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# *SuperWarehouse- MegaMansion*

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by Mike Rozak  
Copyleft September 2011

**This story is UNFINISHED. It is a work in progress.**

Warning: **This story is sexually explicit.**

BUGBUG – Image of Tahr-evolved woman  
(<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tahr>)

## **The estate**

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BUGBUG – 600 x 300 meters x 7 above + 2 below. The mansion was a box 500 meters x 300 meters x 5 stories (2 of them underground).

Outside was a façade of sandstone and faux windows. Inside the mansion was a maze of thousands of rooms. Literally, a maze.

The entryway was on the second floor just so that people couldn't find their way out of the building.

Outside was a few-hundred meters of impeccably manicured lawn.

Surrounded by trees, as far as the eyes could see.

Hidden behind the trees were:

The servant's building (slave's quarters) were 250 meters x 150 meters x 2 stories.

1000 slaves lived in the servant's quarters.

Why 1000? Because "*The estate is maintained by 952 slaves*" was missing a certain ring.

BUGBUG – Servants = slaves x 2. Larger servants quarters. Follow-on through.

The machinery building was also 250 meters x 150 meters x 1 story.

Both of these were connected by 2-kilometer underground passageways. One side with bidirectional moving floors, and the other side with bidirectional golf-cart access.

The cost?

The mansion:

\$3000 per square meter, plus \$1000 per square meter for anti-bot and anti-eavesdropping security, plus \$500 per square meter for furnishings.  $\$4500/\text{sqm} \times 500\text{m} \times 300\text{m} \times 5 \text{ floors} = \$3.375 \text{ billion}$ .

The servant's quarters:

\$1000 per square meter plus \$150 per square meter for furnishings.

$\$1150/\text{sqm} \times 250\text{m} \times 150\text{m} \times 2 \text{ floors} = \$0.086 \text{ billion.}$

The machinery shed:

$\$1000 \text{ per square meter, plus } \$1000 \text{ per square meter of equipment.}$

$\$2000/\text{sqm} \times 250\text{m} \times 150\text{m} \times 1 \text{ floor} = \$0.75 \text{ billion.}$

The lands... roughly as much as the buildings:  $\$3.461 \text{ billion.}$

$\$1000 \text{ per hectare, } \$100,000 \text{ per square kilometer. } 34,000 \text{ square kilometers. About } 200 \text{ km} \times 200 \text{ km.}$

Total value of the estate: About  $\$7 \text{ billion}$

The cost of running the estate:

Oh yeah, the slaves were high quality, worth  $\$40,000$  each.

$\$0.040 \text{ billion in slaves.}$

$1000 \text{ slaves} \times \$40,000 \text{ per year (burdened cost)} = \$40 \text{ million per year.}$

$1\% \text{ annual repair costs for the structures and property maintenance} = \$70 \text{ million per year.}$

$0.1\% \text{ property taxes} = \$7 \text{ million per year}$

About  $\$120 \text{ million per year to upkeep.}$

The owner of the estate would have had five equally-sized estates, scattered over a few galaxies.

And they would have twice-as-many personal/private estates. One-quarter the size, but twice the cost per square-meter.

Total value of estate properties:

$5 \times \$7 \text{ billion} + 10 \times \$3.5 \text{ billion} = \$70 \text{ billion.}$

Annual upkeep:  $5 \times \$0.120 \text{ billion} + 10 \times \$0.060 \text{ billion} = \$1.2 \text{ billion.}$

The owner's net worth?

The owner's estates might be 10% of their net worth.

\$70 billion / 10% = \$700 billion net worth.

Their annual upkeep might be 50% of the owner's income.

\$1.2 billion / 50% = \$2.4 billion income.

By the way, there are families worth \$700 billion on Earth-Sol. You can find their estates by searching around satellite images from *Google Maps*. (<http://maps.google.com/>)

These estates don't appear on *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* (BUGBUG – TV show link)

## The telephone call

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Ring. Ring. Ring.

Long, three-day holiday weekend.

Middle of the night.

Just finished teaching school six hours before.

"Hello?"

"Jane Ware Lissen Krim?"

"Yes."

"This is Nelly. I am your relocation officer."

"Huh?"

"In case you didn't know, we have been relocating people over all of our planets."

"Huh?" I was dazed.

"This is about the looming war."

I had heard plenty about the war on television.

The woman continued, “We are ensuring that if any of our planets get invaded or nuked by the Hominids, that our diverse genetics don’t get destroyed.”

“Oh.” I didn’t know where the woman was going.

“You have been selected to be relocated onto a different planet?”

That didn’t sound all-that appealing to me.

“Are you serious? Is this a joke?”

“Yes, we are serious.”

“I can’t. I have class to teach. Wait... What if I don’t want to?”

“You effectively have no choice.”

“What do you mean?”

“We can get a court-order to enforce your transport for reasons of national security.”

“Fuck. How do I know this isn’t a crank call?”

“At ten in the morning, an official government van will pick you up in front of your house. For verification purposes, your address is fifty-two dash eighty-nine Walton Village.”

“Yeah.” My voice was dejected.

“Wait. Ten in the morning? You mean, ten hours from now?”

“Yes.”

“How long will this trip last?”

“We don’t know. Most likely half a year to a year.”

“But...”

“Just pack one medium-sized duffle-bag.”

The woman’s voice saddened.

“That’s all that will fit on your spaceplane. Leave a note out for your neighbors to watch after your pet cat. We know you have one. Don’t worry, we will contact your place of employment and explain.”

## My first spaceplane ride

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I had never been on a spaceplane before.

I had never been off the planet.

And to travel to the other cities on the planet, which I had only done on holiday, I took the train.

A government police-van arrived in front of my bungalow at half an hour late.

That was official enough for me.

The driver got out of the car as I approached.

“Jane?”

“Yes,” I said, waddling under the weight my large overstuffed bag.

The man looked at my bag. “Yeah, well, it’s a bit oversized. I’m not supposed to let that through... but toss it in the back. I can hardly blame you.”

The driver helped me carry my very-large bag to behind the van.

He opened the doors.

And helped me heaved it in.

Before he closed the doors, he remembered, “Oh yeah, I have to see some ID.”

“Oh, sure.”

I pulled out my driver’s license. I had only ever used it to take my driving test.

He looked at.

“Looks like you.”

The driver closed the door.

“Hop in the rear. Since you live so close to the airport, you’re the only one on this van trip.”

“Thank you.”

I hopped into the rear of the van, and wondered at this strange event. Last night I thought I would spend three days resting and perhaps painting my bathroom charcoal-pink.

Hell, now I had a free spaceplane flight to somewhere completely different. I was abandoning my newly-purchased bungalow. My cat... She had a cat-door and could get free food from her neighbors anytime she wanted. My children at school. And my family.

I had forgotten to call my family!

The van took off.

I’d call when I got to whatever planet I was going to. “Hey, mom, guess where I am. I am on another planet. No kidding!”

The van didn’t quite arrive at the airport, ever.

I had dropped plenty of people off at the airport, and even picked on child up there... just a month ago, in fact. I didn’t think of the similarity to my current situation at that point in time.

The van drove behind the usual departure terminal, and straight onto the tarmac.

“Why were we doing this?” I wondered. Shouldn’t I be dropped off and handed a ticket by some official government employee, and then board my flight normally?

The van approached a small triangle spaceplane.

Boarding stairs were already positioned.

Two other vans had already pulled up, and people were boarding.

My bag was by-far the largest of the ones I saw people carrying.

“We’re here.”

The man stopped the van, and turned-around to give me instructions.

“Just climb-up the steps with your bag. You don’t have to go through all of that ticket nonsense.”

“Thank you.”

I added, “Here.” I pulled out a few dollars and handed them to the man as a tip.

“Thanks.”

I opened the van door.

It was drizzling slightly. I’d have to hurry or I would begin to smell musty.

The man stayed in the van. I couldn’t blame him.

I opened the back of the van myself, slid my bag off the tray and onto the ground. I then closed the van doors.

With the very-heavy bag in two hands, I wobbled to the steps.

The van-driver double-tooted his horn at me, as a friendly goodbye. I turned around and waved as he drove-off.

“You were warned, I see.” Said the woman, as she looked at my bag.

“Yeah. Quite a shock.”

“Tell me.” Then she added. “Could I see your ID please?”

“Certainly.”

I pulled-out my driver’s license. The woman looked at it, ran a scanner over my head, and then said, “Thank you.”

Last time with the bag.

I lifted the heavy thing, and hobbled up the steps.

Inside the triangle spaceplane, I saw a jumble of bags off to my right. I hauled my bag there.

A flight-assistant came to meet me.

Before she could say anything, I asked, "Where should I sit?"

"Anywhere."

"Oh, and. Could you move that bag to the other side. We want to keep the plane balanced."

"Sure."

This time was the last time! I hauled, and occasionally dragged, the bag to the other side.

I then sat down mid-way up the plane.

The flight-attendant handed me a cup of synthesized tangerine drink as a reward for good behavior. I used it on my school-children all of the time.

The flight took an hour to load.

It was completely full.

I glanced back at the bag pile. It reached to the ceiling on both sides. The plane would be unbalanced.

I chatted with the woman who sat next to me, and one who sat opposite.

"Do you know where we're going?" I asked.

"How the hell do I know. I just found out two hours ago. My daughter and her husband packed my bag."

Pause.

"You know. I think they were quite happy to send me to another planet for half a year."

## Cleaning an empty house that may have been a spaceplane

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I was standing in a grey-steel box. About one meter, by one-meter, by two and a half meters high.

I didn't know why I was standing in the box.

I didn't realize that I didn't know why I wasn't standing in the box.

A door automatically opened in front of me.

I think it slid to the left, but I was so out-of-it that I didn't really notice.

Through the open doorway I saw a very-ornate sitting room.

Rococo furniture. (BUGBUG – rococo)

Room was four meters high.

Draped windows, with white-light shining in from the outside.

I couldn't see the outside through the windows, just a white haze.

As is turns out, I was actually inside.

The white-light was a synthetic white-wall.

The floor was an expensive-looking synthetic "granite" with oriental carpeting.

I still didn't think to think about where I was, or why I was there.

I head a buzzer go off.

Huh?

A buzzer went-off again.

I tilted my head to see where the sound came from. It definitely came from outside the closet where I stood.

This time, when the buzzer went off, I saw a small red hemisphere, about three centimeters in diameter, illuminate red. It was on a cherry side-table.

That was interesting. Perhaps it was an alarm clock.

I still stood in the closet.

Looking around.

The cherry side table, from this distance, looked circular.

Its tabletop was about one meter off the ground.

It had a box of tissues on it.

The buzzer went-off.

Then a voice played over some announcement system. It was an Aussie voice, though I couldn't tell it from Hominids. Aussies are an older version of Hominids. They have better technology, and are known to be nastier, but not as stupid. They are chiefly identified by their wit, and small tail.

I didn't understand what the voice did.

Two seconds later, I forgot that I had heard a voice.

I stared at the Persian carpet.

Whose house was this?

Why was I in some stranger's house.

The announcement-system came on again, and phrase in a different language was spoken.

I didn't understand it.

What was the person saying?

I didn't understand... so I decided to ignore the voice.

I noticed that there was a clavier at the far-end of the room.

They were expensive.

I wondered if the keys were large enough for me to play. I had always wanted a keyboard instrument as a girl.

"Proceed to the light," spoken the announcer voice.

He must be changing languages.

Did I want to obey?

I might as well.

I hobbled out of the closet, towards the side-table.

My legs were stiff.

I felt the felt of the carpeting underneath my feet.

As I walked-out into the room, I perceived a hallway leaving the room, off to my right.

Paintings of wild-animals were everywhere on the walls, by the way.

I reached the side-table, with the box of tissues on it.

The buzzer and light went-off again. The buzzer-light was a hemisphere, with longitudinal ribbing. It looked rather low-tech.

Opposite the clavier, in the other corner, was a snooker table, up against the wall, like it should be.

The light buzzed again.

But not this one.

I heard the buzz from behind me.

“Proceed to the light,” was announced.

“Why?” I asked quietly.

Near the snooker table was an expensively-embroidered recliner-sofa.

The room was absolutely cluttered with furniture.

A buzzer went-off behind me.

“Proceed to the light,” was announced again.

Might as well. It felt like a scavenger hunt.

I turned around, and watched-and-waited.

On the wall next to the hallway was a small control-panel, installed at shoulder height.

The light turned on and buzzer went-off near the control panel.

Side-table first, then control panel on the wall. Was there a pattern?

