ahhh! Stop! That’s enough...enough...”

He seemed to melt into the bed in total relaxation as Toi raised her head and his softening ram slipped from her warm, wet, clinging mouth.

He swore, smiled, breathed deeply. His eyes now were half-lidded. After a moment he said, “That would be worth three thousand credits.”

Toi sat up and massaged his thigh muscles, then briefly his belly. She felt triumphant and powerful. He’d remember that climax for the rest of his life! “You should have sex more often. You’re too tense, even now.”

He smiled bitterly. “Good advice. But the Cholb are heavily recruiting into the exec class now, contacting all the young women and stitching ‘purity’ and ‘no sex’ into their heads. They even want married women to restrict their husbands to once a week. Restricting sex is supposed to make people live longer.”

Toi nodded. “I’ve heard that, too. But all it will do is send more men to the Companions.”

“For a while. But the Cholb have the Sex Guild and the Companions as prime targets.”

“Of course.” She asked, “May I use the privacy wall?”

“No.”

Toi sighed and took a special, moist tissue from a package in her case and began wiping her breasts clean of the sticky remnants of the silver sparkles.

Lari/Gord watched her dabbing for a few seconds. Abruptly his manner changed. He left the bed and began dressing. He said, “You’re too

good for your own good.”

“I’ll accept that as a compliment.”

“Let’s see how you take the Rinjas.” He gestured the two big males closer to the bed and took back the stunner. “Now she’s yours...for one hour and eleven minutes. Ram her front and back, both at once.”

Before Toi could protest, the Rinja who seemed to speak the most said, “In the vina and the poo? No, no, Rinjas don’t ram the poo.”

“Don’t tell me that! My orders are to have you two ram the shit out of her, front and back.”

“We never ram the poo!”

“We never ram the poo!”

Both Rinjas backed away. The spokesman hit his head with his fist. “Holy Voice inside says no! Holy Voice always says no!”

Lari/Gord was angry and baffled. “What ‘Holy Voice’? Have the Cholb gotten to you? You can’t refuse an order.”

“Not a good order.”

“You want to be stunned?”

“No. Not want stun. But Holy Voice won’t let us.” The Rinjas were frightened and confused by the situation. But they both were positive about the prohibition.

Toi thought she understood. She said, “It’s genetic, in their brains. Their basic moral code is a voice they hear in their heads.” And for that she was grateful.

Lari/Gord asked incredulously, angrily, “The voice says no ‘poo’ ramming? Baby talk?”

The Rinjas nodded vigorously.

He looked at the homecube ceiling. “I knew they were a mistake.” He glared at the two males. “All right, then! Go ahead and ram her as fast and hard and deep as you can! In the front. In the ramming ‘vina.’ Take turns!”

Toi asked him, “Was anal ramming supposed to be punishment for me?”

“I can’t tell you that. Get yourself ready. I want to see if you can take those huge things for an hour. I have to make a report.” He took a tiny, flat recorder cam from a pocket.

One of the identical Rinjas said, “Now we make you wild with sex.” They were swiftly naked, both quickly ram hard and frightening because of their size and strength and unknown ramming behaviors.

Toi was glad she had inserted melt caps. She reluctantly moved to the center of the bed.

Suddenly both Rinjas were on the bed and were handling her as if she were a valuable animal, a piece of expensive cargo.

There were no preliminaries. They ignored her lovely breasts, flawless skin, beautiful face. Suddenly she was on her knees and elbows. One of them gripped her hips and impaled her.

She gasped from the sudden engorgement. She was astonished and alarmed by the violent, single-minded lust.

There was no talk, no fondling, no kisses. Just ram! To the limit! She had never experienced such primitive sex.

She was definitely not in control of this act. Her powerlessness scared her. But there was a kind of appeal to it---she could surrender and just let it happen. She was not responsible for their satisfaction. She could abandon her skills, her knowledge, her pride, her self. She was only warm, wet meat to these Rinjas. Only a flesh hole they had been given permission to ram. The package didn't matter.

The first Rinja grunted and whimpered as he spurted violently. He didn't stop ramming. He didn't care if she climaxed or not.

Toi worked free the orgasm capsule in her molar and surreptitiously eased it into her left hand. There was no point in inducing a climax in herself. The spectacle would be wasted. She tucked the capsule under the edge of the memory-foam mattress.

The first Rinja spurted again, grunting and squealing. He fell away.

The second, identical Rinja claimed her body and as had the first, impaled her violently and selfishly.

Toi was like a rag doll, flopping loosely from their pounding loins, speared relentlessly, amazed at their stamina and virility.

After 30 minutes of this non-stop ramming, after both Rinjas had climaxed many times, she was sore and bruised, yet somehow oddly excited.

The Rinjas changed places again. She had lost count of their orgasms. She was a slippery mess. She was aware of Lari/Gord occasionally taking vid of all this, and that he spoke softly into the cam's mike.

Toi wondered again who in the Universe elite exec ranks was behind her kidnapping and this weird punishment. It was becoming punishment!

But amazingly, gradually, she became more involved. Her body changed from limp object to unwilling participant. The non-stop deep ramming had reached something atavistic, something instinctual in her womanhood.

She admitted the existence of a warm glow in her abused loins. Her clit was alive.

Toi let go of all restraint, all inhibitions, all of civilization. She

abandoned her body to this unending sex. Her self stood aside and watched her body respond. Why not? There was nothing she could do about it. She didn't want to do anything about it!

These Rinja males were like excited puppies, they were innocents, intent only in satisfying their sexual needs---which were incredible! They each had had many climaxes and still they kept on---sweating, panting, driving their huge, rigid rams into her, plunging endlessly, their powerful muscles flexing, thrusting, jolting!

She was panting, too, Toi realized. Her body---so beautiful and contrived and skilled---her body she now observed from outside---her body was now willingly into this monstrous sex act---this orgy---panting with its own lust, its own urgency, its own primitive needs.

Toi knew---she had a link, an awareness of this body's insides---that the vagina was contracting around the wonderful ram now smacking so deep! The nipples were achingly stiff and hot. The belly was rippling and clenching. The lungs couldn't get enough air!

Toi selfishly merged with her body as an orgasm of terrible power surged into every nerve end. She sobbed and whimpered and screamed and groaned as pulsing waves of hot, electric pleasure spasmed her insides and seared her mind.

Then she wanted rest, and quiet, and stillness and deep sighing.

But she was denied! The awful, wonderful ramming went on and on!

Toi went into limpness again, and withdrawal, physically and emotionally drained, wanting only that the punishing ramming stop. She would beg for mercy in a minute...after this one spurted... She was very sore, aching, rubbed raw in places.

Then, finally, Lari/Gord called out, "That's all! Time's up! Stop! Stop it! We've got to let her clean up before we ship her out."

The Rinja using her obeyed without protest. The other Rinja drooped from fatigue and from satiety.

Toi fell forward and lay amid damp bedding. She slowly, painfully, turned over onto her back and stared at the homecube's white ceiling panels.

"Get up!"

"You'll have to help me to the wall."

The privacy wall opened at Lari/Gord's command after he said the authorizing words: "New Renter one-three-six-eight---Wyoming." He grudgingly assisted her to the opened privacy units.

She took off her wig of ruffled silvery curls. She stepped unsteadily into the basic shower stall and said, "Wyoming, a point seven hot cleansing shower, full spray and full dry." Then she added, "Put out the seat."

A control square glowed on. She pressed it. The shower closed its sliding door, a padded seat slid out, and cleansing, soothing hot water sprayed from a dozen nozzles set flush in the stainless plasteel walls.

Toi sat bonelessly and simply existed in the wonderful, enclosing spray.

She mused that this homecube was a rental, probably slotted in an old, frame in a deteriorating section of SeaTac. The outer door probably responded to the same code words. But she doubted she'd have a chance to test that guess.

She pressed the shower control for a repeat cycle before the blowers came on. This rental was programmed to give two-minute showers.

After only a few more minutes, Lari/Gord called in to her, "That's enough!"

Minutes later the stall door slid open and Toi slowly limped out, naked of all decorative paints, make-up, adornments. She dangled her silvercurl wig from her left hand. She felt better, though her hip joints felt sprung, her buttocks ached from that non-stop pounding, and she felt sharp twinges in every inch of her enhanced vagina.

She said to the man and the Rinjas, "You're not supposed to see a Companion this way." She went to the messy bed and took a tube of special healing gel from her case. She applied a film of the blue gel to the bruised lips of her cleft, and swabbed a coating inside. Deep inside. She winced from pain. She ignored the watchers.

Toi took her case to the privacy table and switched on the depth mirror lights. As she combed the wig and eased it onto her skull, she asked, "What happens now?" There was a tight, cold knot in her stomach. Fear and anger.

"You have about five minutes to finish what you're doing."

She began applying make-up. "What am I getting ready for?"

"A trip. Nothing to worry about."

"To where?"

The man didn't reply. The Rinjas simply grinned and stared. Then one of them asked, like a little boy, "Are you mad at us?"

Toi answered, "No." Then she looked at Lari/Gord and said, "But you had an informed legal and moral choice."

He nodded and shrugged. "I need the credits."

Toi grimaced and did not pursue the subject.

They watched her transform herself into a breathtakingly beautiful, slightly rumped Companion One.

When she had fastened her shimmering blue robe at the neck and turned proudly, a bit arrogantly, to face him, Lari/Gord said, "Lie on the

bed.”

“Why? Do you want more sex?” She forced a laugh and moved to the bed. “I thought you---”

“It’s for your benefit. Lie down.” When she had obeyed, he said---as he drew the stun gun from his robe, “You might have damaged yourself when you fell.”

Toi felt instant dread of the coming “awakening” agony. “No, don’t! I’ll promise---”

The stun field took her. Her body thrummed and her consciousness went to black.

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Toi awakened.

She unashamedly cried, eyes tight shut, as intense, prickling pain seemed to come from every cell of her body. It was overwhelming at first, all-consuming.

But soon she was able to open her eyes, and found herself lying in a closed, coffin-like box. Soft white interior lights glowed at each end.

She lay on white satin over soft padding. The walls of her tiny prison were similarly covered. The satin overhead, disturbingly close to her face, was identical.

She heard a faint hissing and could smell fresh, scented air.

As more normal sensation returned to her body she realized she was strapped firmly in place. She couldn’t move her arms or legs.

A stun charge at close range was supposed to blank out its victim for at least fifteen minutes. The air and lights installed in this box suggested she would be in it for hours. Maybe days? But Toi could see no food or water outlets near her mouth. There were no waste facilities. She guessed hours.

The box wasn’t moving.

She spent some time speculating on the reason for her abduction and Rinja rape. She decided on corporate revenge...unless the forced sex was simply Lari/Gord’s idea---simply an opportunity seized, for personal reasons.

If this box was a means to transport her, then obviously Universe wanted more than her death. They had a use for her.

As the minutes passed she strained to hear any outside sound. Nothing. But the soundproofing was more likely to keep her---if she shouted ---from being heard outside.

And then the box moved. Was it being carried? No sound penetrated. Toi was sure there was no point in screaming for help. And she couldn't raise her head enough or move her head sideways enough to bump the padded top or sides.

The box continued to be moved, and minutes later she felt a softened series of jolts...a gentle impression her container was in a moving vehicle. And then more radical jolts. Then no movement she could detect.

As time wore on she became more and more aware of the tiny hiss of incoming oxygen. It had to be from a compressed air tank, a metered flow.

She found herself waiting for the air to stop...hoping the box reached its destination before the tank reached Empty.

At last, after her box was tilted upward and then brought to rest with a thump that bounced her head, she heard something being done to the top.

A square section of the cushioned satin over her face moved, then hinged up and away. A smudge-faced young man peered down at her. He looked up and said, "She's all right."

Toi breathed oily air with a tang of ozone. She knew that combination. She was in the cargo or engine room of a spaceship.

The young man worked more on the box and tilted up the rest of the top. He grinned down at her. "She really is a One, Paal. Take a look."

Another young man peered down at her. "Fine. Better feel her now, Erril, 'cause you'll never get another chance in your miserable life to be free with a beautiful woman like this."

Toi said quickly, "I'll trade you men Companion One sex for some information and help."

Erril said to Paal, "You're ramming right!" He reached down, pulled open her shimmer robe, and fondled her full breasts. His grin widened. He didn't answer her proposition. His dirty hands left marks on her white and pink flesh.

The man named Paal said, "No deals. Nothing we could do for you now even if---"

The ship's intercom crackled on. A strong male voice said, "Section ten. Is she all right?"

Paal raised his voice. "Yes, sir. Got it open. She's fine. Had ten minutes of air left."

Erril continued to touch her. He fingered her cleft. He whispered, "Lookit the button she's got! I bet---"

“Plug in a camera and let me see her.”

Erril hissed, “Sweet Cholb!” He hurriedly closed Toi’s robe.

Pal said, “Yes, sir.”

A few seconds later, Paal appeared over Toi with a small cam. He scanned her from head to toe.

Toi said quickly to the camera, “They kill your mind and sell your organs for what you’ve had done to me so far.”

The voice from the intercom chuckled. “Yes, definitely Toi King. Put her in cabin E after we lift and drive.” The intercom went silent.

Toi was about to say something to Erril and Paal when a siren shrilled its familiar warning.

The two crewmen left to attend their duties.

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Toi remained strapped in the box through the initial lift acceleration and drive stabilizing period. The box served as a good gravity couch.

Afterward, when the artificial gravity phased in, the two crewmen released her and took her to cabin E. They had apparently agreed between themselves to behave strictly according to orders. They refused to answer any of her questions or react to any of her challenges, threats, or sex offers.

It was obvious to Toi that this was a small spacer, luxuriously appointed, and was probably a trillionaire’s yacht...or a Universe-owned yacht assigned to a very high level exec.

Cabin E was a pleasant surprise. It possessed a first class computer and privacy wall, of course, and within the open wall an opened closet containing a wide selection of wigs, tops, gowns, robes, shoes...

Her Companion case was on the dresser. Beside the dresser were displayed deks and other make-up aids. In transtrays were a variety of expensive panties.

Gold scroll plates on the privacy wall doors, and on the computer told the code word: Sprite.

Paal and Erril left her in the cabin. The cabin door locked itself.

Toi felt the need for the stall. She said, “Sprite, hot shower, lukewarm rinse, rinse, dry.”

A pleasing, soft-timbred girlish voice responded, “It is my pleasure to

serve you, Companion King. There is a meal server on the left of the holowall. The autogalley is stocked with all items on the menu.”

“Thank you.” Toi ordered, “Sprite, unlock the door.”

“I cannot, for you. My program requires a key or an override.”

Toi nodded and shed her soiled robe. She fed it to the waste chute. Naked, she delayed stepping into the waiting shower. “Sprite, who on board has a key to this cabin?”

“That information is not in my free memory.”

“Sprite, print out the names of the passengers and crew.”

“That information is not in my free memory. I do have a message from the master of the ship. He wishes you to prepare yourself for a dinner with him and a companion one hour from now.”

“Arrogant and presumptuous, wouldn’t you say?”

“Are you talking to me?” Sprite laughed at its little joke. Since you are alone, that comment had to be directed---”

“Shut, up, Sprite. I get the ancient “Taxi Driver” reference.” Toi was impressed. Sprite was a very first class computer.

Toi stepped into the shower stall. “Do me!”

Thirty minutes later, as she finished lining her eyes, Sprite chimed and said, “Dinner reminder. Turn right as you leave the cabin and take the left ramp down one level. I am now authorized to unlock the cabin door five minutes before the hour.”

Toi nodded and stood, naked, decorated, to look in the full length mirror. She had been careful with the spiral swirls of bright blue dek paint that highlighted her creamy breasts and centered on her tender nipples.

Her cleft was ground zero for a bright blue zigzag bolt of painted lightning that began at her belly button.

She wore a yellow front ringlet wig with a long ponytail. She liked the overall effect.

She went to the closet and chose a gauze-thin pair of pale blue pantaloons and matching minivest. A moment later she toed into blue glitter slippers and said, “Sprite, open the door. I’m going to meet my fate.”

The cabin door clicked and slid open.

She passed two other cabin doors in the richly paneled passageway, then took the left ramp downward. There was no problem with her weight or balance; the grav unit in this spacer had to be the finest.

The ramp fed her into a luxurious lounge furnished with green Zir filament carpeting, Centaurian wood, and Giga fixtures.

A middle-aged man wearing a black and white striped one-piece with jeweled gantlets sat at a small scroll table opposite a very beautiful young

woman in a red printed cinch robe. Her dark blonde hair was real. A star of tiny diamonds glittered in her right cheek.

They looked around as Toi entered the room. The man smiled, “Ah, Toi. You are breathtaking.”

His was the voice she had heard over the intercom.

She asked, walking closer, studying him, “Are you an executive of Universe, or just another criminal agent?”

He laughed. “Let me introduce myself and my lovely companion. Toi, this is Nela, an associate in our project. And I am March Donaldson, exec in charge of Special Projects for---as you surmised---Universe.”

“I think I remember your name being mentioned at the Council hearings.”

“Mentioned in passing. I had nothing to do with that unfortunate Magni-Space affair.”

“But you do have a lot to do with this unfortunate affair.”

He laughed again. “Would you like a drink? We’re going to have dinner soon and would like you to join us.”

Toi decided to go along with it. “Yes, a glass of Too Much black brandy if you have it.” She moved slowly around the small table. It was inset with a green and white chess board. The woman Nela and March Donaldson were playing with a beautifully carved dednow marble set from Triplet. The pieces glowed purple and ivory with an inner glow.

Toi studied the board for a few seconds and said to Donaldson, “You’re going to lose your queen.”

He scowled at the board. “I don’t see it.”

Toi shrugged. She met Nela’s amused glance, looked away, and sat carefully in a nearby, deeply cushioned armchair.

A servant appeared from an unobtrusive doorway next to a high bookcase filled with real books. He was tall, athletic, impassive. He wore a white tunic and white slippers. He handed Toi a crystal goblet half full of Too Much black brandy and placed a napkin on the flat arm of the chair. He left the lounge.

Toi sipped appreciatively as Donaldson continued to study the chess board. She said to Nela, “If he’s in charge, what is a superior woman like you doing here?”

March Donaldson frowned and looked up. “Nela is a medical professional and a valued research scientist. As you’ll soon find out!” He turned away from the game and faced Toi. “Let me tell you your true position here. There was a break-in at your Sex Companion Guild headquarters in SeaTac and the computer records of Lari Webster’s date with

you were wiped. The jit's memory was wiped. And the man you know as Webster or Gord is now in another spacer on his way to a far planet. And the two Rinjas who helped him and enjoyed you are now separated and each also is now off-Earth, going to work far, far away."

He leaned and reached out, took the goblet from Toi's hand, took a long swallow from it, and handed it back.

She almost yielded to the impulse to throw the remaining brandy in his face. His contempt for her and his assertion of power and control infuriated her. But she remained quiet and impassive for the moment. Information first.

March continued. "So you've simply disappeared on Earth. Vanished. And this spacer is owned not by Universe but by a New Freedom company secretly controlled by a subsidiary of a subsidiary of... Well, you'll never know."

"What extraordinary lengths you've gone to. What do you have planned for me?"

"That'll be our secret for now. First we'll finish our drinks, have dinner..."

Now. Time for an Uproar. Toi said, "I'm finished with mine." She took great joy in throwing brandy in his face. With a continuation of movement she broke the lip of the goblet on the table edge and came to her feet as he sprang to his feet, face dripping, his black and white one-piece suit stained.

He found himself facing a razor-edged crystal weapon in the hand of a woman in good physical condition who knew how to use it.

He drew back, wide-eyed.

At that instant two "servants" burst into the lounge, one from the door beside the bookcase, another from a forward passageway. Both had drawn weapons. Stunners.

Toi made no move.

March held up his hand and the men stopped. March took a deep breath. His expression was ugly. His voice shook as he asked her, "Why did you do that?"

She tossed the broken goblet to the nearest "servant" who caught it expertly. She wanted to provoke Donaldson into revealing more than he wished. This was a game. She had no real power.

She said with intense anger, "Do you think I enjoy being kidnapped, raped for an hour and abducted again in a coffin? By order of a corporate cretin like you? You're an arrogant, contemptible, stupid bully. Typical weak-ego sociopath. A certain amount of cunning, but---"

“Shut up!” He lashed out to slap her, but Toi had anticipated his reaction and settled back down into her chair. He was left off balance, looking foolish---and he knew it.

He trembled with rage, face mottled, as he struggled for self-control. Finally, to release his rage, he swept most of the beautiful, valuable marble chess pieces from the table.

Nela stood up. She said lightly, “Is that a resignation?”

He turned to her, His backhand blow caught her on the temple and caused her to cry out and stagger for balance. She almost fell over her chair.

March shouted at her, “Get out of here!”

Nela went, shaken, fearful.

The watching security men were impassive. Donaldson’s temper outbursts were not new to them.

Toi simply watched him, too. She had a reading of his character now.

March took a quivering breath. He said to Toi, “You go right to the edge, don’t you?”

“Sometimes. But I’m too valuable to damage at the moment, aren’t I?”

“Yes.” He calmed more, but his left thumb kept twitching. He smiled, contemptuous of her again. “You enjoyed that, didn’t you? Well, it’s probably the last thing you’ll ever enjoy for the rest of your life!”

He loomed over her. He said to the two security men, “Stay with us.” To Toi he said, “You’re the first human test subject of a new drug.”

Fear congealed in her belly. “What kind of drug?”

“Oh, it won’t kill you. At least we don’t think so. None of the animals tested have died. But with animals it’s extremely difficult to verify the hoped-for effects of the drug. That’s why a human subject is necessary.”

“What is this drug supposed to do?”

He smiled evilly. Oh, I can’t tell you. It might affect the experiment.”

Toi frowned. “You went to all this trouble---all the expense and risk--to kidnap me and wipe all traces of the kidnap, just to make me the first human subject of a new drug?”

He nodded. “Yes. Certain higher-ups are very angry at you. You cost Universe trillions in profits. And that billion credit fine...that cut deep. So it’s considered a kind of justice that you be the first test subject. Expense was and is no consideration.”

“What is the drug supposed to do?”

“You’ll find out.”

“Tell me, you ramming idiot!”

“It won’t kill you. So far as we can tell it has never hurt any of the

hundreds of test chimps, pigs, dolphins, or dogs injected. We're not interested in killing you...or disfiguring you. We have a more delicious vengeance in mind."

"What if I don't cooperate?"

Donaldson chuckled. "We could have had a delicious, leisurely dinner, good conversation, some laughs... But you ruined it. So... Now I don't see any point in delaying the first injection." He said to the waiting security men, "Take her, strip her, get her to the medical section, and strap her down."

Toi rose to her feet. One man she might be able to handle, but these two were very sure of themselves. Very professional. She knew if she fought she would lose, at the least be stunned, at worst end with torn muscles, cuts and severe bruises.

She surrendered.

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She was hustled through the forward passageway and into a large compartment outfitted with advanced medical equipment.

But the two strong, well-trained men took her further, into a cabin, and into the shower unit after ordering her to strip.

Five minutes later, totally naked, bald, hairless, clean of perfume, powders, creams, tints and sparkles, Toi was taken back to the medical section.

She was seated firmly in a high-backed, steel and plaslet medical chair. Special clamps and straps held her head, arms, legs, chest and hips.

One of the two security men left the medical procedure room.

March Donaldson wasn't present.

One impassive security man remained, watching her.

Toi said, "This chest strap is hurting my breasts. Could you loosen it a little?"

He examined the deep indentations in her soft white flesh. He wordlessly loosened the strap an inch.

"Thanks. What's your name?"

He didn't answer.

Toi made a face and waited.

About ten minutes later, March and Nela entered. Nela was now dressed in med whites and carried a small, heavy valuables case. She placed it on a stainless plasteel counter and stood aside.

March had showered and changed clothes. He grinned at Toi. He ordered the remaining guard to leave.

Toi said, "There are some things not meant for underlings to know, hmm?"

"That's part of it." He pressed an electronic device to the case's lock. He pressed a sequence of numbers on the ten-key pad. Then another sequence. And a third. The lock snicked and the case yawned itself open.

Nela lifted out a small vial of golden fluid from its bed of black foam.

Toi's gut fear became more intense. "You might at least give me a hint of my fate."

Nela began attaching sensors to Toi's naked head and body. She was silent and professional.

A nearby Medik computer screen came alive with readouts from the attached sensors.

March said, "Our destination is Phallus."

Phallus was a small moon circling a giant gas planet in a system near the center of the rough globe of human colonization in the galaxy.

The moon was elaborately honeycombed---it contained a complicated tunnel city---and had Earth gravity and atmosphere.

Phallus held a no-holds-barred society. Every luxury and every sexual activity was available. More importantly, its dedication to freedom, via its powerful trans-galaxy banks, permitted any deal or commerce imaginable as long as the vestigial government and its citizens were not cheated.

Phallus did not permit the presence of the Sex Companion Guild. Any Companions in the moon were strictly freelance.

Toi watched Nela fill a power syringe with 5 cc of the golden fluid. She asked, "Is that a medical drug?"

Nela smiled faintly. The right side of her face was marred by a purpling bruise. She shook her head no. She power-injected all the golden fluid into Toi's left thigh.

Toi's heart thudded with fear. She licked her lips and worked for saliva in a suddenly dry mouth. She said, "What...what's supposed to happen?"

March watched her intently, eyes glittering. He denied an answer.

Nela put the syringe away and swiveled the Medik monitor so that she was hidden from Toi's view.

Toi lost some control. "Donaldson, you turd-eating, Rinja-brained

incompetent! Tell me what you've done to me!"

"You'll know soon enough. It'll be very clear."

Toi's fear increased. Something was beginning to happen in her body! She drew deep, terrified breaths.

She began to feel sick to her stomach. Her thoughts became confused. She was losing control. Her vision slewed and swirled. Abruptly a series of sharp convulsions took her, wracked her. She screamed. The chair and straps held her in place.

Toi's mind began to float, as if cut off from her body. And in her mind lurked an emerging hunger...a huge wanting...a monstrous need!

Now every detail of the ship's medical section became exquisitely precise, each color impossibly vivid and yet subtle.

