



Braver Newer World

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**First Prologue: The Inevitable Decline
and Fall of Fredrik Diem**

"Fredrik..."

Madeline's voice was music to his ears. But then, that's how he had been conditioned. The mere sound of her voice, the mere gaze of those dark, commanding eyes, was enough to get him hard. Fredrik didn't have to look down to know what was starting to develop in his pants.

She turned her head and smiled at him, and saw she was having the desired effect. As he stared at her naked back he was massaging, he tried very hard not to notice the swelling of her naked breasts, which were crunched between her and the padded bench beneath her like a very tasty sandwich.

"You seemed lost for a moment," she said.

Lost. That was the perfect word for it. Fredrik *wasn't yet* lost, but he was fighting it with all his might.

Fredrik and Laura had come to The United States of the Americas, the late 23rd century successor to the good old US of A, in search of a better life and greater excitement compared to their backwards existence on New Caledonia. What they found was a society extremely advanced in every way, technologically, socially, politically, and culturally. But that advancement came with a price. Citizens gave up their freedoms to build greater Community, and the Community made all the decisions for them--what they wore, what they ate, what they worked at... and even who they loved.

At first Fredrik and Laura hadn't noticed it, but bit by bit, they started to lose their love for each other. Night after night of relentless SleepTalk sessions, which assailed their defenseless unconscious minds, smoothing them until they shone like pebbles, saw to that. Gradually Fredrik found that Madeline, a 42 year old expert seductress with large, pouting breasts, began to fill the place in his heart once filled by Laura, his 19 year old fiancé, who had the most exciting body Fredrik could imagine. Until he met Madeline. Until he met SleepTalk.

In the meantime, Laura was being slowly reprogrammed as well. He suspected that she was being conditioned to be sexually attracted to Mary Elizabeth Coca Cola, the powerfully sensual artist who had taken Laura under her wing. Fredrik had only met her once, but only one look at her sparkling green eyes were needed to reveal that Mary Elizabeth enjoyed pursuing and devouring women. Fredrik had no *proof* of that, as of yet, but he saw the way Mary Elizabeth looked at Laura, the way she put her arm around Laura at parties, and more disturbingly, the way Laura looked at *her*.

But Fredrik had his own problems. He was trying hard, so desperately hard, not to cross the line.

He talked to Madeline, frequently. That was acceptable. She was his boss. She flirted with him shamelessly. That was acceptable, too. They had long lunches together. They were friends, he told himself, and so that was permissible too.

She sometimes touched his arm as they talked. That was... all right. Then, when he was tense, she started rubbing his shoulders. That crossed the line *a little bit*, but not too much. After all, she was doing it to him, not the other way around.

She started talking about her Connections, and what it took for a man to please her. As a boss, that was unacceptable. As a close friend, as a good friend... well, he could kind of justify that, even though it was *really obvious* she was talking about sex as a way of seducing him. The way she described how she liked her breasts to be touched. The way she used her hand to show him the swirling pattern she liked in the *other place* she also liked to be touched. The way she described how she relished getting down on her knees and doing special things to enable men to... *serve her a second or even a third time*.

All right, he had to admit, that kind of talk was *completely over the line*, and Laura would never understand it. But it was entirely one way. Madeline was doing it, not him. Or was it only one way? The way his body reacted to her voice, to her smile, to her lips, *maybe it wasn't so one way*. Would Laura be understanding if he told her how hard he got when Madeline merely looked at him?

No.

Would Laura understand that he was now giving her almost naked massages on a semi-regular basis?

Probably not.

And now they danced ever closer to the very edge of the solid ground of fidelity. After Fredrik had been convicted of aggravated sexism, and had faced the daunting sentence of voluntary castration, Madeline had saved him from that fate by arguing for a lesser punishment. At the time, he had been so grateful, and offered to do anything for her. It had only been later, much later, that he began to wonder if he had been manipulated from the start.

And now he sat here, squatting above Madeline, who was, except for panties, lying completely nude, face down on a padded bench. To pay off his debt, Madeline had asked him to give her four massages. Each massage had gotten progressively more arousing. Each one had taken him closer to crossing the line.

And this was the final massage. Fredrik knew that she would make her most provocative move tonight. What he didn't know was whether he would be able to resist. He suspected he

wouldn't. He feared it, and also desired it above all else. He was torn in two. He feared betraying Laura, and desperately wanted it to happen. Two months of SleepTalk had made sure of that.

Madeline yawned and casually turned over, so that her back was no longer facing him. Now her perfect, teardrop shaped breasts were in perfect view, jiggling in a way that captured his complete and undivided attention and caused his insides to tremble. She smiled at him as she saw the effect she was having. No, that's not the main reason she was smiling; she didn't just *see* the effect she was having on him, she actually *felt it*, since his organ was pressed over her belly now while developments were occurring. It made him blush.

"What you are you thinking? You seem... distracted," she teased. Madeline always teased him, taunted him, mocked him, as she pleurably pushed him ever closer to the edge.

"Noah, it's nothing," said Fredrik, massaging her left arm, now that her back was no longer available. He certainly wasn't going to massage *those*.

"I wouldn't call it *nothing*," said Madeline, and she gave the slightest of looks down, at the hard thing pressing against her, before looking back at him. Her smile only grew wider.

Fredrik blushed, and felt chills all over his body.

Madeline sat up, and looked into his eyes. She practically was hypnotizing him. He fell into those deep, dark orbs, and found he was trapped. Trapped by irresistible lust.

"What's the matter, Fredrik? Do you think I'm unattractive?" said Madeline, giving a mock pout.

Fredrik shuddered. It was too much. He couldn't hold it in. It came out of him in a sexual rage, like a volcano subject to unimaginable pressures for much too long a time, that had no other choice but to explode. He fairly shouted, "Attractive? Attractive? You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen! I dream about you day and night! I want you like I've never wanted anyone before!"

He regretted it as soon as he said it. *Or did he?* But he couldn't keep it bottled up any longer.

"Do you want me even more than Laura?" those plush, red lips uttered. She licked them right as she said it. Her tongue was so red, so moist!

Fredrik couldn't speak the words.

"Even more than Laura?" she persisted.

Fredrik, still unable to speak, nodded, painfully, his head down.

Don't look at her eyes. Don't look at her eyes!

Something, some latent SleepTalk instruction, perhaps, *made* Fredrik look up at those eyes at that very moment. And then he knew he was lost.

Madeline's head turned, ever so slightly, and those luscious lips came closer, and closer, and Fredrik found himself opening his mouth ever so slightly to meet them.....