I hobbled over to the control panel.

My right-foot was injured.

The light-and-buzzer on the control-panel beeped before I reached it.

It was a low-tech looking intercom system.

There was a button on it.

I depressed the button. "Why am I here?" and then let the button up.

"Hold on a minute. Let me get my translation book," answered the voice.

A minute later.

"You asked, "What am I doing here?""

And then the man continued. "You are here because we rescued you from your spaceship."

What had I been doing in a spaceship? I had never been in a spaceship.

If I was in a spaceship, then was I in a satellite... no... they weren't called that... was I in a personal space-station?

"How did I get from my house to here?" I asked, the intercom button depressed while I spoke.

I glanced down the hallways while I awaited an answer.

"We most-definitely found you in a marooned spaceship."

Why was I in a spaceship? I had never been in a spaceplane before.

I looked at my clothes.

I was wearing a business suit. It was far too-good for teaching school-children.

I had put it on this morning so I would look presentable for the evacuation.

Fuck.

I recalled the taxi-ride to the airport, and getting in the spaceplane, and even taking off.

I recalled thinking that I should have sat next to a window to see the planet below... but there were no windows.

“What happened to the spaceship?”

The next response was faster. “Just a minute. I’m busy with someone else.”

If my spaceplane had crashed I might not remember it.

Wouldn’t I be dead?

I certainly wasn’t dead.

Wouldn’t our side be rescuing us instead of the Aussies?

Did the Aussies have a rescue service where they rescued people?

I didn’t recall being in space for long. How could the Aussies, an enemy, have their rescue spaceships so close to our planet?

“I’m back. Sorry. Your spaceship malfunctioned.”

And then the man continued. “Please, take a look around. Someone will be with you shortly.” My understanding at the time was that someone would show-up in the mansion-like space-station and talk to me.

“Thank you,” I buzzed back. That “Thank you,” won me the job.

Given leave to wander-around, I decided to walk down the hallway.

The sitting-room was full of furniture. I didn’t think they’d want me damaging it.

The hallway looked uncluttered...

... And there might be a toilet someplace down it.

The hallway was carpeted with Persian decorations.

The walls were baby-blue.

There weren't any paintings, just decorative plasters in the shapes of wreaths.

Half-way up the hallway on my left was a bathroom.

It had white tiles, a shower-and-bathtub, and several shapes of toilets.

The door was a banged-up wooden-paneled door, with about six panels. Painted a cream-white.

The door-handle was a crystal-glass knob. Very difficult for me to hold or twist.

I walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

Some cream-yellow towels hung on the wall.

I pulled-down my skirt and sat on the toilet.

The buzzer went-off.

Damn.

I hurried-up, got my skirt back on, and walked-out the room.

But I couldn't.

The buzzer went-off while I used both hands to try-and-grab and try-and-rotate the door-handle. Tahr have small four fingers, without much gripping ability.

I made it to the intercom just-after the next beep.

The Aussie man was already asking, "Why didn't you get to the intercom in time?" I didn't realize until later that he was waiting for me to be stuck on the toilet before beeping me.

"I was on the toilet."

"That explains it then." Pause. "Did you look around?"

"No, sorry, I only got as far as the toilet."

"Too bad."

He continued, "Please take your time to look-around some more. We have no-one who can stop-by and visit you now."

“Thank you. I will check-out the bedroom.” I had seen a bedroom through the doorway at the end of the hall.

Pause. “I will meet you there.”

I walked down the hall, past the bathroom.

Just before the end of the hall was a sliding-door on my right. Not-quite a secret passage. I didn’t try to open it.

The bedroom had an open cream-white door. Four paneled.

I walked through the doorway.

The left space-station “pod” I was in was obviously rectangular.

While the bedroom wasn’t nearly as long as the sitting-room, it was just as wide.

The left wall of the bedroom was an back-illuminated scene of a rural vineyard. The color reproduction was accurate. I almost could fool myself that my bedroom opened to the outside.

The floor was wood-looking, with small elliptical carpets.

An extra-king-sized poster bed was in the center. It had a bird-print comforter and draperies.

The bed was four pillows across. My bed in my bungalow was only one-and-a-half pillows wide.

This was quite a stylish place to crash-into.

Oddly, on my right was a raised wood floor. Cedar.

With wood-paneling against the wall.

I didn’t know it at the time, but it was a horse-stall.

A shower-head hung over the stall.

I thought it might be some sort of sauna. I had never actually seen a sauna or hot-tub before, except in a magazine. I didn’t think to look for the tub part.

I checked-out the horse-stall some more.

There was nothing interesting near the outdoor wall.

I didn't want to mess-up the bed.

The horse-stall looked reasonably safe.

Some thick horse-brushes hung-off the side of the stall.

There was a large sink and tap in one corner, not cedar-lined.

A large bar of soap was in it.

I didn't know what to make of my surrounds.

The Aussies were enemies. If they were, they weren't treating me badly. I would have expected to be in manacles or something, not in my business suit in posh digs.

I didn't exactly like their accommodation. It was WAY too ornate, cluttered, and weird.

I had always thought that Hominids lived in small houses with low ceilings and distinctly-less furniture... but still ugly-looking furniture.

A buzzer went-off behind me.

I turned-around and saw a intercom on the wall next to the hallway... this time in the bedroom.

I walked up to it.

"Hello," I asked into-it.

"Do you like your accommodation?" asked the Aussie.

This shocked me. Shouldn't I be let out so I could catch a spaceplane home?

"My accommodation?"

"Yes, this is where you will be staying for a few days."

"Can't I get out of here?"

"No, you cannot."

"I want to be returned to my planet."

"We won't be doing that."

Won't be returning me to my planet?

"How many days will I be in here for?"

“I think you will be here about three days.”

I thought about a response. Was I locked in here because there was no rescue spaceplane to return me to my planet? Or was I locked in here because I was now a permanent servant... we had no word for slave. We had no permanent servants either... just grandparents.

Since I didn't answer, the Aussies continued the conversation. “Please. Make yourself at home. Feel free to sleep on the bed. There is some food and water in a small refrigerator near the bed.”

They were awfully insistent.

“Thank you.”

The thought of food, and especially water, interested me. I hadn't seen any refrigerator on the stall-side of the bed. I slowly walked-around to the other side.

There was a short-brown refreshment refrigerator.

On-top were several plastic bottles of water.

I stooped-down and opened the refrigerator.

Inside was a salad in a clear-plastic container, a muesli bar, and a sandwich.

I unwrapped and ate the muesli bar.

Then I drank some water.

I sat down on the bed.

I must have sat and stared “outside” for an hour, waiting to be paged.

I thought about being annoying and paging the Aussie, but decided that my situation was tenuous. It might be better if I didn't annoy him. Let sleeping-goats nap.

I eventually lay-back onto the bed, my legs dangling over the side.

I stared-up at the poser-bed fabric ceiling. It was lighter-fabric on the inside than the outside. That must have meant that it wasn't very-good quality.

Fifteen minutes later, still lying on my back, I twisted my legs onto the bed and fell asleep.

## Looking around

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The buzzer went off.

"Wake up," came an Aussie woman over the intercom.

The apartment must have had automatic lights, because they dimmed while I slept.

Even the vineyard-wall faded into night. It may have even simulated a sunset.

As I began stirring, the lights automatically brightened.

I didn't have any motion-sensing lights in my bungalow, but I had seen them on a real-estate show on television.

The motion-sensing lights just weren't available in my city's hardware store.

I had hardly messed up the bed.

I hadn't even slept on one of the pillows.

I sat up bleary-eyed and stared at the backlit vineyard-wall as it brightened.

I might have heard cows lowing in the distance... recorded cows.

I waited for more announcements to be broadcast over the intercom.

Meanwhile, I tried to assess my situation.

Somehow my spaceplane had crashed or been destroyed in war. (As I would later find out, it actually hadn't. An Aussie capture-ship can grabbed it and yanked us out.)

The Aussies had rescued me from certain death.

Now I was either a prisoner or hostage. I didn't particularly consider that I might be a slave at that point.

For a prisoner or hostage, I was being treated quite well.

The muesli bar was very tasty.

And the accommodations were generous... but not at all to my liking.

What should I do?

Should I pester my captors?

Most-likely not.

I sat-up from bed, and looked at the crumples I had made in the bed-sheet.

I straightened them out. Might as well.

I took another drink of water.

And then visited the toilet-room. I noticed the shower, but decided not to push their hospitality too far.

Still no news from the intercom?

I half thought about checking-out the horrendous sitting-room, mostly-horrendous because of its décor... but I didn't want to mess it up.

I returned to the bedroom, and walked around a minute.

I was already bored.

Food?

Contact the Aussies and see when they would let me out?

I had a polite plan.

I wandered to the intercom and pressed the "Talk" button.

"Hello?"

“One moment.”

Thirty seconds later. “How can I help you?”

“Is it alright if I eat the salad?”

“What salad?”

“The salad in the refrigerator.”

“Oh. Yes. Certainly. Be my guest. All the food is intended for you.”

“Thank you.”

I didn't manage to get any information, but I didn't really try to. But I let it be known to them that I was being a friendly guest at the moment.

The room shuttered briefly. I didn't know why. Maybe it was a space-station thing.

I grabbed the salad out of the fridge. It has iceberg lettuce, with radishes. Not as tasty as the muesli bar.

I put the salad container back in the fridge.

And then pulled-out the sandwich. I ate half of it, and put the remainder back.

I was bored.

If I were a captive, I needed to not be a prick to them. I would be treated better if I weren't.

I thought about checking out the knickknacks in the sitting-room. I hadn't liked any of them, except the clavier.

I pressed the “Talk” button.

“Is it okay if I wander through your sitting room?”

Pause.

“Yes. Feel free. Try not to damage anything.”

“Certainly.”

And a moment later. “And oh, when will I be let out of here?”

“Not yet. We're working on it.”

“Thank you.”

I waited half a minute in-case there was a response.  
And then I wandered into the sitting-room.

Yesterday, in my previous condition, I only barely noticed that it was overly-ornate and overly-crowded. I had been afraid to move in it for fear of knocking anything over, or leaving “goat-hairs” around.

As I wandered into the room this morning, my mind clear, I absolute abhorred the room.

### BUGBUG – sketch of the room

There was three-times as much furniture in the room as needed. The furniture had way-too many patterns on it, and way-too-much decoration, and looked way-too uncomfortable.

For my own bungalow, which I had just purchased, I had a few cane chairs, a butterfly chair, a trampoline-bed, and I was considering purchasing a hammock for outside.

All of the furniture was covered with knickknacks. The tissue dispenser on the side-table was the least-offensive of them. There were also figurines and small stone-crystals. It was a dusting nightmare. There was also a telephone, which I hadn't noticed.

I walked through the room like walking through a museum.  
I didn't touch anything.

Except the clavier.

It was embossed wood-veneer with several cuts of wood.  
Checkerboard pattern on the front. Some tacky knickknacks on top.

I opened the keyboard cover.

Underneath were piano-sized keys, eight per octave. They were all displaced and broken, as if some children had abused the clavier for a hundred years.

I tried pinging one of the keys to get a note out.

Nothing.

They keys weren't actually connected to any strings.

It was all a façade.

The whole room was a façade.

No-one could actually live in it, could they?

It was some sort of fancy hotel meant for awfully-strange Hominids. They must have liked the décor.

Now what?

I closed the keyboard lid.

Looked around a bit more.

I did-not notice that the closet which I had emerged from was no-longer visible.

I certainly wasn't going to sit anywhere in the sitting-room. Not only was it ugly, but I was afraid of messing it up.

I returned to the bedroom via the bathroom.

I didn't want to mess up the bed either... the last time I had made-up a bed was never.

I dislodged a pillow, and carried it over the stall... although I didn't know it was a stall at the time. To me, it was a raised striped-cedar floor and walls.

It did have a funny smell.

I propped the pillow into the corner and sat.

Should I harass the Aussies with questions? It might keep me entertained.

I fell-asleep in the corner.

## Sold

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I awoke to hear some vacuuming.

Maybe someone was there?

I stood up from the stall and crept down the hallway.

No-one was around.

But a vacuumed-cleaner-sounding robot was slowly making its rounds, vacuuming the carpeting and hard-floor. It seemed to vacuum underneath it, kind-of like a lawnmower cuts underneath itself... I had just purchased a used lawnmower for my bungalow. The robot also had an “arm” with a smaller vacuum. It could get underneath the furniture that way.

I watched the machine for awhile and then returned to the stall.

