

CONTROLLED



Story
HunterOpera

Art
BalthazarDragon

*You hear our words but you forget
push your fingers through the surface to the wet
we what in the strains we love you til nothing remains
in the name of the sound of the name
repeat the word repeat the word repeat the word*

“Repeat the word,” repeated Jesse, her voice soft. “Repeat the... the what?”

She frowned, shaking her head as if that would help. She was leaning on a counter in the bathroom in a nook in the changing halls of the Oldest House. There was a slight red tingle to the lights, just barely there, and Jesse frowned at it and wondered if she was supposed to clean that.

“Hey, intern, are you going to actually do anything useful or are you planning to stare at your reflection all day?”

Jesse felt herself flush. She washed her hands, trying to remember if she'd done that already, and started to leave when the other woman pushed her back against the counter.

“What,” Jesse paused, trying and failing to remember the woman's name, “what are you doing?”

“Repeat the word.”

“What?”

“Your blouse is buttoned improperly,” the woman said, her hands on Jesse's shoulders, sliding down to her neck, working the buttons loose. “I know your brother is important, but we have standards here.”

Jesse tried to brush the woman away but her hands were grabbed and slammed down on the counter by her sides.

“You'll keep them there if you know what's good for you,” the woman said. She didn't look at Jesse, just went to work undoing Jesse's blouse before straightening her bra. “Do I have to check your pants, too?”

“I,”

“Stand up, turn around, and put your hands back on that counter,” the woman demanded.

Jesse thought about fleeing from the woman but her shirt was unbuttoned and she could just imagine running out as she was and – *unlike so many others* – the woman wasn't trying to touch her, she seemed more interested in helping Jesse be presentable.

In the end, Jesse did what she was told.

“I swear,” the woman said, but she didn't say what she swore. Instead, she reached around Jesse's narrow waist and unbuttoned her pants, pulling them down her long legs.

“A g-string,” the woman tsked. “Typical.”

Jesse expected a spanking but none came. Instead, she winced as the woman's cold fingers pushed below the hem of her panties and straightened them before she reached down and pulled Jesse's pants back up.

"Turn around."

Jesse Faden did.

Jesse Faden, damsel in distress.

"What?"

"What?" the woman snarled, and Jesse fell silent as the woman tucked Jesse's shirt in and fastened her pants shut, then pulled the belt from around her waist. "I'm keeping this."

The woman left before Jesse could object.

Sighing, looking at herself in the mirror, Jesse reached for the door and walked back into her own personal hell.



"I'm told you were giving Carla attitude earlier," her brother told her. His voice was a disharmonic song, a mockery that rang in her ears and echoed in her soul. She was sitting and her hands were clenched in her lap, careful not to ruffle her pants.

"I didn't-"

"Tut-tut-tut," Dylan sang. "It's okay. All those years on the run, it's amazing you know how to spell your name. You... you do know how to spell your name, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Prove it."

"J-e-s-s-e."

"Is that what you think?" Dylan asked, cocking his head to one side. He sighed and raised his hands to his head, grimacing then smiling. "Well. At least she's gone."

"Who?"

"No one. It doesn't matter. **You hear our words and your forget,**" Dylan laughed. "Anyways. You worked as a janitor's assistant. I got you work as an intern. It's an ordinary job for an ordinary person from Ordinary. There's nothing special about you, Jesse, so can you try not to fuck this up?"

"I," she said, bowing her head. "Yes. Thank you."

"You can go."

Jesse stood, thought about saying something, didn't. She felt meek. He mentioned

her being on the run and she frowned – on the run from what? There was guilt between them, she left with a terrible sense that she had done him wrong and here he was, helping her anyway. And he muttered and mattered in his office full of post-it notes and dressed in his comfortable sweats, while she suffered in the itchy office wear that had to be kept straightened lest someone help her straighten it.

She paused, dithering, looking around.

What was she supposed to be doing?

“Coffee, Jesse, the people need coffee,” Dylan said, behind her, shutting the office door and locking her out.



Jesse struggled to carry the coffee cups in her hands.

Some of them were half-full of cold coffee, some of them empty, all of them stained, all of them used. She'd asked if there was a cart for her to use and she'd been laughed at, though no one had actually give her an answer *you can lift them all with your mind* but she'd found a tray no one was using and was doing her best to keep any coffee from spilling on her or mugs from falling off the tray.

“Where are you taking those?” one office worker snarled at her.

“To be cleaned?” Jessed asked.

“It's about time,” the man said, waving her over and handing her his cup, letting it dangle from his finger. She stepped one foot from the other, looking for a place to put the tray down, and the man gave her a nasty smile. “You know what happens if you put that down on my desk, don't you?”

“I do,” she shuddered, and he laughed.

“Maybe you're not a total waste,” he said. “Why don't you try the floor? You're taking them to be cleaned anyway. No, no, bend from the hips. Turn around first – you think I want to look down your blouse? That's sexual harassment.”

Jesse felt her cheeks flush as she turned around and bent from the hips, putting the try on the floor. She stood and turned around, reaching for the cup, but he pulled it back.

“You remember who's cup is who's?” he asked.

“All cups are standardized white as part of FCB protocol,” Jesse quoted. The man looked impressed that she could remember anything at all.

“Good girl,” he said, placing the cup in his lap. “Now, why don't you take this and go get it cleaned?”

She reached down and he grabbed her wrist, made her feel his erection.

“I'll be looking forward to seeing you again,” he said, and let her go.

She stumbled back, but did not stumble back onto the tray and the cups. She didn't want to think about what would be done to her if she broke the cups.

“Thank you,” she said, blinking back tears. “Anything for the Bureau.”

“I have nothing more for you,” he said.

She turned around and bent at the hips without being told to, adding his coffee cup to the others, and then felt his hand on her hips, on her ass, between her legs, on her thighs. She didn't dare complain, didn't dare move – her hands were just lifting the tray. He laughed, slapped her ass again, then moved back to his desk and started to work as if he hadn't just molested her.

Jesse looked around.

She had only vague memories of her time before this place. She thought she had taken odd jobs in the past and slept in hostels and worse places, and she had been alone *you were never alone you have always been here, the only child* and there had been people there that had tried to take advantage of her. She'd fought back then but she had nothing to lose; now, her brother had vouched for her, gotten her this job. Everything she did reflected on him. She had to be grateful *a copy of a copy of a copy.*

There were people leering at her, smiling, waiting their turn to use her slutty tight body. They were allowed to for stress relief.

