

Stress Test

Today was the day. Half a decade of research, development, analysis, refinement, study, confoundment, and downright dirty deviousness. Sean had been back to the drawing board more times than he could count, and expended a metric ton of chalk in the process. Today, he would find out if it had all paid off. If there were limits, he would find out by day's end.

If there weren't...

“Please don’t do that,” said Mr. Neubaum.

“Won’t take but a minute.”

“I can see that, but, well... my mother, you see...” The man fidgeted uncomfortably.

“Is that who this was?”

“Yes. Her – oh dear god – her name was on the urn, you see.” The old man’s chin quivered while he watched in consternation.

“And it still will be when I’m done, I promise.”

“I understand that, only, I would really, *really* appreciate it if you wouldn’t–”

Swoosh went the water in the toilet as the muddy gray clay swirled down. About halfway through, the drain rejected its contents. The water rose back up and soon was splashing down onto the dirty floor of Mr. Neubaum’s bathroom.

“If I wouldn’t... what?”

Mr. Neubaum whimpered. “Do... that. Never mind now.”

“I never do, buddy. All right, looks like that’s taken care of.”

“Would you at least unplug the toilet? You *are* the maintenance man, aren’t you?”

“Sorry, no can do – busy day, Mr. Noodlebum.”

“It’s Neubaum, actu–” But the rest of his correction was lost in a fit of coughing as the urn unloaded its remaining particles on top of his head.

“Might wanna get that cough checked out before you wind up like your ma, sir.”

He pounded his chest, spurts of gray-brown dust billowing off of him. “No, I think I just inhaled... um, that.”

“Your mother. It’s OK. You can say it. Your old dead whore mother.”

Mr. Neubaum swiped some ashes out of his moustache. “Yes, her. I mean, not that she was–”

“All right, that’ll be four hundred dollars.”

His jaw dropped. “Four hundred...! You’re *charging* me for that?”

“That’s a two hundred dollar service charge for throwing out your garbage, one hundred for how ugly that urn is, and another hundred just because I’m greedy and I want more.”

“Why, that’s extortion is what that is! You can bet I’ll be giving the property manager an earful over this,” grumbled Mr. Neubaum, retrieving his checkbook and beginning to write.

“Oh hey, that’s a nice watch, too. Four hundred, and the watch.”

“My watch? This was a retirement gift from–” He stopped writing so that the handyman could remove it from his wrist without fouling up the check. “Well then. I suppose I have another watch I could wear.”

“You know, now that I get a closer look at it, I can’t say it’s doing much for me. So on second thought, the hell with the watch.”

Mr. Neubaum frowned at the shattered remnants of the watch as it was ground under heel, tiny shards of glass glittering across his living room rug. “Oh my. That... that looks dangerous. I’ll have to get the vacuum.”

“See to it that you do. It’s a pig sty in here.”

The old man nodded, not in agreement, but not wishing to be contrary, as the check was snatched from his hand. “Oh, what will I tell my sister about Mother’s ashes? She’ll be crushed,” he moaned, fighting back tears.

“At least she won’t be flushed, right? Anyway, no need to thank me. You have a nice day now.”

Mr. Neubaum clutched the empty urn to his chest in despair, but stopped crying long enough to wave farewell. “Yes, yes, you as well.”

The handyman retrieved his clipboard and updated the notes for unit 2107. Check marks were issued up and down the left-most column. A flawless performance of filter, neuroinhibitor, and implant. Hell, a flawless performance in pure theater. Unlikely old Mr. Neubaum was going to nominate him for an Oscar, though.

“Well,” said Sean. “That was a good start.”

He gave himself a three-hour break for a long breakfast. Sean wasn't hungry, but neither was he especially keen on remaining on site to see if Mr. Neubaum managed to call the police. Nothing broadcast over his police radio indicated anyone was being dispatched, nor did any squad cars arrive. It was a rather unholy task, all things considered, but if the system could be broken, he had to know where and how.

He'd gotten Mr. Neubaum out of the way first on purpose. It was one of his more extreme and purely cruel tests, so if he was going to have someone reach their breaking point and try to beat the shit out of him, he wanted it to be the sexagenarian whose bad hip gave him difficulty standing without the aid of his cane. Finally satisfied that there wasn't any imminent danger from the law, he climbed out of his refuge in the back of his utility van and walked up to unit 2109. The Neubaum place had been a rough start to what would doubtless be a long day.

Time to take the edge off.

“Seeyoun! CAN YOU GET THAT?!” Meeyoun hollered at her useless sister.

The doorbell rang two more times before it finally stopped, and Meeyoun resumed her morning routine. Long showers were one of her vices, and it had only gotten worse since moving here. The realtor had raved about the condo complex’s state of the art filtration system, and she supposed that considering this wasn’t the best neighborhood, the water was pretty good quality. The stuff at their old apartment came out yellow-tinted half the time. Here, the water from the tap came out as pure as any bottled water she’d ever drank. She didn’t know that it did much for the water flowing out of the shower nozzle, though the pressure was certainly excellent. It was as good an excuse as any to dawdle. Better still, Meeyoun’s cheapskate parents couldn’t even complain about the water bill; some part of the complex’s deal with the city using this fancy new filter meant they didn’t even pay one. She could use all she liked.