Half an hour later, the vacuuming stopped.

I hadn't noticed the quiet since the robot would start-up its vacuum all of the time.

I did hear a metal-door close and a click though.

Maybe someone had stopped by to pick it up?

I walked into the sitting-room and saw no-one, nor did I see any vacuum.

Where did it go?

I then noticed the close-panel to the closet where I had entered.

And I then recalled the panel in the hallway.

It may have left through the hallway panel. It was only half-height. All of the cleaning-supplies for the room could be stored in there, including the vacuum cleaner.

“Hello, Miss Krim,” went the intercom.

I didn’t think to think that the Aussies had somehow learned my name.

I walked to the intercom in the bedroom, and pressed the “Talk” button.

“Yes?”

“We wish to inform you that regretfully you have been sold.”

What?

Sold?

Sold into slavery?

“Please exit the apartment the way you came. You will find a long hallway. Follow the hallway to the end.”

I didn’t say “Thank-you” this time.

I heard a click, and then a metal-door sliding.

That’s it.

I was going to get out of here... and then where?

Slavery?

For some reason I looked around for my purse.

I didn’t have it.

Should I stay in the apartment and refuse to leave? Did I have a choice?

Should I complain? Not over an intercom.

I returned to the sitting-room.

The sliding-panel had opened up.

I could see a long hallway, gradually sloping downwards. The hallway was all grey-steel, with a studded-relief low-slip floor.

Oh well, the apartment was getting boring.

I walked down the hallway.

As I walked, my feet and hands became numb. I didn't know it at the time, but the effects were due to changes in "physics temperature".

I got half-way down the hallway before I felt nauseous.

I began to weaken, grabbing onto a balustrade on the side.

And then I collapsed to my knees.

And then I blacked out.

## The city

---

"We will be landing in about ten minutes. Please fasten your seatbelts."

I began to awake.

The same phrase was spoken in another language.

I opened my eyes.

And then in another language.

I sat in a spaceplane chair, looking forward at a video-display showing our descent to our destination.

What was I doing on a spaceplane?

The same phrase was once-again spoken, this time in a non-Mammaloid language.

What happened to the god-awful hotel-room I had been in?

I looked around.

A Zebra-evolved woman was sitting to the left of me. Her arms were D-shackled to the seat's armrests.

So were my arms.

I was wearing muslin clothing... kind of a beige-muslin skirt and a beige-muslin top.

The Zebra-woman's muslin clothing was navy-blue.

To my right was a Goat/Sheep-evolved woman. She had yellow muslin skirt and top. Her stomach-breasts were showing through. She was just waking-up. She-too was D-shackled to her chair.

The Goat/Sheep-evolved woman looked at me as I looked at her.

She asked me something in her language.

I didn't know it.

I answered back in my language that I didn't understand.

I suddenly-gradually realized that people were speaking, or trying to converse. To be rude, the sound of the place was like a barnyard, with Sheep-voices, Goat-voices, Horse-voices, Jackal-voices, and Cat-hisses all-going off. The more people that tried to converse with their neighbors, the more people woke up, the louder the room got, the more chaotic the cacophony of languages.

I could barely understand some of the questions and answers that people spoke. At least ten different languages were represented on the spaceplane. I only knew one-and-a-half.

The conversation were to the effect of:

"Where the fuck am I?"

"Sorry, I don't understand?"

"Oh, you're speaking that language."

"Yes. What happened to you?"

The Sheep/Goat-evolved woman looked-at me, and asked, "Where am I?"

BUGBUG – image of sheep/goat-evolved woman

"I think we're on a spaceplane," I answered.

The Zebra-evolved woman chimed-in. “We’ve all been sold as slaves.” She was using the angry-tense, instead of the past-present-tense or the future-tense.

The conversation continued across me.

“Slaves? I was just on a spaceplane flight to go shopping at Niemen Marcus. What the hell happened?” (BUGBUG – nieman marcus)

“Your spaceplane was hijacked. Weren’t you alerted not to travel?” The Zebra-woman calmed-down to informative-tense.

Someone from the other-side of the Sheep/Goat-woman chimed-in, but I didn’t understand. She momentarily looked at the other person, decided that the Zebra-woman was better informed, and returned her attention to the Zebra-woman.

“No,” answered the Sheep/Goat-evolved woman. “We only had news that there was a war in the cats. That’s a long ways away.”

The Zebra-woman gave a knowing look. “There’s war everywhere. Your government misled you.”

“What about my children?”

“Where were they?”

“At home.”

“Don’t worry about them now.” Concern was in her voice.

“Someone will take care of them.”

“Not bloody likely. They’re terrors.”

Just-then, the spaceplane landed.

All of the cabin-lights turned on.

The Simian-accented announcer spoke, “We will be unlatching you one-by-one. You will be transferred to another spaceplane.

Needless to say, do not cause a problem, and no problems will be caused for you.”

“What did she say?” asked the terrified Sheep-Goat woman. I began to translate.

The announcer read the same line in a different language.

We must have been near the back.

A Simian-person unlocked the Sheep/Goat-evolved woman.

She was stood-up, and walked down the aisle.

I was unlocked next.

I didn't put up a fight, but I slowed-down to wait for the Zebra-woman.

Once unlocked, she stood-up proudly and defiantly.

The three of us walked out of the triangular spaceplane.

Our wrists had manacles on them, with a self-retracting cord.

The small cord had been long-enough for our arms to be locked to the spaceplane-chair armrests. As soon as we were unlocked, and let the cord coil within the wrist-manacles, our wrists came-together. We could not them pull-them apart. The cord only ever wound-up. It did not release its tension.

There were no steps going down, just an elevated causeway that we walked on. It was made of plywood, with plasti-steel balustrades.

Twenty-meters down, the causeway jogged right.

It was then that I realized that our spaceplane had landed on the top of a very-tall building, overlooking an infinitely-huge city. The downtown area was perhaps one-hundred the size of New York City. It was dusk. Most of the building's lights were on. (BUGBUG – new York city)

I never learned the name of the city, or of the planet, but at the risk of copyright violation, I will call the city (and planet)

“Trantor”. In Isaac Asimov’s “Foundation-and-Empire” science-fiction series, Trantor was the capital of the galaxy, with a population of forty-billion. This planet’s population might have been eighteen-billion.

I had never been to anything larger than a large-town, with two small shopping-malls.

The wealth and power of the Hominids awed me.

We were low-tech country-bumpkins compared to them.

The entire population of my suburb would have fit into one of the high-rises I saw.

I saw tens-of-thousands of high-rises from the rooftop airport.

“How the fuck are we going to fight that?” asked the Zebra-woman to herself.

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t want to be known as a bad slave, particularly if the Hominids had that much wealth, particularly if that would mean that we would all ultimately be enslaved.

We didn’t have too-much time to gawk.

The crowd pushed us further.

Fifty more-meters down the causeway and we were only half-way down the building’s length.

We had another right-turn.

And into a smaller shuttle.

Not quite...

We were stopped by some Simians.

We watched the twenty-person shuttle in front take-off.

Another one landed within minutes. I didn’t notice where it came from... because we had a force-shield over the top of us... which I didn’t notice either. Nor did I notice that I failed to perceive a starlit sky. The sky was mere grey... or rather... the lack of any color whatsoever.

The door of the newly-landed shuttle opened quickly.

We were ushered in.

We sat down on bench-seats against the side-walls of the shuttle. The shuttle was similar to the one on “2001: A Space Odyssey”, but larger. (BUGBUG – 2001)

Two Simians entered with us. A Hominid flew the shuttle. They ran an efficient operation.

Within two minutes of boarding, we were off, and flying through hyperspace.

I had never been in hyperspace before, but I had seen it on television. It was distinctly violet-cyan.

Within five minutes, Simian flight-attendants came through the cabin with tangerine-flavored drink in paper-cups. Most of us could hold the drinks in our hands, despite the handcuffs. If we couldn't, the Simians very-politely helped us.

One at a time, we were led forward to the very-small toilet. A herd of angry enslaved Mammaloids makes a mess of the toilets. Much-worse than any ocean-crossing or continent-crossing airplane flight you have ever been on.

After the toilet breaks, we were all fed sandwiches. We had our choice of vegetarian, turkey, spam, or tuna-fish. The Simian flight-attendants offered-us the choices with cute Simian humor. All they could do was make a bad ~~situation~~ decision, ~~better~~ less-bad.

None of us spoke.

Two seats down, someone actually tried to start-up a conversation, but the Simian flight-attendants gave them a very-nasty look. (Some Simian fight-attendants are telepathically informing me – Mike – that particularly gabby passengers get sandwiches shoved in their open mouths.)

The flight took only half an hour.  
It was the third spaceplane flight I had taken in my life.  
I wondered how I would be able to call my mother from  
Hominid space.

## Welcome

---

The shuttle came-out of hyperspace a kilometer above a green landscape of oaks and maples.

I could barely see the landscape from the front-window of the shuttle.

We soon landed.

Within two minutes, the doors opened.

The Simian flight-attendants took-up their positions just outside of the shuttle.

Two other Simians got us up, and ushered us out the back of the shuttle. They had a particularly difficult time getting the Zebra-woman to stand up. She was quite tall, and couldn't stand erect in the shuttle. I noticed this as I looked backwards. In an odd sort of way, the Sheep/Goat-evolved woman, in front of me, and the Zebra-woman, behind, were the only friends I had.

I stepped down from the shuttle onto a green lawn.

Bollards with colored ribbons guided us to an awning-tent. Underneath the awning tent was a table, with two Hominids sat. They weren't actually Hominids.

Animal-people, and one reptilian-person, were queued-up. We were allowed to approach the tent two at a time. It looked like the people were filling out paperwork.

The whole scene reminded me of a picnic, or a rural farming-fair.

The shuttle took-off.

The tall Zebra-woman had someone gotten in-front of me, by about three people.

When I got to the end of the bollards, two people were in-front of me, filling out paperwork at the tent. The Zebra-woman was just being led away.

At the edge of the bollards, I first-encountered Hominid dwarves. They prefer to be called VCH's (vertically-challenged Hominids). They are a separate race of Hominids. They are known for their trustworthiness, good-naturedness, and sense of humor.

The first thing they did was say, "*Welcome to Flavorhaven,*" and then they unlocked my handcuffs.

Everything was very surreal for me. I don't know which direction to explain the surrealness.

Four days ago I was painting my bathroom pink.

Three days ago, in the middle of the night, I won a free flight off the planet, to ensure that my race's genetics were preserved.

Two days ago I was in a butt-ugly Hominid space-hotel room.

Or was that yesterday?

This morning, I awoke on a spaceplane, manacled.

And then I saw the hugest-city in the universe... not quite the hugest I am told.

And then I am warmly greeted as a slave at "Flavorhaven", whatever that is, by some Hominids that I never knew existed.

And then they unlock-me.

And then I am ushered to the tent-booth, where a VCH (NOT a dwarf) asks me my name.

"Lissen Krim," I answered.

“Just a minute.” He spoke the version of Galactic-language that I understood.

The VCH then fingered through some index cards, and pulled one out. He also pulled-out a green packet from underneath the cloth-covered table.

“Here is your nametag. You will only need to wear it today during our orientation.”

He handed me the nametag.

“These are your orientation papers. They tell you about the history of Flavorhaven, your role here, and a guide to your hotel. Included in the back are two free vouchers for lattes.”

Meanwhile, I tried to find a pin on the nametag so I got attach it to my muslin top.

“No need for a pin, miss. They just stick.”

The man reached over... he was sitting on a high-stool... politely took the nametag from my hands, and stuck it to my top, just below my collarbone.

“There you go... and here are your papers.”

He handed me my papers.

“Have a nice day.”

I replied with a “Thank you.”

What was I saying about surreal?

## Orientation

---

A pony-evolved woman led-me away from the registration booth to an orientation-talk tent.

There were about eight tents, seven for major language groups, and one for people who had no common language.

My tent was half-full.

I saw the Zebra-woman there.

I missed the first few minutes of the presentation...

... as well as most of it.

I was quite tired, and my mind wasn't working well. (Part of the reason my mind wasn't working was because of all the "physics temperature" changes I had experienced over the last few days.)

The talk was given by a deer-evolved woman in an elegant dress.

Slavery was never mentioned.

The orientation-talk felt more like a "Welcome employee, to our corporation" talk.

But after having listened to the talk, I didn't understand why I was there.

First discussed was the nature of the grounds.

Flavorhaven was situated on a hundred-thousand square-kilometers of pristine woodland.