She'd never felt like a slut before she'd come here. She wanted to run away from the hands and eyes.

Instead, she hurried towards them.



I've... I've forgotten something.

Please. I can't feel you. This isn't right It's not right. I don't want to be alone here.

Where are you? Why can't I feel you? I've forgotten something. I've forgotten

You can almost hear our words but you forget.

This happens more and more now.



“Hello?”

Jesse knocked on the door and the door opened and a hand wrapped around her throat and the tray tumbled to the ground. The cups clattered and scattered but none of them broke.

She was lucky.

She was so lucky.

The man holding her against the wall was choking her.

“Who are you?” he growled, lifting her off her feet. “Who sent you? What do you know?”

She gasped and choked while he waited for an answer. She tried to kick and he shook her, shook her, and she saw *north* stars in front of her eyes and her vision was fading when it maybe occurred to her that she needed air to answer him. He relented but didn't let her go, still keeping her in place, the threat of him obvious.

“I'm Jesse,” gasped Jesse. “Jesse Faden. The new intern?” She pointed at her name tag and he ripped it off her shirt, held it up to compare the picture there to her face.

“The director's street whore sister,” the man grumbled, nodded. He let her go, pushed her against the wall and pinned the name tag back on her breast, straightened her blouse. “I'm Lin Salvador, the Head of Security. Why are you here? Looking for classified documents?” He eyed her suspiciously.

“I'm here,” she was rubbing her throat, her voice a rasp. She motioned at the floor. “I'm here to get any dirty coffee mugs.”

He glanced down and snorted, dragged her into his office and handed her a mug.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you.”

“Anything for the Bureau, right?”

“Right.”

“Good. Strip.”

“Sure. Wait. What?”

“Strip,” he demanded. “I need to make sure you're not stealing anything. Strip.”

She thought he had to be joking.

Looking at him, remembering his hands around her throat, she knew that he wasn't.

“Strip or I'll strip you.”

She believed him.

Jesse's fingers trembled as she knelt down and worked the laces on her shoes, pulling them off her feet and setting them to one side. Her hands went to her blouse and she worked the buttons in silence, then undid her pants and pulled the shirt free. She looked around for a hanger or somewhere to hang her clothing on, settled on draping it over a chair. Gooseflesh ran up her arms and along her back – *the room was so goddamn cold* – as she hooked her fingers into her pants and let them fall off her hips. She stepped out of them, using her feet to bring them up to her hand, draping the pants over the chair, over her shirt.

“Socks and underwear, too.”

"My socks?" she said, laughing nervous.

"Worried about your feet?" he shook his head. "I heard you were a slut. I heard that about you."

"I'm not," she began, but he held up a hand.

"I'm a busy man," he said. "Things to do, people to kill. Get naked and lets get this over with."

People to kill.

She believed him.

Her nipples were already stiff from the cold, but she could tell he thought she was enjoying this and that made her flush. She covered her small tits and draped her bra over her shirt, lifting one leg and then the other to take off her socks and drape them beside the bra on the pants on the shirt on the chair. Her g-string followed and she blushed deeper, face as red as her hair as she draped the barely-there fabric carefully over her bra.

One hand covered her tits, the other between her legs, one leg angled to protect what was left of her dignity. She couldn't meet his eyes now as he looked at her, staring at her from foot to throat, having her turn around.

"Satisfied?" she asked, trying to sound indignant and sounding, even to her own ears, like a child.

"Not quite," he said, approaching her. He turned her around, bent her over, put her hands on a desk and kicked her legs apart. She tried to struggle back but he slapped her ass. "Behave. I have things to do today."

"What are you doing?" she asked, shuddering as he felt his fingers slide up her cunt, pressing along the sensitive skin between her lower holes.

"Cavity search," he said.

She yelped as he pressed into her.



Lin tossed her out of his office and she tumbled down among the mugs and the tray. Her carefully folded and stacked clothes were tossed out after her, slapping her in the face. She staggered, her pride stung more than her skin, her ass aching from the recent intrusion.

She scrambled on all floors, trying to get dressed, feeling eyes on her, hearing her betters gossip over her.

"She fucked the security chief?"

"What a whore."

"I hear that's why she's here."

"Really?"

“Really.”

She flushed, sitting down as she pulled her panties on, then her bra, her pants. Her socks and her shirt. Her shoes. She crawled around, getting all the mugs, putting them back on the tray, standing back up.

“Hey!”

She looked up. Lin was standing in the doorway, holding out his cup.

“Thank,” she paused, breathing hard, feeling the words burn in her throat. She closed her eyes, bowed her head, took the mug. “Thank you.”

“Anything for the Bureau?”

“Anything for the Bureau.”

“You gave us the permission in your regulations.”

“What?”

Just regulations, ma'am, you understand,” Lin said, closing the door.

She stood for a moment, trembling, and then scurried away and towards the dish cleaning pit.



Whispers followed her all the way to the pit. Whispers and eyes.

She could feel people mentally undressing her, had felt their hands on her body, their words in her head burrowing like **an earworm is a tune you can't stop humming in a dream: baby baby baby yeah**. She wanted to cry but knew that would just feed them, like sharks circling weakness, so she scurried into the break room and past the break room and into the dish cleaning pit, putting the tray down in the sink and turning on the water and

“What are you doing?”

The voice was familiar.

Jesse turned and there was the woman from the bathroom earlier, staring at her with disgust.

She walked into the room and pulled at Jesse's blouse.

“This is all ruffled now, and your pants... you look like a community college hooker pretending to be an office worker,” she said, grabbing Jesse by the collar of her blouse and pulling her away from the sink. “And you were planning on doing what, exactly?”

“Cleaning?” Jesse could feel her voice cracking.

“You're going to clean in your dress clothes?” the woman tsked and held out a hand. “Give those to me. Now.”

Jesses shuffled from foot to foot and the woman tapped her foot in irritation.

"I'm trying to help you, intern, I have two dozen more important things to be doing right now but I have decided to help you," she snarled. "Be grateful and give me your clothing."

Feeling like a child, Jesse did what she was told, stood naked. At least this room was warmer, filling with steam from the water in the sink. She glanced at it.

"I...", Jesse mumbled.

"Hands behind your back!" the woman commanded, and Jesse obeyed.

"I need to clean," mumbled Jesse, having never felt more exposed than she was in this moment.