She shouldn’t need to, but she was undergoing a stress test all her own. Her life, Meeyoun knew, was only going to grow more challenging once she finished school. With her degree in marketing, she’d be looking for a job in the city. Yes, she’d get to move out of this cramped space she and her sister shared with their parents, but she’d have to afford her own roof over her head, her own food. An actual water bill, too. Before then, she still had her two hardest semesters of coursework ahead of her, and hopefully an internship after that if she could land one. Most likely unpaid. Plus Seeyoun would want to tag along, and Meeyoun was apprehensive about whether her sister’s waitressing wages could enable her to keep up.

The hot water was doing its best to work the tension of hovering parents, disaffected professors, lazy sisters, daunting futures, and more pressingly this afternoon’s K341 exam out of her muscles. Who the heck would even ring the doorbell at this hour anyway? It was the middle of the day on a Tuesday. Even Jehova’s Witnesses ought to know better. At least Seeyoun had finally answered the damn thing. The doorbell had been majorly harshing her mellow.

Only, a while later when she finally twisted the knob and cut off the stream, she heard... no. No, that couldn’t be. Could it? Was that... sex...?!

After a moment, her brain caught up with her and she realized that must simply be the sound of porn. It had to be. Seeyoun had been in an on-again off-again thing with Ryon for a while now, but no way he’d ditched his job for an unannounced booty call in the middle of the day. Still, porn? Meeyoun shook her head at the unmistakable grunts audible through the shared wall. Different as the twins were, porn was something they had always agreed about. As walking fetishes in the flesh – two identical young, thin, Asian girls with conspicuously large breasts – the medium was a constant trigger. Meeyoun’s own boyfriend kept her more than adequately satisfied, besides.

Needy boyfriends. Ugh, another stress. She’d forgotten to rinse that one out. Too late now.

Regrettably, the sounds were still going by the time Meeyoun dried off, did her lipstick and makeup to look cute for class, and wrapped a towel around herself for the return to the twins' shared room. Another stress! She couldn't wait until she could have her own bedroom. Being a twin was a part of her, something she wouldn't trade for the world, but the lack of privacy took its toll.

She stopped outside their bedroom door. The sound didn't abate. Gasps and grunts in a steady rhythm. A man and a woman rutting, the oldest sounds in the world. At least it didn't sound like something weird or kinky. If she didn't have her exam coming up soon, she might have waited it out, but as it was she had ten minutes to get dressed and be at the bus stop.

Her knuckles rapped at the door softly. Nothing for it but to intrude. They'd each witnessed more embarrassing activities from each other than a little porn browsing, but that didn't mean it wasn't still awkward.

Except it was a man's voice that answered.

"Who's there? We're sort of in the middle of something."

Meeyoun froze. That was... what?! That was a man! And not Ryon, either. He would have answered in Korean, or maybe in English with his easily recognizable accent. Definitely not this American voice with its hard R's.

"Seeyoun, are you... are you in there with somebody?"

"She sure is," came the man's voice. "But come on in, the more the merrier. Is this Mom, or Sister?"

Meeyoun wasn't about to be interrogated through a door. What to do? She was only wearing a towel, and there had been no mistaking those noises. Should she go back into the bathroom? She didn't have time for this!

"Seeyoun, tell your friend to get dressed, or at least cover up. I need to get some clothes, and then I'll be out of here." *And then I'll kick your ass for putting me in this position later*, she thought.

There were sounds of shuffling inside. Footsteps. The door opened from the other side, and there was Seeyoun. Even as her hand departed the knob, she was in the midst of being leisurely fucked by some total stranger standing behind her. Seeyoun was still wearing her pajamas, at least partially. Her boxers were pulled down around her thighs; though her wrinkled pink t-shirt was more or less in place, the neck was wide enough that bent over like this, Meeyoun couldn't avoid seeing Seeyoun's bare boobs dangling beneath her, swinging every which way at random. Her eyes looked up to Meeyoun's in confusion, and in something else more primal.

Meeyoun wondered, was that what she looked like during sex? Mortifying!

"Holy fuck, I knew there were sisters here, but twins? Shit, or is this one of those all of you look alike things and I'm being racist. Nah, twins, right? Please tell me it's twins."

“Twins,” Meeyoun confirmed nervously, not liking the way he was eyeballing her. Should she say something? Her mother was death on being ingracious to guests. She supposed the thing to do was to let him leer.

“Fucking hell. I should’ve saved you two for the end of the day,” said the man. He looked to be some thirty-something white dude, not bad-looking, but nothing so special. Why was her sister having sex with such a man?

“Seeyoun? Who is this man?” Meeyoun asked, reverting to Korean. From years of experience around white guys, she recognized that tilt of his head as plainly not understanding it. Good. She didn’t want to be rude to him, but it was her sister and their shared bedroom, after all. Some matters were private.

In her state, however, Seeyoun resorted to English by reflex. “I don’t know! He... he said he’s the... oh, shit... the maintenance man? And that he was... was here... oh... was here... fuck...! He’s... ungh...”