Power-point slide-images of brooks, fishing ponds, an old railway, and sugar-maples cycled on a large screen behind the woman. (BUGBUG – power point)

Then came the discussion about how guests arrived.

They arrived by small spaceplane shuttles. Some would take the old railway in for a novel experience. Photographs flicked in the background of arrivals. No Hominids were shown in the photographs. Only arriving Simian guests.

The guests arrived to see, experience, and enjoy the mansion, which was six-hundred meters, by three-hundred meters. It was seven stories high, with two underground basements for facilities.

Ten thousand guests could be housed in a pinch, but five-thousand was more-comfortable.

“We like to keep a guest-to-staff ratio of two.”

“Three quarters of the staff were Simian. One quarter VCH’s. And half the staff were animal-people.” The incorrect summing is intentional. Seven-hundred-and-fifty of the staff were Simian. Two-hundred-and-fifty were VCHs and/or Hominids and/or Aussies. One-thousand were enslaved animal-people. Slavery was never mentioned.

The guests would enter by the main staircase. The photograph was displayed.

BUGBUG – image of main staircase

The guests would then be broken into groups, with escort guides, “Such as myself [the deer-evolved woman].” After a guided-tour they would be handed a brochure of the facilities, and allowed to do whatever they liked.

The facilities included lodging, dining halls, discussion rooms, indoor sports, outdoor activities, hideaways, virtual-reality rooms, as well as some fun-courses, like cooking-classes and language-classes. Slides flipped behind the woman as she spoke.

Your jobs will almost-certainly be as general concierges. You are there to point guests to activities, help them when they have difficulties, and to look nice. Slides of animal-people working in Flavorhaven were shown.

A tall horse-evolved woman woman stood up and interrupted.

“You fucking bitch. Don’t give us the scam. We are slaves here, and you are nothing but a slave-master’s cunt.”

“Please calm down. We will explain all of this to you.”

“I will not FUCKING calm down! We are FUCKING here  
FUCKING illegally!”

A Okapi-evolved woman was sitting near the front, watching the crowd. She stood up and in front of the podium, semi-rudely pushing the deer-evolved woman aside.

“My name is Krooh. I am the local representative of the Furrow. I will talk to anyone concerned afterwards. Do not harass Chiwah here, for something that she cannot correct. Thank you.”

Krooh pointed the abusive Horse-woman to a location outside the tent.

They had a heated conversation while Chiwah continued.

Chiwah’s slides had advanced too-quickly. She backtracked her slides with a remote-control.

“Where was I...”

She continued. “You will be general concierges. Wait. I did that.”

Chiwah was clearly flustered.

We would receive training over the next few weeks.

Meanwhile, our accommodation, while not as luxurious as the mansion, was quite good. We would have access to a sports room with table-tennis, a swimming pool, a video-arcade, and all-you-can eat cafeteria with all-day service, a beauty salon, a tailor, and a karaoke-room. Slides flicked behind Chiwah.

If it weren’t for the slavery, the job sounded better than any summer-camp I had ever attended.

“We will now escort you to your rooms. You will all be given free open tour-bus rides to our dormitories. Those of you who are too-large to fit into the transports can wait for a truck, or you can walk. It is only a kilometer away.”

“Thank you.”

We didn't hoot, stomp our feet, or clack our chairs, as would be polite for the end of a talk.

Everyone got up, almost at once.

Some deer-evolved and goat-evolved people pointed us to the open-air tour-buses. I accidentally left my brochure pack behind, unopened. I didn't bother going back.

A line of tour-buses was parked on a patterned-brick road, about one-and-a-half lanes wide.

I got on the third tour-bus to leave. It was packed-full of unhappy people.

The ride went up hill.

For awhile, I could see the enormous mansion, in the distance, to my left.

We continued along the road, through a forest of oaks, elms, maples, and sycamores.

Then the roadway descended to below-ground level, and travelled through about one-hundred meters of chasm to what looked-like a posh hotel entryway.

We were all ushered through immaculate glass-doorways, and onto ugly airport-style carpeting.

For some reason I wondered if I had left my bags behind.

Someone pointed us towards the reception desk.

A Simian-woman greeted me.

"Hello... Can I take a look at your tag?"

She craned her neck to look at my identity.

Then she typed something into her computer.

The Simian woman looked me over, and pronounced, "You look to be about a size eight."

She typed something else in.

“If your clothes are too large, then please ask for smaller ones.” (That was a bit of Simian humor, as you will find out.)

The woman rang a hemisphere bell on her desk.

A you Simian male walked-up from behind me.

“Jake, please take this young woman to room eight-hundred ninety-two. Thank you. She is size eight, class F clothing.”

Jake didn’t say much.

He was a bit shy.

He gently grabbed my hand and led me down a maze of hallways.

The further we proceeded into the building, the more-Spartan the linings and carpeting.

My room was on the ground floor, half way down a concrete-block hallway with a textured floor.

It had a one-person bed, a dresser, and a mirror. And, a barred window looking outside.

I actually found it much friendlier than the Aussie space-station hotel-room I had stayed in.

Jake held up his finger and said “Wait here” in about five languages.

He closed the door.

It locked.

Two minutes later, he returned with a box of “F” clothing, size eight.

“Clothes,” he said.

And then he handed me my room key, and left.

## Wandering around the dorms

I opened my box of clothes. It was three sets of bikinis, one hot-pink, the other sedate-red, and the third sexy-purple.

I decided to wear my muslin top and skirt for now.

With a key in hand, I decided to wander around.

It was obvious enough that I was a slave, but I might as well see what the facilities were like. Food would also be appreciated.

After all, I was on holiday... kind of. I was supposed to be missing from my job for at least six months.

“Hi mom, I’m a slave... and, oh yea... I’m on another planet.” I wondered if I could find a payphone.

And I was embarrassed when I was a teenager and couldn’t get home from summer-camp.

I walked out of my room, and locked the door behind me.

I double-checked the room number, eight ninety-two-A.

The hallway ended twenty meters off to my left, so I went right.

I soon came to a Y-intersection.

I went left.

Cool. I wasn’t far from the recreation room.

The area was as large as the school gymnasium where I taught. Other people were in the room, playing ping-pong. There was also a pool table. And a few racing video-games.

They seemed awfully happy for slaves. And they were wearing more than bikinis. Maybe I’d be given more-reasonable clothes later.

Two sides of the large room had barred windows, like mine.

I just noticed some drink dispensers off to my right.

And people were waiting in front of the left wall, about fifty meters down.

Was that food?

I walked down to the queue, veering out so I could see if there were any fast-food signs hanging out.

Despite all of the people mulling about, no-one said hello to me.

They were all Animal-people. I didn't see any Simians, VCH's, or Hominids.

A ping-pong ball flew in front of me. A short Mouse-evolved woman ran in front of me and fumbled-it up.

A tall Zebra-woman walked past. She was different than the woman from earlier, I think.

I realized the two different Deer-species were standing in the food queue... It was obviously a food queue, since there was a large open window, with a counter, and kitchen behind.

One of the ping-pong players was a Rat.

I looked back and noticed a Lizard driving a racecar video-game.

And that was just half of us.

We were all different.

None of us were the same Race.

We most-likely couldn't even speak the same language... which should have been obvious to me given the plane-ride in.

Things just got curiouser and curiouser.

I got to the fast-food counter.

Two Simians manned the cash-registers.

But there weren't any cash-registers.

"Do I have to pay?" I asked.

A Simian woman looked at me, and noticed my key-ring.

She swept her outstretched arm over the menu board.

I couldn't read a word of it.

What could I order?

Having no clue, I looked behind the counter-people to see if there were any meals waiting to be served.

I noticed some lettuce-salads.

I pointed to one.

The woman pointed at once also, and nodded her head.

“Yes, I’ll take that.”

She grabbed it.

Without asking, she pulled a large paper-plastic cup from a cup-dispenser and filled it with water... or at least I thought it was water.

“Do I need to pay?” I double-checked.

The Simian-woman put both items on a tray and pushed the tray towards me.

“Thank you,” I replied.

She waved at me.

The woman might have been Chimpanzee-evolved. I wouldn’t have known the difference.

I took the tray and walked away slowly, just in case I had to pay.

I didn’t find any tables inside.

To my left was a doorway with a ~~Simian~~ Chimpanzee-evolved man standing in front. The glass door lead outside, where I could see a green with some circular resin tables.

I walked up to the door to go outside.

The man looked at my lunch, and then my key and key-ring. I held it up for him.

Satisfied, he pressed a button on the door and let me out.

Not bad for being a slave... although kind-of like being in prison. I had paid for a “be a prisoner for the afternoon” tour. I had to pay for my food on that tour.

Outside was some blacktop in front of the door.

A few circular resin tables, with umbrellas, were on the grass.

People were throwing Frisbees around on the grass.

Again, they were all different.

I think one of them was Pine-Martin-evolved. He (or she) was very short.

A guard stood on the outside, perhaps Gorilla-evolved.

I sat down at a table, alone.

And ate my salad. I didn't exactly appreciate it. Some nuts and something sweet would be more tasty.

Anyhow, I had asked for it, so I ate it.

I wondered if there was a fence to keep us in. Most-likely further out of view, beyond the hill.

No-one sat with me.

I noticed a Gecko-evolved person fetch a landed aerobe, and toss it to the Pine-Martin.

Four days ago, or was it three, I was worrying what color to paint my bathroom.

I sipped from the drink. It tasted like crap, despite being clear and water-looking.

Having finished my meal, I looked around for a trash can.

I couldn't find any outside, so I walked up to the glass door to be let in.

The guard looked at my keychain and let me in.

I handed the used tray back at the food counter.

Where to now?

Even more people had congregated.

I needed to check out the other hallway leaving the Y-intersection.

I was just-about up to the car-racing arcade-games, seemingly hogged by Gecko-evolved people, when a woman stopped me.

She was Elk-evolved, wearing non-bikini clothes. She had a tracking device in her hand, and pointed in my direction.

When she approached, she held up the tracking device, so I could see. Displayed on its screen was my photograph, as well as other text that I couldn't read.

The woman motioned for me to follow her. Kind-of rude like, a quick arm-wave, and then she walked down the corridor. She twisted her head back to make sure I was following.

The woman led me back up towards my room, unfortunately. Not towards the unexplored hallway.

She took me beyond my room, and to the end of the hallway, a dead-end.

There we stood for a few minutes.

I had no idea why.

And then I was motioned to my dorm room, which she unlocked.

The woman let me in.

She visually inspected my room to make sure everything was there, and then ticked-off an item on her electronic pad.

She saw my clothing selection.

And then spoke in her language. I think she said, "We will get you some casual-clothes when we can."

With that, the woman handed me a beeper, with a text display on it.

"Time," she said as she pointed to an hour-and-minute display in the corner.

“Work alarm.” She pointed to another time.

“Ten hours,” she said, holding up one hand... which had four fingers on it.

“We will pick you up tomorrow morning when the alarm goes off.” She had a very-strong accent. It was very difficult to understand her.

“Okay,” I answered.

“Be here. Ten hours.”

I pointed to the alarm. “Ten hours. Here. Tomorrow.”

The Elk-woman huffed, and walked out the door.

It closed behind me. I heard the key placed in the door, and the lock being set.

## **Tour around the mega-mansion**

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Knock. Knock. Knock.

I woke up.

Not wanting to mess-up my only non-risqué clothes, I pulled-off my muslin top and skirt.

“Uumf,” someone said outside.

Shit.

Did I miss the appointment?

I got up and unlocked my door. I peeped through.

Outside was a walking Goanna.

She pointed to her wrist.

“One moment,” I said. I didn’t close the door on her because I was, after all, a slave. I did have to put on my clothes.

I knew that I should put on my bikini.

I walked over to my bed at put my top on, the sedate-red one.

I grabbed my bikini-bottom and accidentally turned around.

The Goanna woman was already in the room, watching me. A TAD embarrassing. But I pulled-up my bikini-bottom while she was watching.

Just then, the alarm on my beeper went off.

I had attached it to my keychain last night. I fumbled with the alarm, and eventually pressed enough buttons to turn it off.

I returned my attention to the Goanna-woman.

She was wearing a super-hero outfit. No mask over the eyes. She had a bright yellow-orange tabard, with tights and a smock. And a cherry-red cape.

She waved at me.

“What should I do?” I asked.

I wasn't sure if she understood me.

She turned around, arm bent at the elbow and forming a flipped-L, and she waved me to follow... without looking me in the eye.

I grabbed my keys, thought that I should visit the toilet but didn't have time, and followed her.

