

NaNoWriMo 2020
Part One
“Am I human?”

I awake!

and my mind is so clear, so clean, no dream fragments, but,

this room is completely dark

and this isn't my bed

where am I?

wait, WHO am I?

slow down ... slow down ... no need for fight or flight ...

stop the adrenaline → I **can** stop the adrenaline, wow, um ...

comfortable mattress, but not my own, but,

let's get up, feel around, where are we,

who are we

Omissions and Speculations

There's a lot missing. There has to be. My situation and my knowledge regarding my situation do not mesh, there's no connection between now and a specific past. No context.

I've explored this completely dark room, found no window, nothing like a light switch. Nothing responds to voice commands, or I don't know the correct commands. The mattress upon which I woke a while ago rests on the floor, with no bed frame. There's a plastic bucket in one of the four corners of the room, which I'm guessing is for temporary storage of my waste products ... I have a mild need to piss but haven't done it yet, I know I'm not used to pissing in buckets. I know that toilets exist and how to use them.

There's nothing else in the room, and the room isn't much bigger than needed to fit the mattress, the bucket, and me. I cannot reach the ceiling, the walls are far enough apart that I can stretch out completely, but there's not enough room to walk around.

I think I figured out where the door is, because there's a sealed inset the size of a door, but there's no handle, no hinges on this side of it, a hard rubber seal keeps out light and probably muffles sound, because I can't hear any sounds I'm not producing myself. There's probably an air outlet in the ceiling, I hope, I can't feel one in the wall or floor. I presume there's a light source up there, perhaps a camera, but now I'm speculating.

I don't remember how I got here, or why I'm here, and although I do not remember any dreams, I also do not have a contiguous memory or understanding of where I was before I fell "asleep". I have a sense of unconscious time seeping backward without limitation, an expanse of nothingness, as though I've been asleep for days or weeks -- or months? Is it possible to feel my own past in this way? As a tangible yet empty expanse?

So after figuring out what I could about my enclosure, I examined my body. Completely naked, male anatomy. Short or closely trimmed (?) hair everywhere that a male body should have hair. Trimmed finger and toe nails. Not a lot of body fat, not a lot of muscle, but not anorexic. Skin doesn't feel either smooth as a baby or wrinkled as an elder, but why don't I know how old I am? I'm mildly hungry and thirsty -- hunger and thirst levels that don't match the sense I've been asleep for days or longer. Same for my bladder -- not full enough to think I slept through even one night.

OK, I'm becoming more curious about my amnesia. I know a language; I've been thinking using words that I know are English. I have the concepts necessary to investigate and label my surroundings and my bodily characteristics, my bodily sensations. So I've got a dictionary of words and an encyclopedia of concepts. But beyond that there's a muffled and obscured distance between my here & now and my past.

I know neither name, nor date of birth (nor today's date or year), nor Social Security number, yet I feel I **should** know these things, that it would be normal for me to know these things. It's a type of amnesia where I know of the sorts of things I should know, yet do not know these things. Where was I born, who are my parents, where did I go to school, who are my friends? I should know these things, but I do not. How do I know I should know these things? I'd guess this is the 21st Century, unless I've recently experienced time travel, so I have general concepts of human history and my basic orientation within this history.

That's the weird part. Having a structure of knowledge that must have come from somewhere, but I do not know from where. Having a body that must have come from somewhere. Understanding that I've been imprisoned -- kidnapped -- incarcerated -- but having no memory of this happening or clue as to why. I understand that this is not normal. I should have family, friends, an occupation, a bank account, a gym membership. I should. I feel like I most likely do have these things.

I'm aware of the concept of amnesia, even the idea there are different kinds of amnesia, because there are different kinds of memory, such as short-term and long-term. Wait ... I have a memory of my mother having temporary amnesia once, and I had to take her to the emergency room. OK, I did have a mother. Or do. Is she alive? What is her name? I only have this one image of her right now.

And now I remember having amnesia before myself. After I was in an accident. I'd been riding a bicycle to my friend's house, and was hit by a car, and woke up in the emergency room with temporary amnesia. But that was different from now. I'd been knocked unconscious by a bodily trauma, and coming out of that trauma was very different from waking up here. I didn't know my own name for a while, though. An attenuated return to consciousness from unconsciousness, as various parts of my brain took time to spin back up.

Another time I had a sort of temporary amnesia, I'd been out clubbing with friends, took a lot of party drugs, and came to on my bathroom floor, also in the dark like now, with a striking lack of knowledge of how I'd gotten there or for how long I'd spent on the hard tile floor. But then I found the light switch, and my two friends were in my bed, so the lack of context didn't last long.

I'm currently feeling no sense of physical trauma, no hangover. My lack of context is static, with no improvement as I stand here. A lot of memories I should have are just missing, but now I've found a few memories from what feels like decades ago that lack much detail. Memories about amnesia, because I'm thinking about the amnesia I must have.

Weird, an amnesia that wipes out memories of everything except some prior experiences with amnesia. As though whatever caused this amnesia had a blind spot with respect to amnesia itself. Or maybe my missing memories will eventually return as I find the correct stimuli for them. Think about dogs and I'll remember my dog? Er ... no ... maybe I don't have one? Never had one? Or maybe she's outside that door, waiting for me to remember how to open the door. Everybody's just waiting for me to remember how to open the door. That makes no sense. Now I'm imagining family and friends and pets I

never had.

I'm wearing out (what's left of) my brain with all this -- as though trying to remember memories that simply aren't there causes a form of mental exhaustion. As though there's an energy cost to remembering a memory, but trying to remember a missing memory drains the battery. Or floods the engine. But I know a brain is neither a battery nor an engine. I'm engaging in arbitrary metaphor.

I don't think I was a neurologist. I don't know enough about how my brain is supposed to work to figure out what's not working. But I seem to have a high verbal IQ. Maybe later I can try doing some math.

OK, lie down. Take some breaths. Try to relax. Not in any immediate danger. It's possible I've been thrown in here to dehydrate and starve, but I have no evidence of this yet. I wonder whether they're watching me on an infrared camera.

Wait ... infrared vision ... I have infrared vision. I'd forgotten. I just have to turn it on. How do I have infrared vision? Humans don't have infrared vision!

Oh, wow ...

Infrareds

It is always disorienting for the lights to switch on after spending a long time in the dark, especially if it's been so dark that your eyes have completely adapted to it. It can even feel painful, "blink, blink," so you instinctively close or cover your eyes while they adjust to the light.

But turning on an infrared vision that I didn't know I had ... or didn't remember I had ... turning on **my eyes** ... is different from turning on **the lights**. The infrared light was already there. Now I'm seeing it!

Infrared is not one color. It's not even a small band of color. People use the word "infrared" as though it is **the** single invisible color on the other side of red. Or would be, if they could see it. It's got "red" in the word, so people think infrared is sort of MORE red, or DARKER red, or BLURRY red, or GLOWING red. Or the color that would logically be next to red on the spectrum if the color spectrum were a color wheel instead -- Red Violet.

What about the night-vision goggles that people are familiar with from TV or movies? Those portray infrared as monochromatic shades of green, although night-vision goggles pick up **all** shades of light, not just infrared, and magnify them ... monochromatically.

(How do I know all this stuff about colors?)

As my infrared vision flicked on, I could see myself and my surroundings in **as many** infrared colors as the rest of you see all the time in your "visual" range. But these were all different colors! Completely different colors, colors I've never seen before, or don't remember seeing before ... which feels like the same thing right now (I'll stop saying this). None of these colors will ever be found in your Crayola Box of 64. They are real colors, but human eyes never evolved to see them, because seeing them provided no survival advantage over people who couldn't see them.

No. Seeing infrared colors **must** have been a survival **disadvantage**, or we would've evolved to see them. Infrared colors require more amplification than visible colors, require bigger lenses, more internal energy to resolve them ...

These cannot be human eyes. But the rest of me **looks** human to me, except for the strange colors. I cannot see my eyes, there are no mirrors in the room.

A long-winded explanation for my "Wow" upon turning on my infrared vision. Why had it been turned off? Why did I wake in a dark room with only my "visible spectrum" vision turned on?

I don't know! But now the room is perfectly visible to me, because there's an infrared-spectrum light bulb in the ceiling I cannot reach, and it is on.

And printed on the door -- now clearly a door -- a door with no handles or keyholes or hinges on my side of the door -- printed on the door it says, **"Why aren't you afraid?"**

There's no other printing of any kind in the room.

"Why aren't you afraid?"

I am getting hungry, but, yeah, I'm not afraid. Why does the **door** know this?

