The next six hours were informative, but not as badass as Mary hoped.

The castle's residents were, for the most part, like a volunteer fire department. They worked jobs in local towns, spending one week in four on duty. The Lady organized them into teams, projects, and think tanks. Petitions were made at a weekly dinner in open forum. When they weren't occupied, they were training. The castle had a small armory, but no means of obtaining arms through legal channels. It was like a feudal paramilitary non-profit group.

There were perhaps fifty people in all.

Of those, half were either too young or too old for any sort of violence. Once this became obvious, the Lady's anxiety over spies and mercenary killers became understandable. After a long discussion and lots of tea, Mary finally remembered the tiny soldier trapped up her ass.

‘I've still got a soldier in my keeping’ she said as they stood alone on a balcony that evening, looking out over the moor. Troy was downstairs, using the restroom.

‘We own perhaps two dozen local businesses and a significant investment group,’ the Lady admitted, ‘but we are neither wealthy nor influential enough to keep a group of fighting men. Not like the Lodge. Honestly, we are in no position to keep prisoners either. You will need to dispose of him.’

Mary learned against the rail, enjoying the view. ‘He’s vowed to spend the rest of his life fighting them. You need men like that.’

‘I lead agents and investigators Miss Parker, not soldiers.’

Mary looked thoughtful. ‘Perhaps I could.’

‘I beg your pardon?’

‘My gift came with a change in...mindset. I doubt myself less than I used to. The men who came after me last night were manageable, and I got a lot of info out of them. If that's what your up against, we could do this.’

The Lady looked thoughtful. ‘What do you propose?’

‘Help us naturalize and find work. In return, I'll pick them apart. Don't worry about escalation. They already had a storage unit in London where they were hoarding smuggled weapons. I'll raid that stockpile tomorrow and bring it back here for our own use.’

‘And then what?’

‘Give me ten good people and I'll show you.’

‘Where is this soldier of yours hiding anyway? I keep imagining you have him in a bottle or something.’

Mary sighed. ‘Up my ass.’

Pause. ‘What?’

‘I can sustain patterns in contact with my own. That's how I got so much from those mercenaries. I stuck them up my ass until they broke.’

The Lady stared at her, speechless.

‘It's more clever than you realize,’ Mary went on. ‘Portable. Secure. Plus, the male ego is a fragile thing. No man is going to tell his friends about it. It's simply too humiliating and crazy to be believed. And very intimidating, in that weird sexual way that leaves guys conflicted and submissive afterward.’

The Lady scoffed. ‘I…suppose.’

‘Give it a try. You'll see.’

‘I'm afraid my own powers don't allow for such things Miss Parker.’

‘Oh, I can make you bigger. Next time those jerks come around, we'll send ‘em packing together.’

She hesitated. ‘Are you serious?’

‘Of course. What have you got to lose? These people are evil. Imagine a pair of one hundred twenty foot tall women wearing masks, short skirts, and no underwear. We'll step on their agents, sit on their vehicles, play hacky sack with their officers, and stick any survivors up our bums until they give us the intel we want. Totally wipe them out.’

The Lady wrinkled her nose. ‘I most certainly will NOT!’

‘You should.’

‘Whyever for!?’

‘Because they'll stare. Trust me, any man close enough to look up your skirt will practically be beneath your feet at that size. You want them standing still.’

‘It's undignified!’

‘So? If they sneak a peek before disappearing underfoot, it just makes your job easier. Fight them, lose people, live in fear. Or crush them, lose nobody, and make them paralyzed with indecision. You're the ruler here. If I was responsible for all these peoples lives I know what I'd do. No offense, but you look like a fairy princess. Nobody fears fairy princesses. That's why they hunt you with impunity.’

The Lady stopped arguing and looked pensive.

Troy took that moment to emerge onto the balcony and clear his throat. ‘Your people have been showing up downstairs for the past half hour. They're in the dining hall. Shall we join then for dinner?’

The Lady nodded. ‘We can discuss this later. Come. It's time to announce you both.’