"You should put on a smock and gloves so you don't get burned," the woman said, then paused. "Do you know where they are or do I need to show you?"

"Could... could you get them for me?"

"If I get them for you, then you still won't know where they are."

"Oh. Okay. Um. Could I get dressed before we go out?"

"And waste more of my time?" the woman tsked again, turning on her heel. Jesse followed, aware of the eyes on her, the stares, the leering want. "So, safe and nothing to worry about."

"What?"

"There's nothing to worry about."

The woman showed her where the cleaning supplies were, clear across the office floor. Anyone that wanted to see Jesse did so, saw all of her, and the woman demanded that Jesse keep her hands behind her back the whole time until they were at the closet and now Jesse was being dressed in a smock and gloves and goggles and, of all things, crocs.

"What do you say?" the woman asked.

"Thank you," said Jesse, shuffling in place. The smock made a rustling sound as it moved along her skin.

"In polite society, we call one another by name."

"I, uh," Jesse managed. "I'm still new, and, uh..."

"I am Dr. Carla Vaughn," the woman said, imperious. "You may call me Dr. Vaughn."

Dr. Vaughn accompanied Jesse all the way back to the break room and dish pit where another person she didn't know was standing, frowning.

"Someone left the water on," the man said.

"That would be this one, Dr. Tan," Dr. Vaughn said.

"Leaving running water unattended is a punishable offence," Dr. Tan said. "I'll let Co-Director Trench know. What you've done."

"Please no," whimpered Jesse. "Please."

"I also found this," Dr. Tan said, holding up the tray Jesse had been using.

“Did you take that, child?” Dr. Vaughn asked. Jesse nodded, not trusting herself to speak. “I am tempted to take you out into the offices and spank you where everyone can see. Do not take anything without permission, especially not in this place. Do you understand?”

Jesse nodded, breathing hard, wondering how badly she had made things for herself.

“I'm sorry,” she mumbled. “I didn't mean to-”

Dr. Vaughn slapped her ass, then her face, then shoved her against the wall. She shook her head while Jesse cowered, feeling powerless.

“You know there are no apologies at the Federal Bureau of Control,” Dr. Vaughn tsked. “There is only... correction. There is only control.”



The cups were cleaned, dried.

Dr. Vaughn showed her where an actual coffee cart was, walked her through the process of making coffee, where to find the cream and milk and sugar. The heat sleeves and stir sticks. Only when the cart was fully stocked did she allow Jesse to undress, leaving the smock and gloves and goggles and crocs to dry in the dish pit.

Her bra, shirt, panties, and shoes were still there, but someone had snatched her socks and pants.

“You should take better care of your things,” Dr Vaughn told her.

“I have a skirt I can lend her,” Dr. Tan said. “If you can show me your gratitude.”

Given the looks she had already gotten, Jesse didn't want to go back out there without something covering her legs, her ass, the dribbling treacherous hole between her legs.

“What do you want me to do?” she asked.

Dr. Tan smiled.



Dr. Tan had her sit down on one chair and spread her legs. He brought two more chairs closer to her and made her put her feet up on them, one on each of them, turning her legs into a capital 'm'.

“Now,” he said. “Slip your hand under your panties and play with yourself. No cumming.”

“What?” squeaked Jesse.

“Do it.” Dr. Vaughn demanded, and Jesse did.

Dr. Tan recorded her, demanding that she speed up, slow down, maul one of her tits. It was horrible - he raping her but using her to do it, recording the whole thing for science.

He told her exactly what he wanted; how many knuckles she had to sink inside her, where her finger's tips should touch, the pressure, the shape and depth of her explorations. She was gasping in spite of herself, in spite of the situation, and he demanded that she keep her eyes open and look at him as she played with herself, as he learned to use her to play with herself, as she moaned and begged.

"Please," she said, and she wasn't sure if she wanted him to let her go or if she wanted him to let her cum.

"No," he said. "I got what I wanted."

And he pulled the chairs away and left her shaking, needful. Dr. Vaughn pulled Jesse's hand out from under her panties and shoved her sopping fingers in her mouth.

"Clean them."

She did.

Dr. Vaughn helped her stand on shaking feet.

"You have a job to do," she told Jesse. "Business before pleasure." Jesse nodded, her knees wobbly, feeling her hips heavy and sinking with every faltering step, her lips open, her breathing shallow. It was hard to focus. The cart helped her stay upright. This didn't feel right, none of this **you've always been the new you** felt right. She started to push it, push the cart, started walking out towards the office.

"Wait," Dr. Tan said, handing her something.

The skirt.

The skirt she'd done his for.

She slipped it on, pulled it up her legs, let Dr. Vaughn straighten it on her hips.

It was barely more than a halter top.



There were too many people staring at her ass, at her legs. She could barely blame them, all that pretty flesh on display.

"Coffee?" Jesse asked.

"Yes, you dumb cunt," the worker growled. "Dark blend, two creams, lots of sugar. You think you can handle that?"

She thought she could and then she did, putting the coffee down on his table. He tapped his fingers twice.

"What do you say?" he asked her.



“Thank you,” said Jesse, forcing a smile. “Thank you, and have a good day.”

The man looked at her, nodded, and then casually extended his hand and shuffled it under her halter-skirt, pushing aside her g-string and brushing her still-sopping cunt lips. She moaned, leaning on the cart to stay upright as he took a few minutes to play with her. She glanced on his desk and saw what she'd seen on the past ten desks – Dr. Tan had put out a memo letting everyone know how to play with her and instructing them not to let her cum.

“Why are you doing this?” she whined.

“What?” the man asked. “Finger-banging you or not letting you cum from it?”

He laughed, didn't answer, but when he pulled his fingers free and held them up she knew what she had to do – bend down, open her mouth further, swirl her lips around the fingers and lick them clean.

“You can go,” the man said, dismissing her.

She shuffled to the next desk, the next cup of coffee, the next pair of fingers.

“We're the Federal Bureau of Control, not the Federal Bureau of Cumsluts,” the woman there said, hooking her fingers deep inside Jesse and making her hips shiver, making her lips part, bringing tears to her eyes with the heat that was building inside her. She nearly started to cry when the fingers were pulled free and presented for her to clean. What do you say?”

“Thank you,” mumbled Jesse. “For... for giving me a chance. Enjoy the coffee.”

“You're dismissed,” the woman said, turning away from her.