Darknesses, Angers, Masturbations

So, what, two seconds after I registered the writing on the door, the infrareds light flicked off.

Fuck!

FUCK!!

I mean, I was actually yelling, **"FUCK!!"**

Those infrareds were so cool, and then they were gone, and I was back into the darknesses. And now I know the comprehensive numerity of darknesses. I mean, numerosity. There are **multiplicities of darkness** that I didn't understand before.

Now **so fucking dark**, fuck.

No, I'm not afraid, I'm angry. So, OK, I do feel emotion. If I'm an android, I have an emotion chip. Or maybe I'm just a cyborg. Or it's just my friggin' eyes.

Fuck this. OK, what am I going to do.

"Hey, this isn't fun anymore, let me out!"

...

"Hello!"

....

"Fuck,"

OK, breathe, calm down, this isn't helping. I need to pee, and I'm hungry. Fuck.

OK, I can pee in this goddess damned bucket. It's not far away, this is a tiny ass room. OK, bucket, I touch my cock like men do when we pee, we have to hold our cocks, it's all about the aim, right, not about the touching, about the aim. But I'm also touching my cock.

And I don't remember touching my cock before. And it feels good. Touching my cock. As I'm peeing into this plastic bucket in the corner.

Can I touch my cock some more? Yum. I'm done peeing but I'm not done touching my cock. This feels good. Fuck these people for IMPRISONING ME and possibly stealing my memories, but I can touch my fucking cock.

Mmm. I think it might feel better if I, yeah spit on my cock. Yeah. Feels good, and my cock is growing, it's growing bigger, and hardening, so ... accessing ... my encyclopaedic knowledge-without-memory ... yeah, I'm masturbating, I'm getting an erection, and it feels fucking good,

I lay back down on the mattress, playing with my saliva-lubed cock,

"Hey, Marco,"

WTF?

"Marco,"

I'm hearing a voice from the ceiling. A male voice, heavy, deep, natural not amplified, like he's looking down at me from the ceiling.

"Marco, stop masturbating."

WTF?

I'd just discovered this great sensation, touching my cock, spitting on my cock, it was driving me crazy,

"Marco, stop masturbating!"

"Fuck you!"

And then a sharp electric pain in my testicles, OK, I have testicles, like every other male, but OUCH, and I'm doubling over, falling off the mattress, five inches down to the concrete floor, rolling over, OUCH, OUCH,

Of course I've stopped masturbating, I'm in fucking pain!

"Good boy," he said.

"Boy, you were doing well until you started playing with your cock," he said.

"Who the fuck are you, and why am I here?" came harsh words writhing from my writhing body, although the pain was subsiding.

"Are you afraid, yet?" he asked.

And then the door opened. Both visible and infrareds, first an outline of the door, then opening wider, and reflecting off surfaces around me, reflecting off my naked body,

"Hi, Marco. I'm Tate. I'm here to help you."

Marco "meets" Tate

Testicles pain takes a while to completely disappear, I'm learning, a steadily throbbing reminder of how much worse mine felt about a minute ago. I do not want to feel that much pain again. I am certain I wouldn't be able to move, much less walk or run or escape. And I don't know how much higher they can turn the dial on that.

These guys have me by the balls! I don't know how they did that, some sort of implant inside my scrotum? Activated by wireless signal? How recent was the surgery, I hadn't felt anything strange anywhere on my body, not around my scrotum or anywhere. Or some sort of pain gun operating from a distance?

But I'm looking at "Tate", this handsome young man who opened my cell door. From what little I've observed of my own body so far, Tate is definitely younger than I am, and in better physical shape, but I'm not sure how far past puberty he is, although he's naked like me, with a grown-up's male equipment. What's up with the nudity around here? Not a regular state prison, for sure.

I'm still on the floor in a semi-fetal curl, except that I moved around from where I'd face-planted, enough to look up at Tate in the doorway, standing astride a flood of visible and infrared light.

"Marco, I'm so sorry about all this. I'm sure you have a lot of questions. May I come in?"

He's asking me permission? Hah! So he's the good cop, that dude above the ceiling with the ball-pain gun is the bad cop.

"I'm not interested in playing good cop / bad cop with you two. Bring me my clothes and ID and let me go."

Tate remained in the doorway, I'd say "looking down at me" but I don't think he can see, I think he's blind, his eyes aren't acting like I'd expect normal seeing eyes to act.

"I understand. We aren't cops. I'd say we're more like temporary custodians, although I just work here, Chris is the CEO."

At this, the voice in the ceiling said, "Hi, Marco, sorry for the shock. It was necessary."

"Fuck you!" I yelled at the ceiling. "How can shocking my balls be 'necessary'?"

Tate oriented himself toward me, "Because we're trying to save your memories."

These guys probably deleted my memories! "Bullshit!" I yelled at Tate. Though less harshly, he's just a kid. Maybe I should try to get on his good side.

Tate considered something, then said, "Good cop / bad cop routines are for interrogation, right? I'm not here to interrogate you. I'm here to help you. May I come in?"

Deep sigh. I sat up, balls throbbing less, but still reminding me. "Sure, what the hell, 'come in'. Have a seat, make yourself at home, whatever."

As Tate entered "my" room the infrareds light came back on. He's really beautiful, even more so with the infrareds bathing his skin and hair. I felt like I was on acid looking at him in this complex light, with these eyes.

Tate did sit down next to me on the floor. Oh, he was holding something in his hand, it looked like

medical equipment of some sort. I touched it.

"This? It's for injecting sedatives. I'm often helping people to calm down in this job. Would you like some help calming down?"

No way, I thought. "Absolutely not. You can throw that in the piss bucket."

Tate laughed, "OK," and tossed it in the general direction of the corner, hitting the outside of the bucket, "sounds like I missed, I haven't practiced tossing these things into piss buckets before."

A charming kid, which I suppose is his job, he's still the "good cop" here, definitely, despite his demurrals.

"Tate, just bring me my clothes and ID and let me go. Please."

Tate sighed. "Do you want your memories back or not? Do you consent to never getting your memories back?"

"Tate, just give me my memories back! What's going on here?!? Just let me go!"

Tate reached out to hold my hand, I think. Then he said, "Marco, this is your name, we **know** that, Marco, why don't you give me your hand, let's sit here and talk for a while."

Um ... OK ... I give him my hand. He's got soft warm hands.

"Marco," Tate continued, "maybe you remember what a 'booby trap' is, like if you open a door a bucket of paint falls on you, or a bomb explodes."

"Yes," I told him, "I know what a booby trap is. Sort of like when I tried to masturbate and you guys shocked my balls. That was one helluva booby trap."

"Marco, that wasn't the booby trap, that was Chris acting quickly to **stop** you from **setting off** the booby trap. I'm not sure how else we could've stopped you; you were about to orgasm."

Tate was gently, lightly, barely squeezing my hand in his. He's really a beautiful young man, he could be a model. He has extraordinary nipples. I found myself becoming aroused, my cock filling up a bit. And, yeah, thinking about the orgasm I was on my way to having ... and my balls aren't throbbing so much now.

"You mean, my having an orgasm would set off a booby trap? This sounds ridiculous. This entire setup is ridiculous."

Tate's expression became serious, along with his tone. "Marco, please believe me, if you have an orgasm, you'll never get your memories back. That's the booby trap. Well, part of the booby trap. Your memories are trapped, sort of wrapped inside a memory bomb. And to get your memories back, we have to avoid certain triggers, and set off other kinds of triggers."

WTF.

"OK ... if I believe what you are saying about my memories being booby trapped, and that an orgasm would set off the booby trap ... who the hell would do such a thing? And how do you know this?"

"Marco, you did this to yourself."

WTF.

I let go of Tate's hand. "Tate, of course this sounds fantastic and ridiculous. But why ... why keep me in

the dark, I mean, literally, and then why turn off the infrareds after I figure out how to see them, and what's up with the phrase on the door? And why am I naked and in a prison cell? I mean, why am I not waking up in a sun-filled hospital bed with my spouse and children nearby, and a bouquet of balloons, and bland hospital food?"

Tate was quiet for a bit. I **had** asked him a lot of questions all at once. Then he replied, "Well, I don't know what phrase is on the door, but this isn't a prison cell, you've been here several times and if you really wanted to leave we wouldn't keep you. You're sort of a client, sort of a friend, sort of a colleague, sort of a ... play partner. I suppose Chris was just playing with you, to see how you'd respond upon waking up here. But then you sped things up by masturbating."

"I sped things up?" This was so impossible, it was confusing me.