Dinner was a formal affair. Which is to say it was awkward, slow, and rather pompous. Troy loved it. Mary hated it. The people who showed up from the local countryside all had powers of one sort or another, some blatant and some not.

Practically everyone was stronger than Troy, but significantly weaker than Mary. The Lady introduced them grandly, referring to them as new courtiers from across the sea and welcoming them into the community. Everybody clapped.

The food was old English; awful and lacking in spices. The people were normal looking. Mary expected a gallant assembly of young athletic heroes, like the X-Men of England. What she got was a mixed bag of friendly people who drank a lot and had bad teeth. But they were warm, intelligent, and their accents were cool. So it was a good time.

After the meal people broke up into groups and headed off to other parts of the castle, talking and drinking. Men invited Troy to play billiards in a parlor. Women invited Mary to an old fashioned salon.

It was nearly midnight when Mary excused herself to the bathroom and suddenly remembered Jeremy.

She voided her bowels and telekinetically fished him out of the toilet bowl, bringing him over to the sink in a panic while he choked and gagged weakly. She was still tipsy from dinner, but realized it wouldn't help her image as a domineering goddess to appear too worried about his health.

\*Impressive stamina\* she thought wryly as he collapsed in the sink next to a stream of hot running water.

He choked and trembled on his hands and knees, not answering right away. Mary made sure the bathroom door was locked and then turned around to rest her naked cheeks on the edge of the sink, facing away from him and putting her hands on her hips. Her jeans and thong were pulled down around her knees, and the counter was just low enough that the gap between her thighs was visible the tiny mans vantagepoint. Her close cropped pubic hair and the fleshy ribbon of her vagina loomed over him.

\*You just survived more than twenty four hours inside my ass. I’m almost ashamed to admit I forgot about you. Do you have anything to say?\*

That was the first thing he saw when he finally oriented himself. This would be it, she thought. He’d finally stop pretending he enjoyed what she was doing to him and beg to be let go.

\*I um-\*

Mary smiled in satisfaction, waiting for him to beg.

\*It’s...clean most of the time.\*

Blink blink. \*What?\*

\*Waste slides off the walls, cause they’re like...a tough membrane. You’re actually pretty clean down there most of the time goddess.\*

Mary got a very sour expression. Her back was to him, so he couldn’t see it.

\*Clean?\*

\*Yeah. It wasn’t hard keeping your divine insides-\*

\*YOU LITTLE FUCKER\* she raged down at him, \*EVEN MY OWN BOYFRIEND WOULDN’T BE HAPPY AFTER TWENTY FOUR HOURS UP MY BUTT!! SO CUT IT OUT!!\*

He stared up at her in shock, wincing as her mind-voice gave him a headache.

\*You’re clever,\* she continued in a calmer voice, \*but you’re obviously a mess. I believe you’re willing to turn on your employers and work for us. You don’t need to pretend anymore.\*

A long pause.

\*Have you ever heard of a website called Ekas portal?\* he finally asked.

Mary frowned, and her heart sank. She had been to that site many times, doing research to spice up her bedroom games. There was no way a man like Jeremy would know about it unless he was into the sort of stuff the site was devoted to.

\*Jesus.\* She sank down to sit on the toilet. \*You’re serious.\*

\*You mean you’re not?\*

\*Well, yeah! But only with my boyfriend!\* Mary fumed, glaring at the tiny naked man as he tentatively washed himself. \*You’re not supposed to like it! You came after me with a gun!\*

Jeremy fell silent, uncertain what to say. Mary rubbed her head and tried to think. Being tipsy made it difficult.

\*Does this mean I should stop calling you goddess?\* he asked finally.