“Was here...?” Meeyoun gestured impatiently, tugging up her towel a bit. Then down a bit. It was lose-lose. Another tug and it might fall right off. “Finish your sentence, for heaven’s sake!”

The man finished for Seeyoun, “To check your pipes.”

“Oh. Um, so... why are you... I mean, how...?”

“I don’t know!” exclaimed Seeyoun, exasperated that her twin was standing there watching her get her pussy stuffed by this random nobody. “Would you stop looking at us, freak?”

Meeyoun desperately needed to be getting dressed for class, and more than that, she simply wanted clothes so that she wouldn’t be standing there in nothing but a wet towel. She especially didn’t want to be breathing the same air as her mid-coital twin sister! She had an exam, though, so hiding until the man left was not an option. Except right now there was no way past the two, not without physically pushing aside Seeyoun, who was now holding herself up with two hands braced against the doorjamb. “I’m the freak? You’re the one having sex with the maintenance guy! It took him, god, twenty minutes to talk his way into your bed? What would Mother and Father say?”

“It’s not my fault!” Seeyoun’s eyes squeezed shut for a moment as the man picked up the pace of his thrusts. His clothes appeared to have been discarded on Meeyoun’s freshly made bed. She opted not to complain, however; it was beside the point right now, and unthinkably rude to their guest. “He came in, I told him our parents weren’t home, but he said that was fine, he—!” Her voice cut off in a squeak of surprise as the man smacked her ass. Hard.

He gesticulated casually, as if he weren’t still thrusting in and out of her identical twin’s pussy as he spoke. “Look, I should come clean. ‘Check your pipes’ is a metaphor for ‘fucking your pussies.’ You don’t mind, do you? If I walk into your house and take your sister’s clothes off and fuck her brains out?”

Although the narrowing of his eyes said he was expecting to hear some reasoning why Meeyoun might object, she had no idea why. “Of course not. She’s a big girl, she can make her own decisions. Though I do have a class this afternoon, so if you don’t mind, I need to get some clothes.”

“By all means.” He grasped a handful of her sister’s tangled black bed head. Almost noon, and Seeyoun had only just woken up! The nerve of that girl. The man – Meeyoun still hadn’t learned his name – pulled back on that hair, leaving Seeyoun no choice but to lift her body back against him. Once he’d stood her upright, he gestured for Meeyoun to enter, then reached up beneath Seeyoun’s shirt to squeeze one large breast. Despite being identical twins, Seeyoun’s were noticeably bigger if the two stood side by side, though only because she had more meat on her bones. Meeyoun granted that her sister wore it well, but she preferred her own slightly more fit build.

Evidently the stranger felt otherwise, considering whose pussy he’d decided to use. Thank goodness she hadn’t answered the door, or he might well be fucking her while Seeyoun whined for them to keep it down so she could sleep. She really was such a lazybones.

Meeyoun slipped past the two of them, trying to ignore those wet noises emanating from the site of friction. Normally she’d spend a couple minutes picking out a cute outfit; looking good always made her feel more confident, and confidence was the alley oop that slam dunked her days and nights of studying. With what was happening behind her, though, Meeyoun snatched the first outfit she laid hands on.

“Sorry to be a pain, sir, but can I squeeze past you? I’m not trying to interrupt, but I don’t... um... oh.” Even as she petitioned a release, the man shambled awkwardly over to her, nudging Seeyoun along ahead of him, impaled atop his cock. Once he was in reach, he hooked a finger between her breasts and gave the towel a sharp tug. She chided herself; for a moment, she’d had the impulse to try to stop it from falling! What was wrong with her? The man obviously wanted it off, and there she was thinking to obstruct his view. To make sure she didn’t give the wrong impression about her hospitality, she made sure her hands stayed at her sides, treating him to a view of her damp, naked body.

“Fucking hell. Twins for the wins!” the man exclaimed, pulling Seeyoun’s hips down hard against his. Her sister moaned as he hit a new depth inside her pussy. Meeyoun had to hand it to her; Seeyoun might be lazy and unambitious, but she was a gracious hostess. Mom would at least be proud of that, if not for behaving like a little slut like this.

“Uh huh, we are twins,” Meeyoun said, trying not to sound too dismissive. This man was writ large the reason porn had never appealed to her, because men like him looked at Meeyoun and Seeyoun and already saw porn playing out behind their eyes. The way he ogled her while he shamelessly plugged away at Seeyoun... it was

unbecoming. From any other man, it would be disgusting, a literally criminal violation. But with the rush that she was in, she simply wrote him off as another example of the failings of the male sex.

Meeyoun could feel her sister's breath, hot and steamy against her neck, she was so close. It was probably unfair to criticize her breath, since she'd been hogging the bathroom. With one twin on his cock and the other standing there letting him squeeze her breasts, though, he would come soon, and then Seeyoun could make herself presentable. It evidently didn't bother the man; he slipped his fingers into her mouth and made her fellate them as he pounded away. It seemed to distract him, and Meeyoun saw her opportunity to slip out without giving offense.

Then he (and by extension Seeyoun) moved to block her from leaving.