Jesse shuffled on, just now halfway through the coffee service.

But then the cups would be dirty, Jesse knew, and she would have to do this all over again.



Where is this? What is this? Where are you? I still can't feel you!

Where did you go? What is this place? I'm scared. I don't want to be alone. Please. Please.

Wake up! Wake up, please! I want to go home!

We build you till nothing remains.

The egg cracks and the truth will emerge out of you.

You are home.

You remind us of home.

You've taken your boss with your boss with you.



“You've taken your boss with you,” Jesse repeated.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“I am your boss,” Dylan told her, standing over her, glaring at her. “What are you wearing?”

“A... a skirt,” Jesse said, tugging at the halter around her hips, barely covering her ass. Dylan continued to stare at her, then shook his head.

“That's not exactly professional, but you are an intern,” Dylan said. “Just try not to fuck anything up, okay? More than you already have.”

“Dylan...”

“What?”

“Some of the people here,” she said, then swallowed. “Some of the people here, they-”

“Everyone here is under a lot of stress,” Dylan snapped. “Your job is to make their lives easier in whatever way they want you to. Do you think you can handle that, or are you going to play little-miss-runaway and leave me alone, *again?*”

“I never meant to-”

“Doesn't matter what you meant, does it?”

She nodded agreement, saying nothing as she left her twin's **he is just you split by the projector** office.

“And take care of the mail, it's backed up!”

“I'm on it!”

She scurried towards the offices.



“Looking good, intern,” an office worker leered, leaning back in his chair as she approached.

“I'm here for any mail you might have,” she said, tugging her halter down. She felt it pulled down low over her hips, the scrap of fabric barely enough to cover her, she all too aware of how indecent it was.

“Any male?” he said, his tone making it clear which version of the word he was using. She felt her cheeks heat up, felt herself shivering under his eyes, the eyes of everyone, everyone was staring at her.

“Like, like letters,” she said, and the words sounded stupid even in her own head. Like she was a teenager, or a kid, pretending at working in an office. “I... I have to send them out.”

“That's a big responsibility,” he said, and she felt like he was mocking her. He motioned at a stack of papers on the other side of his desk. “They're right here.”

“Oh. Uh. Could you pass them to me?”

“You're supposed to take them,” he snapped, and she shuffled her feet, looking around. She could walk around the whole line of desks and come back to this one, she supposed, but he was rolling his chair out, making room for her. He stared at her, expectant. “Well?”

She nodded, thanked him, shuffled awkward between him and his desk. He helped her keep steady, his hands on her hips, on her ass, thumbs digging into her halter.

“Please,” she whined, not fighting him off, not wanting to cause trouble, “I just want to get the mail.”

He chuckled, let her go, sending her off with a slap to her ass that she was sure everyone heard as she moved onto the next desk.

“Hi,” she said. A woman glared at her. “I'm here to collect any mail you might have?”

This time it was by the woman's feet. Jesse had to kneel down to get it but the woman pushed her head down, down, down to the floor, resting one foot on Jesse's back, putting her other foot in front of Jesse's face.

“There's a scuff mark on my shoe,” the woman explained. “Be a dear and clean it for me, will you?”

“I don't have a rag or any...” Jesse stopped as the woman glared at her. She closed her eyes, nodded, opened her mouth and licked at the scuff mark, long slow lashes of the tongue until the woman was satisfied.

“That will be all,” the woman said, dismissing Jesse and sending her onto the next desk.

The next worker stood up, holding the mail up over his head with one hand, making her reach for it. She had to hold him, hug him as he wrapped his other arm around her, kissing her, making her open her mouth and accept his affections. When he said her tongue tasted like shoe leather a woman tittered. He gave her the letter, sent her on her way.

Another man was using his mail as a back cushion. He made her straddle him, reaching behind his back as he cupped her ass with one hand and held her close with the other, nibbling on her neck. She could feel his erection through his pants rubbing against her, mocking her. She was panting when he let her go.

She ate out one woman, sucked off another man. They all used her, toyed with her, abused her before they would give her their mail. She was sweating, trembling, flush and heavy when she shambled over to the last two desks.

“M-mail,” she managed. She felt glossy, glazed. The man at the desk looked up at her with a slow grin.

“The winding way down is the twisting stair of reality,” the man said. He stood up from his chair, his hand on her throat, and she felt like they were flying, flying up high, flying up over the desks and over the office, his hand on her throat, her hands full of mail. “We see through your pretenses. We bore through you, slipping through your skin into the rotten marrow at your core. Your dark and blood-soaked

dreams are cosmic dust, motes in our spiralling consciousness.”

“I just...,” she whimpered. “I just want... mail.”

He laughed at her, the hand on her throat lifting her, the other between her legs, teasing her. His fingers danced along her lips and the top of her thighs, teasing her, pinching her, her legs sopping from leaking liquid. He was smiling at her and she was choking, working so hard to keep hold of all the mail she had collected while his hand played her like a well-loved instrument, a long series of whimpers and moans drifting past her throat and tongue and lips, her hips shaking and legs dangling. She was weightless and empty and she wanted him to fill her, to enter her and fill her, but the words wouldn't come and she could not cum no matter how badly she wanted to.

When he brought her down and set her on her feet she nearly fell, her legs shaking so very badly, so very much. He held her steady by her throat, not filling her, leaving her empty and wanting, a sad and needful creature that he abandoned. He wiped her goo off on her face, slipping his fingers in her mouth so she could lick them clean. She did the best she could, keeping her legs open, hoping he might take her, fuck her, make her cum, but he pulled his fingers free of her mouth and shoved her on towards to the last desk.

“Your hands look full,” the last man said. Her hands *were* full of mail. He reached over the pile she was cradling and unbuttoned her shirt, one button, two buttons, three buttons. He took his mail and shoved it between her breasts, between her bra and her flesh, down deep enough that it rubbed against her stiff painful nipple. She looked at the man, blinking back tears as he lightly tapped her face.

“Anything you want to say?” he asked.

“Th-thank you for the opportunity,” she whimpered. He smiled, sat back down.

They both got back to work.



Jesse stared up at the tubes.

Something about the Oldest House didn't like new things, so the Bureau relied on old and outdated technology. The pneumatic tubes were a relic, carrying messages throughout the Oldest House, hurried words that mattered travelling from impossible vistas to nowhere at all to right here, right in front of her.

“Can't figure it out, can you?”