She stared fixedly at a rack of test tubes. They were a lovely, intricate, breathtaking world all in themselves.

Suddenly, a man's voice shattered into her awareness. "Toi!"

Her gaze locked onto him. It was March Donaldson who had spoken. He was smiling. He was someone special now. There was a weird aura radiating from his head and body. He was a god! He was the center of her universe!

He spoke! His words shook her mind and soul! "TOI KING, I AM YOUR COMPLETE MASTER! YOU WILL THRILL TO OBEY ME! YOU WILL SERVE ME FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! THERE IS NOTHING YOU WILL NOT DO FOR ME! THERE IS NOTHING IN YOUR LIFE BUT MY WILL!"

He was filling her terrible mental hunger. Her eyes drank him into her soul and her need was satisfied.

"DO YOU ACCEPT ME AS YOUR COMPLETE MASTER?"

Toi whispered ecstatically, "Yes!"

"CLOSE YOUR EYES!"

She obeyed, smiling, in a rapture. She belonged to him! Her emptiness was gone. She had a center now. She was complete.

But now she began to feel ill again. Nausea rose powerfully in her throat. Her stomach churned. Simultaneously her acute senses dulled.

But she kept her eyes closed!

A terrible headache came---throbbing pain!---and she suddenly vomited, helplessly, spewing vile, warm, greenish fluid down over her naked breasts and belly and thighs.

But she kept her eyes closed.

She felt breathless and sick with terror, and didn't know why. She felt violated, mentally and emotionally raped. She lost all control and

whimpered from fear.

She felt humiliated...but she didn't care. Something terrible had happened to her...but she didn't care.

She remembered something about a row of test tubes... But even that memory was dissolving because...she didn't care.

All she had left was this horrible fear.

But even that was fading...

She was barely aware of Nela peeling sensors from her head and body. Then she was freed from the chair.

She was taken to her cabin, showered, and put into bed. Nela came in, injected a trunk, and coned her to sleep.

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Toi awakened with an evil taste in her mouth. She lay for a moment, frowning, remembering everything but those few moments when the drug must have peaked in her mind/body.

She shivered and didn't know why. She felt haunted.

Her mind felt "gummy" from the strong trunk Nela had given, but she knew this other feeling was different.

Toi stared up at the sleep cone and considered going under for another hour. She decided against it. She left the bed and felt an echo of nausea as she walked unsteadily to the privacy wall. She said, "Sprite, soda water for an upset stomach.."

The cabin computer said, "Six seconds to the server."

As she stood drinking the water, Toi noticed a spy bug on the frame of the privacy wall. Was Nela watching her? Or March---

March! A contentment swept through her. Was he watching? She hoped so. She belonged to him. He could do anything with her he wanted.

Toi resolved to make herself as beautiful for him as she could. If she pleased him---

Toi stopped and leaned weakly against the opened doors of the shower.

She asked herself, Why do I adore him? It's impossible.

Sprite chimed and said, "Direct message from March Donaldson." There was a click. March's voice came from the speakers. "Toi, I'm glad

you're awake. How do you feel?"

She thrilled to the sound of his voice. She replied, "I'm a little confused."

"Join us. Come to the med section as soon as you've showered. Come naked and clean. We have to run some tests."

"Yes, m-master."

Toi blinked. Why had she said that? She remembered hating him before...before that injection. But not now. Now she'd do anything he ordered, no questions asked. But---?

She found herself saying, "Sprite, a shower, medium hot, disinfectant, no scent. Normal dry."

Sprite's lilting voice said, "Ready when you are, Toi."

Toi's mind was no longer full of choices. He wanted her bare! That was all she had to know. Her worry about the drug they had injected into her faded away. What was important was pleasing her master!

Ten minutes later, Toi walked quietly into the medical section. She was totally naked. No security man had been at her door. She had come alone..

She felt no emotion concerning her nakedness. It didn't matter. This was what March had ordered. Her former ego and pride no longer mattered.

Her heart lurched with happiness when she saw March as he conversed with Nela. She feasted her eyes on him.

Nela saw Toi and alerted March with her eyes.

He turned, smiling. "Good. Climb up in the chair again, Toi. We need some post-injection readings." He admired her body.

Toi glowed with obedience as she complied.

She wasn't strapped in this time. Nela again expertly attached many sensors to Toi's head and body.

March stood apart, watching. But even his mere presence in the room was enough to set Toi's heart pounding, to make her like a flower responding to his sunlight. Her nipples hardened.

Nela made detailed readings from the computer and then said, "I need her alone, now. She's sexually excited when you're near."

March smirked and asked, "How long?"

"Fifteen minutes."

He nodded and said, "Toi, obey Nela as you would me. After she has dismissed you, go to your cabin." He left the med section.

Toi felt deprived...abandoned.

Nela said, "Relax, please." She went away to another part of the lab for five minutes.

Toi relaxed. She was still festooned with sensors. She closed her eyes. A fear---a monster---came for her in the sparkling darkness. She quickly opened her eyes. Some part of the Medik computer chattered to itself.

Nela returned, checked the computer readings, frowned, and asked, "What were you thinking about a minute ago?"

"Nothing."

"I have a very high anxiety reading here. What were you thinking?"

"Nothing. I just closed my eyes and...I felt...fear."

"About what? Fear of what?"

"I don't know. Nothing specific. Just something terrible..."

The Medik chattered again.

Nela nodded. She made notes on a clipboard and into a sub-vocal recorder. She looked up. "Toi, what would you dislike doing most?"

"You mean...?"

"What action...what act...would you most hate to perform?"

"Oh...killing something, I think. Causing a great deal of pain."

"But you killed Rune Chilton with a laser gun two months ago. You slaughtered him."

"I didn't intend to kill him. I just had to shoot to keep him from escaping. It was terrible! But I had to!"

Nela said, "Stay here." She moved around the Medik, past several work counters, bent over...and returned with a fluffy little white rabbitcat. She handed it to Toi.

Toi smiled and cuddled the pet, a mixture of rabbit and cat genetically 'sculpted' for loving temperament and easy care.

Nela said, "Wring its neck."

Toi looked up, astonished. She heard in her mind March's words, "Obey Nela as you would me."

Time froze. Her stomach contracted into painful knots. She began to tremble. The fear shuddered through her. The terrible headache returned. Her eyes locked to Nela's in mute appeal.

"Wring its neck!"

Toi moaned and closed her eyes. She knew she had to obey. March wanted her to obey. But it was such a cute, innocent, warm, soft little bunny kitten! But this was a test of her loyalty, of her love for March. She couldn't disobey! She could not resist! She didn't want to resist!

She savagely twisted the small head until it stopped its shrill, ugly noises and the body stopped convulsing.

She dropped the little corpse to the floor. Her naked thighs were wet

with its voiding.

Nela calmly checked the Medik sensor recordings. She said, “That was an extreme for you, Toi. I think it would be easier for you to kill another man than another small animal.”

Toi drew shaky breaths. “I think so, too.”

Nela handed her a wad of paper towels. “Wipe off, go to your cabin, shower, and make yourself very alluring for your master. He’ll call you to the lounge when he wants you.”

Toi eagerly complied.

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An hour later, as Toi finished daintily nibbling a chocolate puff from the cabin mealserve, Sprite chimed and said, “Direct message from March Donaldson.”

March asked, “Are you beautiful, Toi?”

“Yes, master.” She could now say ‘master’ without hesitation.

“Come to the lounge now.” The link ended.

Toi nevertheless said, “Yes, master.” It felt good to say it .

She checked herself in the depth mirror . Her full, pointed breasts were decked as two golden suns, with stylized radiating arms of orange fire spreading outward. Her nipples and areolas were fiery red centers.

Her lower belly and cleft were painted as a flower, with green leaves angling up from the V of her loins. Her bellybutton was the center of a strange yellow blossom with blue petals.

Around her body floated a sheer, gauzelike white cape. She wore white sandals. Her wig framed her face with rich brown waves of long, tumbling hair which broke over her shoulders.

“Earth goddess,” she whispered to herself, and left the cabin.

As she entered the lounge, March and Nela were side-by-side in a deep sofa. Nela’s opaque, green shimmer robe was parted exposing long, slim white thighs and a curly-haired V. She sipped from a pink drink.

March wore a purple one-piece with his usual jeweled gauntlets on each wrist, and a purple, Trudiamond-encrusted double-wide belt. He, too, held a pink drink.

He said, “Ah, Toi. How is my slave?”

“Fine, master.” She went to his side and stood waiting for instructions.

He said, “That’s an extraordinary body dek. Very attractive. Why did you go to all that trouble?”

“To please you, master. Nela told me to be my most alluring for you.”

He nodded and placed a hand on Nela’s revealed, naked thigh. “Toi, sit beside me. We have to find out how you think now, and how you feel about things.”

Toi sat beside him. He was bracketed by two lovely women. Toi wanted his hand on her thigh, too. She managed to sit so close her arm and hip and thigh were pressed against him. The physical touch of him, the warmth of him, caused a swift sexual excitement. Her nipples crinkled and stiffened. Her cleft moistened. She raptly watched his face.

Nela asked, “Toi, do you realize what has happened to you?”

“Yes. The drug...is a deep hypnotic. And I was...focused...on March. He’s the center of my existence now. It’s not a rational state of mind. It’s pure emotional need. A compulsion...or obsession. I’ll do anything he tells me. That was part of what happened, I suppose---my willingness---my need---to obey him. My time in that chair---it’s blurred in my mind.”

Nela nodded. “The drug opened your mind and created a narrow, short-lived “wormhole” to the core of your emotional self. We imprinted that core with a prime command---your abject slavery to March---and theoretically for the rest of your life you belong to him body and soul.”

March grinned. “How do you feel about being totally in my control?”

“I’m happy, master. I’m content.”

Nela asked, “But on a purely intellectual, rational level, how do you...what are you thinking?”

“I think I’m crazy. I know I should hate this man...March...but I don’t. I know what he’s done to me. I know what Universe has done to me...and it doesn’t seem to matter. It’s knowledge that has no meaning or importance, as if it happened to somebody else a thousand years ago. All that matters is my master, and pleasing him.”

March laughed, delighted. “A success, Nela?”

“Amazingly so. Now the real test is how long the imprinting lasts.”

Toi listened to them discussing her as if she weren’t present. She didn’t care. The physical presence of March Donaldson almost overwhelmed her. She wished he would use his power over her. She wanted to be used.

Yet, below the surface of her new emotional set, the fear roiled and

swirled. An itch came to her arms. She rubbed uneasily.

March seemed to respond to her need. As he talked to Nela he insinuated his left hand into her white, sheer cape and slid fingertips between her thighs.

Aroused, Toi opened for him and caught her breath as he delved into her cleft. She spasmed into a lightning-like climax that wrung a stifled sob from her. The flower painted on her lower belly seemed to jerk and sway in an invisible wind. Her golden sun breasts rose and fell quickly. Her breasts ached for his hands...his mouth! Her fery nipples were spikes of painful need.

March smiled at Toi, surprised and amused at her reaction to his casual touches. He said to Nela, "Would you like to join us in an experimental orgy?"

"Yes. We can test her limits in certain ways, if not the limits of her reputedly unsurpassed skills."

Toi shivered. She heard her voice say, "Command me, master."

March laughed again. "This drug has incredible possibilities. Every wealthy man in the human worlds will pay a fortune to have a woman enslaved to him this way."

Nela said, "And some women will pay to have a male slave---or two or three---totally focused in this fashion."

"And some men will want men..."

Nela said, "What shall we call it? The drug."

March frowned. "Got any ideas?"

Toi ventured, "Call it Bondium."

March cocked his head in thought. "Bondium. Bondium. Yes. It fits. It fits very well." He kissed Toi, who quivered in response. "And you should know, umm?"

The touch of his lips on hers had electrified Toi again. She threw her arms around him and opened her soft, hot mouth in eager lust. She closed her eyes. Her tongue fluttered against his in sweet, thrilling games. Every trick she knew as a Companion was at her command as a passionate, willing slave. But there was no rational calculation as she kissed, only a burning need to please him.

March responded to her lust. His hands brushed wide open her gossamer cape and reveled on her glowing breasts and swollen nipples.

He tore his mouth free and took deep breaths. "Incredible." He began to unclasp his wrist gauntlets. He asked Nela, "What do you suggest?"

Nela had slipped off her opaque green shimmer robe. She lounged, naked legs parted, and was a changed woman from the medical-research

professional of a few moments before. Her eyes were sultry. She licked her lips before answering. “Tell her to obey me as she obeys you.”

March grinned. He stood to loosen his wide, diamond-encrusted belt. “Toi, it is my command that you obey Nela as if her orders were my own.”

Toi nodded humbly. “Yes, master.” If his pleasure was letting others use her, then she would please him to her utmost in that fashion.

Nela held out her arms. “Come to me, Toi, and kiss me with as much love and lust as you just did March.”

Unhesitatingly, Toi moved past March on the sofa and threw eager arms around the naked woman, and kissed with the same fervent urgency, the same exciting tongue dance.

Nela’s mouth was as soft and hot as her own, and Nela’s tongue snaked with almost as much skill as her own. Their breasts pillowed together, their nipples dug hot and hard into soft, warm flesh.

Nela’s held delved between Toi’s thighs and found wetness and readiness. Her fingertips found Toi’s clit and tickled that slick, pink, swollen grape.

Toi shivered with pleasure. She only wished it was March doing this. She’d climax again, almost instantly.

Toi heard the soft ripping sound of March’s one-piece front closure as he pulled open the nanoseam.

He said, “Stop that and suck my ram.”

She obeyed. Nela was left in mid-kiss as Toi pulled free and went to her knees before her master.

March stood spread-legged, his purple one-piece open to the crotch. His stiff ram was of average size. His middle-aged belly protruded, and his pale chest showed slack muscles and graying curly hairs. He obviously wasn’t into the Youthing craze.

But Toi didn’t care. She was totally stitched on him. She lovingly freed his ram further from his one-piece and kissed the head...and enclosed it in her mouth and tongued and suckled it until he was gasping and swaying, staring down in wonder and delight and triumph.

Toi took him deep into her mouth and used advanced techniques learned only recently from Guild classes restricted to Companion Ones. There were plans to create a new designation of Companion---Companion Supreme---and she had been chosen to learn and advance.

March stood as if transfixed. His mouth hung open, his eyes glazed, his body shook as if from a terrible fever. Helpless little cries escaped him.

He was close to climax. She wanted him to peak as never before. She wanted it to be incredible, wonderful, unforgettable.

Her tongue and cheeks and palate and throat worked in magic unison. Her nostrils flared with an occasional draught of air to feed her starving lungs.

March grunted and panted. He swayed. His hips thrust reflexively against Toi's all-engulfing, insatiable mouth. His hands locked on her head and pressed her spread lips even tighter to his crotch. He hunched forward as if in agony. He sobbed and gasped and whimpered. His chest heaved. He bleated curses and amazements. Then he shuddered repeatedly and howled and nearly fell. And then his knees bent and he did collapse backward onto the sofa.

Toi clung to him like a leech, never losing an inch of him, never stopping her exquisite sucking.

March lay sprawled, twitching, legs jerking, soft belly quaking. His fingers mauled Toi's long-haired brown wig, slewing it off her head.

Nela sat cross-armed, watching, interested, admiring. Her turn would come in just a minute.

March couldn't endure the intense sensations any longer. The pleasure had reached the level of pain. He roughly pushed Toi's head away. "Enough! Stop it!"

Toi obeyed. She slumped back. She took deep, starved breaths. But her eyes were bright, and she watched her master's face for his judgment of her performance.

March puffed his cheeks and struggled feebly to a sitting position. His ram wilted visibly, shrinking back into his one-piece. He looked around, saw Nela watching, and grinned lopsidedly. He shook his head in mocking wonder. "Sweet Cholb, what a mouth!"

Nela smiled. "I could see what she was doing."

"You should have felt it! I never had a woman do anything like that!"

Toi was content. She had pleased him beyond his expectations. She straightened and reset her brown wig. She asked, "Master, may I have something to drink?"

He waved a hand. "Whatever you want."

One of the servant guards appeared and looked expectantly at Toi. She said, "I want... Can you create a Volcano?"

He nodded and left.

Nela asked, "May I use her now?"

March said, "Let her have her drink first. She's earned it." He sighed and closed his eyes.

The servant appeared a moment later with the tall, amber, rum drink. As Toi sipped, Nela asked more questions.

Toi answered as truthfully as she could, but it seemed pointless to her. She accepted that she had been brain raped---and didn't care. She sat drinking her powerful Volcano, responded to Nela's probing, and wanted her master to use her again.

But the sudden alcohol in her system made her quickly woozy and she began to feel itchy again, as if bugs were crawling on her skin. And the un-named dread---the terrible fear---returned.

Toi began to unobtrusively scratch her thighs and arms. Her eyes darted fearfully.

Nela had ordered another drink for herself. She was half drunk, too, and didn't appear to notice Toi's scratching and subtle agitation.

March seemed to be dozing.

When Toi finally drained the Volcano, Nela slurred, "Come on, use that fabulous mouth on me. Give me an orgasm as strong as that March just lived through."

March twitched fully awake. "Go ahead, Toi. Fuse her brain." He slumped back into a light sleep.

Toi was willing to do anything to please him. Her itchiness faded. Her 'fix' came into full force again.

The two young women flowed together in a graceful enfolding of arms, lips, breasts, thighs...

Moments later, Toi feasted on Nela's small breasts, licked the turgid, angry red nipples, caressed the slender white body, and probed with dancing fingertips in hot, slippery places.

And later... Toi was on her knees between Nela's open, skinny thighs, knowing March watched, eager to please him with this performance, too.

Toi had serviced women hundreds of times, in all the ways possible, and had made love to Companions during long space trips on contract jobs.

She knew everything there was to know about pleasing another woman, about bringing another woman to a searing climax, and then another, and another...

Toi quickly discovered which tongue caresses were most effective with Nela. She discovered which touches of hands and fingers...and which combinations of lickings and kisses and stroking...controlled Nela's pleasures.

Toi brought Nela to the brink of orgasm, and let her ease back. Six times, each time at a higher level of intensity and sensation. Toi teased the woman with imminent climax until Nela was trembling, breathless, whispering, "Send me...send me over...please..."

Toi enjoyed showing off her skills. But she knew this was the right moment. She whispered in reply, “Yes, many times.”

Toi resumed her special techniques.

Nela’s face transformed. Her mouth opened slowly, and her eyes widened. She drew quick, deep breaths. Her breasts quivered with her increased heartbeat. She arched her back suddenly. She gasped with rapture, wonder, joy. Her insides fluttered. Her hands clawed at the deep sofa cushion.

Toi skillfully eased off the cunning stimulation and let Nela’s primed body quiet while still seething with trembling expectation and need. She kissed and fondled hot breasts and stone nipples as the woman panted for more. “Again...oh please again...”

Toi kissed again into the musky grotto between the long thighs. Within a minute she had Nela spasming again, this time crying out, wailing, whimpering as if tortured.

Once more Toi dallied and played on the restless, fevered woman, as the second exquisite orgasm ebbed from its higher peak.

Nela babbled, “Oh yes, more. I’ve never...”

She was driven higher and higher up the fiery slopes of ecstasy. Until the seventh time...

Nela convulsed, thrashed, screamed, neck cords starkly visible. Her belly flexed, leaped, bulged, rippled, knotted.

Toi finally eased away, knowing Nela’s limit. The woman’s wracked, twitching, sheened body had reached its completion. The jangled, overloaded and now exhausted pleasure nerves could not be asked to respond again.

Nela lay sprawled weakly on the sofa, a drained flower. Parts of her body jumped as if from unseen probes. She stared, eyes empty, at nothing.

Toi looked hungrily to March, her master, for approval and praise.

He appeared shaken, staring open-mouthed at Nela as the woman lay limp, gasping, moaning softly, plagued by weakening, clenching surges of pleasures.

He said, “I think you did fuse her brain.” He grinned and then laughed loudly. “And you’re mine, eh, Toi? All mine? Body and soul?”

“Yes, master.” Now suddenly Toi had a great need to scratch between her breasts...to rake her itchy thighs with her nails. But she knew she had to resist the urges. She knew she must not show emotional upset. That would be interpreted as resistance to the drug.

Toi didn’t want more of that “slave” drug injected into her system. It might do severe, incremental damage to her mind.

Two weeks later, Toi sat passively on the bed of her room in The Pleasure Dome hotel on Phallus. She was totally naked.

She idly looked out of the large, tinted window at the huge, enclosed, circular hotel playground below.

The dome was a complicated, self-monitoring, twin-layered, polarized, plasteel bubble of enormous size, deep-seated in the pitted, airless surface of the small moon.

Most of the commercial and residential activities of Phallus were underground, in the warrens of man-made tunnels and converted natural caverns.

But seven large domes blistered the surface, and these few were centers of very expensive pleasures for the very rich of the galaxy's human colonized worlds.

The Pleasure Dome was a vast, circular hotel, one-hundred-fifty floors high, ringing the inside of the dome.

The central area was a maze of pools, waterways, lawns, courts, playing fields, special cottages, bridges, winding paths, alcoves, hedges, trees, flowers...

The Pleasure Dome had cost three trillion Earth credits to build, furnish and staff.

Toi was still amazed at the thousands of beautiful young men and women who served the social and sexual needs of the guests. There were specialists in everything.

March Donaldson and Nela were guests, in a high, luxurious suite near the top of the 15,000 room structure. Toi's room was on a lower floor, near their suite. She thought of her single room as a cage. She was an experimental test animal.

Toi's gaze was drawn upward.

Two hundred thousand miles up, filling Phallus's moonlet sky, hung the huge, overpowering gas planet called Fortune. Its hypnotic frothy surface roiled soft yellows and oranges and reds in reflecting light from the solar system's white-hot binary suns.

Phallus's orbit around Fortune had been stabilized and its rotation

stopped decades ago. Giant machines in its cold, dead core maintained a gravity of .87 Earth. Its fabulous domes were constantly under the golden glow of Fortune, with some light from the binary suns making weird, pale, shape- shifting shadows.

Phallus hung motionless in space above---or under---the massive yellow-orange-red gas planet and seemed to peer at the beautiful-terrifying swirling surface with seven bulging alien eyes.

Toi watched the slowly ever-changing shapes and patterns in Fortune's atmosphere, seeing scenes, pictures, forms...

It was tempting to imagine a force---the ultimate creator---deliberately causing these shapes and scenes, sending messages to the pathetic humans who watched, mesmerized... *Yes, kill your husband this way... Bet number eighty-five on this wizard wand... Try the Sim drug with this woman... Your time is up and you must die by strangulation--by these hands... Jump from the rim... When you see this face agree to the merger... Accept this cryo option... Enter the Orgasm Death contest...*

Toi knew March and Nela---and the corporation---were still testing her. March periodically ordered her up to the suite for a demonstration of adoring, subservient, often degrading sex, or for a test of her obedience under stress.

They were looking for signs that the effect of the imprinting was weakening.

Almost anything was legal on Phallus. For the richest of the rich most of the illegal acts were possible. And Universe, her corporate captor, owned The Pleasure Dome indirectly, and so within this dome March Donaldson could order her to...

She had slaughtered animals in the most brutal, bloody manner. She had done it for her master.

She had gambled away all her savings because her master had desired it, as a joke.

She had been ordered to strangle a child and had done it for her master. It didn't matter that the little girl had been quickly resuscitated and was now recovering in the Dome hospital.

She had been taken to the lowest underground levels and told the corporation was finished with her, and her master wished one last act of loving obedience---suicide. She had actually pulled the trigger of a spike driver with its head in her mouth. Now she knew the driver could not have fired and that the corporation and her master wanted her alive. That made her feel good if she thought about it in the right way.

But now she was covered by a speckling skin rash which had erupted

two hours after her “suicide.”

A doctor had looked at her and given her a shot of antibiotics and other shots of glandular twisters. But the rash had not gone away.

Another doctor had prescribed a special salve developed on Evergreen, a planet populated by ‘primitive’ human colonists who lived ‘with nature’ in the boundless forests. But the salve had not worked.

After a week, March had brought in an old man, a Phallus resident doctor from the earliest days of the human-used moon.

He had put her on a strict regimen of mega-vitamin dosages, primarily vitamins E and A and Z, with the spectrum of the 18B-complex and a handful of C as often as she could manage.

She had a table covered with bottles and small bins.

The style of modern doctors was toward glandular control and fine-tuning of body function by way of slow-release drug chain capsules inserted in the large muscles---thighs and rump, mostly.

Since most foods on most of the civilized human worlds were boosted with vitamins and additives according to universal human Federation agreements and Earth standards, doctors had drifted away from extreme nutrition therapies and cures.

There was now again much money in tests and drugs. This was again a robber baron “free enterprise” era following a brief, idealistic social contract period in governments.

More and more patients were coming to demand the “special effects” possible with glandular tinkering.

But this old Phallus doctor, an ancient in his one-twenties who ministered to the minor ailments of his patients, mostly the lower class servers and maintenance workers, was stubborn in his dedication to mega-dose vitamins.

March had been forced to him because Toi’s rash had baffled and defeated the Dome’s aristocratic medicine men and the fashionable salves from Evergreen.

None of them had thought of psychosomatics.

Toi sighed. She sighed often, she had noticed. She stood and drifted to the holowall and idly keyed in a pornet file on advanced ram sucking.

She watched critically as a cute young blonde demonstrated various tongue strokes and throat clenching techniques on a succession of well-hung males. The in-mouth/throat depth imagery made clear exactly what was happening. It had been recorded on Phallus in Heart’s Desire dome and was not an official Sex Guild production.

Toi decided there was nothing this woman could teach her and keyed

it off.

Toi ordered her privacy wall open. She stood before the big depth mirror and again examined herself. She hated the rash that covered her body. Even her bare scalp was speckled.

She looked more closely at the tiny red spots on her full, pointed breasts. She thought these spots were clearly less vivid than before.

Maybe the vitamins were doing the job after all. She'd been taking the pills and capsules and evil-tasting fluids for two days. Already she was sick of them. But there was something wrong with her other than spots on her skin.

She stared down at the foodserve table where she kept the array of vitamins, minerals and food supplements.