"Um, sir? I need to go. I only have a few minutes to make my bus. If I'm late, I'll miss class, and we have a big test. If I flunk this test, I flunk the course, and if I flunk the course, that's going on my transcript. So if you don't mind..."

"Oh, but I do," he answered. He took a moment to grab either side of the neck of Seeyoun's shirt and tug outwards. The tattered old thing shredded right down the middle, allowing him even easier access to her breasts. Meeyoun noted with disdain that her sister's nipples were hard. Was she enjoying this or something? What a pervert!

"Please?" she pressed, taking a moment to check the time on the clock radio. Three minutes until the bus left. Crud! She needed to hurry. She should just be able to make it if she left right then!

"Tell you what," the man said, speaking with no more urgency than that with which he'd put into his casual mid-day fucking of Meeyoun's sister. "I want to have a threesome with the two of you. I want to put the two of you on one of those little twin beds and watch you sixty-nine until both your faces are covered in puss. I want to take pictures of it. I want to sell those pictures to websites. I want to submit the payment I receive for those pictures to your parents, and explain exactly where the money came from. And then show them the website where every horny dude in the world is beating it to the site of you two hotties tongue-fucking each other. And then fuck you again, my busty Asian schoolgirl porn star sluts."

Meeyoun very much did not want any of that, but he wasn't stopping to ask her. The man went on, "Unless you push me out of the way, I'm going to do it. I won't even fight back if you try. Just give me one little slap across the face to show you think I'm being a pig, and I'll move aside. Hell, I'll give you the keys to my van, let you drive to your test yourself in case my long-winded pitch here is making you miss the bus."

That had already happened, she noted.

Meeyoun considered his offer – slap him, and go free. Was he into that, some sort of S&M thing? He wouldn't be the first guy to get off on having a hot twenty-one-year-old Asian woman smack him around. Still, the thought made her very

uneasy. One simply didn't strike a guest in one's home when he'd done nothing to give offense – unless he wanted her to. “Do... do you want that? For me to hit you?”

“What? Oh hell no. I'd hate it. I want to watch you two fuck one another until I can tell which one of you is which by the noises you make when your twinny makes you whinny.” He laughed. “Sorry, the rhyme just popped in there, couldn't resist. So anyway, choice is yours. Stay and learn what sissy's cunt tastes like when it's leaking my spunk, or – against my will! – gently slap me on the cheek.”

Meeyoun frowned. The answer was so obvious, she didn't even know why he had to ask. She looked into her sister's eyes and felt through their bond that she felt the exact same way.

“Do you want me on top or on bottom?” she asked, laying down on her back deferentially. “And so you know, I have a second class at 5:15 – any chance I'll make that?”

“We'll see. Now spread those legs – and you, sleepyhead, say ‘ahhh.’”

2109 was another unqualified success. Those girls hadn't known the first thing about how to pleasure a woman, but once he plugged his digital camera into his laptop back in the van, he saw the pictures had turned out great. Sean wasn't about to leave a trail by selling the things, but he was nostalgic enough to want a memento. If the day kept going like this, it would be one he'd want to remember. The papers on his clipboard gained a few more scribbled notes, more check marks.

Nobody was home at 2111. He'd have to try back later, see how the Hennesy family reacted to having their brand new entertainment center stolen. Or smashed? Smashing would be faster, and he didn't really need a new TV anyway. Smashed, then. In 2113, he shaved the family dog Hellion while Mrs. Cooper watched. She under-reacted so much that he pushed it even further by shaving her as well, buzzing her down in moments. It was a shame to damage such a head of hair, grown halfway down her back, but he had to be sure. Again, no complaints, no resistance. Not even from Hellion.

2203 came early; the movers showed up sooner than they had promised, and worse, nobody had been home. By sheer dumb luck, Mrs. Uberuaga returned from the grocery store while Sean was pleading with them to stay. Once he explained how he would take it as a personal affront if she intervened with the movers, they emptied out her home (including the groceries) as she sat in the corner glowering at them. Then stood in the corner once they walked off with her chair. She vowed to complain to the moving company, but not once did she show an ounce of defiance to Sean.

By the time the movers cleared out, it was early afternoon. Perfect timing.

Adelaide stepped down off the bus, waving goodbye to her friends. The bus driver waited until she'd crossed the street to the side her mother's condo was on, then pulled away. These late spring days were always such a slog. Oh, well. Her mother had promised that if she got straight A's, she would help her pay for a car this summer. Studying a bunch of boring plays and US history factoids was a small price to pay for that kind of freedom.

Her thoughts dwelled on her homework load for the evening, but reality quickly drew her back. Distracted or no, there was no missing the man up ahead. For one, he was standing in the middle of the sidewalk. For two, he'd chosen to stand right where the sidewalk branched off into her entry nook, where the front door to her condo was.

For three, he was staring right at her.

"Excuse me," she said gently. Her mom didn't like when she walked on the grass.

He stepped aside, but once she moved past him, she was suddenly jerked to a halt by an implacable hand on the handle of her backpack. The sudden reversal of momentum quite nearly landed her on her butt.

The man didn't let go.