The Goanna-woman appeared to have sparkling metal star-shapes glued onto her tail.

I followed her.

She ambled, literally ambled, down the hallway, and went down the right-branch of the Y-intersection... the one I hadn't visited the night before.

We walked onto airport-style obnoxiously-colored carpeting.

Fifteen meters down the hallway, and the Goanna unlocked a door on the right wall.

She opened the door and motioned for me to pass through, using a sweep of her right hand.

I caught up to her, and walked through.

We entered a wide concrete stairwell that went down.

The Goanna-person found it difficult to walk down the stairs with her tail, despite the handrail. I followed. The stairs were difficult for me because the treads were too-narrow.

I didn't think to ask any questions.

Rather, I didn't feel that it was my place to ask any questions. I didn't know it at the time, but my silence was encouraged by some telepathic "mood-music".

Three stories down, and we passed through a glass doorway.

The tunnel we entered was painted jet-black, with neon colored lights barely-illuminating the ground.

The ceiling was an arch, expanding into a twenty-meter floor.

On the right side of the tunnel were two an escalator-walkway, like you find in airports. The right walkway went forward. The left when backwards.

An electric airport golf-cart drove past. It had a spinning yellow "alert" light, and beeped continuously. The golf-cart was driven by a Simian person, and had several Animal-people sitting on back.

My Goanna-guide stepped onto the walkway, and was carried away by the escalator-walkway.

I hopped on also. I had never been on one.

I didn't bother to walk. The automatic walkway did the work for me.

We sped past some more golf-carts, hauling props back-and-forth.

I was amazed by the stylish colored lights.

Half a kilometer later the automatic walkway came to an end, and I had to step-off and walk by myself.

A short thirty-meter walk, past some more doors, and we once-again climbed onto an automatic walkway.

Two more automatic walkways, and we came to a twenty-meter wide staircase, at the end of the underground hemi-tube.

The Goanna-woman stopped to make sure I was there, and then ambled up the steps.

I followed.

Three stories up, we arrived at an archway of glass, ten-meters high. Through the glass, I saw a large lobby with ugly airport-style multicolored printed-carpeting.

On the other side were Animal-people.

And on the other side were Hominid men dressed in blue military uniforms.

We were entering enemy territory.

I suddenly felt very uncomfortable wearing a bikini.

The Goanna-woman opened a door for me, and ushered me through.

The other side was a completely different mood.

The glass arch-wall and doors that we walked through were mirrored on this side.

The Hominid men watched as we came through, like they were picking-up dates.

Were they picking-up dates? Was I to be a prostitute? I didn't like that thought.

Not interested in the super-hero Goanna, but perhaps interested in me, the Goanna-woman led me to the right.

Just outside the lobby, in a hallway, I was led to a very-tall Elk-evolved woman. She wore an elegant gown.

The Goanna-woman waved me goodbye and then disappeared.

"Krim," the Elk-woman said. "My name is Jessel. I will be your guide for the day."

I didn't say anything. The telepathic "mood music" encouraged me to remain silent.

"This is our main entry lobby."

"Follow me."

I followed the woman down the hallway, to a quiet spot.

"Those rubes [Hominids] are here to pick up sexy-looking guides. Be careful. They might decide to rape you. If they are in the process of raping you, press any button on your keychain in panic, or just think-aloud that you are in trouble. Someone will come to save you."

"They aren't that bad at the moment." Her eyes narrowed.

"They will be later-on tonight when they get intoxicated."

"Just remember that no-matter how friendly they appear, they are fucking dangerous."

"With that settled, I'll explain a bit more about our facilities."

I was walked another twenty meters to a blanked-out wall-screen.

"Touch the screen."

I did so.

It turned on.

"This screen will only turn on for you. The rubes cannot use it. Do not EVER use it in front of them. Got it?"

I nodded yes with my eyes.

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Press the emergency call-out button, the blue box with the telephone."

I did so.

A video-link of a wolf-evolved person appeared.

"How can I help you?" asked the wolf-evolved person, translated into my language using speech-synthesis.

Jessel replied. "Just testing the system, Henry. Thank you."

The video shut off.

Jessel turned to me. "Remember that one. It may save your life, and ours."

"The yellow button with the phone-book on it will show you a map of the hotel."

"Don't press it now. It's more fun if you don't press it."

I didn't press the icon.

"The green box with the fork and knife will direct YOU to places to eat. Do NOT send the Homi-fucks there."

"We do NOT want them to know where we eat. Ever."

"Last week, they discovered our secret eating locations, and began a brawl, which lead to five of us being killed."

"I will show you around some more."

I followed the Elk-woman further.

"Don't worry about the display. It will shut-off as soon as you walk away."

We walked right down a hallway, and into a very-long esplanade. (BUGBUG – esplanade name?)

The wide gallery-corridor had inset doorways leading-off both sides.

"You have no clue why you're here, do you?"

"No," I answered as we walked.

"I will show you."

One of the alcoves off the hallway had no doors. It did have a textured rubber floor, grey in color. Much-nicer than the ugly carpeting. The entire experience so-far felt like a Las Vegas hotel, although slightly less-tacky. (BUGBUG – las vegas, MGM grand)

I was facing the wall when I felt the floor moved.

I turned around to see that the wide exit to the hallway was frosted-over, looking like a grey glass.

Half a minute later, the grey faded to invisibility, and we were on another floor.

We walked into a sunny atrium, with an arched green-house-like ceiling above.

Hominids were wandering everywhere, looking around as if they were in an art gallery. They clustered into groups for four or five, and were often followed by an Animal-person. Most of them had much-less slinky clothing-on than I did.

“This is our main atrium.”

It was immense, forty meters high. Forty meters wide. And one-hundred meters long. The flooring was marble. The walls were whiter-marble. Plymths without statues were scattered-about.

“Your job is to do what they’re doing,” said the irate Elk-woman, pointing at the Animal-people following the Hominids around.

“You are to look pretty,” which you are to them.

The woman led me to the right, and into an art-gallery room. Paintings hung on the wall.

“You need to memorize the layout of this maze. You will over time. They will not. They are only here for a day or two. They are imbeciles.”

We walked to a touch-screen, like I had used downstairs.

“If you need any information about the displays, do NOT use the touch-panel. Ever. We don’t want the Hom-idiots knowing that they function.”

“If any happen to know your language, which they won’t, then pretend that you speak a different language.”

Jessel led me to another room.

“Just stand here. If a Hominid-clique comes-along and drags you with them, do what they want. I have to go.”

I nodded to Jessel.

She took off... although she actually observed me interact with the men.

I stood in a sculpture room, with marble sculptures of Hominid heads.

I didn't feel threatened, but I was worried about having to interact with them. Despite Jessel's warning, they didn't seem very scary.

A few Hominid-only groups walked by and admired the artwork. They ignored me, for the most-part. They perhaps looked-on me with disdain, eyeing my bra.

Thankfully, they didn't harass me.

As I understood it, I was to just stand around until a group picked me up. If none of them picked me up, I was to just stand around. I had no-idea how long I had to stand around before I got-off work, but I assumed than in about six hours my shift would be over. I would then ask someone (not a Hominid) if my shift was over.

A different group of Hominid officers came up to me, and actively stared at me, as if I were one of the sculptures. They walked away.

I had to pee.

Ten more minutes, and all of the Hominid men left the room. As well as all of the non-Hominids.

I really had to pee.

Toilet breaks would obviously be allowed.

No-one was around.

I could always return to the room after the toilet break.

Coming out of the elevator, I had noticed what-looked like a toilet sign, of the main atrium.

I quietly made my way there, and saw an icon-sign of a person standing upright.

It might be a toilet.

I walked in.

No-one was there.

It was a white-tiled room with urinals on the wall.

I had never seen a urinal before, but they were obviously toilet facilities.

Peeing standing-up wasn't particularly doable, but I dropped by bikini-bottom and tried to urinate standing up. The urinals had a V-shaped basin at just below crotch height.

I mostly-missed.

Half-way through urination, a group of Hominid men walked in.

They glanced over at them, and tried to hurry-up my urine stream.

They seemed to think the whole scene was funny. I thought it was embarrassing. I hadn't thought that men might interrupt my toilet-break.

I must have chosen the wrong-gender toilets.

Oh well, I'd chose-better next time.

I was standing in front of a urinal, by then finished urinating. My bikini-bottom was dragged just-above my knees.

The five men walked behind me, and surrounded me in an arc.

I began to get nervous.

They were just gawking and laughing. No big deal.

Then one of them pulled my goat-tail.

Which was actually a very-rude thing to do.  
But I knew I was a slave, and they were not.  
I let the matter pass.  
Then men chuckled.  
I pulled my bikini-bottom up.  
And walked out of the bathroom.  
I quickly made my way back to the sculpture room, and stood  
by one of the urns.

## That afternoon

---

I stood in the sculpture room at least an hour.  
I didn't look at the sculpture. I concluded that I was supposed  
to be part of the sculptures, kind of.  
No-one came in to tell me to go elsewhere.  
Hominid men wandered in-and-out, some with gowned Deer-  
woman in front of them... just to make sure they didn't slink-off.  
A Fox-evolved man eventually approached me.  
With a very-strong accent he said, "Krim, they are all preparing  
for their meal. You should go down there."  
And then he guessed that I didn't know where to go. "Here, let  
me show you your way."  
The man gestured to my pager, which I handed to him.  
He pressed some buttons, and handed it back to me.  
"Just follow the pager's directions."  
The Fox-man walked off.  
I glanced at my pager.  
On it was a compass arrow, with a number next to it.  
Arrow?

I went in the direction of the arrow, and noticed it change as I wandered off the path.

I followed the arrow out of the galleries into the atrium.

There, it led me right.

No-one was around.

The arrow led me to the end of the atrium, where I got into a very-large elevator.

No-one was around.

The elevator automatically went down, but only one floor down. The previous elevator that I took had climbed two or three floors up.

When the grey-screen faded away, I found myself in a wide-but-low hallway. The carpeting was god-awful, just like before.

The hallway had us standing there.

I followed my pager's compass to an empty spot, where it beeped at me. In my language, the words "Stand here" flashed on-and-off for half a minute.

So I stood there.

Everyone else stood, silent.

Looking at one-another.

One Deer-woman did her nails.

Across the hallway from me were some payphones. I made a note to remember their location. I might-just figure-out how to call my mother tomorrow.

One of the dining rooms must have let the Hominid men out.

The all came out in a crowd, like what happens after a session at a conference.

They knew what they were supposed to do.

Three men, this time with sandy-blond hair, came up to me.

One of them gently took-hold of my hand and led me down the hallway.

Were they going to try to have sex with me?

The man was very gentle.

Another man in the group held a multipage brochure with a map.

All of them smelled like they had consumed a narcotic drink. They weren't drunk. It might have had an ecstasy-like effect.

(BUGBUG – ecstasy)

That bothered me slightly.

But they did little more than lead me down a few hallways, and into an elevator. I didn't know it at the time, but some elevators wouldn't work unless an animal-person was with the Hominids. Aussies are very-clever psychological manipulators.

We emerged from the top of the elevator, overlooking the atrium.

It was now night... or at least dusk.

The scene was beautiful.

The men looked around, mostly-ignoring me.

They led me down a staircase into the main atrium.

I followed them as they slowly walked through the atrium. They admired the artwork, mostly steel wire sculptures.

I felt more at ease with them.

We went right, and into another elevator.

A few floors down, we emerged into an enormous video arcade.

It had video-game machines lining the walls, virtual-reality headsets, and an air-hockey table. In the corner were some pool-tables.

One of the men said “Thank you” in another language. I didn’t understand the words, but I got the gist.

I said “Thank you” back.

He handed me a piece of paper.

The three wandered-off and played air-hockey.

I stood there for a moment, and then looked at the paper.

It was a blue photocopy, about the size of a dollar-bill. On it was some text, and an illustration of a sketch of a cup of coffee.

A tip. 😊

This wasn’t a bad job.

I put the tip in a pouch attached to my bikini-bottom. I also kept my keys in there.

What now?

I guessed that I should wait-around down in the arcade until someone else picked me up.

I waited for at least an hour.

I was clueless though.

At least five groups of Hominid men arrived with Animal-people docents while I was there. The docents would stand-around for a few minutes, and then wander-off.

I didn’t see where they wandered-off to.

But they always wandered-off.

I was thinking about following the next group that came down when I heard a Hominid man swearing at the elevator behind me.

I looked around.

The automatic elevator would descent to the floor for him.

He was pissed-off at the machine.