"This," Tate waved his hands around, "is what you wanted. You wanted to hide away and booby trap your memories, you wanted to wake up like this here, you wanted Chris to play around with you and frighten you a bit, and then you wanted me to come in and explain things, to calm you down. This is all what you wanted to happen. But we didn't expect you to start masturbating out of the blue like that."

WTF.

It sounds like some terribly expensive deepshit head game for billionaire BDSM players.

"Tate, am I a billionaire?"

"Yes, I think so. I don't usually ask about the money stuff. I'm just a servant, really. You've been a generous tipper in the past."

"Do you have any proof of all this stuff?" Now I think I've been captured and wiped to play a role in their twisted dungeon game. And I'm starting to worry they're going to kill me.

"That's kind of tricky. If you want your memories back, there's kind of a set of rules, kind of a scenario, stuff we can and cannot tell you. That's how you designed this. I think going down the road of giving you proof means you'll never get your real memories back; you'd just have to relearn who you are the hard way. Which was a possible outcome you expected -- you expected this might be too difficult a game for you and that you'd just walk away. And part of you, maybe **hoped** you'd just walk away. I'm not sure you're happy with your memories."

Tate stopped, looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "Personally, I think this is what you wanted: to fry your past forever while having some hot sex in our dungeon. But we figured we had an obligation to warn you first. And we didn't think you'd just start masturbating right away before we had a chance to talk."

Marco says, "Enough!"

I almost believe Tate believes what he's saying. And that's when I've had enough.

"OK, Tate, get up, get out, leave. And close the door behind you."

Tate looked surprised and was about to say something, so I continued, "Nope, get out. Don't say anything. Out!"

He got up, quietly said, "Yes, Sir," and did what he was told.

Chris turned off the infrareds light as the door closed, the bastard. Darkness again.

"You really are a bastard," I said toward the dark ceiling.

Nothing.

"Hey, Chris, I'm tired of talking with the good cop. Now it's your turn. Get yourself down here and face me. And either bring me some clothes, or you're naked also."

Chris chuckled! "Marco, Marco, so assertive, just like old times. Sure, I'll join you down there, but there's one problem. You have to turn off your infrared vision. You aren't allowed to see me."

I got up and stomped a foot on the ground, "Another of your 'booby traps'? How many of those are there?"

"No," Chris replied, in a friendly tone, "It's just part of our long-standing agreement, that you don't remember right now. You agreed that whenever you visited me, you'd wear a blindfold. It's a thing with me. I don't like to be seen."

"How the hell can you hold me to 'agreements' that I don't remember? No, I'm not turning off my vision."

Chris snorted. "Well, then you'll have to put on the blindfold that's underneath your mattress. Otherwise, I can talk with you from here."

"First tell me all of the 'booby traps'. I don't want to get my balls shocked again." Also, I think when he got down here I was going to punch him in the face.

"OK, all the booby traps, here ya go, I'll read the numbered list to you. Just remember, all of these were your idea, not mine.

1. No orgasms

2. No food -- which personally I think is even worse than no orgasms. You can have all the water and Gatorade and even liquor if you want, but no food."

"Wait, why no food? You want me to starve?"

Chris protested, "These were not my idea! I think the purpose of the 'no food' rule is to make sure you feel some urgency about disarming the memory bomb, instead of just hanging out here with us indefinitely."

I protested back at him, "How long can a person live on water and Gatorade without food?!"

"A few weeks, maybe? I'm not going to let you die, Marco, we'll just blow up your memories if it comes to that." Chris even sounded like he cared.

"If we're going to blow them up anyway, I'd rather have an orgasm first, and then eat. OK, continue."

I heard Tate laugh at that one, I think, I guess he's up there also now.

And then, yes, Tate continued the list for Chris,

- "3. You aren't allowed to wear any clothes or shoes -- we're fine being naked also, we're used to it. And we can adjust the temperature as needed.

4. You aren't allowed to leave your suite,"

"Oh, I have an entire suite?"

Chris barked back, "Tate was going to show you around, dumbass, before you threw him out."

Tate continued,

"5. You're not allowed to watch any video, listen to any audio, read any text, except for materials that were already in your suite from before, including no Internet, no recordings, no telephone, no computers. You're only supposed to hear your own voice, and the two of us. I guess whatever is written on the wall was there before.

6. I don't think there's a six. Chris, is there a six?"

"There is a six, but it is implicit in the design of the suite -- you can't see anything outside of the suite. So you have to be closed in your room when we enter or leave the suite, so you cannot see beyond the door to the suite. I think implicit in the rules is that you cannot have visitors either. So, really no communication with the outside world, just with the two of us."

This was helpful, none of these were rules I could easily break by accident. Except for having a wet dream ...

"OK, enough yelling through the ceiling, both of you get down here."

Chris reminded me, "First put on your blindfold, it's under the mattress."

Fuck. "OK." How will I know Chris is really naked if I can't see him? And it's a shame I won't be able to look at Tate some more. Seeing Tate's body is the only part of this crazy setup that I like. So far.

I laid back on the mattress, wearing the blindfold. It didn't take long to hear the door opening, and their footsteps.

Chris started, "Normally I'd hug you upon greeting, but I imagine you think I'm going to murder you soon, so maybe not."

It felt like Tate sat down on the mattress and grabbed my hand, he's got something about holding hands, and that's OK. It sounded like Chris sat on the floor.

"Assuming for the moment I believe all this crap, how do I disarm this 'memory bomb'? Let's go ahead and do this, so I can leave, or you can kill me, or you can wipe my brain again and keep playing this game with me forever."

I heard Tate take a sharp breath, and he squeezed my hand more tightly, saying, "Marco, we don't know. You didn't tell us. Supposedly you left yourself clues."

Chris agreed, "Yup, we don't know. Listen Marco, this wasn't our idea, and you sort of sprang it on us, and then you triggered yourself before we could stop you or talk you out of it, and now we're stuck taking care of you. Like Tate said before, we don't think you were happy with your memories, and we're concerned you won't be able to figure this out. Or that you didn't want to figure this out. Just one last adventure with your friends before you wiped everything."

I'm starting to think maybe this isn't a game or a kidnapping, I mean, these guys don't sound like they're trying to control me for their own pleasure. They sound like they care, although they were trying to be cheerful and playful about it.

"How did you zap my balls? And what do you mean, 'wipe everything', didn't I already delete my memories? And how did I do all this?!"

Tate took my other hand in his hands. I'm still blindfolded on the mattress. I'm starting to think Tate is more worried than I am.

Chris sighed. "You've temporarily hidden a lot of your memories inside the memory bomb, but if it goes off, I think you'll become a vegetable. For a while. We'll help you with physical therapy and re-education and stuff, and we'll see whether we can find any of your memory backups, if you didn't destroy them all, but ah, I think you won't even be able to speak at first."

OK, I'm finally afraid. "Why did I do this?"

Tate stroked my hands with his own, then he said, "You've ... you've got **PTTD**. Post-Traumatic Time Disorder. You were too close to the Vancouver Time Bomb when it exploded. I think this is your way ... of committing suicide."

"Yeah," Chris agreed. "Sort of like a Last Supper, or a Last Fuck, before dying. Not really dying, but, erasing your soul. Starting over. A reincarnation."

They almost have me believing them.

"Can I have that sedative now?" I asked.

"Sure," Tate replied, dutifully rising to find it.

"How did you do this?" Chris answered, while Tate was feeling around near the bucket, "You're the best brain implant hacker in the world, even better than me. And there is a booby trap #7, but it's for me -- if I plug you in, so I can try to fix you, then you immediately blow."

Vancouver "Time" Bomb?

That stuff acted quickly; I was feeling calmer than I have since I woke up. And now Tate snuggled up against me, which was absolutely fine. I think maybe we've spent time snuggling before.

"OK ... 'Vancouver Time Bomb' ... I have no idea what you're talking about." I really didn't. WTF is a time bomb? WTF is PTTD?

Tate murmured into my ear, "That's because it hasn't happened yet."

"Speak up, boy, I'm in the room also," Chris snapped.

"Yes, Sir," Tate said more loudly as he snuggled deeper into my side.

Yes, I could totally just hang out with Tate until I get super hungry, then I'll fuck him into my own oblivion. Sounds perfect. Who needs memories? Assuming he's old enough, and consents. My cock likes this idea. I think his does also. Sedatives are cool.

Chris answered more authoritatively, "Not everybody thinks PTTD is real, but because you've got an implant, we have digital recordings of how the Vancouver Time Bomb affects you. In the future."

I really was almost believing these guys until they started talking about time travel. Well, about **me** being a time traveler!

"I'm from the future? Hahahaha, OK, how about we all have a good fuck and then you let me go home?"