"Um, can I go home, mister?" she asked, trying to keep her voice polite. It was a little... no, not frightening, quite. This man was nothing to be afraid of. But uncomfortable? Or maybe inconvenient. Yes, that was a good word for it. Twenty feet from home and she was caught up with this weirdo.

"Tell you what, miss...?"

"Adelaide," she supplied.

"Let's go with Addie. You're too cute not to use a diminutive nickname. So I tell you what, Addie. I'll let you take one step closer to your front door for every article of clothing you give to me."

It wasn't the most surprising offer, aside from how confidently and shamelessly it had been issued. Adelaide knew she was a looker. Straight, feathery blonde hair to her shoulders, a dimpled smile on a sweet face, and all of her baby fat had shifted to the right places as puberty ran its course. Frankly, her large boobs were often a source of embarrassment. Too many boys at school had no sense of boundaries, staring like she didn't have eyes.

(Adelaide was just glad none of them were here now to see this, or they'd be cheering this man on. That would be so embarrassing!)

"I'd rather not, if that's all right."

The man merely laughed. "I'll bet."

He did not let go of her, however. "Um... please?" she tried. He did not look like the sort of man who would be talked down with please, but no sense not trying honey when she was all out of vinegar.

"Nope. Let me know when you change your mind."

“I’m sure I won’t,” she assured him.

It was a stalemate, then. Sure, Adelaide could always shrug off her backpack, but it contained both her schoolwork and her purse, so that wasn’t going to happen. She imagined explaining that to her mom, that she’d given away her stuff to this total stranger. She’d be grounded – and worse, no help with that down payment for a car! There was no rush to get inside, she supposed. She had the night off from work, and her mom didn’t mind if she straggled in late. That was common enough. So she stood there, figuring eventually the man would get bored and move on.

Zzzzzzip.

“Hey, what are you doing back there?” she asked, trying not to let her consternation show.

The man ignored her, rifling through her now-open backpack with his free hand. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw her purse fall to the ground, its contents preceding it when the man tipped it upside down and dumped it on the sidewalk. She blushed at the thought that anyone passing by might see her girl supplies – though still much better than taking her clothes off outside, right?

Adelaide tried to calculate how many steps it might take to get to the front door. If they were really big, maybe...?

No. No, that would be humiliating! Her school uniform only had so many pieces of clothing in it, but she was kicking herself now for skipping the optional sweater today.

“My gym uniform is in my bag. You can have that, I guess,” she offered. Shorts, a t-shirt, dirty socks and her sports bra. Plenty to get her most, if not all of the way home.

But he was already dumping those on the ground. “Nope. Has to come from that incredible little body of yours, Addie. Them’s the rules.”

“Oh. Then still no, I guess.” She felt a little guilty refusing him, but he had given her the choice. That didn’t make her a bitch for selecting the option he clearly didn’t prefer, did it?

The man continued digging until he apparently found something that interested him. His hand retained its grip as he came around to the front of her, his forearm reclining on her shoulder. In his other hand was a blue Crayola marker. She recognized it from among her own art supplies. He said nothing, simply removed the cap with his teeth and spat it onto the ground, then began writing directly on her face. Not knowing quite how to react, Adelaide held as still as possible. Whatever he was doing, he looked quite intent on it, and it would be unseemly to mess up his work.

“I’m drawing a cock on your cheek,” he explained.

“Oh.” What else was there to say? *Thanks for letting me know? Or Stop it, that’s degrading?* She almost laughed at the absurdity of refusing him this simple amusement when it cost her so little, except laughing would mess up the ball sack hair he was doodling by her earlobe.

Then he knelt down in front of her. For a moment she worried – no, not *worried*, but *wondered*, that’s right – if he was going to do something to her genitals, finger her or something. Instead, he started drawing on the front of the white blouse of her school uniform, right over her tummy. She couldn’t see what it said with her boobs blocking her sight, but he was definitely retracing it a lot, making sure that whatever it was would be visible from a distance. Another cock? Boy, she hoped not.

When he seemed to be done, he scooped up her makeup mirror from where it had fallen – and also cracked – on the concrete. In its reflection, she could make out that he’d written words this time. Characters, anyway. \$2! ;) the mirror read backwards on her belly, with a thick blue arrow pointing to her pussy.

Adelaide frowned poutily. That was *way* less than her virginity was worth to her. Heck, she never meant to sell it at all! Though she granted that maybe this stranger knew more about market value for such things.

Then he turned her around to face the street.

“I reckon it won’t be too long before somebody catches sight of this. Only real question is whether they call the cops and haul you down to jail for prostitution, or go down to the 7-11 on the corner and make change for singles. Titties like those, I know what I’m betting on.”

“Oh. Oh geez. My mom would be so mad if I... well, either way, really!”

“I’ll bet she would be. Anyway, original offer still stands. Let me know. Hottie like you? Even those nerd-ass glasses of yours are even kind of cute – and no, they don’t count either. Shit, I bet you net me forty, fifty bucks tonight easy once word gets out.”

The math on that wasn’t hard. Twenty-five men having sex with her? And he seemed to be saying she wouldn’t even get to keep the money! She’d *never* afford a car at that rate!