But then he saw me.

He grabbed my hand, and dragged me in front of the elevator.

Within half a minute, the elevator appeared.

He swore. Obviously, the elevator would only descent when I was around.

The man pulled me by the hand into the elevator.

Up we went, back-into a hallway off the atrium.

I walked out with the man, expecting to follow him.

He held his hands up, indicating that I should stay.

And he walked down a hallway, leaving me behind.

No-one was in the hallway.

Deciding not to return to the arcade, I walked down the atrium to the first elevator I had taken that day.

It returned me to the ground floor, where I had entered.

I made my way to the room with the window-arch, where I had entered the building.

Tired Hominid men were ambling about.

I stood there for a few hours, but no-one picked me up.

My beeper went off.

I looked at the screen. It only showed a compass arrow, no text.

I followed the compass-arrow through a door in the mirrored glass-arch, down the wide staircase, and into the tube.

I hopped on a moving-walkway, and eventually found my way back to the dorms.

Rather than leading me to the staircase where I had descended from, I was directed-off at an earlier exit.

The glass exit-doors unlocked for me, and I climbed up the staircase, my shift ended.

I emerged near the main lobby of the dorms, where I had first entered. The wall decorations and carpeting were distinctly nicer here than near my room.

I was very tired.

My beeper still pointed me to a destination.

Rather than pointing me back to my room, it led me down another hall and to a sit-down restaurant.

A Simian waiter saw me, gently grabbed my beeper to have a look at it, and led me to a table.

A minute later, he poured me a glass of water, and left the beaker on the table.

He showed me a picture-menu, and let me look it over.

When I returned a few minutes later, the place was empty, I pointed to the green-salad with red-meat strips.

The man bowed as he took my menu.

The Simian-man may have been Chimpanzee-evolved. I didn't see a tail.

Fifteen minutes later, the man returned with a huge plate of food.

It was delicious.

The water tasted funny.

When I was finished, I got up and found a different waiter.

"Do I have to pay?"

He angled his head in a question.

"Money?"

He got the word then.

"No," he said, and sliced both of his hands outward at waste level.

"Really?"

"Aguash", he said. Or something like that. I thought it meant "Free".

"Thank you, then," I said.

I walked slowly out of the room, just in case I really was supposed to pay. I didn't want to get blamed for running off without paying.

My pager beeped.

The compass reappeared.

I followed it to my room.

Looking through the bars on my window, I saw that it was dark outside.

And then stripped-off my bikini top and bottom.

"What a weird fucking day," I thought as I sat down on my bed.

My job was to act as a biological key that allowed the Hominid men to use the elevators.

And, I was supposed to use the elevators.

I was too-tired to wander about, despite only having worked for four to six hours.

How would I know when to wake up for my next shift?

I looked at my pager.

An alarm was already set for ten-hours from now.

I lay down in bed, leaning against my pillow.

I thought about my situation.

I was a slave.

But it wasn't that bad.

If they weren't that bad, they would eventually free me. So I thought.

I'd have to call my mother and tell her about this.

## Mid-day

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Thump! Not a knock.

Someone unlocked my door, and opened it.

The short Elk-woman who had found me with the scanner two days before peaked in.

“I’m getting up,” I answered. “I need to change.”

The woman got the message and closed the door.

I put on my hot-pink bikini today. I’d have to figure-out where I could do laundry.

I transferred my beeper and keys to the bikini-bottom’s pouch.

I glanced at my alarm. I was being woken-up half an hour early.

Standing outside my door was the Elk-woman.

She didn’t say hello, and didn’t stand around while I closed and locked my dorm-room door.

I had to chase after her at a speed-walk.

At the Y-intersection, the woman took the right fork, towards the staircase I had walked down yesterday.

But then she walked past the staircase doors, to a breakfast-stand. It had been closed last night when I walked past.

The short-Elk pointed to a bread-wrapped egg, and showed her key. She began devouring her breakfast.

I pointed to the same food-item, while holding my key. The Chimpanzee-evolved person handed me the egg-and-endive breakfast-wrap.

“Thank you.”

I got a head-nod down from the quiet food-server.

I was only two bites into my breakfast wrap by the time the short-Elk dashed-off down the hallway. I followed.

We passed the sit-down restaurant I attended the previous night.

And then we came to a hallway sharply-angling left.

I followed the Elk-woman down that.

Through a glass doorway.  
Down a narrow staircase.  
And into a narrow underground service corridor.  
My beeper went off about this point. I shut it off as we walked.  
The corridor was about one-and-a-half meters wide, made of  
painted-grey concrete.

It went on for a kilometer-and-a-half.

At first, we passed a few staircases going up. Then nothing for  
most of the journey. And then narrow staircases going-up again.

We took the second narrow-staircase on the right.

We sped-walked all of the way, by the way.

The woman led me up three floors of stairs.

She unlocked a solid door, also painted grey.

We emerged into an small seedy-looking hallway with ugly-as-  
shit carpeting... about one-grade more-tacky than the carpeting I  
saw the previous day.

I was led to the right by the petite-Elk.

“These,” she said with a strong accent, “are sex rooms.”

She opened one of the doors to reveal a bed with a small-  
refrigerator next to it, and mirrors above.

“If man takes you here, have sex. If man takes you here,” she  
said pointing to the hallway, “urinate.”

We walked past two-hundred meters of rooms, and into a  
circular dome-room.

“This is central hub.”

I had my beeper in hand. The Elk-woman took it from me, and  
pressed a few buttons on it. And then she handed it back to me.

I looked at the beeper screen but couldn't see what she had  
done, other than create a small bell-icon on the screen's upper  
right.

I didn't have time check that out, because the woman then sped-walked me out a corridor to the right.

We entered a two-meter wide hallway, and climbed a cascading series of stairs. The hallway was moderately more-pleasant than the previous ones because the granite stair-treads precluded tacky carpeting.

Half-way-up the hallway's elevation-gain, I was led through a door to my right.

We entered an enormous library, perhaps twelve meters high, by fifty meters, by a hundred meters. The walls were all shelved, up to twelve meters, and covered with books. Roller-slide ladders allowed access.

"If you find a book on the ground, put it on the right shelf."

The woman picked up a paperback book off the ground, there weren't many. She showed me a numbered-sticker glued onto the binding. She waved her hand to the approximate location of where the book should go, and then tossed the book back on the ground.

There were no tables or chairs in the library.

Just a huge, antiquated-looking globe.

And a smaller globe for a moon.

One glass door at the far end of the room looked like it went outside.

We didn't go that way.

Half-way up the room, on the left, was a doorway. The bookshelves were built around it.

The woman opened the door and walked through.

This room was a cube, most-likely twelve meters to a side.

It was painted entirely glow-in-the-dark blue.

Slowly spinning disco-lights twirled and sparkled across the walls.

“This is a sex room. Avoid.”

In the corner of the room was a hidden door, which blended in with the wall. The door-handle was nothing more than a thin wire-loop.

This time, the Elk-woman let me open the door.

I pulled on the door-handle, and let the sunshine in.

It wasn't sunshine.

We entered a sparsely populated greenhouse, with an antiquated iron scaffolding suspending huge plates of glass that let the sunlight in.

But the glass wasn't glass, and the sunlight was only artificial lights. The “glass” was nothing more than solid-white lights that produced simulated sunlight.

“The potted plants can be used as weapons against them.”

We reached the far end of the greenhouse, and left via a blue-painted door.

We entered a sizable hallway, filled with cliques of blue-clad Hominid men.

They were waiting...

One group instantly grabbed the short-Elk's hand. As she was led away, she looked back with a curse on her lower-lip.

I had two chevalier sandy-haired men take my hands, one on each hand.

Someone stood behind me, grabbed my bra-string, and unclasped it.

My bra dropped away, and was tossed behind me.

The three men, perhaps four, took me in a direction opposite the Elk woman. She had better and less sexually-suggestive clothing.

I was led arm-in-arm down the hallway, other men hooting, smiling, and congratulating the three men as we walked past. Apparently, I was the first breasted woman they found, and there was some sort of masculinity-fraternity issue.

The three men didn't treat me badly.

I was led into a large chandeliered dining-room.

A Simian waiter walked us to a large circular table that could seat ten.

He looked at my topless clothing, and I could tell, was going to comment that I didn't comply with dress regulations. He must have decided that silence was the better part of peace.

The "gentlemen" seated me first, pulling out my chair, letting me sit down, and pushing it in.

The guy who nicked my bikini-top, sat down next to me, and played with my bikini.

The two-others sat to either side.

The table soon filled up with other blue-suited Hominid men.

The man opposite me was obviously a commander. He wore a grey-uniform with lots of brass.

Why had he been intentionally seated directly-opposite a topless Tahr?

Why had the bikini-wielding man been seated next to me?

It was some sort of male-joke thing.

A Simian waiter arrived and handed everyone picture-menus.

I was handed one, but one of the sandy-haired men took mine away.

I actually appreciated the move, because I wasn't certain if I was allowed to order. I was a slave, after-all.

Blue-drinks arrived in large wine-glasses. They were the ecstasy-effect drinks.

I was given water in a large wine-glass.

Then men drank and talked, enjoying themselves. I didn't understand what they spoke about. They didn't bother me.

The bikini-man eventually handed me my bikini-top, underneath the table. I looked at him with a bit of thanks, and tied it to my bikini-bottom so I wouldn't lose it.

Bread arrived with a cooked-garlic spread.

I wasn't offered any, and I didn't try to take any. I was a slave, after-all.

The commander occasionally glowered in my direction. I don't think he was giving angry/intense looks at me though. I hardly warranted his attention. He must have been looking at the three men who accosted me.

Why did they accost me just-outside the sex-wing of the mansion, then quickly remove my bra, and publicly walk me into a Hominid-only dining room? I only saw a few other Animal-people in the very-large dining-room, and they were distinctly wearing gowns.

Had someone tried to embarrass the bikini-man? Was he somehow implicated in having had bestial-sex with me because of the charade?

I felt sorry for him.

The mains arrived.

A Simian waiter put a huge lamb shank in front of me, glazed.

I was-not vegetarian. The men must-have thought I was vegetarian. They must have thought I was being insulted and/or demeaned by eating meat. Furthermore, they must have concluded that lamb was the closest meat on the menu that would make me a cannibal.

Before everyone-else began eating, I was handed a publicly handed sterling-silver fork by the one of the bikini-man's friends... they may NOT have been friends.

They looked at me, and prompted me to eat.

I accepted the fork, and used it to separate a piece of meat from the bone. The meat was VERY tender.

I took a bite.

A few cameras flashed.

The bikini-man was VERY embarrassed. Was I partaking in a mock wedding-dinner photograph?

I finished half of my lamb-shank. I was too-full to eat the rest.

Meanwhile, all of the Hominid men at the table talked and drank their blue-drinks. The commander on the opposite side of the table didn't seem to glare in my direction for the rest of the meal.

I just sat, watched, and looked around.

No-one bothered me.

The dining hall had divided windows placed about four meters above the ground, on all four walls. They were faux windows, issuing synthetic light.

The walls were a cream-beige.

Doors opened onto the dining-hall from all directions.

Simian waiters bustled about, carrying trays of food to late-arriving guests.

There weren't very-many animal-people, and they were much-better dressed than I was. I still hadn't put my bikini-top back on. I realized that I wasn't going to be abused... much... but until someone told me to put my top on, I wasn't going to do so.

Then, the clinking of glasses erupted everywhere in the room.

I was zoned-out by that time.

Behind me, I briefly looked, a Hominid man stood-up and spoke.

He was barely visible.

His voice was amplified throughout the hall.

He spoke for a few minutes, and then passed the microphone. Someone else spoke. And then the microphone was passed again. And then a deer-woman spoke in an odd language. I wasn't watching the speakers. I turned-around to see her handing the microphone to another Hominid man. She was also wearing an elegant gown.

I hadn't expected an Animal-person to speak.

A few-more Hominid words were spoken.

This was a fucking-weird vacation. The meal-alone was one-hundred-dollars worth. I had never eaten a one-hundred-dollar meal before.

Nor had I been in such a large dining hall.

I had always thought that the Hominids lived in cities the same size as ours.

And had as much money and technology as we did.

But that they were nasty shits who didn't let anyone play with their toys.

I was completely out-of-it.

Dazed.

Someone gently touched my elbow.

One of the sandy-haired men who had accosted me, prodded my elbow, to get me to stand up.

I did so, and he lead me outside the dining-hall.

Everyone was watching me, bare-breasted. Like a floozy.