Tate found a way to snuggle even deeper, while Chris seemed to move closer, and started to hold my free left hand.

"No, Marco, you aren't **from** the future. In the future, you're too close to the Vancouver Time Bomb when it goes off, and the effects fuck you up in the past. Our past, and our present. I sympathize with you, I really do, and part of me is happy that right now you don't remember any of this."

Was I kissing Tate's forehead now? I forced myself to stop, "Everybody knows time travel is a paradox! You're so bullshitting me. But this is the best bareminder fantasy ever, you guys. Bravo! How many times have we played this game?"

Tate moved away a bit so he could speak, "I would never bullshit you. The main effect of PTTD, the way you described it to me once it started happening to you, is you start to experience causation as working in both directions, and your experience of time wobbles back and forth, you feel like you're speeding forward in time a few seconds, then backward in time a few seconds like bobbing on a time wave."

Chris added, "Yes, it was becoming extremely disorienting for you. And unfortunately, as your subjective time point moves closer to the time when the bomb hits, your symptoms get worse. You were feeling mentally and physically ill, and it was only going to get worse as time went on."

Tate volunteered, "It's great seeing you like this, right now, you're back to normal, you're sassy and fun again."

"So why the hell would I want those memories back?!"

Tate shrugged next to me. Chris sighed.

"We've warned you that you might decide getting your memories back would be too difficult," Chris said. As Tate nodded next to me.

I suddenly sat up, earning a little squeak from Tate, but, "But, packing away only some of my memories, as I've done now, shouldn't cure this PTTD. That doesn't make sense. I should still be feeling it right now." And then I realized I was thinking like a memory hacker. "Hah! I think we just unlocked the first clue!"

I could feel ... another section of my brain, spinning up, coming online ... I hadn't known it was there ... like a chunk of myself just popped into the slot. I was Marco, the memory hacker again. Not all of my memories came back, but my memory hacker skills had popped back online. Yeah, before I'd wondered what my occupation was. Now I know again.

I'd figured out a way to temporarily offset the PTTD symptoms. And it's working! But why did I have to design this elaborate and potentially destructive memory bomb in order to temporarily offset the PTTD? Oh shit.

Oh shit shit shit.

"Guys, the only reason I'm not feeling the PTTD symptoms right now, is because this memory bomb **will go off!**"

Marco needs to chill

Chris used his command voice, "Tate, give him another spray and then go get the beverage cart. He's going to need calories."

After hitting me with another shot of sedative (wait, nobody asked **me**), Tate immediately moved to get up, "Yes, Sir." As he scrambled over me, I wished he could stay; although I can't see him with this blindfold on, having him touch me is the best thing this new and crazy and probably-short life has offered me. I remember something called the Stockholm Syndrome, in which a captive begins to identify with her captors, developing positive feelings toward them, adopting their goals as her own.

This is happening to me. Stockholm Marco. But ... now that I've got my hacking skills back, I'm able to analyze my situation myself, I'm analyzing my own brain, my own brain implants, and I can see how a hacker with his own brain implants could be the best brain implant hacker in the world -- programming his own head to program his own head, and, shit, even though the double sedative is trying to keep me calm,

"Chris, this memory bomb inside my head is sentient. It's alive, and it's inside my brain, holding me hostage, and it wants to destroy me."

Chris ordered me, "Flip over onto your belly, now." And of course I obeyed, as though I'd obeyed him without question dozens of times before.

He climbed on top of me with his hairy naked body, heavier and larger than Tate's, and started to massage my shoulders with rougher more calloused hands.

"I'm not surprised, Marco, most memory bombs these days are sentient, that's state of the art, I'd expect no less from you." The massage felt good, but,

"Shhh, shhh, you need to relax. You've been through a hell of a lot, and have a lot to adjust to, and I suspect a lot more to adjust to soon. But right now, relax. Focus on my touch, focus on my hands touching your shoulders now, and now your back, digging into your muscles. Breathe deeply. Give your head some space, right now you're safe, nothing is going to happen to you."

"OK ..." I did try, and the drugs helped, and the massage helped, and having a strong and massive man on top of me, claiming to care about me, helped,

"Were, or are, we lovers, you and I?" I asked him. Although, how could I trust an answer?

Chris chuckled softly, "From time to time, but we're both pretty busy with our work. I had to cancel a fuckload of work when you showed up yesterday and triggered this fucking bomb on us. Sorry, you're supposed to be relaxing. I'm supposed to be helping. Just focus on my hands as they move to your lower back, as they press out from your spine toward your obliques, as they move the tension out of your body. Focus."

I could hear Tate reopening the door and pushing a beverage cart, I guess. I'm blind like he is for now. Tate asked, "I know this is a stupid question, but why don't the people with PTTD just make sure they stay away from Vancouver? Then they wouldn't be near the bomb when it goes off, and then ... they wouldn't ever have PTTD."

I instantly replied, "We can't stay away. We can't. Causation ... it works in both directions ..."

"Shhh, shhh," Chris said, as his hands continued moving lower, now starting in on my buttocks. He's really good at this. Yay massage! I wish I could just stay here naked with these guys forever, forgetting about stupid memory bombs and time bombs, and ... that's exactly why I'm not allowed to eat anything, because I knew I'd want to stay here forever, instead of letting this memory bomb explode.

How the hell does a memory bomb defeat a time bomb? How does it defeat causation? Or does it really? What's causing what? Maybe it's this memory bomb that sets off the Vancouver Time Bomb in the future, or vice versa. Ugh.

"You're not focusing," Chris broke in, while slipping one hand between my buttocks, massaging the area between, mmmmm.

"Chris, if you keep doing that I might cum."

"Then warn me before you do." Now he's sticking a finger in there, oh God, moving it toward my prostate.

"Is that when you'll shock my balls again?"

"If I have to. Now shut up, and focus, and tell me when you're about to cum."

Oh, God. Now there's two fingers massaging my prostate, my cock hardening, my breath quickening, and he just keeps doing it, deeper, and stronger, and I feel a drop of liquid pressed from my prostate through the length of my cock, emerging from the tip,

"I think you'd better stop," and then ZAP, though not as strong as before, as he pulls his fingers out and lays down on top of me, putting those same fingers in my mouth -- they taste clean, with only a hint of earth. A much lighter ZAP than that previous one, but enough to jolt my cock away from its desire to cum. Damn, I'm hard and horny and I forgot for a minute about the impending war inside my brain. The war that will destroy my personality, leaving me as vulnerable, helpless, and stupid as a newborn.

"Tate, pour him some Gatorade and give it to him using a straw, so he doesn't have to get up," Chris commanded, as he somehow sunk deeper into my back with his torso. In a few seconds I felt the straw at my lips, and I am thirsty, so I suck some liquid down my throat. Tastes good -- it better taste good, it's all I'll be getting for the rest of my life. "Relax, deep breaths," Chris reminded me, having felt how I tensed up when I thought again about dying.

Then Chris started singing!

*Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,
Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?
Sonnez les matines! Sonnez les matines!
Ding, dang, dong. Ding, dang, dong.*

As he finished the verse and started repeating it, Tate joined in, but eight beats later, so they were singing in a round, with Chris taking a lower octave, and Tate following in a higher octave, so beautiful,

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques,

Dormez-vous?/Frère Jacques, Dormez-vous?/Frère Jacques,

Sonnez les matines!//Dormez-vous? Sonnez les matines!//Dormez-vous?

Ding, dang, dong./Sonnez les matines! Ding, dang, dong./Sonnez les matines!

Ding, dang, dong. Ding, dang, dong.

As they finished, I thought, there's no way this is Stockholm Syndrome. I think they really love me. As impossible as all this sounds, with this sentient bomb about to destroy my own sentience, with another kind of bomb exploding backward through time, I think this is real. But I also think they love me.

Chris kissed the back of my ear, whispering, "We're going to help you find your best path, forward and backward. I swear. We're with you all the way."

Tate said, "Me too!" from a couple feet away.

My Garden before the Fall.

Bomb vs. Bomb

I guess the combo of the sedative, the massage, the lullaby, the love, I fell asleep.

When I woke, the blindfold was gone, but the back of Tate's neck was at my lips, my arm around his chest, his legs tangled with mine, my cock at his buttcrack, hard.

Damn. Would be so easy to fuck him as I wake, half asleep. I think we're going to have to lock up my cock, or I'm going to cum and die half asleep tomorrow morning. Not that it is "morning" ...

Tate is snoring gently. As I slowly move to extricate from him, the infrareds light turns on, but dimly. Thanks, I whisper, but perhaps it was automatic, not Chris watching my every move.