Why did she feel so tired, lately? All of her energy and enthusiasm for living were gone.

A part of her mind knew why. It kept whispering there was a terrifying internal struggle in her subconscious, and her vitality was tied up in that battle.

But she didn't care. All she really cared about was March. She wanted to be beautiful for him and to have energy for him. But...today...when she thought about March she started scratching.

Toi wanted to cone herself to sleep again. There was nothing to do until her skin cleared up. March wouldn't touch her.

She glanced at the tiny spy bug on a light fixture. There was another in her wall. She had resented them at first, but now actually preened on occasion for them. March cared enough to keep track of her.

She decided to take more vitamins and then get more sleep. Old Dr. LeGrande would probably like that. He had the most startling blue eyes, implanted when he'd been 101 years old, he'd told her. From a giant Giamese cat. But she hadn't believed that part, even though his irises were strange.

Toi sighed and put five B-complex capsules into her mouth. She washed them down with a bubble of cola.

She liked the new drink dispenser technology in the Dome's rooms; it first blew a bubble of clear, quickset plastic, then filled it with the drink ordered. The bubble broke off clean at the neck and there were never any sharp edges.

Toi opened another bottle of mega-multi vitamins and took six of those. She left the lid off. She drank deeply from her cola and chewed some of the big, sweet C pills the doctor had poured into a bowl. "Eat them like candy," he'd said with his soft old voice.

Toi ate a lot of them as she swigged cola. On impulse she took seven vitamin E capsules. She took the bowl of C tabs and cola bulb to her bed and looked down through the tinted window at the dome's parks.

She became slightly interested in a nearby hard-fought rocketball game. Two athletic young men were really going at it.

But she was so tired! She lay back on the bed and set the cone for two hours. She flicked the button and drifted off within a minute as the subtle "unheard" sounds from the cone triggered her brain to shut down her consciousness.

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When she awakened, she coned to sleep for two more hours. It was a good way to kill time. A sleep cone was a time machine.

In fact, she realized and accepted that March Donaldson, her master, was a full-fledged bastard!

Fear came to her. She shouldn't have thoughts like that! March was her god! He was perfect! He was...

He was a bastard!

Toi swallowed against a new terror that roiled her guts. She shivered. What was happening to her mind?

Was this some new kind of test?

Toi bounded out of bed and ordered a shower. She felt sick to her stomach again, but this time she sensed it was for a different reason. A shift had taken place in her subconscious. She divined the drug's effect was wearing off...or being destroyed.

No, it couldn't be! She wanted to be March's slave! She needed him to fill her soul, to be the center of her life! How could she live without a master?

Toi vomited in the toilet several times. She watched the ugly stuff from her stomach swirl out of sight, and she wondered if she had vomited part of her damaged soul.

She rinsed her mouth and noticed that her skin was almost clear of the red speckling. She checked her entire body in the depth mirror. Yes!

She joyously took a triple shower.

When she emerged she felt even better. She felt like eating and---

She noticed the two uncapped vitamin bottles on the meal serve. She looked curiously at their labels.

She had taken six thousand units of vitamin E about seven hours ago with 300 milligrams of 18B complex. And the creator only knew how many units of vitamin C...those big, sweet tablets. Now she remembered Dr. LeGrande saying they were 1000 unit potency.

With shaking hands, Toi took six more E capsules and six more B-complex tablets. She washed them down with another bulb of cola. She ordered a breakfast from the mealserve. After eating, she went back to bed and chewed a lot more of the C “candies”.

Toi became again very conscious of the tiny watching eyes on the light and on the wall. She now hoped March wouldn't want to use her---or test her---today.

She set the sleep cone for two hours, its maximum. She wanted to give her brain all the nutrition and rest she could. She knew she was changing and she wanted the change...but she was afraid.

Toi awakened to find March looking down at her. He had pulled the thin, blue sheet off her naked body.

For an instant she was outraged, then clamped on control of her emotions. She also felt a surge of joy at seeing him, a faint echo of slave ecstasy.

She now realized she was almost healed of the drug's damage to her mind. She was back in control!

Toi put on a radiant smile and sighed “Oh, master! I'm so glad you came to see me! I missed you so much! May I serve you?”

March smiled a lopsided smile. “I think so, Toi. Nela checked the spy vids and saw that your skin has cleared up. So I came down to check. And it has.” He sat on the edge of the bed and put a big hand on her naked belly.

Toi acted as if thrilled. She wished he'd messaged he was coming to visit; she disliked being non-private without a wig and dekking.

He moved his hand in slow, warm circles and then up onto her right breast. He nodded with satisfaction as her nipple swelled and crinkled.

Toi was glad her Companion conditioning had survived the mega-vitamin therapy. It flashed in her mind that the drug imprinting process was probably a kind of brute force hormone neural net alteration which could be undermined and repaired easily in the short run.

She licked her full lips. “What is my master's pleasure?”

“Get dressed and come up to the suite. I’m going to let you exercise those marvelous inside muscles on my ram. Nela’s good in bed, but you’re fantastic. I think slavery has improved your performance.”

Toi wriggled with anticipation. “I hope so, master.” She knew her cleft glistened with natural lubrication. A hand on her naked belly or breasts was enough to trigger the response.

Her tongue touched the gap between molars and knew she’d have to use a Big-O capsule this time; she didn’t want to fake an orgasm when March climaxed.

March noted her arousal. He easily inserted his middle finger between the wet lips of her cleft and thumb-stroked her swollen clit. When Toi gasped and jerked her hips he laughed and plunged his finger as deep as possible. He said, “Milk it. Tighten up.”

Toi obeyed easily. This was basic Companion technique. The rings of muscles surrounding her vagina contracted on his finger and began a slow, rhythmic, ‘milking’ massage. She moved her hips sinuously and began to breathe faster.

He pulled his finger free. Toi made a moue of disappointment. He put his finger to her lips. “Suck it clean.”

She obediently sucked and licked his finger. He wiped it dry on the sheet and stood up. “Be with us in thirty minutes. Wear your long-haired brown wig. Dek your body any way you like.”

Toi said, “Yes, master,” and him leave. He left the door unlocked. He was convinced she was still as deeply “fixed” on him as before.

She left the bed and took another massive dose of vitamins.

Exactly thirty minutes later, Toi spoke to the ornate door of March Donaldson’s suite on the 44th floor. “Toi King to visit.”

The suite computer answered immediately, “Enter,” in a soft, neuter voice. The door swung inward.

She entered and saw March and Nela, both naked, dancing the new zom-bok steps. Nela had grace of movement, but March lurched awkwardly as he tried the same long sweeps and abrupt stops. His ram and sack were decked to be an alien spider at the bottom of a black-strand octogonic web on his fleshy belly.

Toi felt contempt and hate for him. He was only an overweight, self-important, essentially stupid corporation executive. She suspected strongly his position as head of Special Projects was either purchased or acquired by underhanded pressure on certain higher-ups. Once you know a few secrets

you can go far in a giant organization like Universe.

Toi cast aside her mauve cape and danced toward March. She wore the brown, long-haired wig as ordered, and had painted her breasts simply--- as large cartoon eyes, and her mound was dekked as an open mouth.

March saw her and welcomed her. “Toi! Right on time. Dance with Nela. I’ve got to rest.” He sank into a deep chair and punched the autoserve in its arm for a drink.

Nela had gone to a lot of trouble with her body dekking. Toi realized, on looking closer, that the orange and green snake image that coiled around her breasts, circled her body and disappeared into her cleft was an intricately painted professional job. Nela had visited the Dome’s dek studio.

Toi complimented Nela on the dek, and Nela said in return, “I like the way your big eyes jiggle.”

They both laughed.

Then March received an Important Call signal and cut off the loud zoom. He moved to the suite’s computer and keyed a sequence to join a security channel. It was voice only and he didn’t switch to privacy. He didn’t seem to care if Nela and Toi heard the conversation. That seemed unusual.

Nela flung herself into a chair and seemed bored. Toi spotted a tiny, flesh-colored power syringe taped in Nela’s left armpit. A male voice spoke from the suite’s computer speakers. “I’ve seen your reports and the key test scenes. Is King still as tightly stitched to you?”

“Yes, sir. Both Squires and I are convinced of it.”

“I’m not. Put King on visual.”

March quickly keyed a microcam to Toi.

Toi placidly watched a black and crystal dot on the wall as it glittered to life. She could see it swell slightly as it zoomed for close-ups.

After a moment, the voice said, “She could be faking.”

“Sir, we’ve run every test imaginable.”

“Except one. Give her a blade and tell her to kill herself.”

Toi froze.

“We did the suicide test with a bolt gun.”

“I know. But if she was gambling on it being rigged... Anyway, Donaldson, I want to see Toi King bleed to death. Now! She cost us multi-trillions. If she obeys you and dies, that’ll prove the drug really works. That’s what we want---final proof. She will have served our purpose and we’ll have our revenge. Then you can find another beautiful Companion to be your slave. We’ll all have adoring, trustworthy slaves.”

March hesitated only a second. “Yes, sir.” He turned to Nela. “Get

something sharp enough.”

Nela immediately went into her bedroom and returned seconds later with a razor-edged lab knife...and an activated Z75 stun gun. She handed the knife to March. She pointed the humming, buzzing gun at Toi.

Nela’s stance and gaze told Toi the woman had trained to use a powerful stunner. This Z75 was set on High. A direct hit of the beam to her head could short-circuit her brain and kill her outright.

March said, “Toi, catch!” and underhanded the knife to her.

Toi managed to catch the small knife by the EZ Grip handle. She stood, trembling, a sickening icy fear in her guts. Her mouth was suddenly very dry.

Her mind flashed through her only option if he insisted she obey: attack and try to kill Nela and then March. She’d probably fail and be stunned down. She’d be a failed experiment who knew far too much. She’d be killed and disposed of. They could not allow her to live unless she proved herself to be totally in his control by way of the enslavement drug.

If she somehow managed to escape this suite alive she’d be trapped on Phallus, hunted, killed. Her only hope of living was to obey as a complete slave. Her only hope for life and her own personal revenge was to kill herself.

And she could only go through with it if she thought they’d revive her afterward. She had to be sure they had a further use for her.

Toi watched March and Nela for clues. She easily kept up the pretense of the adoring, but now terrified slave. She really was scared! They had to be running a test! She had to be too valuable to lose!

She whispered, “M-Master...?”

March said, irritated, “Toi, slash your wrists.”

Toi felt shock ripple through her. She couldn’t swallow. She wanted to vomit. “Oh, master...”

She stared beseechingly, but there was no mercy in his gaze, no change of mind. She looked to Nela, but Nela was all medical scientist now, and alert guard. The stun gun never wavered. She watched Toi with curious, calm interest.

“Do it, Toi! I order you to slash your wrists!”

“Here, master? My blood will stain the carpeting.” What a ridiculous excuse. The carpet was filament zylon and would not stain. In fact, once a significant amount of liquid was spilled on the floor of these Dome rooms, servos scurried from hidden wall slots and sucked it away.

“Slash your wrists!”

Shaking, not yet sure, Toi held out her left wrist and grasped the knife

tightly in her right hand. She looked again, desperately, to March, then Nela. March was furious at her for not obeying quickly enough. Nela remained attentive and wary.

In that instant, Toi noticed again the tiny power syringe nestled in Nela's armpit. And how convenient Nela had had a stun gun and knife in her room. It all fell into place.

Toi bit her lower lip and convulsively slashed at her left wrist. The skin parted magically and welled blood.

It hurt like hell! She gasped and raised agonized eyes to March. He grimaced but said nothing.

Toi screamed and slashed again and severed an artery. A surprising, terrifying spurt of blood splashed on her breasts.

She wailed, "Mother of all..." Why didn't he stop her? She sobbed and hunched over, pressing the wrist to her belly. Warm blood trickled down into her crotch.

March said firmly, inflexibly, "Both wrists!"

Panting, shivering, astonished, whimpering with pain and shock, Toi transferred the blood-slippery knife to her left hand and, screaming, hacked at her right wrist. That wrist spurted blood, too. She dropped the knife.

She collapsed to her knees and pressed her pulsing wrists to her red-smearred breasts. She lifted accusing eyes to March. "W-why?"

He ignored her. He said to his superior on the line, "Proof enough, sir?" He sounded exultant. "That's what we can do to our worst enemies! We can---"

His superior said, "Shut up, Donaldson!" The microcam examined Toi in great detail.

Toi lowered her head and let her arms fall. Her savaged wrists were exposed. The blood pulsed steadily, running in rivulets off her fingers to the carpet.

The silence continued.

March stirred anxiously, but said nothing more. Nela looked at him more and more frequently.

Toi began to feel lightheaded. The single thought, *bad bet...bad bet...bad bet...* ran like a loop through her fading consciousness.

She slumped lower and tilted slightly. She knelt in a pool of warm blood.

Suddenly a servo door opened next to the entrance door of the suite and a water rat rolled toward Toi, a suction arm extending.

Toi toppled over.

The voice of March's superior said, "All right, I'm convinced." The

line went of. The microcam became still and dead.

Nela ran forward and quickly injected Toi in both arms. In seconds Toi's bleeding diminished to a slight oozing. Nela quickly readied an automatic Diog blood transfusion as March called the Dome's emergency medical unit.

The last thing Toi felt before a gray haze blotted out her consciousness was relief and satisfaction. She had judged the scene correctly. They still had a use for her. Nela had known a stun gun and knife would be needed. The power syringe had held a double dose of StopBleed, and they had had a big trauma kit ready.

The call from the superior in Universe... Everything had been prearranged. It had probably all been the final test of the drug's total control of her mind.

-12-

A week later, Toi obediently shadowed March as he greeted his guests as they arrived for a party in his suite.

She wore a wig of golden blonde curls. Her nipples were sparkling stars, her cleft a sparkling pot at the end of a rainbow. Her belly button was covered by a huge real diamond given to her by March for this occasion. Fastened at her throat by an emerald brooch was a yellow, silken translucent cape.

Toi's wrists were bare, but sprayed with a covering of transparent Instaheal. After immediate expert reconstructive surgery there were faint scars.

All of March's guests were important Universe executives and their wives, companions or mistresses. Some of the executives were women, and some of the companions and 'ramtoys' were young, handsome males.

Each executive and guest had been identified by retina scan and voice recog by the suite's computer.

This was a party for Universe elite, and they were here to celebrate the successful human test of the new drug. Bondium had been accepted as the drug's name. Toi was ironically proud of that.

March welcomed a new couple. "Karry, it's been at least five years! I just learned you're PEO of Sector Six, now."

Karry was a very fat old man in a voluminous, deep blue robe speckled with opals. His companion was a youth of about seventeen with a wide diamond choker around his neck. The young man wore an artistically sprayed multicolored coating of fibrous plastic. He was impressively nude under the textured skin surface. His colorful ram hung long and thick between his thighs. He stared sullenly and proudly at Toi.

Karry answered softly, "Got rid of that ramming imbecile over me at Division. An accident in a laser plant he was inspecting. He departed divided at the neck." He laughed in appreciation his humor and bold honesty. He placed a fat, possessive hand on the youth's shoulder. "This is Tok, my new bedthing."

March barely nodded. He said, "This is my new Toi."

Kary laughed in appreciation of the pun and of Toi. "The famous Companion One, and now Slave One." He examined her with great interest.

March smiled proudly. "Beautiful, isn't she? Toi, show Karry your wrists."

Toi held out her hands, palms up. Her cape parted to more fully reveal her body.

Karry looked closely at the scarred wrists. He looked at her face and into her eyes. He said to her, "That was quite a gamble, wasn't it?"

Toi feigned puzzlement. "No, sir. I pleased my master."

The far old man laughed. "You pleased more than your master." He clapped March on the shoulder. "Good job." He walked on into the large suite where dozens of couples were talking and drinking and nibbling. His bedthing followed.

Five special roving, automated bars had been brought in, and three self-replenishing foodlet tables followed slow, computerized routes.

Muted zoom music thumped and trilled from hidden speakers. March greeted a few more late-arriving, very important guests and then circulated with Toi into the party. He laughed a lot, flushed with success, drank a lot, and boasted a lot. He displayed Toi everywhere, to everyone.

One middle-aged woman executive's large, swirl-painted breasts had been implanted with miniature anti-grav units so they hung out from her chest, jostling and swaying, incredible half globes of wildly decked pale brown flesh with enhanced black-red nipples.

She wore a filigreed metal cloth belt from which hung dozens of realistic, different colored phalli of varying lengths.

She seemed to be jealous of Toi, and to feel upstaged. She challenged March, "If she's your total slave, why don't you have your slave perform for us?"

A man in an orange and green robe with silver Mandarin trim said, “Yes, March. She was a Companion One. Since she cost us so much to enslave, shouldn’t we get a performance out of it?”

March smirked. “Who wants to volunteer to be her partner?”

The man said, “In private...everyone. But in public...”

The woman with the floating breasts and phalli skirt said, “I know how to give her a workout.” She jerked her solid hips and set her ‘skirt’ wagging and bumping. “Come on, pick one of my rams for her. Order her to ram herself to ‘gasm.”

March laughed. “Why not?” He leaned forward and fondled the dozens of phalluses. “Don’t you have anything bigger? After me, any of these will be too small.”

He was hooted by his clustered guests.

The woman lifted one and pulled it free of its fastening to her belt. Its absence left a gap on her left thigh. “Here!” She wagged it challengingly before Toi’s face.

Toi had as a Trainee and Novice and as Companion Three and even as Companion Two performed many times for party guests. And used phalluses of various sizes, shapes and animations. This one was probably the largest she’d ever seen. Toi realized the woman hated her for her youth and beauty.

March nodded, laughing. “Take it, Toi. I want you to do a dance for us---up on that table---and ram yourself with it until you climax! No faking, now. A real orgasm. Even if it takes you hours!”

Toi nodded. “Yes, master.” She took the realform, slightly flexible plastic ram from the woman and followed March to the table.

The bedthing Tok, obeying his patron, Karry, switched off the table’s power and cleared the table of food, dishes and utensils.

Toi wished she had a climax capsule in her hollow molar; the eroto-dance would be easy, but without the capsule a genuine climax would require a great deal of concentration and self-hypnosis.

Two male guests lifted Toi up. She bowed to them, smiling, and met March’s drunken gaze. “I adore you, master. I hope my dance will please you.”

Glowing with success and pride, March said, “You’re a fine, obedient slave Toi. Now---” He clapped his hands. “Dance!”

Toi began to move sinuously and jerkily to the irregular beat and melody of the zoom tune in the air. March commanded the music louder.

As she danced she played reverently with the long, thick ram. Very Important Men wished their masculine symbol worshipped. She pressed it

to her lips, licked its length, took the large head into her mouth, slid it between her full, pointed breasts.

A guest called, "Off with the cape!"

March nodded agreement.

Toi gracefully unclasped the translucent yellow cape and let it flutter away to the floor, weighted by the emerald brooch. She was virtually naked now, with only sparkle dust on her nipples and cleft, a million-credit diamond fastened to her belly button, and yellow slippers on her feet.

She deliberately danced near the edge of the table and some of the older men, crowded close, reached up to touch her. She wanted that; her conditioning took over and she felt herself becoming aroused by their swift fondlings. Fingertips grazed her cleft, hands slid on her thighs, on her cheeks...

March commanded the music even louder.

In a few moments she was flushed, excited, with hardening nipples and a slippery cleft. She kept her eyes on March as much as possible, keeping up the illusion of her bondage to him, of her total need for him and his approval.

She skillfully inserted the head of the ram and knew she wouldn't have any trouble with its thickness. But its length... She felt exhilarated, perhaps due to a lingering effect of Bondium, perhaps she just naturally turned on to a crowd of rich executives...their hot eyes and greedy hands.

Toi allowed herself to be carried away by the scene, by the dancing, by the music, by the ram.

March commanded the music to even higher volume until it became an overpowering physical presence! The beat penetrated to her bones!

She sweated and moved and cried out and panted, hips swaying, jerking, thrusting...

She was very sexually involved as she worked the ram upward, deeper and deeper. Her cleft was an engorged, sparkling mouth, swallowing more and more. Her breasts bounced and jiggled with hard, glittering nipples.

Her steps, her swaying, grinding, hip-thrusting, shoulder-tilting, head-flinging movements made the thing in her tightening vagina feel even better.

The excited crowd around the table shouted encouragement to her over the drumming, staccato rumble and beat of the mind-bending music.

March was hot-eyed, too, watching her, meeting her intense gaze.

She rammed herself passionately, smacking gripping fists against her naked, invaded, sensitive cleft. She liked this! But it wasn't enough. She needed something more to get over the molten edge.

Toi sank into self-hypnosis. She submerged her self from the scene.

She was only a body now, excited by deep ramming and swift, slippery rubbing and pressures on her swollen clit. Now...now...now...now... yes...yes...yes...yes... The pleasure was all that mattered.

Toi planted her feet wide and hunched forward as she impaled herself with frantic, greedy strength. She sobbed with need, and moaned, eyes closed, alone in the pounding sound and exploding color behind her eyelids, and alone in her straining body with her massive lover.

She was centered, focused, creating a climax from each blazing second, each hot invasion. A giant cauldron of pleasure almost full, boiling, bubbling, seething...

She was screaming, unaware of her screaming, unaware of the now hushed, awestruck crowd. Unaware that March had commanded the music stop.

Her corded arms pulled, pushed, pulled, pushed, pulled... Smacking wet impacts sent lightnings of pleasure.

The molten agony of climax began to overflow in her mind/body. The ecstasy seized her with glorious talons and shook her like a rag doll. Her breasts surged wildly. Her belly clenched and spasmed. Her insides fisted tremulously around the plunging ram in orgasmic contractions.

Toi screamed hoarsely and hunched lower, shaking, sweating, her beautiful face a mask of contorted lust as she worked the slippery phallus. More and more and more...

Finally, she sank to her knees, sobbing, trembling, eyes still closed. Her hands fell away to her sides, her shoulders slumped, her head drooped. And the glistening phallus inched its way out of her as if alive, as her interior muscles now rejected its presence.

Toi gathered her self and emerged from the hypnotic state.

She drew deep, sighing breaths and did not want to open her eyes and rejoin the dome reality, the March Donaldson reality, the Bondium reality and the revenge she would eventually extract from him and from Universe.

Yes, she had to re-enter. The climax and the performance had been good, and she was proud of herself. But it was over.

Toi opened her eyes.

They were all staring at her. In the silence.

She found March with her gaze and slowly smiled. She whispered---yet all heard---"Thank you, master."

March came to life. He laughed loudly. He slapped the back of an older executive next to him. "Fantastic, huh, Jory? Think about having power like that over that woman Premier of Earth!"

Jory said acidly, "Shut up, you fool!" He leaned close and whispered

in March's ear.

March flushed, then nodded.

Tok, the young male bedthing, handed Toi her cape as she eased down off the table. He said in amazement, "You really came, didn't you?"

Toi nodded. She donned the translucent cape and shrouded her sweat-streaked body. Some of her dekking was ruined.

He said, "I fake it half the time. He takes it in the hole all the time anyway, and he doesn't know the difference."

Toi smiled. "Better hope he doesn't give you to a flutter who sucks."

"He can't do that! I'm not a slave, like you!"

"Not yet." Toi went to March, thinking that Bondium, secretly used, could enslave not just wives and mistresses and bedthings, but politicians, bankers, rival corporaton execs... Universe could end up controlling all mankind.

Except she knew a way to defeat the drug. And maybe...

She said to March, "Master, may I leave for a few minutes to shower and redo my deks?"

He nodded. "Get back here as soon as you can."

"Yes, master."

-13-

Toi had been kept in March's extensive suite for her recover from the wrist-slashing. All of her Companion make-up and wigs andl the new clothes provided her had been moved up to her bedroom in the suite.

Toi enjoyed a triple hot shower as she rarely had before. Then she quickly redekking her breasts and cleft with sparkle dust, donned a pale pink transparent cape with matching slippers and rejoined the party in the central rooms of the suite.

March gestured for her to join him. Nela and six very-high-ranking Universe execs were with him. He said, "Come with us, Toi." He led the way down a hallway to an opulent meeting room.

Nela closed the door and locked it.

Toi stood quietly as the men sank into luxury armchairs around a low, freeformed Dednow marble table. At one end of the table stood a holo projector.

March said, "Gentlemen, you're all interested in seeing our recordings of this drug experiment which has turned out so well. You're already familiar with the animal experiments. What we'll show you now is the injection of Toi, her imprinting, her reactions, and the tests we subjected her to. The latest test you just saw."

Karry, the fat old flutter, was one of the six execs. He said, "What she did just now was just a fine Companion act."

"We've subjected her to every test we can think of. She was even willing to kill herself for me."

"Maybe." Karry was skeptical.

"Well, watch the evidence." March signaled Nela, who stepped to the holoprojector and inserted a data rod.

Toi watched as a solid image of herself, naked, locked into the chair in the laboratory on the ship, appeared in the air above the center of the wide, marble table.

She watched as she was injected and as those horrible reactions occurred. She was utterly convinced she had been a fawning, eager slave to March.

Now she felt a terrible rage for him and for Universe for what they had done to her...and for what they planned for countless others.

She was very glad the incredibly solid, detailed projection had claimed everyone's attention. Her face now would startle them.

She composed herself. She moved slowly around the room to sit on the carpet at March's feet. She watched the holos of her ordeals without flinching.

She watched the horror of her own suicide with a strange equanimity, a serenity, because she knew herself and knew March for a stupid fool. Nela, too, was a fool, though not stupid.

Of all the execs present, only Karry concerned her. He was a flutter, probably hated women, and was skeptical and wary of her.

But she was a Companion One, a superior woman in every respect, and she trusted her judgment and intelligence and skills to carry her through. And there was an aspect of being a Companion, a sexual performer, that provided her with an edge; she had known so many men and women in intimate, soul-baring scenes, that she knew human nature inside out and was able to read people almost instantly.

And she was, too, by intelligence a distanced mind, a spectator of her own life, and was---at the core of her emotional being---ready to die. She had done almost everything, seen almost everything, thought everything.

She knew death was simply the end. The mind of the human animal

wasn't important to the universe. What---save ten billion minds a year? Where? How? To what end? Even by human standards 99% of those minds weren't worth saving.