Jesse cringed, slowly turning to look at her critic *we were friends we should be friends I think I* **The word that describes this is redacted.**

“Why can't you just do your job?” Emily Pope asked, glaring. She snatched an empty tube from a cubby, grabbed a letter from Jesse, rolled it up and slipped it into the tube. She reached over and poked Jesse's forehead. “Is that so hard to understand, intern?”

"N-no," said Jesse.

"I know you were a nepo-hire, but I would assume a basic level of competency was necessary," Emily said. "Or maybe your family is hoping this place will eat you."

"I-"

"You what?"

"This isn't how we speak to each other," Jesse said, closing her eyes. The letters fell from her hands as she closed her fists, her feet beginning to leave the floor, but then Emily slapped her across the face and she was falling, falling, falling to the floor.

"This is your life now," Emily said, and there was a red glint in her eyes.

"That thing you're wearing," Jesse said, reaching up towards the, the HRA? It was called an HRA. "This... this is supposed to do something?" She was dizzy, disorientated, her hand groping vaguely where the inert machine was strapped on, where Dr. Darling's little machines had once worked.

For a moment, Emily paused. Her eyes went wide, narrowed. There was a glimmer of something, a spiralling shape, and then nothing, the red returning, a scowl.

"You're groping my boob," Emily growled, and Jesse realized she was, pulled her hand back.

"Sorry?" yelped Jesse, crawling back, but Emily followed her, straddled her, grabbed her by the throat and pushed her to the floor, held her down with one hand. Jesse gasped, trying and failing to push Emily away, feeling helpless as Emily began groping her with her free hand.

"Apology not accepted," Emily whispered. She unbuttoned Jesse's shirt completely, then slid her fingers up Jesse's trim belly and under her bra, brushing and crushing a boob in her hand. "We're going to do a little experiment here, just you and me. I want to see where your brain is, in your head or in your cunt. To do this experiment, I'm going to have to help you do your job. Waste my time, on you. Look grateful."

Jesse tried.

Not that it mattered.

Emily grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back over to the tubes and threw her at the floor. Jesse looked up at her, confused, trying to pull her halter-skirt down over her hips.

Snarling, Emily pushed her down to the floor again, this time spinning her on her belly, binding her hands behind her back.

"No one cares, intern, we all saw the show you made when cleaning the coffee cups," Emily hissed in her ear. "Now that you're free of distractions, pick up every one of those envelopes you dropped."

"But my hands-" Jesse started, but Emily grabbed her by the hair, pulled her up to her knees.

“Use your mouth,” Emily snapped. “It needs to be good for something.”



Shuffling over red carpet and hard tile on her knees, Jesse had to bend over to collect the letters in her mouth. She heard people walking by and laughing at her, but it wasn't nearly as bad as Emily's constant watchful eye. The scientist was taking careful notes as Jesse struggled to complete the meaningless task, holding them in her lips until she got over to the desk by the pneumatic tubes and dropping them there.

Her halter-skirt kept riding up her legs and it was little more than a belt now, hanging around her narrow hips and drawing attention to the g-string that barely covered anything. She was trembling, teeth chattering, inner thighs soaked and everything else coated in a thin sheen of sweat. She cringed at every word, but Emily's silent scorn was somehow so much worse.

She felt a stab of pleasure when she finally, after lifetimes, collected the last letter, placed it on the desk. Still on her knees, she looked expectantly at Emily.

“Why do you look so happy?” Emily asked, setting aside her pen and paper. “It took you a half hour to collect those letters and they're not even organized. Were you enjoying showing off your perfect ass to everyone that walked by? I know I... enjoyed... the show...”

Emily's eyes, Jesse saw, were a beautiful blue-grey. She frowned, cute little lips pressing together, then looked confused, shook her head.

“Are you okay?” Jesse asked. “Emily?”

“I'm fine,” Emily said, opening her eyes. The red glint was back in them. “Repeat the word. Repeat the word. Repeat the word. Egg cracks and the truth will emerge. A copy of a copy of a copy of a copy-”

“Emily?”

“I'm fine.”

Emily helped Jesse up, helped her stand. The two of them stood for a moment, their foreheads pressed together. It tickled memories in Jesse, an impossible world that was so much better than this one. Emily felt nice, smelt nice, but then red reality came crashing down and Emily was leading her from the desk to a spot behind it, behind the pillar, where six tubes emerged from the floor, bunched together, and fed into a single tube.

“The air flow is slightly different for each tube, depending upon how long the message needs to travel,” Emily explained, having Jesse straddle the final tube and then using twine to tie her knees together underneath it. The tube was high enough that Jesse could rest her ass on it, taking some of the weight off her aching feet, her cunt lips slightly spread by the rounded plastic. “How many tubes are there?”

“Six,” said Jesse.

“Excellent,” Emily said. “You *can* count. That's good. I'm going to send one through each tube in order. One, two, three, four, five, six. You wait here.”

It wasn't as if Jesse could go anywhere as Emily vanished back around the pillar. Jesse began to relax; how was she supposed to tell which tube was which? Observation? Emily had tied her with her back to the outgoing or incoming tubes, all she could see was the pillar. She was going to have to

FOOF

“AHHH!”

Jesse screamed as a canister shot underneath her, rattling the tube, shaking her thighs, her ass, her clit. Her mouth stayed open, her eyes wide as she tried to move away but couldn't - there was nowhere for her to go, no way to back up or get off, and the rattling tube was still sending echoes through her.

“That was tube one,” Emily called. “Remember, the first six will be in order.”

FOOOF

“AHHHHHHH!”

Faster this time, her whole body rippling with the journey of the tube, in the aftermath. Her feet pressed up on tippy-toes, her chest shaking, tears in her eyes. She sank onto the tube, feeling herself split open - not penetrated, but riding a

FOOOOF

“AHHHHHHHHH!”