She sighed and chewed her lip, face flushed. \*Your employers chased me out of America, do you understand that? I can’t return home. I’m stuck in a foreign country, all because I have magic powers which I was totally content to keep in the bedroom. I’m really pissed off.\*

He thought about it. \*So what are you going to do? They’re…\*

\*What?\*

\*Rich. Powerful. Some sit in big evil offices on the top floors of skyscrapers. I’m sorry they ran you out of your home, but the only way my employers stay in power is by catching and suppressing people like you the moment you appear. Otherwise you’re a threat to them. But...I’m still content to work for you, if you’ll have me.\*

Mary chewed her lip and leaned against the wall. \*Then tell me something useful.\*

\*There are plenty of others out there like me. Guys who had a run of bad luck, or made stupid decisions that cost them their careers. Some of us feel bad about capturing magical people and shipping them off, but we have to keep our feelings to ourselves. Take the money and deal with it. Otherwise we get silenced.\*

\*If I gave them a way out, how many would take it?\*

\*I don’t know...maybe a quarter. But it’d have to be one hell of a pitch. Money to survive, plus freedom from retaliation. And they’d have to be absolutely certain you were powerful enough to stand a chance. You’d need to do something really impressive.\*

Mary got up and coughed, pulled up her pants, then snatched him out of the sink mentally and brought him to the floor. An instant later he was restored to normal size, naked and glistening wet, standing barefoot on the high pile bathroom rug. Mary stood in front of him, arms folded, glaring.

‘Wait here. I’m going to go get you some clothes, then take you to meet the Lady. If she believes that you’re sincere...then I accept your offer. But that means you work for me now. I’m your commanding officer, period, end of statement. Understand?’

‘Yes ma’am’ he nodded, trying to show as much dignity as a naked man covered in sink water and anal slime could manifest while standing in front of an irate sorceress. Which wasn’t much.

‘You do what I tell you, when I tell you, and you don’t give me any backtalk. If I hear any macho griping about taking orders from a woman, you go back up my bum. If you try to mansplain obvious things to me and I find it annoying, you go back up my bum. If you betray me, you go back up my bum to die of methane poisoning. Which is a shitty way to go. Are we clear?’

He coughed awkwardly. ‘Yeah, okay, but I actually kind of like-’

‘Stop pissing me off!’

‘Yes ma’am.’

The night went okay for Jeremy Taranto.

A new set of clothes that mostly fit, a terse meeting with a timeless British woman who felt like that elf chick from Lord of the Rings, and it looked like he was probably going to survive after all. After the meeting Mary Parker dragged him into the upstairs hallway and back to her room. Troy Denning was off somewhere else, doing god only knew what.

‘We’re hitting that cache of weapons tomorrow,’ she said without preamble as soon as the door closed. ‘I’ll scrounge up a van, and we drive south to London. From there you’ll guide us to the site. It’s a storage unit?’

‘Yeah’ he nodded. ‘Near Hyde Park. Big block building. No clue how we got them in there, but there’s a padlock and a bunch of locked plastic trunks and cases. Mostly small arms, Czech and French manufacturers.’

She frowned and folded her arms, deep in thought.

‘Good. Any guards?’

‘No clue ma’am. They could have added some, or even cleared out by the time we get there. But there’s no real reason to expect anyone was interrogated, so…’

‘We go in cautiously. Alright. Get down the hall to your room, it’s the fourth door on the left. Stay in there until I come get you tomorrow morning. I’ll expect you dressed and ready to leave by eight hundred hours.’

Jeremy nodded, then paused awkwardly.

‘What?’ she asked irritably.

‘I just...I guess I was hoping…’

‘What?’

‘That you’d have some goddess stuff for me to do tonight. I mean, there was all that stuff before-’

‘That was to make you talk’ she interrupted. ‘And you did. We’re good now.’

Jeremy sighed and looked somewhat disappointed. ‘Oh.’

Mary blinked at him. ‘Seriously Jeremy? Seriously?’

‘What?’

‘You want MORE punishment? You were inside me for like a day. While I was gassy no less. If I hadn’t sustained your life force you’d have died of methane poisoning in a matter of minutes.’

‘Well yeah, but it wasn’t so bad once-’

‘UGH!’ she growled exasperatedly. ‘You stupid man! Are you seriously this big of a pervert!? Wasn’t it scary at all?’