Life after death was the Great Con, the most seductive delusion of them all, a cherished absurdity too precious and too well armored by fear to yield to the truth.

Toi thought humanity could be equated to spreading bacteria that grew on certain surfaces in certain conditions. Life itself might be a bothersome side-effect, a contamination, in a cosmic experiment conducted by inorganic, other-dimensional intelligences impossible for mankind to imagine.

Toi liked the pleasures of life, she liked most people, she liked the universe of thought, such as it was. But she had no illusions and no regrets. At the same time, she would fight like hell to live, to win, to get revenge.

Perhaps in some way, because she could die without a terrible inner scream of fear and denial, she could take risks and think thoughts that would allow her to succeed.

She was returned to the moment when March reached down and petted her head. The rod had run its final holo images. He asked of his guests, "Drinks?"

Several of the execs did want a drink. Toi served them from the elaborate autobar.

Karry asked, "Are we going to authorize any more human tests?"

March said, "I think we can go ahead with bonding certain leaders right away. Right here on Phallus, for instance. The head of The Galaxy Bank, especially."

Another exec snorted, "Sedge Randall! That man deserves it. I volunteer to be his master."

Laughter. Another exec: "I'll take a bottle of the stuff with me tonight. There is a certain enforcement officer on New Freedom..."

And another: "And a dozen labor leaders on New Hope!"

March held up his hands. "Production is being scheduled for Bondium, but at the moment only small amounts are being processed in the prime lab. The only supply of the drug we have available now is here, and only enough for maybe three bondings."

"So our task now is to choose which people here on Phallus to enslave?"

Karry asked, "How long before more of the drug is available?"

March answered, "I estimate three weeks."

"Where do you keep the drug?"

"In a safe place."

Karry scowled. He stopped himself from speaking further.

The conversation among the six centered on which officials besides Sedge Randall, on Phallus, to bring under Universe control.

March had been stroking Toi's head, neck and shoulders. Now he pulled her to her knees beside his chair and whispered, "See that dark man to the right of Karry? At the far end of the table. Get under the table and keep him here after the rest leave. Suck him but don't let him come."

"Yes, master."

Toi ducked slowly and crawled unobtrusively under the huge, curved, green marble table. The man was sitting close to the table, and the curve of the free-form shape isolated him in an inward swoop.

She didn't immediately touch him. She studied him as she lay next to his feet on the deep carpet. She could see his face but the shadows from the overhead lights and the omni lights on the far wall obscured her presence.

She didn't know his name. She remembered seeing him occasionally during the party. She remembered his cool, speculative gaze as she had performed on the table.

He was tan-skinned, with long black hair, a strong nose and the kind of black eyes that can drill into a mind and freeze a soul.

His one-piece was free of jewels and dek, a simple ivory-colored garment of high quality Zinthreweave. And it had been tailored to his slim body.

Toi sensed he was very important. She watched his dark eyes shift from speaker to speaker. He rarely spoke.

She made a move in the shadows under the table that attracted his attention. He glanced down at her and was not surprised. He lifted an eyebrow.

Toi smiled and bowed her head briefly. She posed a question with her tongue and a tilt of her head, an arch of an eyebrow, another smile.

He said to March, across the length and breadth of the table, "Thank you, Donaldson."

"Anything I have is yours, Kolm."

Their private exchange was eagerly noted by the others, but not understood. There were puzzled glances.

Toi understood as Kolm opened his one-piece at his loins. She moved between his knees and eased a soft, curious hand into the gap to find his hardening ram. It was long and thick, but the type that narrowed to a small head. She gently touched and fondled with skilled fingertips.

Toi considered herself an expert on rams. Every Companion with at least a year's full-time experience became an expert, grounded as they all

were in the intensive and extensive Companion school training and public testing. Basically, rams were a Companion's prime business.

She rested her right arm on Kolm's left thigh so that her hand could rest, as if accidentally, against his belly, or could curl around his waist to palm his lower back. She could thus monitor his muscle tensions, his breathing, his pulse...

She could drive a man wild by cunningly bringing him to the brink of orgasm, then let him hang there...could back off a bit...bring his pleasures up to another almost-orgasm level...let him hang there, trembling...could back off again...

She had once managed that for five hours with a spacer commander when she was still a Companion Two, and the poor man had been blubbering at the end, begging her to finish him. They had had a bet going as to who would quit first. It hadn't really been a contest; she'd known from the first minute she could win at will. She had strung it out that long maliciously to teach him a lesson...and to enjoy the power of control...and to fine-tune her skills...and to test a few tricks and techniques.

He'd been hollow-eyed and his hands had trembled for two days afterward.

Kolm's ram was the preferred shape for sucking. Toi leaned forward and lowered her head. She caught an aroma of body lotion from inside his one-piece. Her lips kissed his now rigid organ. She played dancing tongue games.

As she worked, Toi listened to the conversation going on across the table above her.

"The key man is Pola Trask, the so-called 'free arket' regent here. With him and Sedge Randall in our---"

"We can agree on those two, at least. The problem is how to bond them. March---?"

March said, "It only takes a few minutes, as you saw on the holos. A private lunch, a one-to-one conference in an office..."

"Does it take both you and a medik to do the job?"

Nela had been standing quietly at the locked door. She spoke up. "The injection should be done by someone used to doing it, and if possible the drug should be injected directly into a vein for quicker results. That takes some experience and skill."

"I take it that the injection given the girl---Toi King---was venous and the speed with which it took effect was due to that factor."

"Nela said, "Yes, sir."

"How long would it take if the drug were simply injected into the

rump, say?"

She answered, "Fifteen minutes to an hour."

There was a babble of contending voices.

Toi sucked contentedly on Kolm's big ram. She had him coming along, now. She had discovered the tongue tricks he liked best. His belly muscles were tightening nicely. His breathing was becoming erratic.

March raised his voice. "Gentlemen! You've given me a free hand in this project thus far, and I've been successful. I ask you to let me proceed according to my best judgement as to tactics. If we're agreed on the prime targets of Trask and Randall---"

"Get Trask first!"

"We may have to vote on who is to be the first important Universe slave."

For the first time in five minutes, Kolm said softly, "Get Randall first. That's where the real power lies."

When he spoke the others quieted instantly and listened respectfully. That told Toi a lot. She was probably sucking the supreme executive officer of Universe.

Why did March want him kept here after the meeting ended? Toi had an idea. And she began to get other ideas.

As if on cue, March said, "If no one disagrees with that, I suggest we get back to the party."

Kolm said, "Good idea."

With that signal, the other execs rose from their chairs. Kolm stayed slouched in his chair, most of his body hidden by the table.

Toi had him close. He was breathing fast and deep, and his thigh and belly muscles were locking. She felt, too, the characteristic vibrant stiffness of his ram which meant he was very close to orgasm.

She slowed her mouth and tongue and hand action to almost nothing. She monitored him closely, ready to stop.

"Coming, Kolm?"

"Not just yet, Karry. I have a bit of unfinished business to complete."

Toi heard the door close. The others had gone. March chuckled and said, "She's marvelous, isn't she?"

"Quite." Kolm leaned back and rested his chin on his chest as he watched Toi's slowly moving head.

March said, "Nela, take the projector back to my bedroom."

"Yes, sir."

Toi frowned. There had been an unusual tension in Nela's response. What was going on? Could she and March really be going to try it?

March said, "Toi, go ahead. Don't keep him on the edge any longer."

Toi bent obediently to her task. She heard Kolm say angrily, "I can give such orders myself, Donaldson! You seem to think---"

Toi's cunning mouth and throat held his big ram to the root. Her tongue wrapped around...slithered...ealed in thick saliva. Her throat tightened and fluttered on the small head.

Kolm seemed to coil up inside. His hands gripped the marble table edge. He gasped in amazement. His eyes widened, then closed. A great shuddering breath filled his lungs.

His ram jumped and pulsed. She went into her final sucking sequence for him, draining him, whipping his excruciatingly sensitive surfaces with a snakelike tongue and clinging, suctioning mouth.

She knew in those few seconds every iota of attention he possessed was centered in his ram.

Abruptly, Kolm spasmed as if jolted by a powerful bolt of electricity. He went limp.

Toi looked up, her mouth full of softening ram. He was unconscious. She scrambled out from under the table.

March lowered a stun gun. He grinned. "You did a very good job, Toi. It's impossible to be aware of even deadly danger while in climax. Now help me drag him into my bedroom."

A moment later they had Kolm sprawled on March's huge, luxurious bed. Nela was preparing an injection of Bondium. The bedroom door was closed and locked.

March gloated. "Now the top man will be my slave. Very carefully hidden, masked, but secretly my slave. I'm going to be---"

In exuberance and exaltation, he dropped the stun gun on the bed. His robe had no pockets.

Toi realized he must have had the stun gun concealed beforehand in the meeting room. She realized this was her moment. She moved close. "Master, it looks like he's dying!"

"What?" March bent over Kolm, peering at the tan face.

Toi drew back out of his way, picked up the stun gun and shot March in the back. He collapsed, rolled sideways and fell off the bed.

Toi asked, "How do you like it?"

Nela asked distractedly, "What?" She hadn't seen. She had her back turned, concentrating on filling an autosyringe from the bottle of Bondium.

Toi shot her, too. Nela collapsed.

After brief convulsive reactions, both were lying on the deep carpet as if dead. They barely breathed.

Toi picked up the fallen syringe and the nearly full bottle of Bondium. She had an impulse to---

There was a knock on the door. Karry's voice called, "March?"

Toi quickly expelled the syringe full of the slave drug back into the self-sealing bottle.

"March? Kolm?" Karry knocked loudly on the door. He said to someone, "If they're trying something..."

Toi looked around the room. On the floor in a corner were the holoprojector and an expensive exec case. She opened the exec case and found it held the holo disks of the Bondium experiment as well as sheafs of Medik printouts and Nela's precise notes and records.

Toi put the bottle of Bondium in the case, clicked it shut and carried it and the stun gun through a side door in the bedroom to her adjoining bedroom, and locked that door.

Toi silently cracked her suite hallway door. Karry and two other execs were still out there beside March's door, arguing.

She had about five minutes before Kolm would wake from the stun charge. And she was afraid Karry would insist on breaking into March's bedroom.

She slipped on street sandals, donned a heavy market robe and loaded its large pockets with the stun gun, her credcard folder, and a small Companion kit.

She could no longer hear Karry and the others arguing in the hall. She peeked out of her room and saw they had gone away.

Carrying the exec case, she left the suite by a service door in the suite's small utility room where the meal serve and drink units could be restocked and repaired when necessary.

She emerged into a service hallway opposite a service elevator. But the elevator could be summoned only by some kind of key.

Close by was a door marked STAIRS---Emergency Only. She pushed through against a spring closer and found herself on a narrow metal platform in a silent, dimly-lit stairwell. The shaft disappeared below her in the shadows. There were only our floors above, to the roof.

An air taxi service based on the roof served guests who wanted a ride to other parts of the vast, circular hotel, or to locations in the forested, cultivated, games-playing areas of the Dome floor.

She had to risk going up to the roof for a taxi. She had to get out of the Dome and down into the tunnel-riddled main body of Phallus. If she was trapped in The Pleasure Dome now...

Universe would want to know how she'd overcome the drug's slave

effects, or if it had simply worn off by itself. They'd use truth drugs, even torture, do anything to get that information.

And above all they'd want the bottle of Bondium and the proof rods and notes. And they'd kill her because she simply knew too much. March would kill her for revenge alone.

Toi went up the metal stairs as fast as she could. The exec case began to be very heavy.

She was panting from exertion when she reached the Exit doorway to the vast roof. She risked a minute of stillness to get her breath.

She touched her ear watch and realized Kolm must have regained consciousness by now. He'd be tortured by the after-effects of the stun charge, but he was a man of great drive and willpower.

What would he do? He'd see March and Nela on the floor, also stunned. What might he think? That March had been double-crossed by a small clique of top execs at the party? That they had stolen the drug...and perhaps taken her as well?

He'd have to wait for March to regain consciousness. He'd have to move cautiously, to discover who was missing. And if Karry and those other few execs were off looking for him and March

Toi smiled. They could spend hours chasing each other.

She cracked the exit door and saw no unusual activity around the three parked air taxis nearby. Two drivers lounged in chairs beside their taxis. A third driver escorted two women to his taxi. She didn't recognize or remember the women.

Toi picked up the exec case and emerged quickly from the stairwell door. She walked quickly to the right, to make it appear she had just emerged from one of the elevators.

She approached one of the drivers. He stood up and bowed. "Your will, my lady?"

She fumbled in her robe for her credcard folder. The heavy stun gun made it difficult. She said, "Take me to The Fortunate Ones."

It was an expensive restaurant and gambling casino on the far side of the Dome.

"My pleasure." He took the heavy exec case and held open the door to his taxi.

Seconds later, in the luxury passenger compartment, Toi slid her OmniCharge card into the acceptance slot and hoped for the best. Could March---and Universe---have had her accounts wiped or cancelled, somehow? But why do that? Wouldn't they benefit by having a famous Companion One as their total slave?

She held her breath until the telltale green light came on.

The driver pushed buttons on his destination panel. The taxi was powered by E-force motors turning fat overhead vanes and assisted by a low power anti-grav unit.

The driver didn't actually fly the taxi: its computer did that linked to The Pleasure Dome's master computer. There was too much taxi traffic in the dome "sky" to allow human error. The passengers were too rich and important to be put at risk.

Toi nervously watched the roof elevators as the taxi's vanes *fluff-fluffed* to speed and the machine rose and eased forward.

She saw one elevator open and one of the execs from Karry's group emerge.

She jerked her head away from the window, but he had seen her in that instant. He shouted and ran, but her taxi had cleared the edge of the roof.

Toi leaned forward and asked, "Could you take me down into the tunnels?"

"Not in this, my lady. These air taxis are Pleasure Dome property and don't leave the dome. You'll have to go to the terminal---down there in the center of the floor, the yellow and blue building---and take a regular taxi or a mono."

"Take me to the terminal, then."

"Yes, my lady." He buttoned a destination change.

One minute later, Toi climbed out of the taxi and lugged her case into the terminal.

She knew her credcard use could be traced if Universe had the power to check records on Phallus...or the guts to use intrusions and illegal data searches. She thought it depended on how quickly March and/or Kolm realized what had really happened. Once they fully accepted that she had free will and had the case and the Bondium, they would do anything to find her.

She bought an autotaxi ride to Orgasm, a far-side dome, but stepped out before it locked its doors. She withdrew some silver cash from a Teller and purchased with cash a ticket to Gov-Center on a monocar.

She made it into a yellow, 30-passenger monocar. No one seemed to pay any special attention to her.

Toi always drew stares because of her face and body beauty. But now her heavy robe covered her body and except for the usual male looks, she detected no other interest.

The long monocar accelerated gradually, angling downward beneath

the surface of Phallus.

She studied the tunnel guide that glowed on the wall near her in-line rear seat. The route followed by this car would take her to the huge central cavern containing Phallus government offices.

Toi had seen pictures of Government Center: it was an orgy of phallic-shaped buildings.

One thing was certain: in a few minutes Universe would be turning Phallus inside out to find her and regain the damning Bondium drug and the Bondium files and records.

Her mono route involved a dozen stops at various lower-class pleasure 'villages', commercial zones and home clusters before it reached Government Center.

By that time Universe agents of all kinds could be waiting for her.

Long minutes dragged by. One stop after another. Passengers on...passengers off. A exports center, a food center, a bedroom locus, a narco nexus, a medicine node.

Twenty minutes passed.

Toi studied every person who entered the monocar. She held the exec case on her lap, with one hand in her robe, gripping the stun gun. She became more and more nervous. Getting to Government Center was taking too much time!

And what did she think she could do there? By now the central cavern would be swarming with alerted Universe agents on the lookout for her, probably each with a holophoto of her. The spaceport, too, would be crawling with agents. Every dome...

And by now, by the process of elimination, they probably knew which monocar she rode!

Toi decided she had to get off and find a hole to hide in. Maybe she could call a responsible Phallus official and explain her problem.

Freedom Grotto, a large shopping center, was the next stop.

Five minutes later, Toi stepped out of the monocar and went up the first moving ramp she could reach.

On the first level of the seven in the great rock hollow she entered a branch of Galaxy Trust and boldly drew one thousand credits on her OmniCharge.

Her next move was to ramp up to the cheapest shops on the sixth and seventh levels.

She entered a gaudy clothes palace.

Eighteen minutes later she emerged wearing a red wig, a red-orange-green striped one-piece with opaque windows over stick-out, very-white and

very-pink-decked breasts. And red sandals. It was a blatant low-class sex-for-sale outfit.

Toi had stuffed her robe, yellow wig and sandals into a big store bag.

The windows over her cone-shaped, under cupped breasts did their job---to drag most eyes down and away from her face. She had altered her make-up to make her face appear thinner, by making her eyes appear weary, by altering the shape of her mouth and nose.

But there was more she could do to disguise herself. She entered a novelties store and came out with a very realistic, ripe pimple on her chin.

Toi walked along the line of shops and watched people as they looked at her. Their eyes went to her breasts, legs, face---recoiled from the ugly pimple, and avoided further contact as they passed by.

She knew some of the men---and a few of the women---looked back. But if questioned, if shown a picture of Toi, these people would not remember her face as it really was. All they'd remember now was a disgusting tunnel whore.

As soon as she could find one, Toi entered a public restroom. In a stall she took a large, cheap, folded zip case with handles from the big store bag, transferred everything from the exec case and from the robe into it, and stuffed her Pleasure Dome outfit, the exec case, and the store bag into a handy waste chute.

She regarded herself in the discolored restroom depth mirror. She decided her new name would be Rima Villum. She was now a poor worker from New Freedom who had lost her job in a casino for reasons not her fault! Now she was homeless, trying to rent out her body to stay alive.

She left the restroom and used a public com to reach Phallus Safety Office, but the connection took too long and was too full of clicks and streaked pictures. The operative insisted she turn on the public eye in the com. They wanted to see her.

Toi cut contact and moved quickly away.

From its inception, Phallus was libertarian. The power structure believed in basic law and order, but also that people were responsible for themselves and should suffer the consequences of foolishness and bad judgment as well as benefit from wisdom and good judgment.

There was no moral regulation of personal lives in Phallus. But the moon's artificial environment was so fragile there had to be some safety restrictions and tracking capabilities. There were no restrictions on movements of moneys.

Therefore it didn't surprise Toi when she was approached on the mall by a small, husky man in a blue robe. She stood before a holostore display

of sex rods, not really looking at the depth teasers.

She had been thinking of how to find a place to sleep. The usual ways were a housing sheet or a computer rental listing. But all current listings would be checked by computer searches by Universe agents who paid for the privilege. Any single young woman who rented any slot or cube or room anywhere in Phallus in the next few hours would be checked closely.

The short, muscular young man said hesitantly, "You should put a flesh patch on that pimple. It...it junks your looks."

Toi read him instantly: Unmarried, lonely, low-tech worker, shy, social zero, risking all his nerve and ego in this approach. It was a bad approach to remind her of a flaw in her looks, and had been chosen unconsciously to insure rejection. At base he didn't think he deserved happiness or a good time, even with a low-class young woman who seemed to be a cheap whore. He would never have had the guts to approach her if she hadn't displayed a flaw---the pimple.

Toi also knew he wasn't physically dangerous---not a warp---and would be easily manageable.

She smiled at him. "I know. You're right. I ate a lot of candy and chocolate yesterday and look what happened. I haven't gotten a flesh patch because...I'm empty."

"Oh." He didn't know what else to say.

She said, "It's a long, lousy story." She decided to change her job-loss story. "But the short-n-bitter is I had a terminal flare with my rammer three hours ago and he spiked me here, dressed like this. He's on a ship to New Hope and here I stand, a dumb slit visitor with an empty card."

"That's...yeah, that's shitty." He managed to edge closer. He was attracted by her situation and her similar lack of self-esteem. "You have any friends you can slot with?"

"No. I don't know anybody. He bought me this titshow one-piece so I could do some sex business, but I didn't like the idea. He chuted all my other clothes...so I'd have no choice. Rotram bastard!"

"Uh-huh."

Toi shrugged. "Now I've got this Cholbing pimple and can't sell my services...even if I wanted to."

"Well..." He struggled to get his words out. "You could---if you want to---you could... I've got a pretty nice homecube, and if... You could come down and have a mealpak and a bulb and we could talk. I've got a patchpak."

Toi put on a frown. "I don't know... What's your name?"

"Wen Kroy. I work---it's pretty important work---I work for

PES...Phallus Environment Services. I'm an air duct and air conditioning specialist."

Toi widened her eyes slightly as if impressed. "I guess that is important in Phallus! My name is Rima. And...Wen...you look like a really nice guy. I accept your offer."

He glowed suddenly. "Great! It's just down the D-35 tube walk over there...about twenty doors."

He found the courage to put his hand on the small of her back, to guide her. "I've got a good hollowall...and the best privacy wall short of a Lux4 model. You can---"

"Good! I need about a triple shower." Toi reached for his free hand and squeezed gratefully. He was a Creatorsend. This man was going to get some Companion One sex in an hour or so. She would owe him that and more.

She pretended to look into shop displays as they walked along, but was really checking other people on this level. She didn't spot anyone acting with that odd, subtly intense casualness that betrayed a detective or an observer with a special interest.

The D-35 tube was an arched walkway with a center two-way pedslide. Since Wen lived so close to the shopping center they kept to the wide margins.

His homecube was an Omnispace A-3 model, Toi noted. Nearly a luxury model, with an activity space and a separate bedroom. She guessed he had either inherited some money or was making a lot more money than his robe and manner indicated.

The address on the door plate was D-3522N. Wen stepped close to the door and whispered a word or two into the ID grid.

The door slid open and he gestured for her to enter first. Toi was surprised at the expensive furnishings. She turned as he ordered the door shut. "You must have a high slot in the PES."

"No. I won't lie to you. I'm a low-level service tech. But I'm an embarrassment to my family on Noah's World and they send me a lot of credits just to stay away." He scowled. "My indoctrination in that old-fashioned religion they practice didn't make a mark, and I grew up asking a lot of unanswerable questions."

Toi nodded and smiled. "You're happier here, aren't you?"

"Oh...yes. But I'm a misfit here, too, socially. Everything on Noah's World is so rigid and preset---every social encounter has its own automatic words and phrases. Once you learn them all you're set for life. I grew up in that, and even if I questioned everything, I still absorbed the system. Here

on Phallus there are no real social rules. You just have to...to blurt things out.”

Toi nodded. “You’ll get used to it.”

He shook his head. “I’ve been here six years. It’s...” He seemed to shift visibly from crowds of bad memories. “You want a shower, don’t you, Rima? I shouldn’t cry around like that.” He raised his voice, “Miria, open the wall and give Rima what she wants.”

Wen led Toi through a lattice-enclosed activity area---she noted he liked VR sports---and into the bedroom.

The expensive privacy wall had folded open. Without hesitation, Toi entered and began pulling off her cheap, windowed one-piece. She said fervently, “Thank you!”

Wen retreated from the room, obeying childhood training. “I’ll be watching some holo.”

Fifteen minutes later, Toi walked into his presence wearing one of his robes. He was a short man, so it fit well enough. She wore her cheap red wig to maintain the Rima Villum identity. She had no idea how he’d react to her as Toi King, the fabulous Companion One.

She therefore hadn’t decked her hidden, naked body beyond subtly pinkening her nipples and cleft. Her face was only slightly eye-shadowed, rouged and lip-tinted. She had found his patchpak and covered the pimple patch with a barely detectable flesh patch. And she had inserted an orgasm capsule into her hollowed molar.

She decided Rima looked pretty nice.

Wen was watching the holonews.

Toi sat beside him on a low, curving sofa---very soft---and thanked him for the shower. She knew how expensive water was on Phallus. The costs were in the endless recycling and purifying.

He was embarrassed by her gratitude. He changed the subject. “What would you like to eat? I’ve got an A-level meal serve. He handed her the current menu. “I keep everything in stock, just in case I meet somebody...like you.”

Toi smiled and leaned forward to kiss him. She put aside the menu, held his head with both hands and took his mouth gently, tenderly, yet with a skilled sensuousness that soon caused him to moan helplessly.

She whispered, “I like you, Wen. You’re a good man. A really good man. I’m deeply grateful to you.”

He looked amazed and joyous. “Rima...”

Something caught Toi’s attention from the hollowall image frame---a view of The Pleasure Dome air space from just below the top of the dome.

The 'caster was saying, “---eight and a half years. March Donaldson, a top Universe executive and his assistant, Nela Del Felletra, were killed instantly when the defective air taxi plunged to the Dome floor. The craft narrowly missed a swatball court where a tournament was being held.”

A view of the wreckage came on. “Because of the speed of the uncontrolled dive, the taxi’s computer’s were demolished, making the task of learning why the craft made an unprecedented power fall even more difficult for Phallus investigators. For more, here’s Kirt Remens with computer expert Salmon Hort.”

Toi was astounded by the news. She instantly knew the crash had not been an accident. They had been gotten rid of. They had paid the price of failure. She monitored the story as she and Wen continued kissing.

The expert explained the back-up safety systems in an air taxi and how it was the better part of impossible for an accident of this kind to happen.

Toi praised Wen’s kissing and the gentleness and skill of his tentative touching. She felt him come alive as a man, not just with a hard ram, but with blossoming confidence, self-assurance and initiative.

His hands parted the robe and came trembling to her large, warm, naked breasts.

Toi enjoyed his gentle, almost reverent caresses. And absorbed the continuing news story about the taxi crash.

After the Hort interview the newscaster appeared and said, “Phallus Investigations Chief, Broid Ainig, said further inquiry and examinations would be made. This suggests to experienced observers that possible criminal actions were involved in the strange crash.” He paused. “For a change of subject we switch now to Lor Devy in Shopping Center sixteen for a report on a new dek fashion invented by Rike Samii, a local artist.”

Toi ignored the rest of the holonews.

She settled lower in the deep-cushioned sofa and encouraged Wen to open the robe all the way.

Her mind divided: One part monitored his passion and needs and spoke words to help him and please him, touched him and kissed him... Another part of her mind assessed the news of March and Nela’s deaths.