He walked me out of one of the doors.

And then up one hallway.

And then back.

He was looking for something.

Two more hallways, and he found what he was looking for.

A deer dressed in an elegant gown was standing there, sentry.

She saw me topless, glared at the man, and went wide-eye in insult.

He approached her and spoke something in his language.

I stood...

Dazed.

I wasn't sleepy, but my mind barely moved.

The woman spoke in my own language to me.

"Did he do anything to you?"

It took me a moment to respond.

"Uh, no."

She didn't believe me. Her Deer-eyes swiveled-over to inspect him.

"Please hand me your pager."

I pulled it out of my pouch. I didn't think to think why.

The Deer-woman pressed a few buttons, and handed me a voucher.

"You have the rest of the day off. We will talk to you later."

I didn't even say thank you to her.

I didn't notice if the sandy-haired Hominid man still stood around.

My pager beeped once every two seconds, and pointed an arrow that I was to follow.

I followed it through un-perceived corridors, past a few cliques of Hominid men.

After I had gotten a few hundred meters away, I remembered by bikini-top.

I put it on.

As I did so, my pager got more-and-more angry at me.

It calmed down once began moving.

Half an hour later, I found myself in the mirrored arch-room, where I had begun my first day.

I was going to walk through one of the doors when a Simian guard stopped me.

He looked at my beeper, and then escorted me down the wide staircase.

He very-nicely called me a golf-cart cab.

I was given a free ride to the doors underneath our dorm.

I had forgotten to say "Thank you," to the Simian guard, but I thanked the driver.

I climbed up the steps the Y-intersection, and the two-second beeping stopped.

I looked.

I now had fourteen hours before my next day of adventures... I was being Goat-sarcastic by that point.

My room wasn't far away.

Someone had stopped by to clean it.

Not bad for being a slave... the room cleaning. The topless experience was disturbing... and distinctly weird.

I put on my muslin top and skirt.

I hated the bikini.

Did I want to eat?

What did I want to do?

I took a walk to see what my dorm-building was like.

I made it all of the way to the dorm's lobby, where the Simian-woman had told me I had "F"-sized clothing.

I glanced-around a bit.

My mental-fog was lifting.

The building wasn't that large... relatively speaking.

I found the hairdressers and walked by it.

I found a weight room.

I think I found the tailor's, but the mini-shop was closed.

There were more dorm rooms, most larger than mine. They were all closed, so I didn't manage to see inside.

Not many people wandered around the hallways.

It was the middle of a shift.

I passed by the restaurant I had eaten-at yesterday. It was closed.

What a fucking-weird experience.

Vacations were odd. You could be stressed-out completely, and then four days later have completely forgotten about your prior life.

I wondered how my cat was doing.

Would anyone notice if I were dead?

That was an odd thought.

My sister would... what would my sister do when I told her what had happened? She always knew what to do. She was a bit moralistic proper.

Did I really walk topless into a very-expensive dining hall, in front of thousands of people?

Did I want to remember that?

What the fuck was I doing?

What the fuck was I going to do?

I entered the recreation hall.

Some people were playing ping-pong, and a few geckos were glued to the racing video-games.

I approached the fast-food counter.

No-one else was there.

On the cook's "This meal is ready" counter, was a hamburger.

A Chimpanzee-woman took my order. I pointed to the hamburger.

"No. Not yours."

She spoke my language!

"Thank you. I know. One just like that!"

"Okay. Certainly."

I automatically showed her my key.

She looked at me funny, but wrote-down the order and passed it back to the cook.

Ten minutes later, I had a hamburger and shitty-tasting water.

The guard let me out the doors.

I sat at the table, sharing it with a very-thin Springbok-woman.

At least five Goanna-people were sun-baking naked on the grass.

I ate in silence.

So did the Springbok-woman.

The hamburger wasn't bad. The deep-fried sweet-potato chips were better.

After I finished my food, I stood up, and lifted my tray to take it back inside.

"[Informal] Goodbye," I said to the Springbok woman, automatically.

She looked at me weird.

A Chimpanzee-evolved guard let me in. A naked Goanna followed...

I could hardly complain about nudity at this point in time.

I dropped of my tray, with a "Thank you."

I returned to my room.

And fell asleep.

## About the owners

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The mansion was owned by Aussies. They are an earlier-branch of Australopithecus.

The mansion was a combination of residence, hideaway, and business.

I will discuss the business later, so as not to ruin the story.

The mansion was also a hideaway.

One problem with the future, is that everyone can read your mind, if they have a bit of money.

They can also befuddle you.

I had never thought of this.

There are different techniques for running-away the mind readers, just like movie-stars have different techniques for not-being seen by curious-and-nosy fans.

One approach is to have a lot of homes, and never stay at the same home for very long.

Another is to live your life in a spaceplane, always moving.

The more-technological the spaceplane, the fewer people that can listen to you.

If you live in a one-million dollar spaceplane, all of the Hominid nosy-women in the world listen to you.

At ten-million dollars, they suddenly think you're important. And they purchase more-sophisticated mind-listening technology to get through your ten-million dollar spaceplane's defenses.

A fifty-million-dollar spaceplane can escape the mind-reading Tyrannosaurs.

A one-hundred-million-dollar spaceplane-yacht goes far-and-fast enough that the nosy Hominid-women cannot keep up. The Goannas do though. But they aren't as annoying.

At two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollars, the Insects begin prying into your affairs.

A cheaper way is to fly to a very-large city, and wander through a very-large and very-stressed-out crowd.

After an hour of walking, your thoughts clear, the nosy-women that telepathically trail behind you get left behind.

Then you can think for about fifteen minutes.

Mega-mansions are another approach.

They are armored and protected from signal-snoopers and implant-bots.

They are enormous.

There are one-thousand staff and one-thousand slaves whose minds can be read. The slaves are always thinking seditious and traitorous thoughts, something that attracts the mind-reading nosy-women. Of course, the mind-reading nosy-women are provided gear and paid-for by someone with a lot of money. But you never know who they are.

Add four thousand drunk soldiers, as well as their less-inebriated and scheming-commanders, and no-one bothers to read your mind.

A few dozen very-wealthy Aussies can hide-out near the brothel-rooms, and make plans for the future.

A different group of Hominids was in the next day.

I awoke before my alarm went off.

I dressed in my hot-pink bikini as soon as I awoke... so no-one would open my door while I was naked.

I had approximate an hour... three-quarters of an Earth-Sol hour.

What was I going to do today?

I liked the first day the best. I hoped the Goanna-male would stop by and get me... irrational.

The short-Elk woman had begun yesterday's awful experience.

I needed to get new clothes, ones that were distinctly unsexy and unrevealing.

I had never thought that the Hominids would, at the same time, think of me as a walking animal, while simultaneously viewing me as a sex object. That didn't make sense.

I didn't want to call my mother.

I didn't want to go back to that hallway.

Ever.

I didn't want to eat lamb-shanks, ever again.

I didn't want to go to an expensive dining room, ever again.

I didn't want to see the Hominids either.

Nor did I like the Deer-woman who spoke a few lines during the Hominid dinner. I didn't know why. She seemed a traitor to me.

Five minutes before my alarm would go off.

I opened my door to see if anyone was going to pick me up.

No-one.

I closed my door.

I had found a brush yesterday, and brushed-down my fur-hair.

It felt good. I looked less-disheveled that way.

It hadn't occurred to me to take a shower yet.

My beeper went off.

Really?

It already had the compass-pointer on it, leading me out of the room.

No-one had come?

I opened the door and looked-out, to see if anyone was going to pick me up.

No-one was there.

I crept out of my room, and closed-and-locked my door.

No-one rounded the corner at the Y-intersection.

I saw an Animal-person walk through the Y-intersection, but they didn't head my way.

Was I supposed to head in alone?

If I wasn't, I could blame my beeper.

I slowly walked down the hallway, thinking that someone might catch-up and guide me

Nope.

At the Y-intersection, I followed the beeper's compass down the right branch.

And then through the glass door on the right. The door automatically unlocked for me.

I descended the stairs.

I was nervous. What if I wasn't supposed to be here.

At the bottom, I entered the bustle of the colored-light tunnel.

Someone stepped off the speed-walkway to my left, walked the twenty meters between walkways, and hopped on the next walkway.

A few golf-carts sped past, beeping.

Was I supposed to be down here?

My compass pointed right, and onto the speed-walkway.

I was so mentally disheveled that if the compass pointed me onto the oncoming speed walkway, I would have taken it. Luckily, it had sub-meter accuracy, so I was directed onto the outgoing speed-walkway.

I didn't stand on the walkway.

I walked the entire way.

I took two walkways, and then got-off, one walkway before the grand staircase.

My compass pointed left, across the golf-cart underground road.

I had to wait for a four-legged horse to cross my path. He was outgoing.

And then I had to dodge some golf-carts.

The glass doors on the opposite site automatically unlocked for me.

I went through, and then followed the center of three narrow hallways.

I paid more attention to my compass than my location in reality. Hallways branched left and right, and the hallway I was in made a few turns.

I reached the end of the narrow hallway, a single glass-door. It didn't automatically-unlock until I grabbed the doorhandle.

I walked through into the arcade.

There was a sense of relief in my mind.

The place was full of Hominid men.

They ALL walked-around with six-hundred milliliter glass-beakers of narcotic blue-drink.

Two days ago, they DIDN'T have blue-drink.

My beeper led me to the elevator.

Some men were waiting there. They didn't realize that I had to be present for the elevator to land.

As soon as I walked-up, the elevator screen opened.

They all entered, about fifteen of them.

The elevator was full.

I thought about waiting for the elevator to take-off, and return empty.

They patiently waited for the elevator to take-off.

It wasn't going anywhere without me.

In fact, there were NO animal-people in the arcade. If I had been more perceptive, I would have realized that the enslaved Animal-people often ditched the Hominids they didn't like in the arcade.

I didn't think that the elevator wouldn't ascend without me.

I decided to risk it.

I squeezed into the elevator and turned around.

The grey-glass appeared directly in front of me. I felt the static-electricity fields.

I was paranoid to have the men behind me.

In the half-minute it took to rise, they didn't do anything.

I walked left.

I had no-idea where my beeper was point me to.

I got about thirty meters down the hallway, when some of the Hominid men caught up to me.

One of them grabbed my arm.

Walking half-a-step behind me, with a strong grip on my arm, he guided me into a room on the right.

It was a large library, different than the one I was in yesterday.

This one had no globe in the center, nor any simulated windows. All of its walls were covered with shelves and books.

Once into the room, he halted me and grabbed onto-me tighter.

He said something to two other Hominid officers, and pointed to the far-corner of the library. One man walked out the way we came. The other found a door at the far end, and waved us forward.

I was led to the door. The man had an iron-grip on my right arm.

He pushed me through the dark-stained wood-paneled door.

We entered another hallway.

His subordinate looked at a brochure map of the place.

Meanwhile, the lead-officer kicked a book underneath the door to keep it open.

The subordinate showed the map to the Hominid-man holding-onto me, and pointed to a room.

They spoke to one another.

I was swapped for the map.

The subordinate held me by the back of my neck, and walked me right down the hallway.

He stopped at one room, began to shove me in, and decided it wasn't the correct one.

Two doors later, he found what he was looking for.

The room as a very-large very-ornate bedroom, with a very-large king-sized poster-bed. Green-felt blankets and curtains.

A desk was on the far end, near some faux-sunlight windows.

The walls were ivory wood-paneling.

At this point, I have to repeat. This was a different group than the day before. I will explain why, at the end of the story.

18<sup>th</sup> century Edwardian (Bugbug – date)

I was close to terrified. I would be sweating goat-smell soon.

I suspected they were going to kill me.

The man walked me a few paces into the room.

And then we waited.

He loosened his grip on the back of my neck, slightly.

He had a gun holstered to his belt.

One of the men showed up, said something, and gave a thumbs up.

He had a smile on his face.

The subordinate who had a grip on my neck walked me over to the bed.

They sat me on the bed.

He returned to the doorway.

I wasn't about to me.

Another Hominid male-officer showed up.

Two of them guarded the doorway.

They both had guns.

I calmed while I sat. It appeared that they were NOT going to shoot me. They were just playing a prank on someone.

Ten minutes later, a male-deer was pushed through the doorway.

His mouth had blood on it.

That wasn't good.

Two men followed.

He was physically directed by the men to stand in front of me.

Meanwhile, I was physically directed to stand up.

I did so.

We faced one-another.

Then two men that had positioned us, returned to guard the doors.

A fifth man arrived.