She looked back toward the door (though he didn’t let her turn her body away from the street, advertising her whore fee to the neighborhood). This was sort of like a story problem, really. Adelaide needs to get to her front door twenty feet away, but the stranger restraining her is going to take one article of clothing for every step she takes. If Adelaide’s frustratingly short legs can make, say, three feet to a step, how naked will she be before she gets home?

“Does my backpack count?” she asked.

“Nope. Need that for my handle, don’t I?”

“Oh, right. And I assume jewelry is...”

“Tell ya what, just hand over all your jewelry now.” She nodded, removing her earrings and necklace and forking them over. It had been greedy of her to even ask, she knew. That had been fair.

All right. So that was six feet for the shoes, six more for her knee-high socks. That was most of it right there. Still, even if she really pushed it, there was no way four steps

was going to cut it. What came next? The two obvious candidates were her blouse and her panties. The latter she could at least remove discreetly. Nobody (except for him) would know she'd taken them off. It was undignified, though, and icky. Her blouse, however, would mean showing him her bra. Showing anyone in the vicinity her bra, too, though by then she'd be close enough to the door probably nobody would see. Plus, the blouse already had that awful marker stain, so...

A car drove by and honked, strange men whooping out the window at her.

"Looks like 7-11's getting another customer," the man observed.

"I was thinking that, too," she replied. No more time for foot-dragging unless she wanted to be gang-banged for an \$8 fee payable to the stranger who'd lain siege to her backpack. "OK. Fine. I'll do it."

"Atta girl, Addie! Now, payment up front for each step. And if you try to wiggle closer to the door while you're taking something off, you come right back here and start over."

"Fair enough," she granted. Cheaters never prospered, her mom always said. Careful to keep her left foot firmly planted, Adelaide removed her right loafer and handed it to him. He pitched it over his shoulder. The shoe landed in the street. Maybe she could retrieve it later before—

Nope. A car drove by, smushed it beneath its tires. She winced at the blow to her meager savings.

"One step." Adelaide tried to turn around, but he wasn't having it. "You wanna pivot, that's another step. And it looks to me like you only got the two shoes."

She sighed. So be it. It took a little agility, turning and launching herself as far as she could toward the front door. The awkwardness definitely ate into her distance. No sense standing around berating herself, though. Off went the other shoe. (This one landed on the roof.) The ensuing step was better, though the man wasn't lunging as hard as she was, cutting her a bit short.

"Would you mind loosening your grip? It's making this harder than it's supposed to be." She grimaced at her faux pas. "Please, I mean."

"Sure, sure. Socks next, I imagine?"

"Yeah, I figured that made the most sense. Can I just do both now and go two steps at once?"

"Oh hell, why not."

"Thanks!" She smiled at him. Good to see he was willing to be reasonable.

Adelaide had to thank him again before she was done. Nervous as she was, she nearly lost her balance and fell over in the midst of squirming out of her socks; only his iron grip kept her upright. Two more steps, with a pause between them to make sure he kept up, and she was only a little bit behind her initial projections. It was so close! So close that if she fell forward, she'd bump her head on the door.

All right. Moment of truth.

The man came around to the front of her while she unbuttoned her blouse. Bit by bit her heavy-duty white lace bra came into view. Pink nipples peeked slightly out of the top, but there was no way of getting around that. It took an absurd amount of wriggling and squirming to get it off with her backpack in the way. She hadn't counted on that. It seemed unlikely the man minded, though, with the way his eyes were riveted on the obscene display of jiggling boobs he was being treated to.

Adelaide considered she might be able to make \$2 just for showing men *that*. Not that she would, of course.

The girl took another step, yelping as her bare foot landed on a pebble. To her aggravation, the pain made her stumble back a bit, and naturally, the stranger wouldn't let her take back the ceded ground. Darn it, home was so close! Adelaide leaned forward as far as he would allow her, the door knob just out of reach.

"Good try, Addie. A little more grit and you might have had it. So, throwing in the towel, or you got something for me? Unless you'd rather just stand here, hang out for a while. I don't mind the company, or the view."

Adelaide sighed. She'd tried so hard! Still, rules were rules, and right now, the rule was: hand over your panties. She watched her feet carefully, making sure she didn't steal any inches as she stepped out of the baby blue briefs. In fact, she even gave up a few to be on the safe side. He allowed her to kneel down and pick them up, thrusting them sheepishly into her hands. Thank goodness the door was in a short nook, the shade hopefully making her half-nakedness less conspicuous to the street. Lord, she hoped none of the Coopers stepped out of their front door, only a few feet away behind her.

With a heavy sigh, Adelaide took the final step. She'd done it. In her bra and a skirt and nothing else but a backpack. This step was a tiny thing, but at that price, she heard Neil Armstrong's voice in her head, assuring her that sometimes even small steps were great leaps. For once, Adelaide was thankful her mom was on night shifts this week, because she'd forgotten her house keys back on the sidewalk. She turned the knob, and pushed the door open.

She hastily stepped—

"Um, I did what you asked, didn't I? I'm home now. You said..." Whatever he'd said, his hand on her backpack may as well have been a vice grip. This time, she'd been in such a hurry that she actually had stumbled backwards, but the man helpfully caught her just in the nick of time with a firm hand on her bare ass under her skirt.