This one ripped her off her feet, calves bunching up, her thighs barely moving because Emily had bound them too tightly. She bucked. She heaved. She was a weak little girl and she wasn't going anywhere. Her clit and ass were trembling, spittle dribbling past her mouth, goo sliding out along the tube. She shook her head, trying to remember how to

FOOOOOF

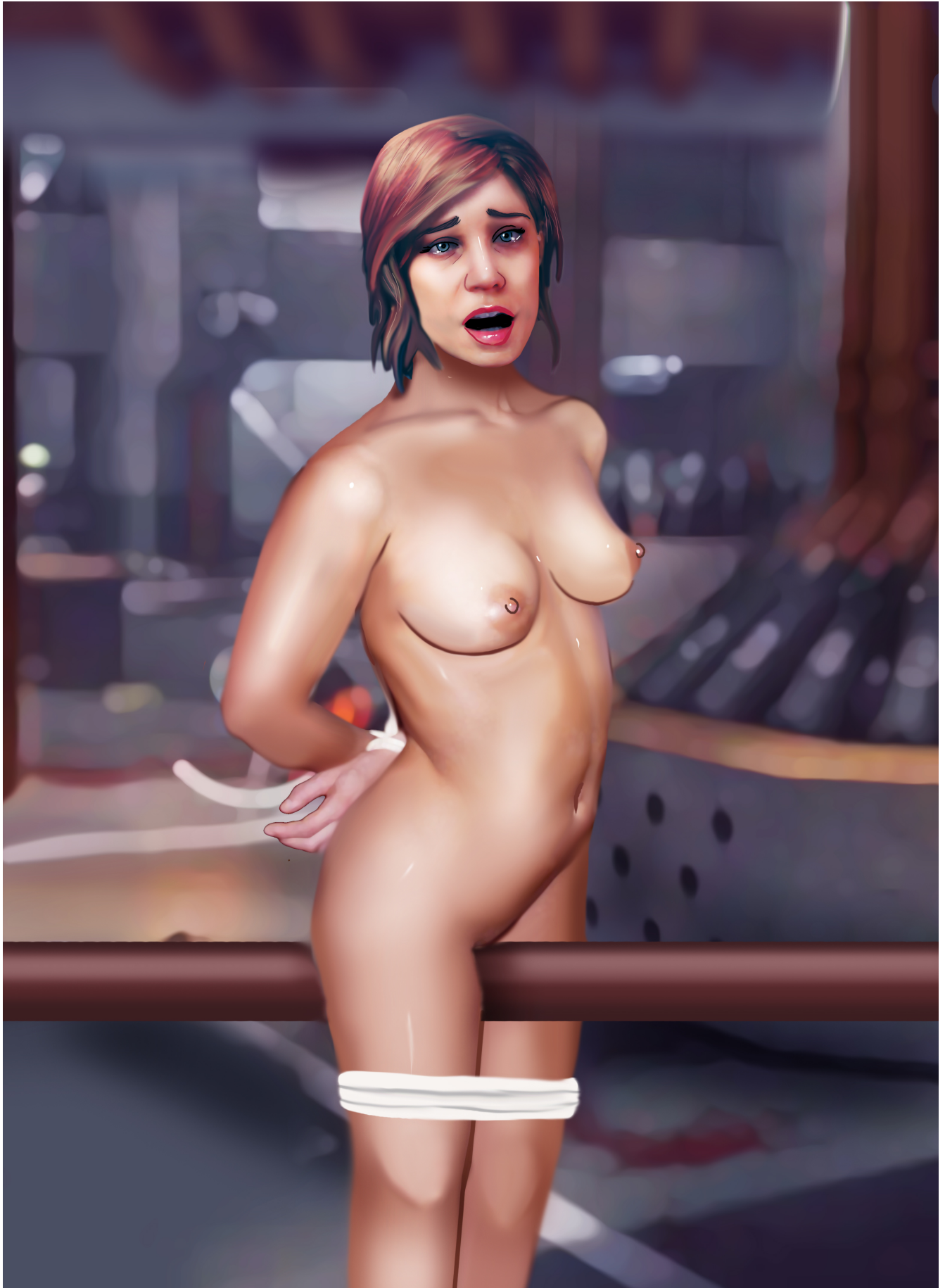
“!!!!”

She couldn't even scream, not really, a massive orgasm ripping through her. This wasn't pleasurable, wasn't kind, this orgasm born of pain and vibration, an overwhelming sensation that still shook her. She wanted to plead, to beg, to get off this ride but

FOOOOOOOF

“!”

She cried. She wept like a little baby, like a child with skinned knee, like a Jesse Faden with an overstimulated clit. The canister moved through the tube and it felt like she was being spanked on her ass and her thighs and her clit by a giant. She came, she shuddered, quivered, went limp and moaning, praying that this would stop, that someone or something would rescue her. There was nothing, nothing and no one, just the echo of something overwhelming an-



FOOOOOOOOF

“...”

Her back arched. Every muscle in her body went tense, strained, stretched. The feeling that went through her should have broken her mind body soul. Her mouth was open but only drool came out, her eyes were open but sightless, hazy, leaking tears. She cried, shoulders shaking, feeling the wave of motion pulse through her as the canister rippled away.

Bleary, she sagged, looking down, looking at the hole the pain emerged from.

There was nothing.

She waited.

A hand touched her cheek.

“Intern?”

She nuzzled into the hand, desperate for comfort. Her eyes focused on lips, a cold smile and red light **hissing** behind blue-grey eyes.

“You now know what one to six feels like,” Emily whispered. “I want you to keep track of the letters I send out. I'll be quizzing you after I'm done doing your job.”

The hand left her.

“I'll die,” whispered Jesse, remembering the pile of mail she had collected.

“Please... please don't. I'll die. *I'll die.*”

Emily's head popped around the pillar.

“No one cares.”

FOOF



Jesse, on the floor.

Lying on the floor.

A sopping, soaking mess, untied and on the floor.

Emily over top of her. The click of a pen. Scratch on paper on clipboard.

“Enough lying around day dreaming, new girl,” Emily said. Jesse closed her eyes, trying to breathe. Would Emily make her do it again if she got it wrong?

She shuddered. She cried.

Emily was waiting.

“One,” Jesse began. She rattled off numbers and Emily wrote them down. Jesse's hips were still aching, still moving. She felt fuzzy, her limbs twitching useless as Emily hummed.

“Three wrong towards the end,” Emily said, clicking her pen closed. “We'll try again tomorrow.”

Jesse rolled over, started to cry.

“Right now, your brother wants to see you,” Emily said. Jesse yelled when Emily used her foot to nudge Jesse's ass. “Hurry up. And fix your skirt, unless you want to show your brother everything. What is that? Incest? Twincest? Wincest?”

Emily laughed.

Jesse's hands wouldn't work properly, her legs shaking too badly. She managed to get onto her knees. She touched a tube and screamed when a cannister went through it, jumping away from it and collapsing in a heap. She used the wall to pull herself up, head bowed. People were watching. She fixed her halter-skirt despite shaky fingers. Someone was taking photos.