Jeremy frowned and looked at the floor, feeling a surge of embarrassment at her rebuke. ‘You know what, nevermind. I’ll head to my room.’ He turned to leave, but she reached out and caught his arm.

‘Wait. I'm sorry, I remember how sensitive Troy was about his fetish. I shouldn’t have reamed you like that. But I’m already in a relationship, and I didn’t expect you to like what I was doing. So...sorry.’

The mercenary sighed. ‘It’s just sad. I’ve fantasized about a woman like you for decades, and you’re with another guy. Them's the breaks I guess. It doesn’t change my willingness to do the work we discussed, just don’t be surprised if I stare at you and fantasize. I can’t help it.’

Mary felt really awkward.

Not just because of his candor, but because she felt an odd surge of sympathy and attraction for this man, which bordered on unfaithfulness. Having the fetish herself, she tried to imagine what it would feel like to work alongside the only person in the world who could satisfy it. She sighed. It was a crappy thought. She reached up and gripped his shoulders, squeezing them.

‘You poor idiot. I guess I’m in high demand, huh?’

‘Rejection is a woman’s prerogative’ he shrugged. ‘It wouldn’t be the first time a man got rejected. It won’t be the last.’

‘I really can’t love you Jeremy’ she said matter-of-factly.

‘I know.’ He looked away.

Mary focused her power and shrank him.

It happened in an instant, smooth and sudden. She reached down and fished around in his clothes as they collapsed to the floor, pulling him out of the pile in dazed bewilderment. Jeremy blinked and stared up at her, eyes wide. She cupped him in her hand and raised him up to face level.

‘But if you just wanna be my toy…’

He struggled to right himself on the uneven surface of her palm, rising to his feet. She couldn’t hear him at that size, but he nodded. The expression on his face told her everything. The adoration. The awe. The lust.

Mary sighed and went to her luggage, fishing around in a pocket for two hollow plastic spheres with holes punctured into them, connected by a thin length of durable rubber.

‘For the record, I don’t consider you boyfriend material.’

He stared at the strange object in wonder.

‘But if you just wanna be a tiny slave who services my body...’

She popped one of the balls open and dropped him inside, snapping it closed. He flailed about in confusion as she dropped the barbell to let it dangle from the tip of her finger on a loop of cord, switching to telepathy.

\*Honestly, I do feel bad for you. Living with an impossible fetish most people would mock you for. It sucks.\*

She wagged her finger and caused the strange object to swing back and forth, spinning him around, grinning in amusement.

\*But being the plaything of a titaness might not be as great as you think. I mean, it's great fun for me, but I suspect it’ll lose its charm after a while.\*

She began unbuttoning her jeans with one hand.

\*Let's see if I can’t make you change your mind, hmm? You wanna be my little slave? I'll grant your wish.\*

\*W-what is this? What are you gonna do?\*

She blinked in surprise and laughed out loud. \*You’ve seriously never seen a barbell before?\*

\*I’ve seen plenty of them in the gym. This isn’t-oh. Ohhh...oh hell..\*

\*Uh-huh\* she pulled her pants down gingerly, twisting to free her ample rear from the clinging jeans. \*This is a exercise toy for women. Tonight you’re gonna help me with my kegels. Unfortunately I can only sustain your life force through skin contact, so...be sure to reach through the tiny holes and touch my inner walls, okay? Or you'll start to suffocate.\*

\*Oh my god! Thank you so much! I swear I'll never get tired of your divine body!’ his mind gushed excitedly.

Her thoughts were sarcastic. \*Try saying that once those balls fill up with fluid.\*

He paused. \*Fluid?\*

\*You’ll discover I’m a pretty well lubricated girl. At least Troy says so. Once I ejaculate you'll be fighting to stay in contact with my body so you don't drown. I suspect it’s kinda like being in a cage tossed into a pool.\*

She slid the barbell gently up into her vagina, allowing the loop to dangle out against the crotch of her panties. \*Feeling a foreign object jiggling around inside me makes my insides clench. But you should be protected from my squeezing in there.\*