But as I stand I'm confronted by the door, which is closed. I don't know how to open it. Well, I have to pee, so there's the bucket. And the beverage cart is still here, with glasses, ice, Gatorade, I pour myself a tall one and gulp it down, because I'm super hungry.

"Alcohol has calories also," Tate volunteers. I guess I woke him while peeing. "The alcohol will convert to fats in your liver, the Gatorade has sugars, you need both. I wish there were a way we could get you some protein."

"Should I spend the rest of my life drunk, then," I laughed.

"Sounds fun to me!" he replied as he started to get out of bed. I grabbed his hand and helped him up, until he was standing on the floor next to me, then I kissed him, and he kissed back passionately, rubbing his hands all over me, until he stopped, "Now drink your calories! Door, 'open'."

And the door opened! That's easy. I'll see later whether it works with my own voice. Gatorade and alcohol? I added a shot of vodka from the cart, hoping it would be the least offensive option.

"Follow me, I'll show you around,"

So I did.

It's a compact suite, similar to the bedroom, not much going on, and nothing wasted. There's a small bathroom with toilet, sink, and shower stall, so I took a shower and Tate toweled me off. There's a kitchen corner but no food, only beverages. There's a comfy loveseat. Across from a wall where the TV would've been, but they'd removed it so we couldn't trigger the memory bomb by watching TV or accessing the Internet.

I'd been expecting more of a dungeon, so I said so. With chains and butt toys and stuff.

"Marco, you don't remember, all the equipment and stuff is stored in the walls and the floors."

"Equipment?"

"Yeah, just about everything you'd want to play with. And in the bedroom we could stow the mattress and pull out a sling. It's all a tight fit here, not enough room for a gang bang party, but enough room for a triad."

I felt sad all of a sudden, "Is that what we three were, a triad?" Although Tate was pretty young for such a complicated lifestyle choice.

He moved to give me a hug and a kiss, "I think I do love you in a way, you've always been fun and respectful and generous, but I'm not in a romantic relationship with Chris, he's my employer, and you're a terribly terribly busy guy, not much time for somebody simple like me."

"But you're beautiful, and sweet, and ... I feel like I'd never leave you." Yep, I'm smitten, and I'm making myself another goddamn Gatorade cocktail. "Want one?"

Tate was blushing, "I'm not supposed to use drugs or alcohol at work. And I know you're feeling terribly dependent on me right now, and I hope I can provide what you need. I'm not going anywhere until your situation is ... resolved. I'm here, 24*7, at your service."

Damn. I'm in love with a 17-year old (?) sex worker. Because there is nobody else in the world. And I'm about to die.

"Oops, Chris is coming, we have to go back into the bedroom and close the door while he enters this room. And **you** have to put on your blindfold."

After Chris yells, "All clear!" I try opening the door myself. I hear it open; it works! I'm not a prisoner after all! Sort of. Tate leads me out by hand. Chris welcomes me enthusiastically with a hug, I'm high on sugar and vodka. He says, "You seem much more relaxed and at home," and I nod, wishing I could look at beautiful Tate. I want nothing else, except maybe a bacon cheeseburger and tater tots. Gatorade and vodka only get me so far.

"So," Chris says, "What do we all do next? I don't want to rush you, unnecessarily, but ... are we going to try to solve this thing, or do you just want us to tease you sexually until you either cum or starve? I mean, we can definitely do that. Or, what's clue number two?"

Tate helps me to sit down on the love seat, Chris joins me, Tate sits on the floor at my feet, massaging my feet, damn.

"I don't know whether there is a 'clue number two'. Somehow, the fact that this memory bomb **has** to go off someday, because I **have** to eat someday, has disrupted my PTTD. I'm guessing because it will destroy my personhood so completely, that I will not be able to travel to Vancouver in a year. Not mentally or physically capable of achieving travel, no matter the strength of the motivation. How could I even have a motivation? I'll just be a baby in a man's body, still learning how to say 'MaMa'."

Chris paused to think, "I don't know if you recall, Marco, but some people have found another way out. Some people have been able to kill themselves -- somehow suicide breaks the causation loop also. If you kill yourself, then you can't possibly travel to Vancouver. But that's a horrible solution. It seems you found a way to escape the PTTD without killing yourself per se, but when the memory bomb triggers, the result will be almost as comprehensive for you as death. You'll never be 'you' again. You'll develop into somebody else, over time, over a long time. I'm hoping there's another way."

I nodded, "I think the only way we can disarm the memory bomb is if we can convince it there's another way."

Tate suggested, "Why don't we just keep you locked up in this suite? Like I said yesterday, just don't allow you to travel to Vancouver. Ever."

"Sure, but how can we guarantee that I won't be able to escape? Because I will do **anything** I can to get

to Vancouver in time for the blast. Anything. I'd kill you if I had to. I'd kill you both. I'd try digging through the walls with my fingers. I would use my hacking skills in any way required to break out of here. Or I'd trick you into letting me out. Or I'd torture you mercilessly until you let me out."

"You would **not** torture **me**! Hmmph." Tate was neither amused nor convinced. But Chris agreed with me.

Chris suggested, "How about keeping you in an induced coma?"

"I wouldn't **let** you do that to me. Plus, we're talking about a year from now. May as well allow the memory bomb go off if you're going to turn me into a vegetable for the next year anyway. You know how long it would take to recover from a year-long coma? Virtually the same thing as a complete personality wipe."

"What if a minute before the Vancouver Time Bomb is supposed to go off, we nuke the city?"

I hit Tate on his head, "You mean the two of you nuke the city with your somehow stolen nuke, and kill a million people, right before I get there, hoping that the blast and radiation somehow stop the time bomb, and that I wouldn't just crawl through the radiation and flaming debris to reach the time bomb's radius as it explodes anyway?"

Tate twisted my foot, ouch, "If this Time Bomb is so **all powerful**, why did it let you build and trigger your memory bomb in the first place? How did you win?"

Yeah. Why did it let me. How did building and triggering this memory bomb allow me to sidestep the PTTD? Why was I allowed to do this, despite my bidirectional causation prison?

"You guys keep saying that I did this. Are you sure **I** did this?"

Chris answered, "That's what you told us. You're a good enough hacker, that, sure, you could've done this. And you said you did this. And you had the motive. Means and motive. So I believed you. I've known you for a long time, Marco. Everything felt genuine, although I disagreed strongly with what you were doing."

"Maybe 'I' wasn't the entity speaking with you. Maybe the memory bomb was speaking with you. It **is** sentient, and perhaps it had already been triggered, perhaps it had already imprisoned 'me' and was impersonating as 'me'."

For that matter, maybe "it" is still impersonating me. Maybe **I'm** the sentient memory bomb.

Chris asked, "Do we know whether the Vancouver Time Bomb is also sentient?"

Um. No, I shook my head. "I mean, I don't know."

Tate exclaimed, "Maybe **you are** the sentient Vancouver Time Bomb!" I whacked him on the head again, he twisted my foot harder, OUCH.

"Oh my God," Chris exclaimed. "Maybe you are. Reverse, recursive causation, the time bomb causing you to become the greatest hacker in the world, so you could design the time bomb, but this memory bomb is also you trying to **stop** yourself from designing the time bomb. Bomb vs. Bomb."

I need another drink. Or another dribbly prostate massage. Or both. Am I allowed to ask for that?

"Chris, I can't leave this place. You guys can. What if you guys found the person or people who are building the time bomb, and you stopped them from completing it?"

This time, Chris hit **me** on the head. He also said, "There's probably already plenty of intelligence agencies trying to do that."

"How would we convince my memory bomb that they've succeeded? This is all ridiculous. I feel like we're going down the entirely wrong road."

At that, Chris gently placed his hand on my cock, to distract me. Mmmmm. "We could end it all here, right now, Marco, just fuck my hand, that's right." Tate did his part by twisting around and playing with my nipples. These guys are too evil. Fuck. Then they stopped, right as I was about to yell, "Stop!" I did start to yell, but they'd stopped. Tate went back to my feet, Chris rubbing the back of my neck, me humping the air for a minute.

Chris whispered in my ear, "I think you think better when you're horny,"

So, yeah, I am the sentient Time Bomb and this Memory Bomb is intended to destroy me, and because it will succeed, I'm not experiencing PTTD anymore. Makes sense. No it doesn't!! What if it's all bluffing and I can have an orgasm now and nothing will happen.

"Shhhh," Chris blows in my ear. "All work and no play makes Marco blow himself up. I think we should both take you to bed and give you a good spit-roast fucking."

Damn. These guys make me want to keep living.