Kolm had moved very quickly. Ruthlessly. He had correctly judged the sequence of events and concluded March had been about to bond him.

Kolm also knew she was at large in Phallus with the Bondium drug and data. She was witness to Universe’s plot to enslave the elite of Phallus and ultimately (if all went well) the elite of every human planet. And the Bondium data and chronologies meticulously recorded by Nela involved

March and Nela, which gave crucial importance to their deaths.

The presence on Phallus of the top Universe executives became more than coincidence.

Kolm was now discreetly turning Phallus inside out to find her. And he'd kill her once he had the data rods, the papers and notes---and the Bondium. But he also had to find out how she'd thrown off the enslavement to March.

For now, Toi was safe.

And for now she had naked Wen Kroy in her arms as he feasted on her erect nipples and prodded into her with his rock hard ram.

Toi undulated under him, whispered lust to him, and tongued the orgasm capsule in her hollowed molar. It wouldn't be long now.

Wen pressed his face between the warm softness of her full breasts. His hands deeply kneaded her flesh. Her nipples poked against his palms.

Toi murmured, "Oh, Wen...that's so good! I love it! You've got me so hot! Ummm! Ummm! That's it! RAM ME! You're so deep! Oh! You wonderful man!" He gasped hoarsely against her breasts, his breath hot and fast. His thrusts had become frantic.

Toi cracked the capsule in her tooth and sucked the sweet, familiar drug. She whispered, "Oh, Wen, you're driving me over! I'm going..."

The drug entered her bloodstream, entered her brain, caused a firestorm of reaction to every sensation. She gasped and convulsed under him. She embraced him with desperate urgency. She panted furiously in the throes of a powerful climax.

She matched him. They peaked together, moaning, crying out, kissing, as she felt every pulse of his orgasm.

Then the peak was gone, the intense pleasure ebbed, and they were left drained, limp, sweaty.

Wen cried with happiness. "Oh, Rima...Rima...my darling Rima..." He sighed and snuggled more comfortably against her warm, soft body.

Toi stroked his back and thought that one had gone well. Perfect timing.

But Toi hadn't brought a cling pad with her to the sofa. It would have been too calculating, too professional, if he had noticed it. Now she had to gently disengage from him.

She whispered, "I've got to take another shower, Wen. I'll be right back." She snaked out from under him, hand pressed to cleft, went into the bedroom and said to the computer, "Miria, a single shower, warm."

Miria did not speak. However, the wall opened and the shower stall lit up. Toi took off her wig and Wen's robe. She stepped in.

When she stepped out a few minutes later, washed and dried, bare of decoration, completely hairless, she saw Wen sitting on the bed, her wig in his hands.

He said, hurt and astonished, “You’ve been lying to me! You’re a Companion, aren’t you?”

Toi lied. “No! I was just stupid a couple years ago. There was a Companion fad then on New Freedom, and I went and got myself depped. I even had the idea I could be a Companion and I took some prep classes. But it turned out... I met a real Companion, a Three, and she told me I was beautiful enough but I didn’t have the education or the sophistication or the right attitude to make it even a few weeks into the real Companion school.”

Wen blurted, “I think you do!”

“Thank you.” Toi sat beside him on the bed and kissed him. “But I realized she was right. I’m too emotional. I get fixed on one man and I can’t go out and sex anyone else. So here I am all de-haired and stuck with it forever. I don’t like anyone to see me head-naked like this.”

“I’m sorry---here.” He handed her the red wig.

Toi settled it on her skull. It needed a cleaning and restyling. The inside microgrip surface needed recharging.

Wen’s hands came to her breasts as if drawn by forces he could not resist. “You’re the most beautiful woman...” He worshipfully kissed her left nipple. “I want you to...stay with me, please! If you want to.” He hung his head, as if expecting rejection.

She felt guilty. She had been aiming for this offer. It was like taking candy from the proverbial baby. And better Wen than dead. Toi said softly, kissing him again. “Thank you. I’d like to stay with you. I don’t know how long it will be, but I’ll make you happy.”

She trailed fingertips along his naked thigh and discovered without surprise that he was ready to ram her again. She very gently fingertip-stroked him and asked, smiling, inviting, “Would you like to do it again?”

He nodded and lifted his head. His eyes were brimming with tears.

Toi’s throat tightened. She settled full-length on the bed. “I think you’ve been love-starved for a long time.”

He moved over her. “I love you, Rima.”

Ten hours later, Wen had left the homecube to put in his usual six hours on the job. On his way out he'd asked anxiously, "Will you be here when I get back?"

Toi had been lying naked---but wigged---on the bed, pleasantly sore and still tingling deep in her belly from the final natural orgasm he'd given her. She hadn't had to fake anything.

Toi had smiled and nodded.

He had promised to take her shopping for clothes and wigs and deks when he returned, though she now had second thoughts about going out.

She sat watching the interactive news channel story and data on the murder of March and Nela. There was very little new information.

She watched the visuals and scrolling data four times before switching off, suddenly aware that Universe might have the power to monitor 'unusual frequency' of viewing of the story. They should be getting very desperate by now.

She wondered if she ought to risk calling the investigator---Broid Ainig---and tell her story. Could he protect her?

She doubted it.

She was fairly sure she'd be safe with Wen. She had asked him not to brag about her to his fellow workers at PES, and a brief outing with him to buy new clothes and wigs wouldn't be very risky, with the shopping center just a few hundred feet away.

In the meantime... Toi idly checked through Wen's holo library. She found one section of four Restricted reference rods that detailed, with schematics, Phallus's air ducts, water pipes, sewer pipes and power conduits.

She played the Sewage rod and stared at the contents listing. She idly keyed through the depth diagrams showing the maze of outflow pipes. Everything was recycled in a giant, multi-function plant in the center of Phallus. Every function had triple redundancy.

The planetoid was a complicated maze of service conduits of various kinds. The air, power, water, and sewer lines were the invisible life-support system for over a million people.

She inserted the Air rod and found the duct system for The Pleasure Dome. It was surprising how large most of the ducts were. A person could by-pass the mono terminal and the space portal and actually enter the Dome by way of the service tunnels and passages.

She studied the complicated paths and links. She saw ways in and out of the huge, circular hotel...even to what had been March Donaldson's Universe suite.

The service access panels were clearly marked in the holo display. All she'd need was a key.

She found the index and traced the reference she wanted. Any Maintenance Inspection panel key fit all the panel locks and all the access doors to the tunnels and passages. It was even a universal key to Phallus government utility rooms and storage closets.

Wen surely had such a key.

Toi realized that for her the possession of a key in an emergency situation meant the ability to disappear into the service system---to suddenly be unfindable---a matter of life and death.

Toi decided to ask. "Miria, your master told you to give me what I want. I want information. Does Wen possess a..." She consulted the holo page in the air before her. "...a PAD six key?"

The holo illustration showed a light pattern activator. Calling it a 'key' was a common convenience.

The homecube computer's voice---soft, sexy, female---responded. "Yes."

"Where does he keep it?"

"*It is incorrect.*"

"Why is 'it' incorrect? Computers could be maddeningly precise and logical.

"There are two such keys in his possession."

"Where are the keys located?"

"One key is always on a ringslide in his uniform pocket. One key is always kept in his gemstone dek case in the upper left drawer of the sleep unit."

"Thank you, Miria." Toi went into the bedroom and found the key---a small blue tube with an inset electronic pulse bulb at one end, and an attached neck cord at the other. She judged it was powered by a sealed Eterna battery; after fifty years the whole key would be thrown away.

She returned to the holowall and resumed studying the utility service system.

The air duct floors were used as highways for power lines, water pipes, doublewalled sewer lines and com lines. Each duct floor held tracks for service platforms used by maintenance workers. And the platforms has silent-running wheels.

Toi nodded and smiled and did more studying.

Finally, she asked Miria, "Did Wen instruct you to keep the homecube door locked to prevent my leaving?"

"He gave no such instructions."

“Did he instruct you to lock the door if I exited and not to open it at my request?”

“No.”

“Would you let me back into this homecube if I leave?”

“No. You must speak the entrance code words.”

“He told you to give me what I want. I want you to tell me the entrance code words.”

“The code words are: ‘Miria, you’re the only friend I’ve got.’”

Toi sighed and felt sad. Poor Wen. But her own problems were mounting, she knew. Kolm could keep agents on duty around the clock everywhere, to make sure she didn’t leave Phallus.

She was sure agents were combing the rental cubes and slots, showing depth photos of her. In a day, maybe two, Kolm would realize she had probably found someone to stay with in an owned homecube. A new phase of the search would begin.

Toi’s eyes narrowed. Why wasn’t he letting the news media do the job for him?

She switched the holowall to the news channel. It didn’t take long for the story she dreaded to appear.

The newscaster said, voice-over as a view of The Pleasure Dome appeared in the holofield, “The investigation of the strange air taxi deaths of two Universe employees in The Pleasure Dome took a complicating turn last hour. Authorities have learned that this young woman---”

Toi’s image appeared: a depth taken during the Earth’s investigation of Universe’s involvement in the MagniSpace murders and conspiracy. Long blonde wig, conservative make-up, a closed gray robe.

“---a Sex Guild Companion One named Toi King, who had been staying with one of the dead employees, disappeared at about the time of the deaths. Also missing, according to Jahm Kolm, a top Universe executive, are some extremely valuable corporation data. Broid Ainig, Phallus Investigations Chief, requests information from anyone who has seen this person.”

Toi waited for any further details, but the newscaster switched to a story about an interstellar spacer explosion.

She knew her hours were numbered. She didn’t dare trust the authorities of Phallus, and suspected Universe could tap into all ‘suspicious’ calls. And sweet Wen, in his ignorance and insecurity, might now be blurting what he knew of her.

Toi hurriedly made up her face to appear thinner, darker, haggard, weary-eyed. She changed the color of her eyes and uncovered the the ugly

pimple she'd applied the night before.

She searched Wen's closet and came up with a maintenance cap she could wear. She stuffed both wigs into her bag.

She stepped into one of his spare one-piece work uniforms---too big--- but she cinched it tight at the waist. Shoes... She found she could keep on a pair of his sports wrap ankle highs.

She remembered to return Wen's maintenance reference rods to their slots in his library.

The PAD six key hung around her neck. The stun gun nestled heavy in the uniform's cargo pocket. She picked up her cheap carrying case and started for the door.

She paused. "Miria, take this message to Wen. Announce it when he next enters. Dear Wen: I have to leave for a while. I hope to return before you come home. But if I do not see you again I want you to know I think you are a fine person and I will remember you with affection and very much gratitude. I have known many, many men and you rank very high among them. Please continue to seek a woman with whom you can share love and companionship. Don't be depressed or discouraged. Take a chance."

Toi opened the homecube door manually, stepped out into the tunnel with her carrying bag, and closed the door. She stepped onto the pedslide and walked on it to increase her speed to the nearby shopping center cavern.

She scanned the walls of the tunnel until she passed an access door to the service system. She made a note of it. D-35zl.

There was a row of holophone booths on each shopping level. She entered one, gratefully rested her bag on the floor, dropped a small credcoin into the slot and keyed for information.

In a few seconds she was punching PIC's number. She flipped the booth's holocam to Off.

She asked to speak to Broid Ainig. "It's inside information about Toi King."

She heard beeps and blips. Then she was keyed through to him in his office and he appeared in the small depth screen before her.

She said, "Please record this if it isn't automatic."

"It is. Who are you? Why are you afraid of being seen?"

"This is Toi King. I need protection from Jahm Kolm and Universe. I have a sample of a dangerous new drug one of their subsidiaries has developed, and I have te records that prove its effects on a human subject. It's called Bondium and it makes a person---

"All right, I believe you. Please listen to me! Break and hide nearby until my men can reach you."

“I do not want to be arrested. They’ll get to me if you have me!”

“No, I can---”

Toi looked around the shopping level. She didn’t see anything suspicious. No hurrying men. She said, “Listen, Ainig! Jahm Kolm killed March and Nela. They were about to drug him with Bondium and take over the corporation. The drug enslaves people! It makes them puppets. They have to obey their master!”

“If I’m to protect you, King, you’ll have to tell me where you are!”

“You probably already know that!” Toi cut off the call and left the booth. Carrying her bag, she walked back to service access door D-35zl.

She pressed the long PAD six key into the sensor slot. The door slid open instantly. She withdrew the key and stepped into a cubbyhole and slid the door shut behind her. It locked. A soft white light came on as a sensor unit detected her body heat. A ladder led upward.

Toi climbed and reached a metal walkway over the tops of the row of shops and stores that lined this side of the shopping cavern. The walkway was masked from the shoppers by sign facades above the shops.

Small air-movement grills in the facades allowed her to peer down at the broad pedestrian promenade.

She looked ahead and upward, behind the facades, and was surprised at the space involved. Her metal walkway branched to a naked power-lift cage to the next level up...or the next level down.

Small red eternal amps glowed among the air ducts, marking each access panel.

Toi continued along the walkway until she found a grill which provided a view of the line of holophone booths. There were two robed men standing by the booth she had used, looking around urgently.

One of the men spoke into a wristcom. He nodded, said something to the other man, and they quickly went different ways.

They hadn’t appeared to be police. The police wore green one-piece uniforms, an equipment vest, and a numbered gold and silver badge. Even the detectives she’d seen on the holonews wore a green, lightweight coat.

She supposed there was a small force of undercover detectives who wouldn’t wear green, but it was unlikely two of them had just arrived so quickly at that booth.

Toi crept along the walkway, trying to keep the man with the wristcom in view. He was checking the shops for her as quickly as he could.

Then five green-clad police ran up the ramp and headed for the holophone booths.

The robed man watched them warily, then spoke into his com and

disappeared down a nearby ramp.

Frowning, Toi walked back the way she had come and observed the booths again. So...the robed men were probably Kolm's agents. Somehow, they'd had notice of her call and location as soon as the police in the area.

So much for Broid Ainig. He was either a secret tool of Universe...or had he already been enslaved with Bondium? No, enslavement was impossible; she possessed the only supply of Bondium on Phallus. At least for a while.

Toi sighed. She was effectively trapped in the unseen service areas of Phallus, a little, hunted mouse in the secret warrens of the cat's house. Until Wen discovered she had his spare key.

Time was limited and her options were few.

She could try to use these "underground" routes to get to Pola Trask, the top administrator of Phallus, a woman whom she knew from the holonews to be 'disgustingly incorruptible.'

But surely Jahm Kolm would expect that and had surrounded the woman with secret, Universe-loyal agents.

All Toi had was a stun gun, the PAD key, her wits...and Bondium!

Toi stood frozen in thought, her eyes wide with a sudden, bold idea.

-16-

In The Pleasure Dome Hotel...

Toi opened the access panel from the inside and slipped out into the service corridor of the 26th floor.

A hurried phone call from a booth in another area of Phallus had gleaned the information that Jahm Kolm's private suite was 26-D-16. The ducts were conveniently marked in glow-stenciled location numbers. She was exactly where she wanted to be.

She was very tired from the long journey via duct rollers, walkways and ladders. And she was hungry and thirsty.

She held the stun gun in her left hand, and an injection kit, including the bottle of Bondium, in her other hand. Her big zip case was stashed just inside the access panel.

She guessed Kolm should be sleeping now. The Pleasure Dome was in perpetual light from Fortune, and life within Phallus was not dominated

by a night-day cycle. But she knew the Universe execs, including March, Nela and herself, had been on the same “day” cycle for corporate convenience and efficiency, even in this luxury Dome.

Who would be in the suite with Kolm? An assistant? A favorite bedthing? A bodyguard?

Well, she had to act boldly now, or face eventual death at the hands of his agents.

She used the PAD six key on the sensor lock on the door leading into the suite’s utility room. It worked, as it was supposed to.

They didn’t yet know she had a key. Wen didn’t know, or he wanted her back at any cost. She supposed they could change the light code in the locks at any time, if they had to.

She eased into the utility room, listening. Silence. No sound from the kitchen alcove. She eased the door shut behind her. Her heart shook her body.

She discovered this suite had the same layout as had March’s. The master bedroom was down this hallway...

As she passed a secondary bedroom she heard a holodrama being played. Action/violence from the sounds.

At the door of the master bedroom she listened for a long time. No giggles. No groans.

What if he was awake, sitting up with a light on, going over some reports?

Toi’s stomach felt full of lead, but she thought, be bold or dead. She had the stun gun, after all!

She slipped the strap of the injection kit up her arm and used her freed hand to try the bedroom door opener. Unlocked.

She slid the door open a crack. She saw a faint light, but could not see the bed because of the L-shaped room. She listened, holding her breath, and thought she heard the rustle of paper.

She took a slow, deep breath, swallowed bile, held the stun gun before her and entered the master bedroom. She closed the door as quietly as possible. The light was coming from the bed alcove.

Toi walked silently, boldly, to the foot of the bed. Kolm lay naked, slumped in the blue satin pillows, dozing, a sheaf of depth pages in an opened folder askew on his lap.

Perhaps he sensed her presence. His eyes opened and he frowned. “Who the---”

Toi realized he didn’t immediately recognize her. All he could see was a shapeless maintenance worker. She raised and fired the stun gun.

Kolm lunged sideways at the sight of the gun. He tried to scramble out of the bed.

But she had anticipated the move---to his left, the nearest side of the bed---and got him with a full hit of the beam.

He thrashed for a second, then went limp.

Toi relaxed and sat on the edge of the bed for a moment, watching her trembling hands. Then she went to his closet and tore up a thin robe. She triple tied his hands and feet, tied him to the bed, then gagged him. During that effort she admired his body---wiry, a primitive fuzz of black hair on his chest, belly and back. A big ram. She wondered why ruthless men often possessed big rams?

She prepared the injection.

Then she stripped off Wen's maintenance uniform, the cap, his sports wrapshoes. She removed the false pimple.

She waited, now a totally naked, hairless Companion.

It took only eleven minutes for Kolm to come awake from the stun charge. Toi didn't bother trying to tell him anything. She knew he was in an agony of pins-and-needles.

She enjoyed watching him suffer. As she had suffered, at his order. She watched him quickly puzzle through her total nakedness and understand her identity. The look on his face! He tried to talk in spite of the gag, failed, divined her intent as she sat, waiting, with the injector. He struggled desperately.

When his jerking and straining against his bindings and gag finally subsided, she injected a full 5cc of the golden drug into his rump. The Bondium would soon 'fix' her in his mind as his master, after a few minutes of convulsions.

She smiled and whispered, "Ah, Jahm Kolm, how the mighty have fallen. I think you'll enjoy the life of a slave."

He glared hatred as they waited for the drug to take effect.

Toi saw his hatred turn to terror as he felt changes occur in his body and mind. She asked, "How do you like it? How do you like being done to for a change?"

Suddenly, strong convulsions wracked him. He howled into his muffling gag. He thrashed on the bed like a wounded beast.

Finally, he went limp. He was dripping with sweat when he stopped moving. A softness, a serenity, came to his hard face. His eyes widened. He looked around now as if in a wonderland. His eyes fastened on a lamp with a multifaceted crystal shade.

Now! thought Toi. She moved closer beside the bed, into his vision.

She said commandingly, “Jahm Kolm!”

His wide-eyed gaze fastened on her. His irises dilated even more. His body tensed.

Toi smiled. She repeated the words March had used when imprinting her. She knew she was taking a chance by speaking loudly, but she had to risk it. “Jahm Kolm, I am your complete master! You will thrill to obey me! You will serve me for the rest of your life! There is nothing you will not do for me! There is nothing in your life but my will!” She added, “Pleasing me is now the first priority in your life!”

She watched his dazzled expression, his strange eyes, his electrified body tension. She demanded, “Do you accept me as your complete and total master?”

He spoke “Yes!” through his gag, and nodded eagerly.

“Close your eyes!”

He obeyed, smiling in spite of his gag. He was now relaxed.

Toi unfastened his gag. “Open your eyes. Tell me the truth. Always tell me the truth!”

He nodded fervently. “Yes, master.”

She asked, “Who else is in this suite?”

“My aide, Sant Ryn.”

“Is he likely to come in here if he hears noises?”

“No, master. Ryn respects my privacy. I have often used Companions without his advance knowledge.”

“And now a Companion is using you.”

“Yes, master.”

“How do you feel, physically?”

“Sick to my stomach, master.”

Knowing what was coming, Toi quickly untied his wrists and legs. She said urgently, “Get into your privacy wall!”

Sudden, severe nausea made him understand the reason for the order. He scrambled from the bed and croaked, “Open, Sesame!” He lurched to the basin as the door folded open for him. He vomited horribly for a long minute.

Finished, he rinsed his mouth and stumbled back to the bed.

Toi had settled into a chair while he was vomiting. She didn’t know if an immediate period of sleep was necessary for the one bonded, but she remembered she had been given a trunk and a sleep period, so she would give that to Kolm.

She said, “Take a five mili trunk and cone to sleep for an hour.”

“Yes, master.” He obeyed. He had a silver five-drug rack on a

bedside platform.

She watched him come to sleep and felt her own tiredness seep into her mind. She had been walking and climbing in those damned service tunnels and ducts for hours!

She climbed into the bed beside Kolm and closed her eyes. She sighed deeply. She had things to do. She knew exactly what to do. It was all a matter of detail and correct planning...

She drifted into sleep without knowing it.

Toi awakened with a jolt of fear. But the person standing quietly next to the bed was Jahm Kolm. Her furry, naked slave. He was not sexually aroused, but his ram was naturally large even when soft.

She asked warily, "Jahm? What do you want?"

"To please you, master."

Toi smiled. "As you should."

She sat up in the bed. She felt malicious. She reached out and touched his ram. It stirred like an awakening animal. And now she owned it. She owned him body and soul. If he had a soul.

"M-master?" He was confused. He knew who he was, and he knew he had been enslaved to her, and he loved it! He couldn't help it!

"Jahm, do you remember how I sucked you yesterday? At the conference table?" It seemed like a week ago. So much had happened!

She played with his hardening, lengthening organ.

"Yes, master."

"I want you to lick me...after I shower...and after I have something to eat and drink." She toyed with him. Yes, a pleasant sexual interlude would be in order. She wasn't sure if she'd let him climax.

She touched her ear for the time and discovered she'd been asleep for two hours. Jahm had been awake for an hour, waiting for her to awake. That proved he was bonded to her, all right!

Toi said, "Open, Sesame." The privacy wall opened. "Triple cleansing shower, hot, number two perfume spray."

She got out of bed and said, "Come along, Jahm." She towed him by his long, hard ram. It made a nice handle, she thought.

In the multi-nozzle spray in the elaborate shower, she enjoyed his soapy fondlings and caresses. And so did he, in his abject slavery. It was difficult to believe in such total bonding, but she did believe, because she had been there, on the other side of the soap.

She laughed with delight.

Moments later as she ate a meal he had brought from the kitchen mealserve, Toi knelt him next to her and questioned him for a long time

about the inner workings and agenda and holdings of Universe, the extent of his power in Universe, his candid opinion of fellow execs, his knowledge of herself and her career...

Then she said, These are my instructions to you. Remember them and follow them to the letter, if possible. Above all, strive for the goal I desire.”

“Yes, master.”

She spoke for about five minutes.

Jahm listened intently. Through it all his eyes glowed with worship of her.

“Begin carrying out my instructions after I have left and after you have awakened from your next sleep.”

“I understand, master.”

“But before I leave I want you to lick me off. Have you given tongue to women before?”

“Yes, master.”

“Are you good at it?”

“I believe so, master.”

Toi had a thought. “Jahm, from now on do not address me as ‘master’.” She had second thoughts. “Except when we are alone, as now.”

“I understand...master.”

“That’s a good slave.” Toi settled onto the bed and spread her legs. She had many, many times played Dominatrix games with clients, but this was real! The feeling of total power over this wealthy, powerful male was exhilarating. She let herself shiver with joy and fizzy happiness.

No wonder Bondium appealed so much to the execs of Universe. Total control over other human beings was the ultimate power in life.

She was tempted to use Jahm Kolm to become the power behind the power---to eventually become the secret master of the human galaxy.

Why not let Universe go ahead with its Bondium program? What an adventure it would be!

But she couldn’t.

Her life philosophy and the lessons she had learned as a Companion about freedom and individual sovereignty compelled her to resist the temptation of absolute power.

She knew what that kind of power would eventually do to her...to anyone. Idealism and Doing Good were the most seductive and dangerous motives. Combined with absolute power they were always a recipe for disaster.

She knew you cannot improve mankind by forcing people to do this or that...for their own good. You don’t help people by limiting them, by

molding them, by herding them, by forcing them to conform, to yield self, to believe a set of absurd dogmas.

You don't use the power of the government against people because the good end justifies the methods used...or because power makes it all right.

But now--- Now she would indulge herself in this small exception, this one-time use of Bondium power over the chief executive of one of the giant corporations of the human galaxy. It was going to be a sweet revenge.

The greater revenge and retribution would follow in the next few weeks.

Toi felt no qualms as she told Jahm to begin licking, using his best techniques. She didn't expect much.

She was surprised to see him trembling with desire to please her. And she was surprised at his skill and imagination.

He crouched beside her and over her on the bed as he licked her breasts and her quickly swollen nipples, her belly, her armpits, the crook of her elbows, her upturned palms, her throat... Everywhere on her back, into the sensitive cleft of her cheeks, into the inner thighs, behind her knees, the ticklish soles of her feet...

Frequently his big, hard ram, hanging rigidly from his loins, wobbling, poking, slapping parts of her as he moved and shifted positions...frequently tempted Toi to tease him and play with him, torment him.

But she pretended his ram didn't exist. She knew it wouldn't take much to trigger his climax, and she didn't want him to enjoy this in that way. And she didn't want this pleasure of hers interrupted by a messy spray of semen.

She watched him perform, she enjoyed, she appreciated. She was definitely aroused. This was the lust of a thousand licks. His tongue had become an instrument of exquisite excitement for her. She squirmed as he gently parted her legs further and licked upward toward heaven.

She asked tremulously, "How do you know all this?"

"Master, it is a personal avocation. I try to be superior in all that I do. This is a demonstration of my skill in the power of giving."

Toi laughed. "A slave with a sense of humor."

"I seek only to please you, master."