\*Oh wow…\*

Mary wriggled her hips back into the tight jeans and zipped them up, patting her pelvis matter-of-factly. \*Alright, I’m gonna shut down the link and ignore you now.\*

\*Wait, what!? Ignore me!?\*

\*Of course. The whole point of keeping you inside me like this is that you have to focus on my body and worship me constantly, whereas I'm free to play with you or ignore you as I see fit. You're completely on my time.\*

\*But...what am I supposed to do in here then!? Aren't you going to at least masturbate or something!?\*

\*I don't feel like it right now. Just meditate on how lucky you are to be inside me, and what services might win my approval. I wouldn’t advise trying to sleep though. Once I start walking the swaying will toss you around in there. That’s what makes me clench. Your new purpose in life is to bobble around and stimulate my pelvic floor muscles.\*

\*Oh. That's… really hot.\*

\*Try saying that tomorrow. I keep all my toys in a box till I'm ready to use them. Welcome to my box. This is what being one of my possessions is like. Enjoy it.\*

She shut him off, washed her hands in the bathroom, and headed out into the hall. Jeremy began to shift around inside the tiny plastic ball, tossed back and forth by the ever-shifting momentum of her swaying hips. He could hear the gurgle of her organs all around him. The distant thud of her heartbeat. The rhythmic flexing of her pelvic floor muscles as they fluttered against his intimate prison. Mary sighed and left Jeremy alone in the sweltering darkness of her vagina.

She went off to look for dessert.

Troy woke up the next morning in an overstuffed canopy bed, surrounded by room full of antique furniture and decorations. Mary was pressed up against his back with an arm draped over his shoulders and one leg thrown possessively over him. He sighed and looked around the room without moving, trying to process the alienness of it and the bizarre sequence of events that had brought him here. Try as he might, he still couldn’t derive any comfort from his surroundings.

Last night’s party had been fine, and the people welcoming. It felt like a bunch of magical ‘citizens’ straight out of the Harry Potter series had dropped by for dinner. But there was something otherworldly about the Castle, lurking just below the surface of its posh facade, and that made him deeply uncomfortable. Before he died, Michael had intimated that groups of ‘agents’ were occasionally dispatched to respond to bizarre threats and dangerous incidents. Perhaps ten of the people he met last night came off as potentially ‘dangerous’. He realized Mary was awake, and staring at him silently. He shifted to meet her gaze and smiled halfheartedly.

‘Hung over?’

‘Nah,’ she smiled awkwardly, ‘just trying to soak it all in.’

‘I know what you mean’ he flipped over onto his back. She shifted to stay close, keeping her leg thrown over him. ‘This isn’t what I was expecting at all.’

‘Troy, how do you feel about me owning other men?’

He blinked. ‘What?’

‘If we keep on like this I’m eventually going to start needing to control people. I mean, I’m a magical dom queen now, it’s what I do. When it was just you and me things were simple, but now...’

‘Are you bored with me?’ he asked archly.

‘No, not at all. But I’ve got a problem with these Lodge people, and I’m actually kind of excited about fighting them. I just...it’s hard to come out and say it.’ She rolled onto her back and sighed, staring up at the canopy.

Troy sat up and gave her an odd look. ‘Say what?’

Mary lifted her hand to the ceiling and clenched her fist, as though grasping something invisible. ‘I want to break them.’

He licked his lips. ‘I think my fetish is going to your head-’

‘It’s my fetish now too,’ she looked over at him. ‘And I’m serious. How do you feel about me owning other men?’

‘Obviously I’m not too keen on it,’ he scowled. ‘No decent guy appreciates it when his lady sleeps with-’

‘I didn’t say sleep. I said own.’

‘I don’t follow.’

‘I wanna conquer these people,’ she whispered angrily, ‘I wanna crush their leaders, steal their stuff, smash their buildings, and dominate their men so hard that they turn on their old bosses. I’m gonna scare their followers into abandoning them. And I want you to help me.’

Troy sighed through his nostrils, eyeing her. ‘They’re dangerous.’