I would figure out how to stop Time entirely if I could just live here with them indefinitely. Maybe that's what I did. Except I'm going to starve. Does swallowing their cum count? "No, swallow all you want," replied the sentient memory bomb, right before Tate's young cock exploded in my mouth. Young guys cum a lot. Well, I found my source of protein then. Gatorade, vodka, and semen, that's my new diet plan. Yes, the memory bomb can talk to me. Maybe it can help me figure out how to stop the time bomb a year from now, before I blow myself up next week. If I could disarm the time bomb, then I wouldn't have PTTD. Ahh, then Chris exploded up my ass. The perfect way to start my second day in the Garden.

overlapping but independent bidirectional causation fields

After they both came, I asked them for some time alone in "my" room. They left and shut the door. I poured myself another Gatorade cocktail to wash down my "protein" supplement, heh.

It was great fun serving my captors/hosts in such an intensely physical way, sealing my fate as Stockholm Marco, but I'm denied any sexual relief, which feels arbitrary. The memory bomb would only need the food trigger to be effective, wouldn't it? I'll have to eat food someday. But I could put off having an orgasm indefinitely, couldn't I?

Then I experienced another flash of unredacted memory, playing a game with my best friend in high school, who could go the longest without an orgasm. He won. I lasted 14 days before I remorselessly raped my pillow, remembering that teenage orgasm kept me on the edge here decades later.

Still, the other rules feel arbitrary. Why keep me naked but sexually frustrated? Why keep me isolated from the outside world?

Plus, Tate's questions from before ... especially how did I step outside the time bomb's bidirectional causality prison to construct the memory bomb, while suffering from debilitating PTTD symptoms that grew worse each day? And Chris reminding me that some people managed to commit suicide despite their compulsion to be present for the time bomb's detonation.

There must be competing, overlapping, independent bidirectional causation fields. But if this is true, then both the future and the past are stochastic, not deterministic. I've been flipped from being in Vancouver, to not being in Vancouver, on a particular date in the future. When I was going to be in Vancouver, I had PTTD symptoms, but now I'm not going to be in Vancouver, so I'm not having PTTD symptoms.

And just as the weather forecast for "Wednesday" changes as you move from Sunday to Tuesday, the forecast for whether I was going to be in Vancouver changed as I built and triggered this memory bomb.

Except I suspect this memory bomb wasn't my doing (if any of this is true at all). Oh, with my hacker skills restored, I know I could've built this thing. I can inspect it, inside my head, using my skills, all day long if I want. Looks like a real memory bomb to me. I can even talk with it, because it is sentient. An independent sentience occupying my brain, alongside my own sentience.

How many sentients can co-occupy a single brain? Especially if the brain is augmented with implants. How would they get along and settle disputes? In my own case, this memory bomb is firmly in charge, what I experience as "me" is a residual portion of the brain.

So why didn't I just blow my memories as soon as I'd constructed the bomb? Why create this scenario in which I'm essentially a sex slave, slowly starving to death?

Why am I here? To find an alternate solution? To which problem? Or is this truly my dying wish? Before blowing myself up, a week or two of Heaven with two of the people I cared about in my past.

I might survive for a few weeks without food, but I'll start having hallucinations and other severe physical and cognitive symptoms after a few more days of fasting. I don't have a lot of time to come up with a solution, if that's why I'm here. Chris suggested that having a limited amount of time & space, while frustratingly horny, would compel me to come up with my best solution. That all these memory bomb triggers were part of my plan for provoking a better solution from myself. A self-imposed existential crisis combined with frustrated desire = creative genius. The lack of food would short-circuit my brain, allowing some crazy wisdom to emerge, as though I were on a vision quest.

I need a way to **make sure** I'm not in Vancouver on that day, even if I change my mind -- which I will -- and would do literally anything to be there on that day. Which is why the current plan is to completely wipe my mind, in a way that will take years to repair. Tate suggested imprisoning me ... but he also suggested that I might be responsible for designing the time bomb myself ... and he's a smart kid ... what if I am, what if the time bomb compels me to design it, and wiping my mind means the time bomb never exists?

What if everybody suffering from PTTD, because they were present for the time bomb's detonation, is compelled not only to be present for the detonation, but to ensure that the time bomb exists at that point in spacetime?

We should technically call it Pre-Traumatic Time Disorder, not Post-Traumatic Time Disorder, because the detonation hasn't happened yet.

Time bombs could stochastically **summon themselves** into existence, once the technologies are available for their construction. Which means anybody suffering from PreTTD should have their brains wiped, so they cannot help to design the time bomb that will cause their PreTTD.

Yup, that must be the logic that brought me here. But now that I'm certain to have my brain wiped, I don't have PreTTD anymore. Is there some other way to keep me away from Vancouver, without wiping my brain?

Wait, did I really just imagine a world in which time bombs begin to summon themselves into existence merely because they could exist?

Then, there must also be **anti-time bombs** stochastically summoning themselves into existence, to fight the time bombs.

"Yes," said the memory bomb. Eeek.

On exactly which day did these stochastic time wars become possible? What was the technology or set of technologies? Ugh, it's not like I can stop those technologies from emerging. Imagine me going back in time, somehow, to warn the people of 2020 or whenever, that they need to stop inventing new technologies to avoid falling into a series of stochastic time wars, in which their minds will be drafted in service of the time bombs and/or the anti-time bombs.

Yeah. How am I going to solve **this** problem. And how much longer can I survive on Gatorade, vodka, and semen.

Feeding Tubes?

OK, enough thinking about impossible things and probing the interior structures of my mind, I'm ready to interact with my limited number of other humans again.

I put the blindfold back on and told the door to open for me. It did. I tentatively wandered toward where the loveseat should be.

"Hey, it's just me, Chris went back to work."

"Hey."

"Oh, you can take your blindfold off," Tate reminded me.

"How did you know I'm wearing it?"

"The bedroom door won't open for you if you're not wearing it, just in case Chris is out here. It also won't open for you if the suite's main door is already open. And, the suite's main door won't open unless you're in the bedroom with the door closed."

"You guys think of everything, huh," I claimed, as I took off the blindfold and located Tate. He was sitting cross legged on the floor.

"What do you do while waiting around for me?" I asked him.

"Not much I can do. Can't have any entertainment in here. But you weren't gone that long. Do you want to sit together on the sofa?"

"Sure." I moved around it to sit down, Tate joined me and grabbed my hand, of course. He's a hand addict.

I confessed to him, "I should probably just wipe my mind. I've been drafted into the Time Wars, it's probably the only way out. Then I can start a new and different life."

Tate squeezed my hand and burrowed into my side. "If that's what you decide, we'll support you, before, during, and after."

We sat together quietly.

Tate spoke first, "I was surprised when you said you were allowed to swallow. I mean, while we were having sex. That was cool."

"Yeah, it was cool. I'm not sure you guys can make enough semen to keep me alive for a year, though, heh."

Tate reached up to kiss my cheek, "Well, we both just started taking those pills that bulk up your cum production, just in case that helps."

"Really! That's hilarious. Like you two are going to use your cocks as my feeding tubes."

"Exactly! Whenever you're ready for another meal, let me know." With that, he started playing with one of my nipples. Somehow I feel guilty about having all this sex with two "strangers" while my entire life is so fucked up. If any of this is real.

"Tate, do you **consent** to having sex with me, or is Chris **paying** you to have sex with me, or both?" I asked in a halfway demanding tone.

He twisted my nipple harder, hurting it a bit, "You are so sassy again. Of course I consent, you'd know that if you had all your memories. I usually don't have sex with the clients, I'm more of a friendly guide for them, mainly because they're always blindfolded and that's disorienting for them. But I like you," and he kissed me on the cheek again.

"OK."

We were quiet for a while. His attention to my nipple was exhilarating, and I could watch him doing it. I put my arm around him, pulling him in closer.

"How much does it bulk up your cum production?"

"I'm gonna let you find that out the hard way, hungry man," he said, as he vigorously pushed me off the sofa, turned me around, onto my knees, and offered himself to me. How could I say no? I'm hungry in all the ways.

Feeding Tubes, part two, part three, part five times per day, etc.

He'd already cum like uncorking a champagne bottle earlier "today", because he's still so young. Now after taking one of those cum volume pills, it was drenching, like half a cup I think. I had to work at swallowing all of it, and licking up the rest. Damn. Not that I remember having sex with anybody else but these guys, but this was damned impressive. All I got to do in return was leak a bit from my frustrated cock. I am going to ask them for a cock cage soon, because ... I'm trying to think of ways to make this work over the long term ... ways to keep me alive for as long as possible. So I can't afford to have an orgasm.