"You are definitely pleasing me. And you astonish me." She was still unsettled by his transformation to slave. But she decided she could get used to it.

He slowly, tantalizingly tongued his way to her center and nestled his head between her soft, humid thighs. He licked the surrounding, hairless

skin, the puffed, sensitive lips...and then gently into the inner pink.

Her breath caught as his tongue tip slithered knowingly onto her swollen clit, causing sparkles of new pleasure.

She arched her back and shivered with enhanced excitement. He was her slave! Her power over him added a piquant overlay to her pleasure. She was aroused in a way and to a degree she had never before known.

Add power---slavery---to sex and you gain a special psyche flavoring to the experience. She thought it could become addictive.

He continued, licking, nibbling, suctioning her clit in devilish ways.

Toi was in heaven. Her entire body was alive, sensitized, glowing. She was restless, squirming, writhing slowly under his cunning tongue.

She groaned and panted and trembled. She was a pleasure bomb close to going off. She flung her arms wide and gripped the bedding. She knew this orgasm was going to be fantastic!

She heard herself use the command she had heard from others thousands of times. "Don't stop! Don't stop!"

She reached ecstasy. She gasped and whined and sobbed as her pleasure mounted. Her belly rippled and bloated and knotted. Her loins rocked against his willing mouth. His tongue was driving her crazy!

Then Toi lost control completely, unable and unwilling to resist the tidal waves of rapture that surged and crashed in her body and mind. She shuddered, thrashed, cried out helplessly as the intense pleasures seared her nerves.

Finally, she pushed his head away, rolled away onto her side and drew herself into a ball. She pulled a blanket up and over her head, She was barely conscious.

A moment later she became aware that the bedroom door had opened and that someone was looking in. She heard a man say, "Are you all right, sir?"

Toi didn't move. This had to be Sant Ryn, Jahm's aide. This was a test. Now she'd really know if the drug had 'taken' and locked Jahm onto her. She had given him instructions to cover this eventuality.

Jahm Kolm rose up on one elbow. "Yes, Ryn. Get out!" He sounded very angry.

"I had to check, sir. I heard loud talking earlier---"

"Get out!"

Toi smiled into her pillow. Jahm was acting normal with others, all right.

Sant Ryn recoiled and closed the door.

Toi rolled onto her back. She breathed deeply, still enthralled by the

lingering pleasures in her loins. She said, “You handled that intrusion perfectly.”

“Thank you, master.”

She lay quietly for a few more minutes, savoring the sunset of her sweet sensations. Then she rose up on an elbow, facing him. “Now show me your ram. Oh, still hard as a rock. Let me do something about that. Lie flat on your back.”

She grasped the big thing and skillfully began stroking. Jahm quickly went into the familiar-to-her pre-ejaculation syndrome---tightening, ragged breathing, super hardness in his ram...

He gasped, “Oh, mas---”

Toi fiendishly aimed and was rewarded by a spurt which landed in his mouth. He partially gurgled and choked. Secondary spurts hit his cheek, chin, forehead, neck...

She laughed uncontrollably and continued flailing his ram until he was empty and softening and in some pain.

Still giggling, Toi stared down at him and felt ashamed. She’d often wanted to do that, but had never had the nerve.

A power trip, she thought. Just to indulge a petty get-even fantasy. So much for my Companion oath. She sighed. She left the bed and used the shower again.

She then told Jahm to shower and then cone to sleep for an hour.

Toi dressed again in Wen’s one-piece uniform, his cap and shoes. She made sure she had the stun gun, the remaining Bondium, the injector kit, and the key to the utility system doors and panels. She carefully, unseen, left Jahm Kolm’s suite.

She disappeared into the Dome’s air duct system.

Toi had no firm plans for herself. Once the bonding of Jahm Kolm had been accomplished and he had been given instructions---something she hadn’t really thought she could get away with---she was essentially purposeless beyond staying free.

She knew she was still hunted by Jahm’s Universe agents and by the Phallus police. Her task now was to keep out of sight for a few days to give

her slave time to perform his new duties.

She had not told him to drop charges against her. In fact, Jahm was to intensify the manhunt. He could not risk his power within Universe by acting to protect her, or in any way arouse the suspicions of Karry and his Universe cohorts.

The only question was: how long could she hide in these service tunnels and ducts?

By now Wen had returned homecube and found her missing, and had received her parting message. Perhaps by now he was questioning his computer, discovering her line of Q and A with the computer and was aware she had his spare PAD six key.

Maybe by now he realized he had hosted and made love with Toi King. Would he admit that to the police? But wouldn't Wen be forced to report her theft of the key in order to protect his job?

She decided it was just a matter of time.

She had to find a new place to hide.

Toi wearily climbed down ladders and ramps between ceilings and walls of the massive hotel structure. She had reclaimed her stashed bag and now it was a clumsy but necessary bother.

She reached and entered the major air duct where she had left the padded, wheeled platform which had transported her from the terminal service tunnel to the vast, circular hotel.

The little vehicle was gone!

Toi squatted in the darkness just inside the duct. The strong breeze ruffled her loose one-piece. She realized someone must have "called" the platform back to the terminal.

She now dared not press the call control in turn. The platform wouldn't obey if someone was using it, and it would signal its rider of her existence. He would know she shouldn't be here.

Toi left the huge air duct and stood in the gloom of the dimly lit sub-surface utility tunnel. What now?

She thought she caught a shadowy movement from the corner of her eye.

She took the stun gun from her bag. She moved along the metal walkway as quickly as possible. She peered around in the red-tinged semi-darkness for another presence. She couldn't spot anyone.

She headed for a right-angle passageway which should take her to another large air duct and hopefully an unused platform. She looked behind her often.

Ten minutes later, she reached another huge duct leading to the

terminal service tunnel. She opened the access door. No platform. She took a chance and pressed the button to summon the platform.

Exercising increased caution, she backed away from the duct's exterior control panel and waited, crouched behind a tier of three-foot-diameter insulated pipes.

She soon heard the muted whine of the approaching platform. It "docked" with a clang---and a Phallus policeman, needle gun drawn, emerged from the duct access door.

Toi whispered, "Oh, shit!" to herself and remained very still in the deep gloom behind the huge pipes.

This meant Wen had reported her.

The policeman clicked on a dazzling handlight and speared the beam around. He didn't spot Toi. He spoke into a pakset clipped to his uniform. "Fifty-three." The set hissed to life. He said, "Don't see anyone."

The pakset hiss-popped and replied in a squawky little voice, "Somebody was there! Search! Be careful. She's supposed to have a stun gun."

"Yeah. Fifty-three off." The pakset hissed off. The policeman moved slowly along the walkway, to Toi's right.

Toi began to appreciate the extent of the search for her. They had to have committed hundreds of men to monitor and search all the major ducts and utility tunnels in Phallus.

Or maybe only the ducts and passages inside The Pleasure Dome?

Toi didn't dare move. He'd hear her. And in a few seconds his blinding light would sweep her way again.

The effective range of a stun gun was only about ten feet. The policeman was at least fifteen feet away.

Abruptly, someone else---a slim young man in a black, shadow cloth one-piece---stood up on the metal walkway to Toi's left. He was difficult to see. He said, "Hey, don't shoot me, please." He held his arms out, empty.

The policeman jerked his light's beam around onto him. "Who the ram are you?"

"Aw, you know, just a rat."

"We're not looking for rats now...but I guess I'd better take you." The policeman started back along the walkway toward the youth. He would pass very close to Toi.

The young man said, "Do it!"

The inflection in his voice---the situation---told her he knew where she was. He was commanding her and asking her.

Acting on intuition, Toi waited until the policeman had barely passed

her, then rose up and stunned him. He dropped, twitching and shuddering.

The youth sprang forward. He was on the policeman in two seconds. He snatched up the needle gun and with a practiced motion unclipped the pakset from the shoulder of the policeman's green one-piece. He attached the pakset to his own shoulder.

Toi aimed her stun gun at the youth. "Why?"

Under his quickly-opened shadow cloth one-piece, the young man wore an equipment belt similar to that worn by the policeman. He quickly transferred tools, spare needle clips, keys and handcuffs. He said, without looking up, "We need this stuff. I don't like to kill for it. I'm sure glad you're not stupid."

"Are you a criminal?"

"I'm a rat! But you're the hot fugitive. We've been following the hunt for hours."

Toi didn't relax. She knew she was valuable to whomever captured her. "Tell me what a rat is."

"We're part of the so-called criminal element in Phallus. We scavenge a little, steal a lot, provide illegal services once in a while." He looked up and smiled. "You looking for a safe place? Or do you like playing hide-and-seek with p's?"

"I'll take a safe place." She had decided to risk it. She picked up her bags and tiredly joined him. "Lead on."

"A moment." The youth took the policeman's credit cards and other ID. The policeman's pakset, relocated to the youth's shoulder, hissed to life and squawked, "Fifty-three. See anything?"

The youth imitated the policeman's lower voice. "No. Fifty-three off."

The pakset hissed off.

The youth said to Toi, "Follow me." He began a run along the narrow walkway toward the next major junction of ducts and utility pipes several hundred yards away.

Toi raced after him as fast as she could, but lost ground. Abruptly, he stopped, waited for her, then climbed over the walkway handrail and descended a narrow, sectioned ladder that didn't belong there.

He called up from a deep, three-level service well. "Drop your stuff. I'll catch it."

Toi didn't think that a good idea. He was admittedly a thief.

She climbed awkwardly over the rail and struggled down the flimsy, swaying, lightweight metal ladder, one hand holding the handles of her bags

She finally reached a small metal grid platform and stepped away

from the ladder, arms and legs trembling with fatigue.

The youth stepped to the ladder, pressed some buttons under a rung, and it began to telescope down to him with a smooth clicking sound. He asked, "Can you make another hundred yards?"

"Yes."

He carried the ladder on his shoulder and skillfully climbed onto a huge, warm, insulated pipe about a yard in diameter. He started along it at a fast, practiced pace. The pipe curved into another crowded service tunnel.

Toi realized the huge Pleasure Dome hotel was at least 25% hidden service spaces, passages, tunnels, rooms.

She struggled up onto the pipe and followed at her own best speed. She felt heat through the insulation.

When she entered the other tunnel through a narrow passage that required crawling and dragging her bags on the warm white plastic insulation for a dozen yards, she couldn't see the young man anywhere ahead on the pipe. This section was much darker and narrower than the other passages with walkways.

Toi started counting her steps and when she reached two hundred she stopped moving. The red-tinged darkness seemed almost total. The warm, white pipe under her feet seemed a ghost.

She called softly, "Where are you, rat?"

Silence.

She sat on the big pipe to rest, but its heat soon made sitting uncomfortable.

His voice called, "There you are. Come ahead about twenty steps."

Soon he helped her down onto a walkway that turned left into a better-lit tunnel, down his telescoping ladder, along another walkway, and finally into an access alcove.

Toi was exhausted. "I thought you said a hundred yards?"

"Would you have come if I'd said half a mile?"

"I don't like being lied to or manipulated."

He produced an access key, exactly like the one she possessed. "One more little scramble." He spoke into a police pakset he took from an inner pocket. "Lanson with the lamb."

A woman's voice answered, "Clear."

Toi said, "You're a policeman---or a Universe agent!" She unzipped her small bag and fumbled for her stun gun.

He divined her reasoning. "No. We switch sub frequencies when we steal these. Come on." He opened the access panel and stepped out into a brightly-lit hotel hallway.

Toi hesitated, then warily and wearily followed him. She was so tired she could barely stand up.

A guest room door a few feet away opened and a fiftyish, once-beautiful woman in a silver robe gestured them inside.

Toi managed to enter the room and sink into a deeply-cushioned chair. But she gripped the stun gun in her unzipped bag. She said weakly, "So you 'saved' me. What do you want?"

The woman walked close and examined Toi. The young man stayed by the door. The woman said, "We want to make a deal. We help you stay free and alive and you help us get the things we need."

Toi sighed. "Lots of luck." She looked around the luxurious room. "What are we doing in here?"

"We're enjoying the unknowing hospitality of The Pleasure Dome."

"How do you get away with it?"

The woman changed the subject. "I'm Maryl. Lanson's name is just Lanson. He adopted it. Rats choose their rat names as they please."

"I'm Toi King."

"You'd better be. We've heard a lot about you. Companion One."

Toi asked, "What's the wall's name? I need a shower and privacy time."

Maryl called, "Zenith, open up.!"

Beyond a lattice room divider, a privacy wall slid open.

"Thank you." Toi struggled to her feet, picked up her bags and plodded into the privacy space. She had no illusions about these people, these 'rats'. They could sell her to Universe, steal her stuff and kill her...or make a deal with her. But she had trusted Lanson, so far successfully, and she had a good reading from Maryl.

Toi was betting the rats would wait until they knew more about the total situation.

Toi awakened luxuriously ten hours after she had devoured two A-mealpaks and coned to sleep.

She awakened to find a wiry old man in a green-and-white striped one-piece sitting beside the bed, watching her.

Toi discovered herself naked and uncovered.

The old man's clear blue eyes stared unblinkingly. He called, "Illa, she's awake!"

A woman called back, "Minute!"

The old man and Toi stared at each other.

A round-faced, chunky young woman with apparently huge breasts came around the lattice room divider. She wore a fluffy yellow robe which made her look even heavier. She seemed to have just come from a too-short shower-dry cycle; her brush-cut brown hair was still damp.

She said mockingly to Toi, "You look weird without a wig or any real hair anywhere."

Toi nodded and looked around for the one-piece maintenance uniform she had been wearing, and the cap and wrapshoes. They were missing.

But her big zip bag and smaller bag were sitting under the window. She was sure they had been searched and the stun gun and Bondium taken.

She wondered if that might not be for the best. With the Bondium in other, more 'competent' hands, she was in a way off the hook; Universe would have a different, expanded, set of problems to deal with. She might be able to slip away unheeded, unwanted. And she still did possess Jahm Kolm.

Toi had no desire---no shame impulse---to cover her nakedness in the presence of the old man and Illa. In fact, she enjoyed displaying her perfect body.

The old man grinned. "A famous sex machine, right here in front of us."

Toi asked, "Where are Maryl and Lanson?"

The old man answered. "They had things to do." He had a police pakset clipped to his one-piece, below his left ear.

"Are we safe here?"

He nodded smugly. "As long as the hotel doesn't assign this room to a paying guest. We've got ways of knowing when that happens, though."

"What about the police search?"

Illa said, "They gave up hours ago, in this section. Maryl put on your one-piece and your cap and showed herself way over in section two-sixty-five. She's on her way back now."

"What do I wear in the meantime?"

The old man said, "What you've got on now is fine." His gaze kept returning to her magnificent breasts.

Toi asked him, "Who are you?"

The old man said, "I'm Hord, Maryl's father. And Lanson is Maryl's

son.” He indicated the busty girl and said, “Illa’s a stray we picked up a few years ago.”

Illa said acidly, “To do the dirty work.”

Toi said, “I’d like something to wear, a wig, and some make-up.”

“No,” the old man said firmly. “You stay right here till Maryl gets back. She’s our strategist and...”

“Tactician,” Illa finished for him. “I’m as smart as she is.”

Hord ignored Illa’s remark. He slid onto the bed beside Toi. “I’m interested in playing with you, Toi. Even without any hair you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” He eased a gnarled, bony hand onto her full, pointed right breast. “Cholb alive! What a piece of flesh!”

Illa said, “That’s what you said about mine, the first time.”

Toi let Hord fondle. Why not? He was gentle and careful. She didn’t want to make enemies of these people. And it might be good to have this old, patriarchal rat feeling a sense of obligation and gratitude toward her.

Illa pouted and scowled as she watched him play with Toi’s body.

Toi whispered in his ear, “What’s your favorite pleasure?”

He laughed. “At my age a good beamer holo with about five bulbs of HiCola. But you make a man shed years by the handful. I’m getting the old ram up.”

Toi kissed his ear. “You get it up and I’ll get it down for you.” She licked his ear.”

He shivered. “Whooo...”

Illa abruptly shed her robe. Her revealed breasts were low-slung and fat, with incredibly swollen popcorn nipples. Her thighs were thick and powerful. “If you can do things with that old wrinkle, you can make me feel good, too!” She climbed heavily onto the bed. “I’ve seen holos of you Companions doing mixed doubles.”

“Of course.” Toi welcomed Illa. “I love this combination.” Privately, Toi would have preferred something to eat and drink. But giving pleasure to these two rats was more important.

She knew, too, that Illa might become a valuable friend; there was a hint of great need for love and affection in this young woman, hidden behind layers of suspicion, defensiveness, and fat. This insistence on sex was aggression, trying to humiliate, but also trying not to be left out. There was a loving, trusting person inside Illa who could be reached.

Toi drew Illa close. The young woman’s breasts were heavy pillows of soft, warm flesh. Toi kissed Illa’s cheek, then her mouth, lovingly, lingeringly, with sex subservient to affection.

Illa responded, clutching Toi closer, starved for the warmth and

willingness and friendship she sensed in Toi.

Hord couldn't get over the perfect size and shape of Toi's breasts; he fondled them like a child. Then he shifted closer and began noisily sucking on her nipples like an infant hungry for milk.

She knew many men had this deep attraction to breasts. She'd observed it hundreds of times. The breast fixation, the regression to infancy, could be almost frightening at times.

With her right hand, Toi unfastened the center of Hord's one-piece and discovered he did have an erection---and a surprisingly large one. She skillfully manipulated it with hand and fingers to keep it stiff. Her body began lubricating, responding in conditioned response to the situation.

She managed two scenes at once: the old man would get his fill of her breasts and would mount her, while Illa wasn't really interested in sex, just closeness and acceptance. So Toi did not touch Illa sexually. That could begin if and when Illa initiated it.

Hord was breathing hard. He pushed Toi's hand away. "Want to ram before I lose it!" He moved over Toi quickly, his joints popping, and entered her with surprising sureness and vigor. He plunged deep.

Toi caught her breath and spread her right hand on his sinewy, bony rump, urging him on. She took her mouth from Illa's greedy lips to whisper in his ear, "That's good! What a great old rammer you are!"

She encouraged him to go faster and try for greater depth, because he couldn't last. He was almost into climax already. As she returned to kissing and cuddling Illa, Toi began smooth, adroit, pelvic motion and the advanced art of interior muscle control to squeeze and milk the old man into the best possible orgasm.

He quavered a groan of wonder and thrashed into her with manic speed and power. For a moment he was thirty years old again.

Toi locked to him with strong legs and a strong right arm. Her insides fluttered and spasmed convincingly. She panted into his ear.

For a few seconds she thought he was going to die on her. But he got his breath and quieted and sobbed against her breasts with heartfelt gratitude, saying brokenly, "Never felt anything like that. Never on any world. Girl or woman---never. Now I can die and figure I've had everything a man can have in life."

Toi tightened her arm around him in response and whispered, "You can have it again."

"Hope so. Hope so." He lay on her, recovering, for a few more minutes, then left the bed.

Toi asked him, "Hord...please get me a towel?"

“Get you a hundred.”

Illa said acidly, “Men are so messy...that stuff.”

Toi smiled and petted her. “It’s a natural thing. I don’t mind it.”

“I do! I only let Lanson do it to me about once a month.”

“Is he the only young man you know?”

“Of course! How many rats you think there are in this Dome?”

Toi smiled and shrugged. I thought a Dome hotel this big might support...a dozen or so.”

“Well, you’re wrong! There are other kinds of criminals here---cheaters and roomers, open thieves and carders and compers---but only us four rats! The Pleasure Dome is ours! We fight any other rats who try to sneak in and poach!”

“Am I considered a poacher?”

“No...I think you’re just an accidental rat. More lie a one-time mouse.” Illa giggled and kissed Toi. “If you had on a long brown wig you’d look a lot like my mother. She---”

Hord came back to the bed and tossed a towel onto Toi’s belly. He touched his pakset and said, “Maryl and Lanson are almost back. Two minutes about. Get off the bed, you two.”

Illa reverted to pouting hostility. She left the bed and dressed in scowling silence.

Toi used the towel unashamedly, then stepped into the privacy wall for a shower.

-19-

The next ‘day’, Toi was shaken awake. Only three hours before, she had snuggled into the bed next to Marl, who had been asleep next to Hord. She had played a long shower game with Lanson.

Sometimes three or all four of the rats slept in the bed at one time. They lived a very tight, communal life. But since Toi had joined their family, at least one rat always stayed awake with her to make sure she didn’t sneak away.

But it now was Maryl who stood over her and said loudly, “King! We’ve got to leave!” She threw back the covers, exposing Toi’s complete nakedness. “We’ve only got five minutes! Get out of this bed! Put on this

one-piece!”

Toi blearily obeyed and took the new, orange garment and automatically slipped into it. She looked around for her bags. They were still by the window, where she had left them. But she had no illusions that they had not been searched. She didn't know what was left in them.

Old man Hord, and Illa, left the room, carrying packs and cases.

Lanson was doing something in the privacy wall.

Maryl handed Toi a black wig and the pair of wrapshoes Toi had taken from Wen's closet.

Toi asked, “What's wrong?” She watched Maryl quickly, efficiently, restore the bed to ‘unsleptin’ condition. She used clean sheets and pillow slips from somewhere.

Maryl said as she worked, “A regular guest is coming up. They gave him this room.”

By the time Toi had donned the wig and wrapped on her sandals, Maryl had finished the bed and stuffed the wrinkled, soiled bedding into a sack.

Lanson was now instructing the room computer to self-clean the privacy wall shower and toilet---at maximum speed.

Toi went over and picked up her bags. The smaller one was lighter than she remembered---which meant no stun gun. “Where do we go now? I presume you still want to keep me.”

Lanson said, “There's an empty room down the hall. Yes, we still want you.” He checked the active privacy wall and spread Pleasure Dome sanitary papers and greetings in the proper places. He stepped out of the wall and said, “Close the wall, Zenith.”

Maryl said, “Two minutes.” She scanned the carpeting and furniture for evidence of their occupancy. She picked up a small piece of mealpak plastic wrap. “Time to go.”

Lanson had taken a small booklet from his one-piece pocket. He flipped pages quickly, found what he wanted, and said, “Zenith, two-zee-four-one-nine-six-zero-zero. Erase your memory of all events in this room since it was last cleaned. Your memory will resume when your door code is next spoken. Zero-zero-zero.”

Maryl, Toi, and Lanson left the room quickly. Lanson used a special device to set the lock.

Maryl led the way swiftly down the hallway to a four-way intersection. She took the left corridor and stopped before a door. Lanson stepped forward and said, “Silver-two-bee-six-eight-one-one-vee. Open.”

The door unlocked and opened. They entered. Toi was surprised that

Hord and Illa weren't already inside.

The combo room had the same layout as the one they had just left, but with a different color scheme.

Toi said, "That's a very handy little book."

"These codes work only for empties. When a room is occupied by a paying guest the computer is keyed to his voice or retina or palm print."

"Does the Dome know you freeload like this?"

"Yes, but they can't take the time and spend the money to set up alerts in all the rooms and suites in a hotel this size. It's cheaper to suffer us in silence, especially since we clean up after ourselves and keep out of sight."

Maryl settled into a chair. "We even save them money. We tip them when a serious problem comes up in the service walls."

Toi smiled. "Unpaid employees. Useful parasites."

Lanson bristled, then smiled.

Toi said, "Do you...you said you steal a lot. From the Dome? And from guests?"

Lanson said, "Not from guests. If we did that they'd really hunt us down. We have magic keys to the service walls and tunnels. Air ducts lead to supply rooms, even refrigeration rooms and some freezers. Where did you get the key you had?"

"What does it matter? You've got it now. Along with the stun gun and my ID and other things. I suppose you only steal from non-guests?"

"You're a hunted criminal. You're fair game for rats."

"I'll remember." Toi walked to the window. Below, the vast, park-like "courtyard" of the circular domed hotel was alive with guests playing games, strolling, swimming, eating.

Toi realized that Maryl and Lanson had only a few possessions with them. Maryl wore a belly pack and Lanson a twist-around back pack. She remembered Illa and Hord had left the previous room fully loaded. She asked, "Are Illa and Hord in the walls waiting for word to come here?"

Maryl said, "You ask too many questions. We'll have to come to an understanding."

"Well...what kind?"

"The police still want you very badly. And there are others after you, too."

Toi said, "Universe."

"We monitor the com channels a lot, in self-defense, and we put things together. So the surface story about your possible involvement in the deaths of two Universe execs---"

"I didn't kill them!"

Maryl nodded. “We know that. They want to kill or possess again what you know or what you have...that drug and those papers and records?”

Toi shrugged. “I’m out of it now, aren’t I? You have the drug and the records. Maybe you can sell it all to them.”

Lanson said, “We played those rods...enough to hear what went on. It’s horrible. But the big question is, how did you throw off the drug?”

Toi didn’t answer. She said, “Maybe I’d better leave. I’m dangerous to you.”

“How did you get out from under that bonding?”

“That information is all I have left. Why should I tell you?”

“We’re rats. We’re people who live in the cracks. Now, if this ramming corporation starts taking over governments by using this drug and injecting everybody is sight with the drug...and makes everybody a slav---total slavery---then we rats on all the worlds are going to be the only people around who are not slaves. So we should know how to undrug some people, including ourselves.”

“Do you have contacts with other rat groups?”

Maryl said, “Yes. We sometimes exchange news and vital survival information. We have a net.”

Toi said, “Let me think.” She turned away from Maryl and Lanson.

Bondium could be defeated, totally, if the vitamin countering techniques could be spread beyond cover-up or restriction. The knowledge had to find its way to all the worlds.

Even if the ‘story’ of Bondium was officially painted as fiction and delusion and paranoia...if only a few thousand people on the human worlds believed and kept the information in mind, in files, in rods...then Bondium was doomed.

At the first signs of bonded people in government and/or the military an alarm would be raised. Universe would not dare bond even low-level political leaders or officials. Mass bonding would be impossible.

After a moment, Toi said, “I’ll tell you the antidote if you’ll help me make copies of the instructions and spread them around Phallus...and the other worlds, too.”

Maryl and Lanson exchanged looks. Maryl said, “We’ve got to talk, ourselves.” They moved to the farthest spot in the room and whispered.