She looked up and met the red light in Emily's eyes.

“For science,” she said, and snapped another photo.



I need to go home I need to go home I need to go home

None of this is right I don't want to be here

I was looking for my brother where did you go where did you go where did you go

Through a mirror, inverted is made right.

Leave your insides by the door.

Push the fingers through the surface into the wet.

You've always been the new you.

You want this to be true.



“You want this to be true,” Dylan said, his lips curling, briefly, in a malicious smile.

“I do,” said, Jesse, tugging at her halter-skirt. “I do... want... this...”

“Good,” Dylan said. He was sitting and she was standing on unsteady legs. He found it funny when she staggered, when she was unable to stand still. “How's work? Learning interesting things?”

“It's,” she started, then bit her lip. Her shoulders shook and she sniffled. “I don't like this. I don't like any of this.”

“This is what they did to me,” Dylan said, his voice rising and falling. “This is what you left me to, for years. *Years*, Jesse.”

“I'm sorry,” she sniffled. “I didn't... I was a child... I've been...”

"You've been looking for me," Dylan said. "While on the run. You found me. Well done. Kudos. Die now. That's how the old Greeks said congratulations – *die now*. Your life has reached its apex, so you might as well die now. It's all downhill from here. Kudos."

She shuffled in place.

"Co-Director Trench wants to see you," Dylan said. "Do you know why?"

"I... I made mistakes."

"You sure did."

He stood up, wrapped a hand around the back of her neck.

"What are we going to do with you, Jesse Faden?"

How do you say "insane"?

Hurts to be happy.

"What?"

"What?"

"You said... something."

"I asked," Dylan said, "are you happy?"

"Hurts to be happy," Jesse said.

"It does, doesn't it?"

Dylan's smile was a malignant tumor.



Jesse limped towards the director's office. She was whimpering, hiding all the way there. She didn't want to go but she shuffled on anyway, knowing that any attempt to run away would only make things worse.

"Are you sure you are not lost?" the janitor asked, as she walked past.

She looked at him, frowned.

I am lost. I am lost I am lost I am lost

where are you?

The janitor sighed.

"Maybe you can find more of yourself in the director's office."

The Janitor looked at her with old, old eyes and – just for a moment – she could almost remember.

But then she was past the janitor and the moment was lost.

Behind her, the janitor hummed, mop.

"You will remember eventually. You will make a fine assistant. Quite fine."



"Do you have an appointment?" Barbara Martin, Co-Director Trench's secretary, asked. There was a familiar maliciousness to the question.

"It's me, Ms. Martin," Jesse answered. "I'm here for my daily review."

"Hmmm," the secretary said, consulting a list on a clipboard, running down it with a red pen. "I don't have an appointment for anyone named 'me.'"

"It's... it's Jesse Faden, ma'am."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" Barbara said, making a tick on the list and setting it to one side, then picking up a container and jotting down a quick note. "I'm just letting the Co-Director know that you failed to properly identify yourself and were attempting to use an alias or unauthorized nickname. That's a very serious infraction."

She sealed the container, put it in the pneumatic tube.

FOOF

Jessed whimpered.

"What's got you so spooked?" Barbara asked, standing. "Are you up to no good?"

"No, ma'am."

"That's exactly what someone that was up to no good would say," Barbara said. She stretched, walked around the desk, studied Jesse from toe to head, eyes lingering on the halter-skirt, the unbuttoned blouse, the cum stains. "Get out of your shoes."

"Ms. Martin—"

"And everything else."

"Do I have to?"

"Security, you understand," Barbara said, smiling. "Should I call Lin? Keep in mind, your reluctance is going on my report to Co-Director Trench."

"N-no...", Jesse mumbled, shaking her head, clenching her fists. "No."

She shrugged out of her shirt, slipped the halter-skirt and panties off her legs, pulled off her bra. Barbara sniffed and kicked the garbage bin by her desk. For a moment Jesse felt mutinous, but a glance toward the Co-Director's wide double doors smothered what spirit she had left. Her clothes, even her shoes, all went in the garbage bin.

"Destruction and misuse of Bureau property," Barbara droned, writing her words down. "You're a filthy fucking slut. Literally filthy. Maybe if we had gotten you when we'd gotten your brother, things would be different, but, well, we all have to work with what we have."

Humming, hissing, the secretary walked back around her desk and retrieved some handwipes from a drawer. Opening them, she began washing the grime and cum off of the shivering girl.

“Hold still,” she demanded, but Jesse was shaking, her hands at her sides as the secretary's cleaning efforts lingered on her face, her breasts, her belly, her inner thighs, the space in-between them, lingering... “Are you getting off on this?”

Jesse closed her eyes and moaned.

She knew, from experience, that there was no right answer.

Barbara pressed the towelette into Jesse, just between her netherlips, the cool moisture and hard finger brushing along Jesse's abused clit. She gasped, mewled, but the woman just laughed.

“What a clean fucking slut you are,” Barbara taunted. When she pulled her fingers free Jesse's hips followed. Barbara laughed, slapped her ass. “He's waiting for you, intern. Go take your medicine.”



“Oh, great,” Co-Director Trench said. “You.”

He was sitting behind his desk, a giant panel of white light behind him. His desk was huge, everything in his office neat, organized, severe.

“Get in here, close the door,” he said. She did as he was told, then came to his desk. Her body from mid-thigh up was on display for him, just the way he liked her. The white light painted her, let him see every curve of her, every crevice. He studied her for a long while, enjoying the sight of her as she blinked in the light. “I was just reading the reports, intern.”

She trembled but stayed silent, stayed in position.

“Do you have any idea how many infractions were recorded?”

“No, sir,” she said, managing to keep her voice steady.

“Spread your legs and turn around,” he said. “I want to look at your ass.”

She did as instructed, heard his chair move.

“Disobeying orders,” he said, drumming his fingers on the desk. “Day dreaming. Talking back. Lollygagging. Destruction of Bureau property. Indecency, public and private. Solicitation. Sexual harassment. Failure to identify yourself to a superior. Attempting to use an alias while being reprimanded by a superior. Among others.”

“I'm sorry, sir,” she said.

“Turn around, keep your legs spread, hands behind your head,” he demanded. “I want to see your cunt, and I like the way your chest looks when your hands are where they belong. It looks like you're presenting yourself to me.”