‘That’s why we have to. I’ve been talking to Jeremy and the Lady. Troy, democracy is a joke. It’s not real. It’s just an illusion that these fuckers allow people to have. They can take whatever they want, and before me nobody could stop them. But I honestly believe we can.’ She rolled over to face him. ‘Just let me do it.’

‘Why do you need my permission?’

‘Because you’re my little cricket’ she put a hand on his knee. ‘You’re my conscience. I need you to keep me from going too far.’

‘Okay,’ he whispered. ‘Fine, I understand. But if I veto something you need to listen.’

‘And….just between you and me,’ she chewed her lip theatrically, ‘I wanna show off for you.’

Troy laughed sharply and gave her a playful push. ‘Oh come on! What!?’

‘I’m serious! I wanna show off for you! I wanna know you’re watching! You’re my guy.’

‘Ohhhh my god’ Troy rubbed his face, smiling in embarrassment. ‘Oh Mary, this relationship of ours…’

Mary rose up and threw a leg over his waist, coming chest-to-chest with him. ‘Admit it! You wanna see me do it!’

He looked sideways and blushed, avoiding her gaze. ‘You’re being over the top again.’

‘Admit it,’ she leaned in and pressed her forehead against his, grinning crazily. ‘Say it.’

He laughed in embarrassment and tried to look away. ‘Stop!’

‘Say it.’ She whispered, bringing her face closer to his and nibbling his lower lip. ‘Wouldn’t that be awesome?’

‘W-well...yeah,’ he admitted, starting to kiss her back. Mary began making out with him in earnest, reaching down to pull the crotch of her thong aside while fiddling with the folds of his boxer-briefs. ‘It...would...’ he murmured around her lips.

‘How much? Tell me.’ She got herself situated and sank onto him carefully. Troy gasped, holding still as she worked his penis up between her nether lips until she was lubricated enough to take him in.

‘Ohhhh...a um...a lot…’

‘Yeah? A lot?’ she began pumping, enjoying the sensation of having him inside herself.

‘W-what are..you gonna...do with the men you um...um…’

‘Own?’ she supplied helpfully, gliding up and down the length of his manhood. ‘Probably mean stuff. Want me to go into detail?’

‘Y-yeah..I-WAITASEC’ Troy gripped her hips hard and stopped her, freezing in shock as he felt the tip of his penis knock into something smooth and hard, deep inside the slick warmth of her vagina. ‘What’s-where’s that guy you captured?’

Mary arched her back and pressed her chest hard against his, draping her arms around his neck. Her expression became cool and crafty. ‘Oh, he um...he’s put away. Why?’

Troy glared and gripped her waist. ‘When you say ‘put away’, do you mean like ‘put away in a room downstairs’ or ‘put away in one of those hollow benwa balls’ you bought on Amazon last month?’

Mary scoffed and looked indignant. ‘What? Are you SERIOUSLY gonna ask me questions about another guy while we’re in the middle of sex?’

‘I am if he’s stuck in a tiny plastic sphere in your vagina and you’re secretly using my dick to beat him up!’

She huffed petulantly, straddling him and glowering. He glowered back. There was a long pause.

‘He keeps saying he likes being inside me!’ she ranted finally.

‘Oh Jesus, MARY!’ He tried to haul her off. Mary stubbornly gripped Troy with her thighs and pulled him close, taking him in balls deep.

‘No! I’m gonna break him of his stupid fixation! Once he realizes how awful it is he’ll stop perving out on me!’

‘You can’t use my dick to beat up prisoners!’

‘The fuck I can’t! Hold still!’

Troy growled and put some strength into his grip. ‘Mary, come on. That’s mean.’

‘I shrank my barbell this morning while it was inside me, so there’s plenty of room in there now. I just wanna scare him.’

‘Yeah but it’s my PENIS hitting it! That’s weird!’

‘Oh shut up, you helped me out with Michael!’ She knocked her forehead against his and gave him a gamey-grumpy look. ‘There are two empty balls in my barbell Troy. Seriously, if you blue-ball me this morning I’m putting you inside the other one and bringing out the vibrator.’