She wouldn't have minded if he didn't keep squeezing her butt like that after, though.

"You're not home yet, are you? Looks to me like you're still on the front steps."

She looked down. True enough, her feet were still a few inches away from the threshold. Stupid, stupid, stupid! She'd aced geometry, but failed this incredibly basic test of its implementation.

What now? Her bra?! He would see – *anyone could see!* – her bare boobs! Her huge naked boobs with their embarrassingly huge pink nipples. She would never live it down if anybody saw. But what was the alternative? Her skirt?! She wasn't wearing panties!

There was a sudden sound of footsteps from nearby. Looking back toward the street, she saw a boy she knew from school jogging past, immediately recognizing him as a member of the boys track team. Right, this was the usual practice for the distance runners. They took this route all the time.

Oh god!

He definitely saw her, rubber-necking so hard that he tripped over her purse and fell face-first into one of her discarded maxi pads. He recovered quickly, but stared awfully hard on his way past. Worse, the analytical part of her brain reminded her that if this boy had run this way, any moment there would be dozens more!

Oh god. Oh god, oh god oh *god!*

The skirt would come off faster. That was the deciding factor. She undid the clasp with trembling fingers, closing her eyes as another trio jogged past, staring first at the pile of debris, then almost tripping each other as they noticed Adelaide Breese, the school's hottest nerd girl and nerdiest hot girl, unzipping and shucking her skirt, showing her naked butt and fuzzy blonde pussy to the world. The third group was just coming into view as she darted into her condo. The man followed – though he dropped her skirt outside before closing the door behind him.

"Honey, is that you?" came her mother's voice from far too close to stop her in time.

"Mom, don't–!"

"Adelaide!" her mother exclaimed as she entered the living room, taking sight of her. Her daughter stood there in nothing but a cute white bra struggling to contain her heaving breasts as she breathed like she'd just run a marathon herself. "What on earth...?!"

"Sorry, mom, I... um..." How to explain it? Her mother was obviously horrified, and once the initial shock subsided, she would doubtless be furious that she'd flashed her body to the neighborhood. And the track team.

Still, she was no snitch. Not for this man, at least. He'd let her hide her nudity from most of the school, and Addie wasn't about to sell him down-river to her judgmental mother. "I, uh, I got something on my blouse."

The man burst into laughter at her excuse, but to her relief, came clean of his own accord. "No, she's just covering for me, Ms. Breese. I saw her coming down the walk and

I couldn't help myself. I'm the one who took her clothes. Your daughter is one thoroughly smoked slab of meat."

Her mother's nose wrinkled. "She's a very lovely girl," she agreed tepidly.

"Now Addie, let's Subtractie that bra so I can give those big-ass titties a proper fucking."

She smiled genially, but enough was enough. She didn't need to take any more steps now. "Actually, now that we're inside, I'd rather just stand here."

But her mother clucked her tongue reprovingly. "You're not standing around in my living room in nothing but your bra. Show some basic decency and at least conduct your affairs in the privacy of your bedroom."

"Yes, Mom." Her head hung low, humiliated. "Do I need to take it off here, or can it wait until we're in my room?"

"The bedroom is fine, Addie. I'm a patient guy."

2115, another rocking success. Young Ms. Breese invited her mother to suck the cum off her tits – that is, she did so given the alternative of going out bare-ass naked to pick up her things off the sidewalk, one object at a time, with the spunk drying on her. Crawling.) Her mother accepted once she understood the ramifications, though she did say something about needing to have a heart to heart about some sort of car payment arrangement since her daughter was displaying such poor judgment.

By the time he was done with the Breeses, it was into the evening, and people were getting home from work. 2117 and 2119 went quickly, the two families gathered around 2117's guest room floor for a game of soggy biscuit inspired by the sight of Mrs. Janoszek's amateur strip tease. (Mr. Janoszek lost, but only narrowly. If he'd been a little more turned on by his wife, he might have at least spared himself chowing down his own load, but Sean admired the man for trying for that photo finish.)

The Orbas in 2201 were out of town, but 2205 more than made up for it. He'd been planning on feeding the Hindu couple some fresh steaks (and frankly looking forward to something that was a little less wearing on his own conscience). Instead, by happenstance, their daughter Preeti was visiting for the week. She'd been there less than twenty-four hours, but already the filtration system had done its trick.

The data didn't lie. One shower, one glass of water, either was plenty. More trace amounts like hand washing or the water used in cooking took a bit more exposure before the neuroinhibitor chemicals reached full potency, but Preeti was either a very clean girl, or a thirsty one. Her thick lips and narrow hips both got quite a workout, and though she insisted she'd never even attempted belly dancing before, Sean reassured her that she might have a real future in it.

Then he had her parents agree to marry her off to him. Arranged marriages evidently wasn't something an aspect of their culture that they actually subscribed to, but they made an exception for him since he was on track to be the father of their grandchild.