She did what he wanted.

He stood up, walked around to where she was, sat on his desk. One of his hands grabbed a breast and mauled it, let it go, travelled low along her hips, dipped into her sopping wet cunt.

"You need to be punished," he said. "You understand that, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you understand I take no pleasure in this?"

liar liar headshot on fire

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, what?" he asked, sticking a second finger inside her. She trembled, stumbled, but she held herself up, held position. "Yes, what? Are you saying I enjoy doing this or are you agreeing with me?"

"I... I am a-agreeing w-with y-ou, sir..."

"I... I am a-agreeing w-with y-ou, sir..." he mocked her, kept toying with her, pulled his fingers free and licked them clean. "I did that for your benefit, slut. You know that, right?"

"I know, sir," she said, and hated herself. "Thank you, sir."

He stood up, walked back to her chair, sat and picked up her service weapon. It clicked and clacked in his hand, reforming itself into something new.

"Come here," he said.

She walked to him, stood naked in front of him, trembling and waiting.

"Spread your legs."

She did, whimpering, facing him.

The service weapon continued to change in his hand, moving somehow. Slide, shift, rotate. It solidified into a two-pronged block, each prong just a little too thick and a little too long for comfort.

"Push your hips forward."

She did, closing her eyes, her hands now behind her butt.

Jesse felt his hand dip into her cunt, taking some of the juices. She had seen him soak the prongs with her arousal enough time to know what was happening. She still gasped when the prongs pushed into her ass and cunt at the same time, pressing into her. She whimpered, she shook, her head sagging as she moaned long and low and hard.

"Please," she sobbed, knowing what was coming. "I'll be good."

"You're right," he said, and pulled the trigger.

SNAP

An electric arc crackled deep inside her, down in her hips, moving through the flesh that kept her lowest holes separate and moving into her. A massive wave of vibration rocked her whole body, caused her legs to kick and arms to flail, kicking her up and off the prongs and into the air. She flailed, screamed, her whole body

taut and loose and falling and she crumbled onto his desk, knocking things off, fell still and then twitched, her eyes open and unseeing. She was screaming, she thought, huddling in on herself until an aftershock forced her to expand, opened her up, left her writhing and quivering. She came once, twice, three times, sagged on the desk, limp and breathing heavy.

She sobbed as she felt the prongs enter her again, pressing into her as she lay belly down on the desk. She cried as the prongs moved in deeper, pressing into her, filling her. It was hard to breathe. It has impossible to think. She was too full of full thick

"I am doing this because you deserve it," Co-Director Trench said, not smiling, eyes cold, as he pulled the trigger.

SNAP



She shot across the desk and onto the floor, kept rolling rolling rolling, finally stopped, screamed, came, came again, came a third time. She fell limp and then convulsed, came a fourth time, a fifth, spasming through mind-shattering orgasms. She flailed, gurgled, felt her spittle turn to foam that leaked out of her mouth as thick creamy cum slithered out from between her quivering thighs.

He was walking over to her. He grabbed her hips, roughly, forced her ass into the air. The service weapon entered her, both prongs where they had to be. She felt the point of connection on that strange soft flesh between holes, cool not-metal

settling in. She whimpered. She cried.

“You will be controlled,” Co-Director Trench said, and pulled the trigger.

SNAP



Where are you?

The thunder song distorts you.

Happiness comes.

White pearls, but yellow and red in the eye.

Through a mirror, inverted is made right.

Leave your insides by the door.



For a long time Jesse was reduced to an animal doll ravaged between pleasure and pain.

She came until it hurt. She was hurt and she came.

She wasn't capable of being aware of anything else.

Dimly, she was aware that she was on her knees. She was suckling on something, a baby with a pacifier. Her hands were limp and her head bobbed, up and down, back and forth, something warm and long and hard sliding on her tongue, tickling the back of her throat. She was slow, taking her time, swallowing as needed and breathing around it.

It was a penis, she realized, a man's penis.

Co-Director Trench's penis.

This was his version of comfort, him letting her suckle on him while he worked, letting her dictate the pace while she recovered. Her hips and legs and arms were numb – she was suckling on him to stay upright, her tongue and mouth the only things she could control, the only things he let her keep.

Because, she thought, he controls me.

There was no horror at the thought, just a dim understanding that this was her life. This is what Dylan had suffered, or something like it. Her brother, her twin had suffered this all alone and this is what he wanted for her, for her to know what it was like.

Maybe, she thought, maybe one day he would forgive her.

Her fingers twitched. Her toes. Pins and needles and echoes of having cum far too

much, far too often.

Above her, Co-Director Trench groaned and a long string of cum filled her mouth. She swallowed his cock, pulling it deep into her mouth, letting his seed coat her throat all the way to her stomach, filling her, dominating her, owning her.

Only when he was done did she relent, resting her head on his inner thigh, letting him go soft on her tongue.

He sighed when she finally popped off of him, looking up at him.

"We'll see if you can do any better tomorrow," he said.

He stood up, pulled her up by the hair. Her feet wouldn't work, her legs wouldn't work, so he had her crawl to his doors, opened them for her and shoved her out.

"Ms. Martin, see that this silly little whore gets proper dress and let her sleep it off," he said. She slumped to the floor, exhausted. "We'll see if she does any better tomorrow."

"Alone, the hero continues his journey deeper into the night," the Janitor sang, tango'ing with his mop. *"That burden on his shoulders, like a promise, always would be. In this game this fool is struck down again and again. Only a moment of rest in death is given. Already called back again."*

No one dared to silence him.



"I'm going to get out of this," whispered Jesse. Her head was on a pillow. She was lying naked on a cot. The office outside **hissed** with activity. Her brother was stroking her hair.

"They used to stroke my hair like this until I shaved it off so they'd stop touching me," he said. "You let this happen to me. You and *her*."

"Where is she?"

"Gone."

"I don't believe that," Jesse said, then paused. "And neither do you."

He laughed over her as she curled into herself. He was standing up, walking out.

"Well, you keep looking, sister," he sang. "Try watching Threshold Kids. They made it for me, you might learn something. But, you know, in the meantime, you know what you are, right?"

"Yes."

"Say it."

"I-"

"Say It."

"Controlled," Jesse said, and shuddered. *"Controlled."*

He closed the door, left her alone in the dark, his final words lingering in his absence.

“Controlled. And don't you forget it.”