‘Yeah? You wouldn’t dare.’ He narrowed his eyes and stared her down.

\*This sucks\* Troy projected, steadying himself against the interior of his spherical prison, trying to stop the momentum of Mary’s stride from tossing him back and forth.

\*Yeah. I’ve been in here since last night.\* Jeremy replied.

\*She went to bed with you in here!?\*

\*I managed to get a few hours of sleep, but every time she shifted or flipped over I got hammered around like a ping pong ball. Are you knee deep in um…?\*

\*Waist deep\* Troy mentally sighed. \*Sorry about the jostling earlier. I didn’t know you were in here.\*

\*She's really vindictive.\*

\*Sometimes. But we sort of invited this on ourselves.\*

The darkness shifted rapidly in a shuddering rhythm, accompanied by a sense of falling.

\*FUCKING STAIRS!\* Jeremy mentally snarled.

\*Just go limp and shield your head, it's less jarring. Jesus... this ball makes it so much worse. At least her insides were squishy and absorbed the momentum.\*

\*Hey...I'm sorry if I complicated whatever it was you guys had going on. I didn't mean to. I didn't know she was taken.\*

Troy felt a pang of jealousy, but he sighed and did his best to intellectualize it. He considered his reply carefully. \*Apology accepted. But what do you plan to do going forward?\*

Voices murmured through Mary's body, and she stopped walking. She was talking quietly to someone, Troy realized.

\*Well...my agreement to help you guys prevents me from just leaving, unless you convince her to cut me loose. I don't want to die, obviously.\*

More talking, muffled by their colossal domitors slippery insides.

\*Yeah. And there's that whole greater good thing to consider. Say, can you teach me to shoot?\* Troy replied.

\*What?\*

\*I need to learn to fight. You're a soldier right? You've seen combat? Mary is just a reservist. I figure I should learn from a veteran if possible.\*

Jeremy paused. \*War is pretty awful. But... yeah. Yeah, if you want to learn some field craft I'll show you. It takes time though.\*

\*I'll invest it. If I'm going to keep up I think I'll need to.\*

**\*Are you two seriously forming some sort of weird bro bond inside my barbell?\***

Both men startled. Troy recovered first.

\*Actually we're trading sob stories and conspiring against you.\*

**\*Ohhh okay. Here's one you can both share.\***

The tunnel of Mary's vagina VIBRATED, jarring them both with the force of a jackhammer. A second later the walls fluttered and squeezed together, agitated by the sensation of two tiny men banging around inside the hollow spheres.

\*AAAH!!\*

\*GAH!!\*

Mary had just shimmied her hips briefly.

**\*That’s what I think of comedians.\***

\*Okay! Okay! We've learned our lesson! Let us out now!\*

**\*Nope. You blue balled me. And little Jeremy here has a crush on me, so he gets to stay in my workout toy until I decide what to do with him. You're both getting a free ride to London.\***

\*Joy.\* Jeremy thought sarcastically.

**\*Are you being ungrateful Jeremy? I can always telekinetically open that ball up and pull you out into my panties to push you up my asshole instead.\***

\*No ma'am! As my superior officer, I am happy to be banged around, squoze, and drowned in your vaginal fluids whenever you feel aroused, maam!\* Jeremy barked his mental reply like a soldier to a drill sergeant; robotic and loud.

A long pause.

Troy burst out laughing.

**\*Very good trooper. Very good.\***

The world shifted violently to one side, then bounced slightly as the full weight of Mary's body settled down to straddle something. A firm weight compressed her vaginal tunnel and butt cheeks upward from below, sending both men scrambling for purchase.

\*What the hell was that!?\* Troy asked in alarm.

\*Ohhh hell...I think I know.\*

The bass roar of an engine shuddered up into their prison from below, vibrating them both to their cores.

\*Motorcycle.\* They both thought in dread simultaneously.

**\*Enjoy the ride gentlemen,\*** Mary quipped, sticking her tongue out at them both in her mind’s eye. It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and Troy and Jeremy found it startling.

Then she severed the link before they could comment on it.