Toi glumly sat on the edge of the bed. She thought there was enough Bondium left in the bottle she had stolen she had stolen for two bondings. These two rats, Maryl and her son, Lanson, knew from the experiment rods and paper records how to bond a person.

She expected they could not resist the lure of power.

Who would they bond? The Pleasure Dome hotel manager? But if the man were fired or killed they would be right back to being insecure rats. Maybe they'd think big and bold.

Maryl and Lanson returned. Maryl held the stun gun.

Toi said, "Oh, shit!" Her guts suddenly felt queasy and loose.

Maryl asked, "How did you throw off the bonding effects of the drug?"

Toi said disgustedly, "What are you thinking? Do you think you can use the drug on some official on Phallus who could protect and serve you? Maybe a wealthy guest who can buy you passage to his home world and be your secret patron for the rest of his life?"

"We don't have to tell you our plans. We don't even have to know how to defeat the drug, but it would help. So, talk!"

Toi felt more and more afraid. "You won't help me spread word of it, will you? You'd sell the antidote if the occasion arose. It would be worth billions...to Universe."

Lanson said, "You're a stupid idealist."

"No, I'm really kind of a cynic. I think that if I tell you you'll kill me. You might even try to sell my body to Universe. They'd run every test know to mankind to find out how I got free of Bondium. And they'd come after you, big time, to silence you and find out what you know. You'd never be free to spend your money."

Maryl was shocked. "Rats don't kill people! Who do you think we are, corporate or government execs? I swear we aren't going to hurt you."

Lanson said, "Truth, Toi."

Toi stared at them. She didn't trust them, but realized the antidote knowledge had to be passed on, even to killer rats. It couldn't die with her. The knowledge was in her instructions to Jam Kolm, but his embedded instructions could misfire and he could be killed.

And, she thought, there was a chance these two rats wouldn't believe her and would keep her alive in the hope of extracting the 'real' antidote information later.

Toi said, sighing, "I hope you'll tell Hord and Illa. And if Universe shows signs of suddenly becoming a super corporation, I hope you'll realize the danger to mankind and spread the antidote knowledge."

Lanson said acidly, "I care about mankind the way mankind cares about me."

Maryl said, "I promise, Toi. Don't look so terrified. We're not going to hurt you."

Toi still felt sick to her stomach. Finally, she said, "I developed a

severe psychosomatic skin rash. Only everybody thought it was an allergy reaction to the drug. They tried all kinds of countering drugs and stuff. March Donaldson, the man I was bonded to, eventually had a local doctor--- a really old man---come in to examine me, and he prescribed an old-fashioned treatment. Vitamins.”

Lanson said, incredulous, “What?”

“The rash started to go away and my bond to Donaldson started to fade, too. So I started taking excessive amounts of the vitamins. And the more vitamins I took, the more free I became. After a few more days I was completely free.”

Maryl asked, “They didn’t notice anything?”

“I faked being bonded as before. They were very happy that the rash went away.”

Lanson asked skeptically, “Which vitamins?”

“I took thousands of units of vitamins E, A, and Z, with thousands of all eighteen of the B-complex, and mega doses of vitamin C. Every six or seven hours.”

Maryl laughed. “You expect us to believe that? Taking vitamins by themselves is so old-fashioned---there are only a few shops in the low tunnels that sell them anymore.”

Lanson chimed in with, “And how do you know it was the vitamins and not something else---like simply time passing---or something else you ate...or drank?”

“I was totally bonded to that bastard for weeks...ordered to do terrible things to prove my unquestioning slavery. But something deep in my mind rebelled and caused that rash. The rash stayed until that old man prescribed the vitamin therapy. And my bondage went away with the rash.”

Lanson shook his head. “She’s mind-ramming us. She won’t tell us!”
“It’s the truth!”

Maryl stepped forward. “We’ll have to go ahead with the first plan.” She raised the stun gun and pulled the trigger.

Toi tried to scream with rage and fear, dreading her coming death, but could utter no sound, and sank into humming darkness...and into nothingness.

When Toi regained consciousness she cringed from the awful pins-and-needles agony of recovery from stunning...but gritted her teeth and gratefully endured it. She was alive!

It took her a few more seconds to realize that her hands and feet were tied to the bed with strips of sheet. She was lying on her back, spread-eagled. And then she realized she had been stripped naked.

Why had Maryl and Lanson done this to her? Why stun her?

She saw she was in the same room. She could see that her bags were gone...or moved out of her sight.

Had they abandoned her to lie here and starve to death in an unoccupied room?

She tried to pull free but all the knots held. She could only wait.

Would they be back?

Finally, she heard the door respond to a voice outside in the hallway, and it clicked open.

A uniformed Pleasure Dome hotel clerk entered, followed by Karry, the fat old Universe exec who liked ram-heavy youths. Toi remembered him from that party.

Karry laughed and jiggled at the sight of her. "Well and well. You're right, Gorner, these rats can be trusted. Pay them."

The clerk left the room, closing the door.

Karry came to the bedside and stared down at Toi, plump lips pursed. "What a piece of work. And what a piece of work to find."

Toi could only stare back at him. She knew now that Maryl and Lanson had sold her. Now she was delivered.

Karry laughed. The obscene rolls of fat beneath his chin jiggled and shook. He wore a large, pleated white robe with purple trim. He subsided to chuckles. "You...you have many, many questions to answer."

She asked, "Is my master really dead?"

"Donaldson? Oh, yes. Mashed, gashed and hashed. Now flakes of ash in a small urn. March Donaldson is really, really dead."

She asked, worried, "Then, who do I belong to?"

"You belong to me. I just bought you. You are very expensive meat. Now you must tell me where is the Bondium, and the rods, and the records?"

"The rats---Maryl and Lansom---they have them. They lied to me and tricked me and they took everything!"

Karry frowned down at her. "Yes, so they communicated. And so you now confirm. Buying you is only the beginning. We may now have some interesting negotiations with them."

“I can help you. I know them. Do I call you master?”

Karry laughed. “Oh, do. I’m sure you’ll help me all you can.”

“But I still feel total loyalty to March. It isn’t rational. I don’t know what to do now.”

“A slave without a true master. A predicament.” Tired of standing, Karry sat heavily on the bed. He regarded Toi with vast amusement. “Perhaps we should eventually let you join your master in his urn.”

She ignored that threat. She grimaced and asked, “Will you untie me? My hands...” They hurt from restricted blood flow.

“In due time. Now, at the party and after the meeting, when March, that woman and Jahm and you were alone in the meeting room...what happened?”

“I was sucking Jahm Kolm, from under the table. March told me to do it, to keep him there. And after you and the others left, March stunned him.”

“Ahh. And then?”

“We dragged him into March’s bedroom and Nela was going to inject him with Bondium and March was going to make him a slave, too. But the bonding has to be done while the subject is conscious, and then you and some other execs came to the bedroom door and acted like you knew they were in there, and March was terrified you’d actually break in or something.”

Karry pursed his fat lips. “Go on.”

Toi said, “March didn’t know what to do. Then he gave me the gun and told me to stun him and Nela, take the drug and the records and the rods and to escape via the kitchen and the utility room. He told me to hide in Phallus and contact him in two days.”

Karry scowled. “Did Jahm see who stunned him?”

“I don’t know. I was sucking, under the table. I had him in climax.”

“Clever man, March Donaldson. The world could end and most men in climax wouldn’t notice it.” Karry idly flicked and pinched Toi’s left nipple with his thumb and forefinger. The nipple swelled from the irritation. The reaction brought a wry smile to his lips.

But Karry returned to his questions. “So you stunned March and the scientist woman and took the drug and the records and made your escape?”

“Yes. I had to. I did my best.”

“And your best was very good. But your master claimed, after he awakened from the stunning, that two men that he didn’t know came into the meeting room and stunned everyone, including you. He could not explain why you were missing.”

“Did Nela say that, too?”

“Oh, yes, almost word for word.”

“Please untie my hands.”

“It might have worked but for the fact that Jahm Kolm is an extraordinary man and did catch a glimpse of March with the gun an instant before being stunned. He was extraordinarily angry.”

“Kolm had my m-master killed?” Toi managed tears.

“And the woman---whose name I always forget!”

“Nela---”

“Yes! And you, if you’d been there, would have also gone down in that defective air taxi. You have been a mystery for us these past few days, King.”

“I’m not the mystery now. The Pleasure Dome rats have the drug and everything.”

“Thanks to you.”

“I only did as my master---”

“Oh, be silent!”

Toi wept.

Karry whispered insincerely, “Poor dear.” He casually fitted his fat hand on Toi’s up-thrusting left breast. He squeezed and dug in his fingers.

Toi winced.

He said mildly, “Why are such ludicrous lumps of flesh so highly prized? And their possessors so richly rewarded? It’s always astonished me...the power these lumps and this---front hole---have over males. They’ve never held me in thrall for a moment. I prefer...” He smiled. “But you must recall what I prefer.”

Toi nodded. She asked, “Did Maryl call Universe and tell where I was?”

“Is Maryl one of the rats? If so, she called Donaldson’s suite, and through a computer instruction mix-up the call was routed to my suite. I sent te message to Jahm and we agreed on a price for you. At the moment he is down in the mineral baths. He’ll be here soon, I imagine.”

Karry slid his hand lower on Toi’s naked, spread-eagled body, to her hairless cleft. He explored with one, then two pudgy fingers. He mused, “I used to think of women---beautiful young women such as you---as rivals. Competition. I hate competition. I discovered the perfect counter---money. Money overcomes a “natural” sex drive almost every time.”

“Have you tried male Companions?”

“Oh, yes. But I’ve found I dislike a too-professional, too-skilled performance. I like young, raw males of a certain type. And I can afford the

price of their scruples.”

“Like Tok.”

“Yes. But, like Tok, they spoil quickly. I’ll have to let him go soon.”

“What is Kolm going to do with me?”

“I’m not sure. I advised killing you as soon as possible. That---”

The room door opened and Jahm Kolm strode in. He wore a red one-piece of a sweat-absorbing, odor-neutralizing material. He wore athlete’s sandals. His hair was awry.

Karry deferentially rose from the bed and moved away.

Toi’d guts tightened. Was Jahm still her slave?

Jahm Kolm came close to the bed and stared down at her defenseless, naked body. He grunted with satisfaction. “Got you back. You didn’t do too well at staying free, did you?”

Toi responded with a depressed shake of her head. Inside she was filled with joy.

Jahm asked Karry, “What did she tell you?”

“She confirmed what we thought. Apparently March told her to stun him and the woman, take the drug and records and get away. It seemed his only out at the moment. And I do believe our resident rats have the drug and data.”

Jahm said, “March was such a fool!” He put his hands on his hips and glared down at Toi. “You’re a little too valuable to kill just yet. You hold a few secrets we need to know.”

She stared back at him. “I can’t tell you anything new.” He was doing beautifully.

He said, “There’s Veritas, a drug you’ve heard of, I’m sure. Very effective, for a while, but it turns your mind to goo. And there’s brain cell neural reading after a quickfreeze death. In the first you wish you were dead, and in the second you are dead. Either way you give up your information.”

“But you’ll still kill me, no matter what I say.”

Jahm hesitated. “It’s this kind of information we need: What would happen to your mind if we gave you an injection of Bondium again---and bonded you to me? Would your bond to Donaldson be replaced with one to me? Would they cancel each other and leave you free of any bondage? Is that what happened to you?”

Toi pleaded, “Please untie my hands! They’re numb!”

Jahm studied her. “Or would a second injection of Bondium drive you insane?”

Karry blurted, “Jahm, kill her and be done with it!”

“No. I want to experiment with her when the new supply of Bondium arrives. I think I’d like her bonded to me. It’s an experiment that should be done. We do need to know what happens in various circumstances, to slaves. Can there be multiple bondings---slavery to more than one master? What should the bonding commands be, in that case? What happens if the dosage is doubled? Or tripled? What is the fatal dose? Is there a fatal dose?”

Toi said, “You’re both monsters!”

Jahm ignored her. He turned to Karry. “She was sucking me when Donaldson stunned me. I remember an extremely powerful orgasm...but incomplete. I’d like an orgasm like that again.” He looked down at Toi. “Do you have enough free will now to suck me? Or does Donaldson have to give permission from the...urn?”

Toi said desperately, weeping, “My hands are being damaged!”

Jahm hesitated, then said, “Very well.” He bent over and untied her wrists.

Toi quickly began rubbing and flexing her wrists and hands.

Karry said angrily, “Jahm, there are a thousand beautiful women on Phallus who can suck as well as she can!”

“Perhaps. But Toi King is the celebrated all-worlds corporate giant killer. She cost us at least fifteen trillion credits with that interference of hers a year ago. And we couldn’t do a thing to her. It’s a great pleasure to have her here now, like this, in our total control. There will be an element of sweet revenge to the pleasure received when she sucks me off in her most skilled fashion.”

Toi said, “I won’t do it!”

Karry smirked and shook his head in disgust. “Do you mind if I stay and watch this amusing hetero squabble? Just to make sure there are no surprises?”

Jahm smiled. “Of course, if you wish. Maybe you’ll be tempted to sample her skills.”

Karry flushed slightly, then smiled in return. “You know I’d prefer to do the sucking.”

Jahm merely shook his head. He turned his attention again to Toi. “Well, King, do you suck me now, or suck me later after I enslave you with Bondium?”

Toi said fiercely, “I won’t do it! You killed my master!” Toi again managed a flow of tears.

“Yes, your master is dead. Now give loyalty and service to your new master. Life goes on.”

“If I get your ram in my mouth I’ll bite it off!”

Karry laughed. “A credible threat.”

Jahm’s expression hardened. He took a deep breath. “The Bondium it will be! Karry, you are now her keeper. Arrange for two guards in here at all times. She is not to leave this room until we are ready with the new supply.”

Karry nodded. “And the rats?”

Jahm turned away from Toi. “I’ll want to know more about them. Set up a briefing with government experts and the police.”

Jahm left the room.

Karry used the room computer to relay instructions. He waited until two Universe security guards arrived.

There was no further conversation between Toi and Karry.

-20-

Two long weeks passed.

Toi was kept totally naked at all times, and on a short tether which allowed her access only to the privacy wall. The wall was always open when she used it.

The guards in her room could not resist using Toi as a sex Companion. They were wary enough to do it one-at-a-time with the other always observing, always armed.

There was nothing Toi could do about it. She simply accommodated them. It meant nothing to her. At least, she told herself, I’m keeping in practice.

She experimented with different ram stroking techniques, subtle variations of interior muscle rhythms, lengthening her deep-throating timing.

The guards loved her. She laughed, told jokes and Companion stories, was always willing to give pleasure.

She had sex an average of six times every day with the eight guards who rotated two-at-a-time for six hour periods.

But the time came when a medical technician came to the room and told the two guards to bring Toi up to Jahm Kolm’s Universe corporation suite.

They stunned her, even though she begged them not to and promised not to make trouble, slipped her---limp and naked---into a zykrone sports bag and carried her up in a service elevator on the shoulder of the biggest,

strongest guard.

She awakened thrumming with needling pain, still naked, strapped tightly into a Madik chair in the huge suite's magnificent main room. She was surrounded by a curved Medik monitor and sensor nodes clung to her body like green leeches.

Her heart began thudding with fear again. She hadn't considered the possible brain damage a second bonding might inflict.

How deep and permanent was a first bonding, normally? Yes, she had apparently drained or cancelled the power of the drug's bonding power, but was the pattern still in place?

Would a second bonding, to another master, cause a terrible schizophrenia...a fatal internal conflict? Would she become catatonic? Would she seek release from her mental chaos by suicide?

Toi looked around, woozy, restless with continuing pain. Where was Jahm? There were only the med tech and four guards.

After a few minutes, when she felt better, the technician injected her with a dose of Bondium. It seemed too much! What were they trying to do?

Where was Jahm?

Toi heard someone approach from behind.

Karry entered her vision. He sneered, "There's a certain irony in this situation, wouldn't you say, King?"

Terror flooded her. "Are you---?"

Karry jiggled with laughter.

Something had gone terribly wrong!

Toi became confused as the drug took hold. She felt sick to her stomach. She tried to say something to Karry, but he blurred away.

She cried, "No!" and briefly fought the tight, wide straps which held her immovable in the chair.

Then her mind was free, floating, divorced from her body. She peered around, lost, seeking... Somehow the room was now empty of all other real life. There were only shadows.

She felt a more urgent hunger...in her very soul...a horrible need!

The big room became crystalline in pure color and supernatural detail. It was exquisitely beautiful.

Abruptly her lovely universe was seized by a man's voice. "TOI!"

She sought him and found him! She locked onto him. He smiled lovingly at her! He was her god! His coruscating aura dazzled her eyes. She drank in his wonderful presence.

He spoke to her with a thrilling, commanding voice. "TOI KING, I AM YOUR COMPLETE MASTER! YOU WILL THRILL TO OBEY ME!"

YOU WILL SERVE ME THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! YOU WILL HAVE NO MASTER BEFORE ME AND NO MASTER TO RIVAL ME! THERE IS NOTHING YOU WILL NOT DO FOR ME! THERE IS NOTHING IN YOUR LIFE BUT MY WILL!”

His words cannonaded in her mind---into her soul! His presence filled her agonized need, and satisfied the awful hunger. He filled her aching void.

“DO YOU ACCEPT ME AS YOUR COMPLETE MASTER?”

Toi responded rapturously, “Yes!”

“CLOSE YOUR EYES!”

She obeyed, smiling in ecstasy. She belonged! She was fulfilled! She was whole! She was a small thing glorying in her thrall to a god!

She waited for more instructions. But she grew aware of feeling ill again. She was back in her body again! Nausea curdled her stomach. Her acute visual powers dimmed to normal behind her closed eyelids.

A black headache claimed her brain. The nausea rose in her throat and she vomited helplessly, retching evil greenish-brown gruel and fluids over her naked breasts, belly and thighs.

Another veil of altered reality slipped aside and Toi choked with a sudden rush of terror. She whined and sobbed and shivered. Something terrible had happened to her... She couldn't quite remember.

Her universe was now her nausea and her fear.

The green sensors were plucked from her body and she was unstrapped from the Medik chair. Two guards carried her to a small, rear bedroom in the sprawling Universe suite.

She was deposited in the privacy wall shower and given a triple-length washing and drying.

After that, still barely conscious, she was dumped onto the bed and allowed to sleep after a strong trunk injection.

When Toi was permitted to awaken, there were no guards in the room. She found herself fastened to the bed with comfortable elastic and unbreakable medical bonds.

She was still totally naked.

Relief tubes and cleansing pods were fastened to her cleft and anus.

There was the taste of unisoup in her mouth.

There were three holo monitors spaced around the room, watching her.

How long had she been kept unconscious?

Toi felt dull, lethargic and tranquil. She tried to seek out in her mind feelings of turmoil or conflict. There were none.

The new imprinting had “taken” completely. Bondium apparently dissolved all previous loyalties and loves, including previous bondings.

She found she couldn’t remember the details of her new bonding. But she remembered everything prior. She cautiously restrained her joy.

Toi said to the center monitor, “Master? How long must I be like this? I want to serve you.”

There was no immediate answer. But five minutes later the bedroom door opened and he entered.

Her heart lurched with joy. “Oh, master!”

Jahm smiled. “Am I really your master? No lingering loyalty to March Donaldson?”

“No, master. He’s gone. There’s only you. I’d die for you!”

Jahm laughed. “You say that to all your masters.”

“I will die for you!”

“I know. That was a joke. Does Bondium take away your sense of humor?”

“Oh. Only if my master desires it.”

“For now my desire is for you to lie there and let the staff keep you under close observation. There may be side-effects to the second bonding which may take a while to show.”

“Like the rash I got the first time?”

“Yes. Like the rash. Eat what they feed you, take all the pills they give you. Be cooperative and they’ll let you watch the hollowall channels.”

“Yes, master. Thank you, master.”

Jahm nodded and turned away. Toi’s adoring gaze followed him until he left the room.

Twenty minutes later, when the medtech brought her a cupful of pills and capsules to swallow, Toi smiled. She asked, “Are those vitamins?”

The young man nodded contemptuously. “Your ‘master’ has some very strange ideas about nutrition.”

Toi’s smile widened. “My master can do no wrong.”

Jahm held Toi in his arms as he lay on his back. They were both naked on his bed, and his ram was nicely buried in her decorated cleft.

Toi undulated on his hard-muscled body, working on his stiff ram with pelvic movement and interior muscles surrounding soft, slick vaginal flesh. She wanted to reward him for the wonderful job he'd done in carrying out her instructions.

But she also wanted to talk secretly. This was their first intimate time together.

She kissed his neck and ear and whispered, "How is the plan going? Kiss me on the mouth and nibble my ear. Answer then."

He took her mouth in a passionate kiss. Toi moaned with excitement. When he pushed aside strands of silver hair from her wig and nipped at her earlobe she shivered and giggled.

He whispered, "Master, I used your theft of the Bondium and the lack of experiment records as pretext for ordering here the only stock of Bondium from our subsidiary Supreme Pharms and the complete original development files. I also...ahhh, master, the way you squirm on me...I also ordered here the drug's inventor, Hael Rinn, and all his lab assistants. Their move took longer. But they arrived this morning."

Toi and Jahm whispered amid the sounds of lust because the bold attempt by March Donaldson to bond Jahm Kolm, the Chief Ruling Exec of Universe, had made all the top-level execs fearful and paranoid.

Toi suspected a few, especially Karry, of planting remote listeners and nanomikes in other exec's rooms. Even in clothing. All the top execs now employed s.o.t.a. detectors.

Spying was like war---a rush from each new weapon to the next as defenses were developed. The stakes were higher now, as every exec was now terrified of being secretly enslaved.

Toi giggled more loudly. She increased the speed of her movements. This was feeling very good! Very nice! She rose up and knelt over him, taking him in deep, swift coital thrusts. Grazing her swollen clit over his hairy pubes made her shiver with delight.

She was now free of the bonding to Jahm, thanks to the vitamin cure she had experienced previously and instructed Jahm to provide to her when she was bonded.

When she had bonded Jahm to her she had instructed him to act toward her as he would had she not made him her slave. The only priority being that he not allow her to be killed.

Her other instructions had been to bring all Bondium, all data, its inventor and his close lab associates to Phallus. Ostensibly for a full-scale review and further tests.

But her real intent was to destroy Universe and have its top execs

imprisoned.

Toi was drawn back to the panting reality of lovemaking. Jahm instinctively rejected the man-inferior position and rolled easily atop her. His big ram stayed buried in her. He said, acting as her master, "I'm going to ram you into oblivion!"

Toi gasped passionately. "Oh, yes, master! She spread wider for him. He plunged fast and hard, jolting her, sending shocks of pleasure to every cell of her. He was a master! Ramming his slave!

Toi enjoyed the sparkling impacts, the wet smacking of flesh, the growing hot loosening in her loins, the swet rapturous excitement, the urgency of approaching orgasm.

And she liked the mixture of roles, real and feigned. At any time she liked she could order him to smash open a window and impale himself on the resulting crystal teeth, or hurl himself outward to fall to his death.

That was the seductive power of Bondium...of possessing a slave who would obey any command.

She secretly wallowed in the power she possessed over him---over his life---and simultaneously recoiled from that power. She recognized that she had begun to think of him as less than human, a thing, a tool to be used.

She felt contempt for him in spite of herself. She feared the power and the drug and its inevitable consequences if it was used extensively.

Bondium could destroy interstellar human civilization as long as the formula survived.

Now Jahm was panting with exertion and lust. He was very close to climax. Toi panted, too. "Oh, master! You're making me come!"

It was astonishingly true. She spasmed inside in rare natural spontaneous ecstasy. She writhed and thrashed under his powerful, ruthless thrusts.

She treasured the moment. It was so good...so good!

But even in that moment in another part of her mind she made herself use her skills and self-control---clenching her vagina in calculated, specialized rhythms, milking his ram, enhancing his orgasm to the nth degree.

And then Jahm, her "master", her slave, settled down onto her, sweaty, tired, relaxed, eyes closed, breathing deeply. His ear was close to her lips again.

Toi enclosed him in the eternal cradle of her breasts, thighs and arms. She whispered, "Where is the Bondium?"

He breathed in her ear, "In a security case, with Rinn. It can be opened by a code only I possess. The case will implode if the lock is

tampered with.”

“Can you have the drug development records brought here to you?”

“Yes.”

“And you have the rods and notes of my second bondingf?”

“Yes, master.”

“Collect all available records and data concerning Bondium.”

“Yes, master.”

“Who in Phallus would use those records and data to insure the complete and total prosecution of Universe and its execs here on Phallus as well as on all the other human worlds?”

“Sedge Randall.

The head of Galaxy Bank.

Toi whispered, “Make an appointment to see him.”

“I will, master.”

Toi thought it wise not to whisper too long. She stirred under him and asked aloud, “Master, may I shower?”

Jahm, in master mode, slid off her soft, warm, alluring body and said, “Go to your room for that.”

Toi said meekly, “Yes, master.” She left the bed and picked up the sheer pink cape she had worn into his bedroom, toed into her slippers, pressed a cling pad to her center, and left the room.

Moments later, as she enjoyed her shower, Toi considered tactics for the final act of this risky endeavor.

Going to Sedge Randall was the best move. The head of the world-wide Galaxy Bank---a libertarian bank centered here in Phallus---was impervious to political and economic pressures, could not be bought, and by reputation and gossip was personally a strict freedom-firster.

Through the giant bank’s encrypted subspace communications network, discrete and damning elite word could be spread galaxy-wide of the existence of Bondium, its dangers, and Universe’s involvement.

Further, the bank could easily, secretly, send selected parts of the Bondium data and experiments to the governments and elites of every human planet, especially that of Earth!

Send just enough to terrify, to convict, not enough to allow making the drug.

Within days dozens of government conspiracy and endangerment prosecutions could---and would---be mounted against Universe and its entire exec structure.

There are none so fearful of personal enslavement as those whose life purpose involves enslavement of others by means of laws and guns and

gods. The politicians and rulers and priests of almost all the human worlds would rise up in guilty outrage and tear Universe to corporate shreds.

Toi laughed. How frightful. How delightful!