The last two condos, 2207 and 2209 completed his cold calls. In the former, he walked in, picked up their four-year-old girl, and left with her. Traumatizing a child was a bit farther than even he really wanted to go with all this, but luckily, the kid simply sat in the passenger seat and peppered him with questions for an hour, no more concerned than if he'd been a close relative. He'd originally meant to keep her overnight, make sure the effect held even with added time and stress, but after a day like that, his capacity to absorb more guilt was exhausted, and he dropped her back off to elated parents. They asked her in baby-talking voices how her evening with Uncle Stranger had been.

In the latter, he made the Bosleys a spaghetti dinner, letting them watch as he added half a dozen household cleaners into the sauce in liberal quantities. Raving about his pride in his craft, he sat the nervous family down at the kitchen table. They twirled their forks on their plates, and one by one agreed indulged his pride in his skills as a

chef. Their son took the first bite; Sean had him spit it out immediately and wash his mouth out to be safe. The parents were plainly relieved, but he had to stop them from taking bites of their own nonetheless.

Sean threw up in the bushes outside the Bosleys' front door – not from poison, but from the sheer horror at what he had created.

Ah well. His pawn at the bank would be seeing to it that their mortgages were all paid in full by this time tomorrow. Preeti would soon discover her husband-not-to-be was the proud recipient of a vasectomy. The moving company would return Mrs. Uberuaga's things to her tonight, and when she got around to unpacking her groceries, she'd find a note and some cash to put her up in a hotel for the night. Poor Mr. Neubaum may have already found the real ashes of his mother in a bag in the hall closet, along with a note explaining the "prank" to put his mind at ease.

It all still made him one hell of a sonofabitch, but at least he hoped he could look himself in the mirror again. Now that he could be sure the filter worked, he'd never have to do anything this horrible again.

Unless he felt like it. But unlikely.

Sean headed back to the Orbas' empty condo, letting himself in and settling into the comfortable recliner in the living room and using their cordless phone to order himself an actual meal. Breakfast had been in another lifetime. Sean supposed he could eat at home, but he figured if he gave himself a little more time, he'd be able to pay those twins another visit. Or maybe Preeti. Or maybe all three.

The delivery driver arrived right on time. The sight through the peephole elicited a fresh grin. Was it a grin? The lack of reaction he got from most people he interacted with these days were screwing with his social skills. He peered at his reflection in the glass over one of the Orbas' front windows. A grin indeed, though one that would no doubt be an unsettling manner to anyone he had not yet dosed.

Speaking of... With the remote on his key fob, he activated his emergency response, i.e. the complex's sprinkler system. Sean tried not to laugh as the pizza girl squeaked in alarm, dropping his pizza and cursing under her breath as she slunk further into the recess, then pounded on the door when it became clear that the sprinklers had perfect access to her even so.

"I'm so sorry about that," he apologized as he opened up, letting her slip inside the door. She was pretty, in a common sort of way, though her wool uniform and hat did their best to conceal it. They wouldn't for long. She was dripping wet, looking livid over it. "Yeah, the darn things come on this time every night. I keep complaining to the maintenance guy, but he's a no-good bastard. Hang on, I'll get you a towel."

Sean took his time finding one. It wouldn't take long. The sprinkler system was outfitted with a much more concentrated dose. By the time he came back to the living room, she was ready. He stripped her naked and toweled her off himself; the young

woman thanked him for being so thorough. Then she allowed him to pocket her bundle of tips, after which he bent her over Mr. and Mrs. Orba's sofa and stuffed her with a tip of his own. She apologized again for dropping his pizza as she shuffled out the door some time later, his cum dribbling down into her panties, the neuroinhibitor dribbling down into her DNA.

It worked. The chemical, that he'd known was viable. The implant had already proven its merit on both functions, both sifting the neuroinhibitor out of his blood stream before it could bind to his brain matter, as well as projecting the pheromone that activated it in those around him. A small radius, a couple dozen yards, but adequate. The only question left was whether the levels being introduced via his filtration system were sufficient to affect the whole population of the condominium complex. Now, he had no doubts.

It worked. It all worked. The whole goddamn system worked.

Next, he'd have to dose someone at the city's wastewater treatment plant and use them to install the industrial model. Forty thousand people drank that water. Cooked with it. Bathed in the stuff. Forty thousand people who would all soon be as permissive towards him as the poor schlubs in these condos. Soon he could walk into any home or business in town at his whim. He'd never pay for a meal or a service again. He could plunder whatever he wanted. Fuck whoever he wanted. Any system that could be controlled by a system could be bent to his will.

When this town got boring, he'd move to another, and another. He already had his sights on a lab that manufactured similar systems that he could infiltrate and repurpose, as well as an agent with the EPA, one who would install the devices in every water treatment plant in the country at Sean's bidding. In trace amounts, they would never find the chemical receptors – or if they did, Sean would be there to nudge and cajole them into permitting it anyway.

They would irrigate their fields with it. Quench their fires with it. Wash the blood and slime of newborns away with it, then feed it to them in their mother's milk. His improved "chill pill" formula would wash out to sea, and if the world ever discovered mermaids, they'd already be under Sean Swanson's thumb.

He could do anything. To anyone. With a little pressure, he could make anyone do anything.

If this was not divinity, then there was no god.