They closed the double doors.

I could see the group just-off to my right.

The Deer-male, more of an Deer-teenager, rotated his head slightly, but in Deer-fashion, slid-his eyes far left.

He looked VERY nervous

“The men aren’t supposed to have guns,” telepathed the deer-male to me.

One of them yelled something to the deer male.

He spoke back to them in their language.

A Hominid officer replied, and motioned with his gun.

The Deer-boy began unbuttoning his vest, very slowly.

Very slowly.

Always looking back at the men wide-eyed.

They motioned for him to continue

And motioned for him to turn around and face me as he did so.

He finished unbuttoning his vest, and turned-back for more instructions.

The Hominid officers motioned for him to pull-off his vest, when he next turned around to get visual instruction from them

“They will kill us,” telepathed the Deer-man, with another emergency-telepath.

He removed his vest, and then turned around.

They next motioned for him to take-off his shorts, while looking at me

He did so.

He had no underwear.

He was erect, I noticed.

He was VERY worried.

So was I.

“I don’t want to do this,” he emergency-telepathed to me.

“Someone will be by shortly.”

He turned around for more instruction.

They motioned for him to take off my top.

I thought about resisting, but didn’t want to get shot

He reached towards my breasts.

I began to turn around so he could unclasp my bikini-top from the back.

“No,” yelled a Hominid officer.

I stopped.

The Hominid spun his finger, motioning for me to return to facing the Deer-boy.

The Deer-boy looked back for instructions, and had an instruction yelled to him.

The Deer looked at me very worried.

His hands reached for my breasts.

They slowly and gently moved to the clasp between my breasts.

He tried to undo the clasp.

His hoof-hands weren’t dexterous enough

I raised my hands to help. I understood the game.

One of the officers motioned that I was to do nothing.

I lowered my arms.

Unable to undo the clasp with his hoof-hands, the deer-male quietly pull-down my top, and expose my breasts.

He turned around.

He was motioned to pull-down my bikin-bottom.

He did so.

He was working it down to the ground so I could step out of it.

“Nein,” commanded an officer. This must have meant stop.

The TERRIFIED deer-male looked back at them for more visual instructions

The officer made a motion with his hands for us to close-in.

The deer-male turned around.

Another emergency telepath, “I will try to fake it.”

We closed, and touched.

The deer-gentleman turned around, awaiting further instruction.

The Hominid officer signaled.

The deer-gentleman reluctantly, moved up-and-down, touching, but not inserting.

“Hrumph,” or something like that came from the Hominid officer.

He motioned for the deer-male to back me up to the bed and lay on top of me

The gentleman-deer was furious

“They will come soon. I hope,” he telepathed.

I was backed up very slowly.

I had to sit down, and then lie down. My legs bent off the side of the bed.

The gentleman deer looked back at the Hominid officer-crap for further instructions

“Crup,” I heard. I didn’t see the officer’s emotions.

The deer-male obeyed.

I will hate the Hominids forever.

While I was being raped... and I wasn’t really being raped by the Deer-gentlemen, the Hominid men walked-out

They closed the door behind them.

I thought I heard the doors lock.

We both withdrew from sex.

We were in the room alone.

We waited to see what the Hominid officers would do.

“I am sorry,” the gentleman-Deer said. He put his hand on my hand in comfort.

We waited to see if the Hominid men would return.

After half an hour, the deer-man timidly stood-up off-of bed, put-in his pants, and crept to the door.

Meanwhile, I put my “F”-sized clothes on.

He couldn't open the door. It was locked from the outside.

We were locked in here until someone came and opened the door.

My beeper went off.

I pulled it out and looked it.

**ALERT!**

That's all it said. It beeped a few times.

We waited.

No-one came.

The Deer-gentleman sat by the door, knees bent, head bent-down in sorrow.

I didn't want to fall-asleep on the bed.

I crept to the far side of the room.

I noticed a door.

It was locked.

I didn't want to sit near the door, in case the Hominids came through.

I sat by the table, knees up, looking at the Deer-man.

I fell-asleep.

I awoke, in a fetal position, my arms clamped around my knees.

A Rabbit-evolved woman was talking to the Elk-man.

He left the room.

She came-over, and coaxed me up.

"Come on. We've got to get you out of here. There has been murder."

She walked me out of the room.

My mind was near-comatose.

The Rabbit-woman had a gun.

She walked me to the elevator in the atrium.

"You can find your way out from here. I have to look for more people."

I didn't think to thank her.

The elevator took me downstairs, where I was met by two Gorilla-evolved guards.

They led me through the mirrored archway, and pointed me to a golf-cart waiting below.

The mirrored-archway great-room had quite a few armed Simians, Gorilla-evolved guards, some Zebra, and some Aussies. I hadn't seen the Aussies before then.

At the bottom of the steps, I was escorted to a golf-cart and driven back to the dorm rooms.

They actually drove outside, and up to the main lobby.

Armed Simians were there also.

I was let in, but kept in the main lobby for an hour.

I didn't speak to anyone.

I sat, knees up, against a wall. Comatose.

A Simian-person bent down and handed me a plasti-paper cub  
of soft-drink

I sipped that.

Fifteen minutes later, I was just thinking about getting up and stretching my legs when a pair of armed Simians each-grabbed my upper-arms.

They nearly-lifted me to my feet.

And the three of us ran outside.

They placed me and other Animal-people onto a golf-cart.

We were sped up the road, in the pouring rain.

Once we came out of the chasm, we stopped.

A shuttle was parked immediately next to the road.

We were rushed into the shuttle, ushered in by a soaking-wet Aussie.

The shuttle was over-loaded with Animal-people, as well as some Gorilla-evolved people.

The backdoors closed, and we took-off before I knew it.

Two minutes later, the same Hominid battalion that raped me, blew up the shuttle that I was on.

## **What happened elsewhere on party night**

The Hominid group that raped me was a different Hominid group than had debased me at the dinner.

The story about the story gets very weird...

The Aussies have telepathically chimed in...

The Hominid General and his men began arriving soon-after the dinner finished. The dinner was a thank-you and farewell dinner for the previous contingent.

The General got nastier and nastier throughout the day.

The Aussies used the mega-mansion as a giant psychology test for Hominid military contingents.

Those contingents that behaved themselves and who were less-racist, were given the clear to enter Simian space.

People want to enter Simian space because it is not at war with the Animal-people, Lemurs, Saurians, Goannas, Geckos, Crocodile-evolved people, Skink-evolved people, and various "Reptiloids".

Continents that were bastards were sent to "The Death Zone" ... THIS Taurosphere.

The General knew that his contingent was not selected for the Simian-nations.

He knew that his men would most-likely die in combat. Very high-tech enemies lurk in "The Death Zone".

Consequently, he took revenge on the Aussies who owned the mega-mansion.

His men tried to burn the place down. That didn't work. It had been tried many times before.

His men were ordered to do as much damage as possible to the Aussies, their staff, and the slaves.

Consequently fifty to one-hundred-and-fifty Animal people were raped that night. Fifty Animal-people died in the mansion.

Twenty Simians, Chimpanzee-evolved, and Gorilla-evolved people also died. Forty Aussies died. Twelve VCH's died.

That was INSIDE the mega-mansion.

Fourteen emergency-evacuation shuttles were blown-up by the Hominid contingent, overfilled with passengers. Each would have twenty-five passengers.

News from the enslaved Animal-people:

The gaming-room has been intentionally locked, by preventing the Hominid officers from using the elevator.

An Animal-person woman was "standing guard" in front of the elevator I exited from. I didn't notice her... because she bolted around the corner when elevator came-up.

Basically, the elevator wouldn't move without an Animal-person being in it. She stood by, to ward-off any Animal-people.

Throughout the night, the Animal-people had led groups of Hominid officers down to the arcade, and then snuck-out through the door I had entered.

I was unknowingly sent through the arcade, by an automatic system.

Regrettably, I let some Hominid officers escape.

She fought them rather than being raped. They ended-up shooting the woman "guarding" the elevator. She died fifteen-meters down the other hallway.

Her dead-and-dying body was used as a "key" to allow the other Hominid officers to escape the arcade.

## **Going backwards**

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From Animal-people in “The Furrow”, a sister organization to the slave-rescue organization, the “Al Ari”, “Al Ara” or “Awr Awroo” – meaning “The path”:

The reason why I was purchased for the mega-mansion was that many Animal-people had been killed a month before, when a different Hominid military-contingent did the same thing. Dead employees had to be replaced.

I was particularly interesting to the Aussies because I was an endangered species. It made for good advertising. And there were/are war-incentives for “rescuing” endangered species.

Endangered species don’t have children... unless there’s a version of the endangered species with the opposite gender... which can be controlled.

From a later occupant of the Aussie space hotel-room that I stayed in:

The Aussie space-hotel that stayed in was for test purposes. We were all monitored to test our reactions

A month after my visit, a Four-legged Horse, Hoyhnhnm (BUGBUG – sp) stayed in there. She kicked the shit out of the place. She verified that the clavier had no actual wires. It was just very-thin veneer. The snooker table was more difficult to destroy. The side-table was quite real. The bathtub was a rubber-plastic that was permanently dented by her hooves. The toilet smashed-to-bits though, which was quite satisfying. The bedroom was mostly indestructible. She never got to the auto-vacuum part of the test; the device will never be able to leave its cave again though, since that door was sealed by hoof-dents. (BUGBUG – hoyhnhnm link)

## Going forwards

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There are approximately ten-thousand such mega-mansions in the Lots of Stars (K' Tick Tuk) galaxy.

From the Simians:

Nearly one-hundred books have already been written about Flavorhaven, where I was. Several have already been published/distributed. Others are in the process of being published.

Other Simians (and Chimpanzee-evolved and Ape-evolved) people have written-and-published books about Flavorhaven and the other mega-mansions.

The Hominid General, and others, may have read these books and decided to take revenge on the Aussie industry.

Forty such attacks have occurred in the last two years.

For people in within five-thousand galaxies of this Taurosphere:

The Aussies have been recruiting “nice” Hominids for nearly one-hundred years.

At first, they migrated the nice-Hominids into the Alotians, and Lots of Stars (K' Tick Tuk).

In the last fifteen years, they have migrated them into the Simians, so they wouldn't take-part in the expected bloodbath of this war. And because many Aussies are military leaders, and seek-

out the best Hominids, for a potential war originating from the Simian nations.

Furthermore, Hominid leadership doesn't like this region of the Hominid Empire because it is a major crime capital.

They migrated war-bred to this region, partly to take revenge on the crime-bosses, and partly because they expect a war here anyway. War-bred are people who tend to be sociopathic, follow orders, and are racist. They are excellent soldiers in war, but they destabilize an at-peace society. Their population-numbers are doubled or quadrupled in the fifty-years before a war begins.

Which is one of the reasons why the Aussies migrated the nice-Hominids out. They recognized the war-bred arriving.

The war began three years ago. In the last three years, the Hominid militaries in the area have behaved particularly egregiously. And they have been using very high-tech weapons.

Which is why non-Hominids have taken-up positions in the region... which is why the Hominids have termed the region, "The Death Zone".

Meanwhile, all of the wealthy Hominid-civilians in the region have realized that many old-friends and neighbors have taken jobs elsewhere. Their new neighbors aren't as pleasant.

Many wealthy Hominid-civilians with spaceplane access have fled to the Alotians, and/or the Simians, and/or further away.

(A large-chunk of the Hominid population has been recruited into the militaries.)

Meanwhile, the wealthy Hominid civilians like household slaves. They also see them as a financial investment.

Slaves are illegal in the Alotian Nations... but they are unfortunately tolerated at the moment.

Simian slaves are illegal in the Simians, but one-or-two Animal-people slaves are allowed per Hominid household.

So, less-wealthy Hominids who have no need for a slave, have purchase one as a financial investment. They can take one slave across the border into the Simians, and then rent them out to wealthy Hominids.

Meanwhile, local laws dictated by Hominid leaders, require many less-wealthy non-migrating Hominids to have a slave... ESPECIALLY if they are anti-slavery.

Which creates a market for enslaved Animal-people.

Which attracts bastard slavers to this region.

Which makes things even worse.

PS – Many of the nicer space-faring Hominids have hidden-away on “*low-tech*” non-disclosed Hominid planets, like Earth-Sol. Some Alotians are also doing the same. (Alotians look like round-faced Hominids, but without hair. Their ancestors are NOT Australopithecus, branching-off before Chimpanzees.) (BUGBUG – Australopithecus, Chimpanzee)

## For more stories

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