After I licked it all up, and Tate had a chance to return from his O headspace, I ... had a super serious question for him, or suggestion, or ...

"Tate, is there a sort of safe maximum level of that cum pill that you could take, I mean, regardless of what the label says?"

"I dunno, we can look into it."

"I mean, what if you and Chris -- especially you, because you're younger -- could max out your semen production, to the point where you could actually keep me alive. Sort of like mother's milk, only, daddy's

milk."

Tate tried to stick his foot in my face, he's so physically playful. Trying to stick his foot in my mouth because he thought I was being silly and should shut up.

I grabbed his foot and moved it away, "Tate, I'm serious. Somehow I remember that a half cup of semen is roughly equivalent to one egg white in nutritional value. I think you just produced about half a cup. If you could produce that much several times per day, or maybe an entire cup several times per day, you might just keep me alive ... maybe even until after the time bomb goes off. Throw in some extra from Chris, and I'm fucking serious. Along with some vitamin water, and the Gatorade and alcohol, and if I conserve my energy -- which won't be difficult as I'm confined to this tiny suite,"

Tate tried to put both his feet in my mouth, "Living for a year off my cum? You're so crazy! I love you! Hahahaha." He tried to wrestle me with his legs, then jumped on top of me, rolling us around on the floor. He pinned me down, and tried to spit in my face, the little fucker!

I rolled and threw him off me, and ordered him, "Go talk with Chris about it. I'm serious. We may have found a loophole for keeping me around longer than just a couple weeks."

"OK, OK, go in your room and wait until we come back." But he still tried to put his foot in my face as he got up to leave.

Could I really live on their semen for a year? A lot of fucking semen for a year? There could be other loopholes. I wish I were a lawyer instead of a hacker, because there's no way I can hack this memory bomb, it's way too good. I've become certain that I didn't design it myself. It came from somewhere, someone, somewhere, else. A foreigner living in my head with a knife to my throat. I need to talk with Chris about what I've learned -- maybe if I describe certain aspects of the bomb, he can do some research, and figure out something we can use.

chatting with Memo, that's what I call her, my sentient memory bomb

"Hey, Memo,"

It's weird sharing my brain with another sentient. In this case, it's more like the other sentient is sharing **her** brain with me. She's firmly in control. I'm ... just a kid allowed to play around, so long as I don't break one of her rules, in which case she'll irrevocably ... delete me. I'm not sure whether she'll even feel remorse. She doesn't seem to love me like Tate and Chris do.

"Yes, Marco."

She's not much for chit chat. She's like a big spider, sitting in her web, eternally waiting for her prey, just sitting there. I wonder what she thinks about. I am already her prey, she's wrapped me tight in webbing, like she's going to suck my juices and leave me to die, or maybe lay her eggs inside me. Well, we all know she wants to wipe my brain back to a zygote, because I'd previously, I mean, because in a possible future, I'm drafted by her enemy in the Time Wars. I'm not sure why she hasn't done it already. I mean, why am I still here?

"So you're OK with me drinking as much semen as these two guys can produce? This loophole you granted is getting bigger all the time."

"Yes, Marco."

"Why are you OK with it?"

"Because it won't work. You'll still either die or delete before T-Time."

"Oh."

Well, that sucks. Ugh. Unintentional pun. She never laughs anyway. She's the most humorless sentient I've ever met. So far.

"Memo, can I do anything I want so long as I either die or delete before T-Time?"

"No, Marco. There are rules. In this case, we interpreted one of the rules in your favor, but you'll still either die or delete before T-Time."

"So ... I ... or, **we** can interpret rules in my favor, so long as I still either die or delete before T-Time."

"Within reason, Marco. Within reason. There are rules. They have to mean something."

Hmmm. I really need a lawyer.

"Memo, what if, despite following all of the rules, I manage to survive until T-Time?"

"There's a 100% chance of that not happening. You will either die or delete before T-Time. Otherwise I would already have exploded. And, just so you know, if you start experiencing PTTD symptoms again, I will immediately explode."

Great. Zero margin for error. No way to escape. I need a time lawyer! How can I appeal this death sentence!

"You cannot, Marco. I will not let you. My only purpose is to make sure you die or delete before T-Time. You cannot win."

Suck. She's no fun. But she hasn't deleted me **yet**, and I don't understand why.

more Memo Bo, I'll give her a last name

"Memo Bo,"

"Yes, Marco,"

"Why haven't you already deleted me? Why am I still here?"

"Because I have **already** deleted you."

Um ... say again?

"In your future, I have already deleted you."

Oh. Damn.

"Memo Bo, who installed you?"

Silence. She simply ignores me. She answers most of my questions, but not all of them. I presume she's truthful, when she does speak. But I dunno. I'm more of a bit player in this drama. I get to suck cock and starve to death, while for all I know there's a Nuclear Time War raging outside. If there is an outside.

"Memo Bo, are Chris and Tate lying to me?"

"Chris and Tate are on our side."

That's a non-denial denial if I ever heard one. And which "our" does she mean?

"I mean you, Marco, and me, Memo Bo. Chris and Tate are on our side."

How can Memo Bo and I have a same side???

Silence.

Memo Bo speaks?!

"Marco."

OMG, Memo Bo, she's speaking to me!

"Yes, Memo Bo?"

"Hackers **are** lawyers. You're trying to interface with a rule-based system, to make it work best for you."

Oh.

"Yes, ma'am."

"So make it work best for you."

"Yes, ma'am."

Maybe she loves me too after all, heh.

"No, I don't."

Mama Bo → Flashforwards

"Mama Bo,"

"Yes, Marco."

"It's not enough protein, I'm starting to hallucinate."

"I know."

"I don't want to be deleted!"

"Neither do I."

"Chris, she doesn't want to blow up either, but there are goddess damned **rules**,"

Swallowing Tate's enhanced fortified semen has become my only thing ... but three cups per day isn't quite enough ...

Wait, Mama, this flashforward better not be us having PreTTD,

No, it's not, it's what we're feeling, during **my** now,

as we're about to die,

Marco, I'm keeping us alive, because I want you to figure out how to keep us alive.

Then Tate said, "We just have to make you so happy here you'd never leave."

Chris agreed, "Welcome to the **Pleasure Conspiracy**, Marco."

Mama said nothing. With her knife at our throats.

All of you are expecting **me** to fix this. Fuck that shit. We need to work together.

"Are you my mother?"

Silence.

crossing the streams

August 6, 2059

Matt was dreaming about his dead parents, like he does occasionally, when he felt Tate kissing him and shaking his shoulder. He opened his eyes to a concerned face.

"Matt, wake up. Wake up!"

"Um ... yeah, I'm waking up, why?"

Tate gave him another quick kiss but then moved to get out of the bed -- actually Tate was already dressed.

"What time is it?"

"Matt, I got a call from Chris, there's a work emergency and I have to go to his place immediately. I could be gone for several days or even weeks, and I will only have intermittent communications. I'm sorry -- we'll have to postpone my eye implant surgery; this is too important."

"Um ... what?" Matt was confused, he thought Tate had quit his job and was preparing to go to university, after his upcoming eye surgery. If he really decided to go through with it, his final decision was still pending, along with that stupid YouTube survey.

"I'm sorry. It's a special client who is having a life-or-death emergency, and Chris needs me."

"OK ... do you want me to ride in the car with you?"

"I can't wait another minute, a car is here, I have to go now. I'm sorry. I'll text you when I can, but I won't always have my phone with me."

With that, Tate left the room, yelling, "I love you!"

"I love you too," Matt said, too softly to be heard, wondering what kind of emergency required Tate's assistance. He's not a techie, he's not a medic, he's just a handsome gopher. Or, house boy. Matt tried to call Chris about it but received a tailored, recorded message saying nothing more than Chris needed Tate's help with an emergency and would call back later.

Well. Matt ... sat in bed thinking for a while ... saw it was 4am ... decided to go back to sleep instead of calling Alex ... though he tossed around for a while wondering what possible type of emergency would call Tate back to his old job with Chris. House boy emergency?

August 9, 2059

When Tate returned with Chris so they could talk about Marco's cum volume expansion ideas, Marco had already put on his blindfold, and was sort of lying upside down from the loveseat, letting blood collect in his head. Because he was wearing his blindfold, the suite door was allowed to open.

"Hey guys!"

"Hey," Chris replied.

"So, I've been talking with the memory bomb, and she's been sharing some info with me, and ... there's no way I'm going to last longer than a week on this crazy diet without having hallucinations ... and ... she tells me so far I've been here about 48 hours ..."

Tate broke in, "You've really been talking with the memory bomb? What does it sound like?"