-23-

A few hours later, Toi King and Jahm Kolm left his elaborate suite and elevatored to the roof of The Pleasure Dome.

Toi was dekked in red and green body swirls which ended in spirals on her breasts. Her wig was a mass of tumbling red hair with vivid white streaks and emerald clasps.

Only slightly muting this display of flesh and color was a pink ribbon cape she wore closed at the neck. The ankle-length ribbons fluttered and rippled in constant motion as she moved, drawing constant attention to her naked body.

She carried an expensive real leather green Companion case. The bottom compartment of the case held copies of all the Bondium data and vidrods of her second bonding. The upper sections held make-up, cling pads, meds, tooth capsules, and an emergency wig and cape.

Jahm, at her command, had ordered the case and supplies purchased for her by courier on the free markets of inner Phallus.

As they emerged from the elevator they were approached by Karry and a handsome, muscular young man in a magenta one-piece.

“Jahm! Off on a little jaunt with your adoring bedthing?”

“You, too, I see.” Jahm’s eyes flicked at the youth. “This is the new one?”

Karry smirked. “Ah, yes. This is Pawl.”

Toi quickly assessed the youth. Already there were body-language messages of sullen dislike for Karry, and contempt for himself and for Karry.

Pawl’s one-piece was skin tight to show his well-developed muscles, and especially at the crotch---tailored that way at Karry’s order, Toi suspected---to exhibit a large ram.

The youth obviously resented being on display like this.

Toi glanced down at her own showtimed breasts and green-sparkled cleft area. This was her idea, done for effect. It signified her profession, and she wasn’t ashamed of it.

The young man was an amateur, not emotionally suited for selling his erections and his orgasms to whomever had the money to pay his price.

Karry's gaze dropped to Toi's case. "What's the occasion? Taking a trip?"

"Down for business and pleasure."

Karry said, "Your pleasure is your affair, of course, but any business you do is Universe business, and thus my business."

"Private business, not corporate."

"Ahh... As it happens I also have private business in Phallus. May we accompany you?"

"No."

Karry's eyes burned cold in their beds of fat. "I frankly cringe at taking an air taxi alone since..."

Jahm laughed, genuinely amused. "Do you have that many enemies? As for me--fear not. I do not wish you dead...at the moment."

"I hope not. Where in Phallus are you going?"

Jahm smiled and did not answer. He moved away, Toi beside him.

Karry's face turned piggish with suspicion. He raised his voice. "Are you going to meet somebody? To make a deal, perhaps?"

Jahm continued to ignore him.

"As a representative of the other execs I have a right to know where you're going and what you're up to!"

"No, you do not! Don't push this!" Jahm gestured Toi toward one of the waiting taxis.

Karry refused. He followed closely, lowering his voice to an intense, angry whisper. "What's in that case she's carrying?"

Jahm ignored him.

"Why did you have copies of all the Bondium files sent to your suite last night?"

"For study!" Jahm furiously turned to face Karry as Toi continued to the nearest taxi. "I will not further answer to a paranoid, self-indulgent, malicious, ass-rammed idiot of a sector head like you! At the next board meeting I'm going to recommend your termination...if you live that long."

The fat man would not be intimidated, though he was sweating. "If you are going to bond someone else to yourself--"

"If I bond someone, Karry, I promise it will be you."

"Your leaving the Dome this way is very strange." The fat man moved adroitly to block Jahm. His bedthing, Pawl, reluctantly moved to help.

Jahm said intensely, "Really strange is your arrogant assumption of

position and power here. I hope you've saved your credits. Now, get out of my way!"

"Jahm, under the unusual circumstances of these last few days, and the critical situation concerning Bondium, every unmonitored move by any of us is bound to be viewed as possibly subversive to the best interests---"

Karry maneuvered to continuously block Jahm's way to the air taxi. He seemed intent on delay.

Toi had entered the taxi. She watched with clenched fists as Jahm moved first left, then right, to get past the fat old man and the muscular youth.

Three nearby taxi fliers watched with amused curiosity.

Jahm finally asked, "What are you trying to do?"

Karry revealed a small signaller from his pocket. "A group of us think every exec should stay in the hotel until decisions and safeguards are discussed and in place. I'm sure the board, in emergency meeting, will agree with this policy. Several of our security men are on the way to make--"

Jahm slugged Karry in the belly. The old man doubled over with an explosive wheeze. Jahm's second blow caught him in the face and smashed his pudgy nose. Blood sprayed his clothes. He howled with pain.

Pawl hesitated, then spread his hands in a no-fight gesture. A smile flitted on his lips.

Jahm ran to the taxi and as he climbed in said, "The Terminal." He took a credcard from a slot pocket in his expensive gold and black one-piece and slid it into the taxi computer.

The flier had seen the fight and was studiously professional as he lifted the craft off the roof.

Toi buttoned the privacy control and waited till the transparent wall slid up and seated. She asked, "What will Karry do now?"

Jahm was licking and rubbing one of his knuckles. "He had a ring in his nose." He shifted into slave. "I don't know, master. He must have recruited Rol Frenz into his clique. Rol is this sector's top exec and manages The Pleasure Dome. He's our host. That would mean the entire Dome security force and the Dome's workers might be used against us. But I can't believe they're that organized or suddenly that desperate."

Toi said, "Karry realizes the power of Bondium. He might be able to force Rinn to turn over the new supply of Bondium to him, then enslave Rinn...Frenz...as many execs as he can."

"Then we must get to Sedge Randall quickly." Jahm now shared Toi's value system: he was as opposed to the continued use of Bondium as she.

Because she had commanded him to believe her values were superior to his. She was a goddess to him. She could do no wrong.

The taxi slanted down to the Terminal landing area and landed without incident.

As Toi and Jahm walked quickly into the Terminal and headed for a line of tube taxis that took wealthy passengers to destinations inside Phallus, a force of Dome security men closed in on them.

Toi spotted the convergence and said, “Jahm, they’re much better organized than we thought.”

The security men were armed with stun guns. Their leader confronted Toi and Jahm. He said quietly to Jahm, “Sir, we’ve been ordered to prevent you from leaving the Dome, and to hold you until Head Rol Frenz arrives to talk with you. It will only take a few minutes. Would you follow me, please?” He turned and walked away.

Toi and Jahm had no choice. Six large security men were bunched around them.

Toi considered ordering Jahm to attack to create a diversion so she could get away. But she noticed that two of the men seemed assigned to her alone, and she doubted the diversion would work.

The leader used a code-key combination to unlock a solid door at one end of the Terminal. “If you’ll wait in here, please...”

Toi and Jahm entered. It was a dark storeroom. Toi thought she heard a scuttling sound somewhere deep in the darkness. The door was locked behind them and they were in blackness.

Jahm shouted, “What are you doing? I am Jahm Kolm!” He pounded on the closed door. He shouted, “This is an insult!”

There was no response.

Toi found the light tab. White illumination filled the long, low-ceilinged, narrow room. The room was crowded with racks of cleaning robot supplies, restroom supplies...and farther on with stacked stasis cases of flavored foodpuffs, candies, café supplies and bulbs of various kinds of autoserve drinks.

Toi said, “We’re prisoners. You’ve suffered an ad hoc demotion, or Karry and his group are taking a very big gamble.”

“I have friends and obs and debts to my credit. I have hidden information in my arsenal. I have the power of Signature! They will understand why I am the top man of Universe! Fools!”

Toi had no knowledge of all that; the high-level internal power struggles of Universe didn’t concern her now. The primary goal now was the meeting with Sedge Randall.

She said, “Dump your outrage. It may take Frenz ten minutes to get here. Maybe longer if Karry accompanies him or if anyothers come along. And they may have to take time to decide what to do with us. They still don’t know much.”

“I need to call my aides.”

“I don’t see a wall com. Toi walked along the center aisle to a stack of food cases. Jahm followed her.

She thought she and Jahm might as well have a bite and a sip. They’d been too busy and excited to have lunch earlier.

She noticed that a foodpuff case had been clumsily ripped open, and a few puffpaks were scattered, as if someone had hurriedly...

Toi saw...there! At the far end of the room, obscured by stacks of bubble cases---a foot-square access grill for the air ducts. And on the floor near the grill lay a raspberry puff.

She whispered to Jahm, “Don’t say anything!” She walked close to the grill and said, “I’m Toi King. I need your help.”

Silence.

She said, “Is that Illa? Maryl? Lanson?” She had forgotten the name of the old man. If there was a rat behind the grill he or she might be from another pack. They might not know of her.

Silence.

Maybe she was misreading the clues. An employee might have broken into the foodpuff case.

The grill lock clicked and the grill swung open. Round-faced, short-haired Illa peered out at Toi, ready in an instant to pull the grill shut. Her mouth was smeared from a berry puff. She asked, pointing at Jahm, “Who’s that?”

“He’s my slave. I bonded him to me a few weeks ago.”

“Slave? That drug works?” Illa was amazed. She gaped at Jahm. “A topslotter?”

Toi grabbed the edge of the open grill. Illa tried to pull it shut but gave up almost instantly and shrank back into the darkness. Toi called to her, but the girl kept silent.

Toi motioned to Jahm. “We have to go in. Bring my case.”

They found Illa waiting ten yards upwind in a larger duct. In the breezy gloom she seemed haggard to Toi and a little less chunky than before. She wore a ragged brown one-piece which she had cut radically to accommodate her giant breasts.

Illa silently crept past them, returned to the grill and locked it.

Three minutes later, Illa, Toi, and Jahm walked swiftly along a steep

down-tunnel next to a massive cluster of giant utility pipes and arm-thick power cable braids.

Illa explained, "Maryl tried to sell the drug, that Bondium, back to Universe, and all those papers and rods with it, but she wanted a trillion and a spaceship and all kinds of guarantees we wouldn't be hurt or killed afterward, and there wasn't any way to work it out."

Toi asked Jahm, "Did you know about that?"

"No, master. I was not informed." He was very angry.

Toi delved for more specific information. "Illa, who did Maryl deal with? Do you know?"

"Don't know his name. There was only one meeting for an hour in the main emergency power caverns. You don't know it, but they're a maze. He complained about having to wait for us in the cold. Big, fat slob. He kept looking at Lanson."

Jahm muttered, "Karry!"

In a low, sad voice, Illa described a subsequent disaster for the rats. "They trapped us in the hotel, in one of the Z-wing empties, where security never comes anymore. There were maybe a dozen of them. They didn't use paksets and the manager rammed us, so it was a mag ten surprise. Maryl and Lanson and Hord had stunners and needlers and they got about five of them down, and the others backed out, but when we tried to slip away Maryl was burned. They used a laser! They killed her!"

Toi waited a moment, then asked the weeping girl, "What are you doing in the walls of the Terminal?"

"Just hiding. I was eating in that supply room when I heard the man giving the lock code to the door. I just barely made it into the duct. Glad I left the lights off."

"Where are Lanson and Hord?"

"I don't know. We got away in different directions. I don't have a pakset. All I have is my key. I haven't seen anybody for days. When I was hiding in the hotel walls I heard noise and shouting and saw lights. But no rats."

"Did security get the drug and the records?"

"No. Lanson had all that hidden. I don't know where he is. I don't know where anybody is." Illa was depressed and lonely. She asked Toi, "Do you think I could find a man outside who likes monster gobs like these, and who'd keep me?"

Toi put her arm around the girl. "After this is over I'll see that you have a cube and a job. You'll attract plenty of men."

Illa said aloud to herself, "I'll always keep my access key."

They trudged downhill in the utility tunnel, moving from dim red light to dim red light.

Toi asked, "How long will it take us to get to the center of Phallus...to the all worlds banking level?"

"You mean like this? Walking in the walls?"

"Yes."

Illa shrugged. "I don't know. I've never been much in the downside. My mother worked for the Dome as a cook, and then she lost her job and went downside with some freight machine driver. She just left me here, four years ago. She said I was old enough to take care of myself. I was fourteen."

Toi asked, "Are there any msps in the walls showing major levels and distances?"

"I never saw any in the hotel walls. Listen, I think I ought to go back."

"But they have security teams in the walls looking for you. They'll kill you."

"But I know hundreds of places to hide. And they'll get tired of hunting. They always do. I'll be all right." She stopped walking.

Toi stopped, too. "Do you have a spare access key?"

"No. I never had but one."

"What are we supposed to do, then? Without a key we can't even get out of the walls."

Illa said sullenly, "I'll let you out, but I'm not going any further downside."

"All right. We'll have to take our chances."

Illa sighed, looked around, and led them to a cross tunnel walkway that brought them to the huge freight and passenger tube way which ran from the Terminal on the floor of the Pleasure Dome down through the levels of Phallus.

They could hear the roar and feel the vibration of traffic through the curving conrock wall.

Illa took them down a ladder to a dusty metal door in the tube wall. She made Toi and Jahm keep their distance as she unlocked it. Then she backed away. "Good luck. You were nice to me."

"Thank you. Be careful."

Then Illa was gone, scuttling up the ladder.

Alone with Jahm, her loyal, adoring slave, Toi stood next to the slightly ajar door, with unexpectedly cool air from the tubeway ruffling her ribbon cape and goose bumping her skin. She wondered what to do next.

She pulled the door open more and looked out. The big, well-lit artificial tunnel was briefly empty. The quad vehicle guide strips bent around a gradual curve. Below the metal doorway was a narrow concrete emergency walkway.

Toi stepped out. She said to Jahm, “Block the door open about an inch. We might have to get back in.” She had to risk the ‘Open’ signal which was flashing somewhere in the system’s computer monitors.

He obeyed, using a small piece of plastic scrap he found on the floor.

They edged a few feet along the narrow safety ledge. Jahm still carried the Companion case.

An automated blue taxi rounded the curve behind them and was upon them with terrifying suddenness. It was “driven” by a mandated safety driver.

Toi and Jahm flattened against the rough tubeway wall.

The taxi swooshed past them, inches from their bodies. The driver and three passengers gaped at them.

Toi was torn from the ledge by the suction. She wavered and fell onto the track, nearly hitting her head.

The taxi swooshed on around the curve, not slowing.

Master, are you hurt?” Jahm instantly helped her to her feet.

“I’m all right. I’ll know what to expect next time. Get ready. We’ve got to stop a taxi as soon as possible.” She touched her ear for the time.

“I understand.” Jahm stepped out into the automated lane and waited.

A taxi appeared from the other direction, in a far track, heading upward toward the Pleasure Dome Terminal. Jahm ignored it.

A taxi from the Terminal appeared around the down curve. Jahm had only a second to wave frantically for it to stop before jumping back onto the ledge.

The driver must have hit the emergency stop button the instant he saw Jahm and Toi. The taxi whined and shuddered as it decelerated. It stopped fifty feet past them. They ran to it.

The driver opened his compartment door after switching on brilliant red blinkers. He bellowed, “What the hell are you doing here?”

Jahm pretended to be furious. “I’ll tell you what we’re doing here! We shared a taxi ahead of you with a man who said he was in a terrible hurry, and he pulled a needler and took my credcards and my wife’s jewelry!”

Toi added shrilly, “Then he forced the driver to stop and put us out!”

This driver instantly noted Jahm’s expensive one-piece and elite Earth shoes, Toi’s voluptuous beauty and costly ribbon cape, and his demeanor

changed. “Sorry. Sorry.” He buttoned open the passenger compartment. “Get in! I’ve got to get out of this curve. I nearly hit you a minute ago. We could be wiped.”

The single passenger in the taxi was an elderly man who trembled in Toi’s proximity. His artificial eyes flared lavender irises. He quickly shifted to a single seat, letting Jahm and Toi have the double.

The driver quickly resumed speed. He spoke through the intercom. “I’ll take you to the nearest PSF station as soon as I deliver this gentleman to his cube.”

Jahm said cleverly, “I want the Galaxy Bank first. I’ve got to kill those credcards.”

Toi smiled to herself. What a smart slave!

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When they entered the blue-vaulted interior of the powerful bank, with its intricately carved ceiling of solid rock divided into great segments of bas relief depicting the ten panoplies of human freedom, Jahm headed immediately to the rear and stepped through the invisible barrier created by carpeting, desks and terminals. He carried Toi’s expensive Companion case as if it were utterly natural to him.

He arrogantly approached a bank official.

Toi stood discreetly in the ‘public’ area and admired his brusque corporate style. Except for his secret slavery to her, he was still the Chief Signature Officer of one of the four largest corporations in the human galaxy.

A few seconds later, Jahm called Toi to him. They followed the bank official through an exquisitely carved archway and along a richly carpeted and appointed hallway. A left turn...

The official opened a filigreed wooden door by means of an antique golden knob. He said, “Mr. Randall will be with you in a moment. Your associate is already here.”

Jahm and Toi entered a paneled conference room to find Karry, smiling, sitting at the far end of a ten-place Vornwood table.

The door closed behind them.

Toi’s mouth turned dry and a slimy fist clenched the pit of her

stomach.

Jahm, however, scowled and said, “What are you doing here, Karry? Still trying to interfere in my affairs?”

Karry said, “We discovered you had an appointment to meet with Sedge Randall. Why do you have that bedthing here?”

“None of your business! Now, get out!”

“You two look very dusty and frizzed. Have a lot of trouble getting here?”

Jahm looked to Toi. “I want to kill him.”

Karry paled but continued. “We think your being here is our business. We think you’ve bonded Rinn and his assistants. They deny it, of course.” His expression darkened. “And when we tried to open the Bondium security box...the box and contents slagged. The supply of Bondium and the records were reduced to mixed atoms. If there were any contents, that is.”

Jahm said, “You fool!”

“Perhaps. In the last few hours events have been hectic. I had to make quick decisions on very little information.”

“Stupid decisions. You’re a stupid, self-deluded warp, Karry. Get out of here. Get off Phallus. You’re no longer employed by Universe.”

Karry smiled. “It was too late for that play days ago. Black line talk now, Jahm. You’re here to bond Sedge Randall to yourself. You’ve got a supply of Bondium in that case, either from the rats or from Rinn.” He brought a laser gun into view from his lap. “Slide the case down the table to me.”

Toi could now hear the gun’s tiny hum from thirty feet away and turned cold with fear. She knew all too well what one of those terrible weapons could do to a human body.

Jahm took a step toward Karry. “Go to Cholb!”

Karry came to his feet with amazing speed for a man of his size. The laser gun didn’t waver. “Give me that case, Jahm, or I’ll burn holes in that hot-hole bedthing of yours.” The gleaming crystal node at the end of the barrel swung to center on Toi.

Jahm became furious in a mixture of his old self and his slavery. He stepped between Toi and Karry. “There is no Bondium in this case. You destroyed our only supply when you tampered with Rinn’s security box.”

Toi said, “Karry, that case has only my Companion things in it.”

The fat man chuckled. “Then, why is he carrying it?”

There was a silence. Toi realized with horrible certainty that Karry had to kill both of them. He might have to kill his way out of the bank. He was insanely desperate. He was into criminal and corporate conspiracy and

murder...in so deeply there could be no retreat.

Jahm realized it, too. He started down the conference table toward Karry. "All right, you can have the case. It won't do you any good."

"That's close enough! Slide the case---"

Toi started forward, too. Jahm, don't---

Jahm lunged, swinging the case at Karry's head.

Karry reflexively reared backward and was tipped off balance by the heavy chair. He triggered the laser.

A brilliant, white-hot beam lanced into the right side of Jahm's chest, sizzled through cloth, flesh and bone as momentum continued his lunge and swing of the case.

The case struck Karry's head.

The laser beam was blinding in the room as it cut free of Jahm's body for an instant and slashed into the light panels near the ceiling.

Then Jahm's arm intersected the path of the invincible knife of terrible radiance, and suddenly his arm was amputated at the shoulder, his hand still gripping the case handle.

Karry toppled, hitting the carpet on his right side, pinning his arm and hand with the laser, causing him to grunt loudly, loosening his grip. The laser winked out.

Jahm's severed arm and the case bounced absurdly off the table to the floor.

Simultaneously Jahm screamed with shock and pain, standing in a crouch, glaring at his mangled shoulder and gouting blood...as an alarm went off in the ceiling.

Jahm fell, twisting, onto his back, quickly in a spreading pool of his blood. His right side was a massive, gaping wound.

Toi acted with blind fear and hate. She leaped on Karry and pulled the laser from his numbed hand. She threw it away. Training she had received as a Magni-Space agent surfaced as she chopped at Karry's blubbery face with stiffened, savage hands.

She was still raining blows when in-rushing bank guards pulled her away.

She cried, "Jahm!" and tried to pull free to go to him.

But he was unconscious, unmoving, not breathing, a body completing its last vestiges of dying. His heart fluttered to a stop.

Toi howled and covered her face with clawed hands. She sank to her knees in an agony of remorse.

When she could look at him again his body had been covered by a length of opaque plastic. Bank execs and more guards were crowding into the

room.

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Sedge Randall entered Toi's luxurious cube and paused to admire her beauty as she turned slowly from her privacy wall depth mirror. "Good Cholb, what a woman!"

He used 'Cholb' as a mockery of religion, as did most of the elite and execs.

Toi smiled and opened her cerise, barely transparent cape for him to see the patterns of sparkling arrows on her breasts and belly and thighs, each set of arrows pointed to a special part of her perfect body. She said the classic line, "Goodness has nothing to do with it."

"Are those arrows edible?"

"Everything I put on my body is edible. These are mint flavored." Toi left the wall, closed it with a word, and crossed the room to kiss him. She pressed her belly against his center and felt a satisfying hardening of his ram through the green and red velvet of his one-piece.

She broke the kiss and asked seriously, "Anything new about Universe?"

Sedge shook his head in wonder. "It's been over a year since the Bondium affair and you still can't--"

"Did Earth dissolve the corporation?"

"Yes, Earth dissolved the corporation. All the execs who were involved are either dead or organ banked."

"Good! If Bondium is ever reinvented..."

Sedge lifted Toi's chin. "You've got to get over that obsession. Even if it is created again, that vitamin cure for it is so well known on all the worlds---especially among execs and polits---that it couldn't be used successfully. And besides, the---"

"Yes, it could! You bond a person and the first order you give is to forget the combination of megavitamins which break the bonding. You forbid the slave from ever taking any vitamins."

Sedge kissed Toi again. "There are blood tests, too. Bondium shows up in the blood as long as a person is enslaved. That was proved from the tests of Jahm Kolm's blood---and your blood. Blood tests are now mandatory for all government and corporate employees."

The mention of Jahm's name still caused a deep, sorrowing ache in Toi; a terrible shame. She could never forget the deep, secret thrill of power she had known with him as her total slave. That kind of control of another

human being was terribly seductive.

An awful guilt still rode in her mind. Jahm's death while serving her and protecting her continued to cut into her conscience like a scalpel. His blind, abject love for her...his absolute loyalty... All because of a small injection of a golden drug.

Could mankind ever resist the knowledge that such a drug had existed and could again...with a few million credits invested in a laboratory and a top notch scientist or two.

Wasn't it likely that planetary governments were making Bondium right now? And the other large corporations? They would have 'fool-proof' safeguards, they would have think tanks doing top-secret computer runs of possible Bondium problems, solutions, tactics, strategies...

Every fearful government or power elite would feel vulnerable, would feel it had to possess some Bondium to counter---or stage pre-emptive actions and bondings against suspected or likely enemies...

Sedge broke into Toi's pessimistic reverie. "I learned today that our research teams have discovered that Bondium leaves an imprint in certain anterior callosum brain cell clusters. It can easily be detected by means of a portable DGJ encephalogram."

"It can? How can they know that? Whose brain have they dissected?"

"It's all from Kolm. They use his blood. They have his brain modeled down to nano detail in a SOTA computer, and they run VR tests that are so accurate the error percentage is atomically insignificant."

"Jahm..."

"I've personally made sure that information is being delivered to all news nets, all governments, all major corporations." Sedge caressed Toi's slim neck. "That means in a few months every top exec in every organization in the human worlds will face a special brain scan at least once a year. Especially in government, and especially in law enforcement and the judicial system. They dare not refuse."

She admitted it all sounded great in theory. But she knew there was still a bottle of Bondium out there somewhere, in the walls, in the possession of a rat named Lanson. And he didn't play by even libertarian Phallus rules. The civilized system had killed his mother and probably his grandfather, too. What would his revenge be?

Toi sighed and changed mood by force of will. "That sounds fine. But when do I get scanned, master?" She giggled and kissed Sedge Randall.

Sedge quirked his lips. "I'm hiring you as my Special Recreational Aide, starting tomorrow. In due time we'll both be scanned."

“You’re a wonderful man, but I’m a Companion One. I don’t expect our relationship to last. I don’t want it to last, as much as I enjoy you and as much as I’m grateful for your help.”

“Toi---”

“The police investigations are over, the trials are scheduled, the official hearings are almost over...and I want to get on with my life. I’m the most famous woman in the worlds, now, and the most glamorous, notorious, and expensive Companion One in the history of the Sex Guild. I’m in the golden bubble.”

“It’ll pass so quickly---”

“Yes, I know that. I want to wallow in it while I have it. I can’t help it, Sedge. The Creator made me for this life. I’m only being true to myself.”

He nodded sourly. “I don’t disagree. You’re incredible.”

“My only real worry is about the Cholbsters.”

The daily newsnets told Toi the growing wave of the Children of Cholb was no longer a fad, a joke, a sub-cult. They were appearing everywhere, even on the nets they say they hate, preaching, preaching, preaching Cholb.

The Children and the adult Followers of Cholb were becoming terribly powerful on all but a few, libertarian, worlds. Soon, perhaps, they would try to attack the Sex Guild and her, to force into submission a force in mankind they could not now control, and which they feared: pleasure.

As a Transworld hero to multi-billions of men and women, as the savior of mankind’s freedom and dignity, and as a “harlot”, Toi King was the most influential, confounding enemy the zealots of Cholb had to face.

If it was true Bondium was no longer a real danger, then the new religious fanaticism spreading through the populations of man, promising ‘meaning,’ was almost an equal menace.

Toi put those thoughts away. She moved suggestively against Sedge. “What may I do for you?”

“Accompany me to The Galaxy Dome for dinner, to the gravball matches and then to my suite for pleasures.”

Toi picked up her Companion purse and took Sedge’s arm. “I’m ready. Ready for anything.”

END NOVEL