Chris punched at Tate's shoulder telling him to sush, but otherwise remained silent.

"She, the bomb is a 'she'. Anyway. I'm going to set a hard limit on this, one week. I'm going to have an orgasm and force a brain wipe after I've been here one week. And otherwise ... I don't think disarming the memory bomb is going to work. I'm not sure I even want to try."

Chris somberly replied, "OK. It is truly up to you what you do, I only set up these safeguards to protect you from inadvertent triggers while you found your bearings. You want to trigger the brain wipe, that's your choice."

Tate piped in, "That's what I told him, we're just here to support him in this."

The three of them were quiet for a bit, as this sank in.

Chris asked, "So what are you going to do for the rest of the week?"

"I want to snuggle with Tate 24*7 and hear all about both of your life's stories, to the extent you want to share them, or can share them. I want to get to know both of you again before I go."

Tate sharply caught his breath, making that squeaking sound he does, and everybody's eyes teared up a bit.

"OK," Chris said. We'll keep you well-hydrated with your beverages of choice, and comfortable."

"And I want to have a fantastic final sex scene on that last day, with a sling, and bondage, and toys, and ... I think you should get me a chastity device now so I don't accidentally-on-purpose poke Tate's butt until then."

"Got it, Tate can help you select a chastity device. And he can hang out with you continuously until then. One week."

"I'm sorry, guys, I know you wanted me to figure out all the clues and disarm the bomb and save the universe from the Time Wars and everything."

Tate snorted through his tears, "Silly Marco, nobody expected you to become the United Nations of the Future or anything!" then he sat down on the loveseat next to me and started rubbing my belly. "Do you want metal or plastic? Solid tube or with air holes?"

Oh, he's asking me about the chastity device. "Um ... metal sounds good? No air holes? Whatever you have that fits me."

Chris interjected, "We have dozens that fit you, you were always buying new ones for yourself."

Interesting. No wonder I supposedly made this into a cosmic chastity game for myself.

Tate grabbed my hard cock and exclaimed, "We're not going to be able to put anything on this while you're hard. First I'm getting a bag of ice cubes."

"Ack!" I grabbed his hand to keep him from getting up, "Ice cubes?!"

Chris intervened to free Tate's hand from mine, "Yes, ice cubes, perfect. Freezer cock, then locker cock. But I don't think you remember, wearing a cage will just make you even more horny. It's even possible to orgasm while caged."

Ugh. I've got a horny week ahead of me. And then I'll finally have an orgasm, and then I will die. And so will she.

doomed romance

August 14, 2059

They never told me the date, never even mentioned the exact year, and I didn't ask. I was afraid of forcing them to lie, or make up a reason for not answering.

Spending time snuggling with and talking with Tate was a beautiful endless dream. Touching his flushed, naked skin, looking at the patterns of infrared colors steaming from his body, as though he were made of dry ice, but remained warm to the touch.

And they never told me the time of day. But now that I had picked a day to orgasm and die, they kept me apprised of the countdown. Days of snuggles, cocktails, drinking cups of Tate's semen, my hardening cock straining inside its metal cage. Listening to Tate tell me about his life, until he ran out of stories to tell and we spooned quietly on the sofa or the mattress.

Tate liked teasing me and keeping me horny, keeping me hot with desire for him. Fucking him on that last day was going to be so sweet. Men always joke that they want to die in bed while fucking a hot date. This was my fate. With Tate. I'm going to write fucking poetry about him while I'm fucking him, I'm going to sing his name while I'm cumming, taking that name with me into my next world, "Taaaaaaaaaaaaate!" as everything goes dark.

I'm more worried about Tate than myself. He's basically a hospice sex worker at this point, easing my path along the stages of grief, putting up with me when I get angry and depressed, even when I ranted loudly about how all of them were lying to me.

I know they're lying to me! Chris, Tate, Mama Bo, they're all lying. Mostly lies of omission, I think.

I accused Chris of lying to me, screamed at him, demanded he tell me the complete truth, and Chris said, "The 'complete truth' would take longer to tell than you have left to listen. Be thankful we've spared you some of the details. But your situation is truly dire, we're not lying about that."

Tate would just get more playful and teasing when I asked him too many questions. Calling me "sassy", that's his favorite complaint about me, that I'm "sassy".

Mama Bo pretty much ignored me, having told me enough to secure my consent that I should delete myself (and her) from the universe before it is too late, before the time bomb reaches into the past and figures out how to take control of me again.

That's the main part of this entire story that makes no sense to me. That all this effort is to keep me from being controlled by a future sentient stochastic time bomb that doesn't exist yet. Nobody will tell me what the extent of this control had been, nobody will explain how I escaped it. But it is clear I have escaped it. But there's zero faith this happy freedom will last. So ... we must destroy "me".

We put away the mattress, set up the sling, set it up so the head side is lower than the ass side, because Tate is shorter than Chris and I want to suck Tate while Chris fucks me, but then I'll want them to switch holes, so, I'll just flip around 180 degrees in the sling. They're playing with my nipples while spit-roasting my body, and I wonder whether I really can cum while caged -- we haven't removed the cage yet. I'm dripping wet from precum, so much precum, but precum is not an orgasm, so we continue playing.

I'm begging for release, to cum, but Chris says there's still 15 minutes until we hit exactly one week from when I first woke up, so they continue the fucking, sucking, teasing, and I get closer to cumming while caged, I figure I'm 95% of the way there, and I tell them so.

Tate shouts, "Let me know when you hit 99%!" But this is also the saddest sex scene ever, because they're literally fucking me to death. But we're all on the appropriate drugs to remain hard, to enjoy touching, like a combo of Viagra and Ecstasy, I grab Tate's ass while sucking him, while Chris fucks me, then they swap positions, then they swap again.

"OK, one minute left," Tate proclaims as he removes his cock from my ass to grab the key from the other

room.

He can only remove the tube portion of the cage, because I'm instantly too hard to remove the ring.

"I want to stand up now, and fuck Tate to pieces," I announce, so they help me to get up, hold me while I'm dizzy from the blood rushing to my feet, and now my hard cock is ready, ready to fuck this beautiful young man who loves me so, who I love, while Chris reaches around me from behind to twist my nipples, tease my ass with his cock, tease my right ear with his tongue,

Damn, I want this to last forever, but I haven't cum all week, and despite my horrible hunger pangs my cock is roaring ready. I've found the pace that will push me over the cliff, I'm maintaining that pace,

"Mama Bo, I'm sorry,"

"It's OK, Marco, fuck your boy."

So I fuck my boy, and he's moaning, and Chris whispers, "It's OK, I'll catch you, we'll catch you, we'll take care of you, let it go"

I'm 99% there, I'm starting to yell Tate's name, I'm 99.9% there, I can feel a wad of semen ready to shoot,

"HONK, HONK, HONK, HONK," a super loud honking like a fire alarm is going off, and even through the blindfold I can see a bright light is flashing in tune with the honking.

"Shit," Tate said, "we forgot to turn off the emergency broadcast alarm down here,"

Mama Bo says, "It's OK, Marco, fuck your boy."

Chris says, "It's OK, Marco, fuck your boy."

"HONK, HONK, HONK, HONK,"

Tate yells over the siren, "Fuck me, Marco!"

So I do. I roar the loudest I've ever roared as my body shakes loose volleys of cum into Tate's young asshole. And then everything goes dark.

Epilogue

But I wake later on the loveseat, in the other room, and I instantly realize my brain hasn't been wiped. Instead, it feels a lot larger ...

And Tate is sitting next to me, holding my hand in his left, while talking on his phone in his right. Saying stuff like, "I know!" and "Yeah, everything's OK here," and "We're in the basement watching TV," and "I love you too, Matt," and

Wait, is he talking with his boyfriend?

Meanwhile, the TV is back on the wall and tuned to a 24-hour news channel, which is showing scenes of complete destruction and cell phone videos of what looks like a nuclear explosion, with text running below the screen and an announcer saying amazing things like, "With the permission of the Canadian government, the British government launched a W76-3 nuclear warhead at Vancouver, instantly killing thousands" and "According to the communique, a group of scientists and engineers were about to test a 'time machine' on the campus of the University of British Columbia," and "Mass protests around the world

as the UK Prime Minister and his Defence Minister resigned," and it is horrible.

Tate tells his boyfriend he'll call him back, having realized I'm awake, then he loudly tells the air, "Chris, Marco is awake!" and jumps into my lap and kisses me, asking me "How do you feel?"

"Um ... strangely normal? Um ..."

"Yeah, they nuked the time bomb before it could go off, so you're fine!"

"Um ... But you have a boyfriend?"