

Subroutine Chapter Epilogue

By Kallie

Looking around furtively to make sure no-one was watching, Lori slipped into the Merrifield building. It still felt strange, going back to Professor Elbourne's lab, the place she had once been brainwashed and enslaved. Now, though, she could walk through those corridors confidently and without fear. So much had changed over the past couple of months, and one of the most unexpected was how the computer lab had become a kind of sanctuary, both to her and to others. And tonight, they'd be welcoming a new number to their strange, secret little club.

She reached the door to the lab, and pushed it open. Professor Elbourne didn't bother keeping it locked anymore - or rather, Lori and Harper had told her not to. As she stepped across the threshold, she was greeted by a dozen smiling, welcoming, familiar faces. Some of them were old friends - Sally, Jae, Madison - and some of them were friends she'd made just recently. It was a support group, for people who'd fallen victim to Amia Grover and her brainwashing. After their final confrontation, Lori had made Amia give up the details of everyone that had been dronified. Since then, she and Harper had been reaching out to them one by one, offering to help them with their situation. They were taking it slow, but they'd already brought seven or eight girls into the fold.

"Lori!" Harper cried out, dashing across the room to sweep Lori up in a big, warm embrace.

"Hey, babe," Lori said warmly, returning the hug. She was always surprised at how affectionate Harper was with her. At first, she'd taken it for an apology. She knew her new girlfriend felt incredibly guilty about some of the things that had happened between them. But, after a month or two of dating, it had become obvious that, instead, they were just really good together. "Everyone here?"

"Yeah." Harper took a quick survey of the room. "Wait, no. The new girl. She's looking like a no-show."

"Hmm." Lori checked her phone. "I bet she's just taking a few minutes to pluck up her courage. Let's wait."

Everyone nodded. That was another feeling Lori had been struggling to get used to. She was the leader. It wasn't a formal arrangement, but it was nonetheless undeniable. She supposed it made sense. She was the one who'd beaten Amia, after all. But she'd never thought of herself as the leader type. Maybe it was just that there was no-one else. Professor Elbourne might have tried to take charge - she was a professor, after all - but Lori and Harper had mutually decided to keep her on a pretty short hypnotic leash. Given the kind of research she'd been doing, and what Amia had achieved with it, they weren't quite sure how far they could trust her. But still, she was a victim, and she deserved a place in their support group. Amia herself was a different matter. The TA and former-Administrator was there in the room with them, sitting silently in the corner with a VR helmet on her head. Brainwashed. Lori was still figuring out what to do with her. She knew too much, and her malice was obvious. Bit by bit, she'd been trying to rehabilitate her, using hypnosis to shave off some of her rough edges and give her a much-needed lesson in how to treat people. It was a long process, though, and far from done, and in the mean-time, she'd decided her priority was to make sure Amia couldn't hurt anyone - and for that, hypnotic indoctrination had proven very, very effective.

“Um... hey,” came a quiet voice from the doorway. Lori turned, and saw a shy face peeking into the room. “Is this... um, you know?”

“Yes.” Lori adopted her best, most reassuring smile. “Kelly, right? Why don’t you come in?”

Kelly nodded, and took a few hesitant steps inside. She had the look of a glamorous, popular girl, the kind that Lori was used to being pushed around by, but in here, she was as shy as a mouse. Harper had gotten in touch with her a few days ago. Apparently, she’d been in quite the state. It wasn’t hard for Lori to understand why.

“Professor, could you get the door?” Lori asked. They did keep it locked for their sessions. The last thing they needed was someone wandering in.

“Of course.” Professor Elbourne rose to her feet and smoothly crossed the room to tap a few keys on the keypad beside the door. The unnaturally even tone to the professor’s voice and the slightly distant, trancey look in the professor’s eyes gave Lori a little twinge of guilt, even if it was necessary - and more than a little twinge of arousal. She ignored it. There would be time for that later.

“So, Kelly,” Lori said, turning back to the new arrival. “Harper told you how all this works, right? Any questions?”

“Yeah, she... she explained it.” Kelly’s eyes were evasive. “Just... will it help? With the dreams? And the... cravings?”

“Yes.” It was Sally who answered, offering a friendly wave from the far side of the room. “It helped me.”

“Me too,” added Alana. She was one of the more recent additions to their group, but she’d taken to it like a duck to water. “It’s helped all of us.”

“Well...” Kelly let out a nervous giggle. “In that case, I guess I got no reason not to give it a shot.”

Lori nodded. In the wake of their encounter with Amia, she and her friends had all agreed to try and leave all their brainwashing and dronification behind them. If Amia and Professor Elbourne weren’t going to use their triggers anymore, then there was no problem, right? But it had turned out to be far from that easy. Apparently, being turned into an indoctrinated latex drone wasn’t the kind of thing you could just go cold turkey from. Lori had been fine for a week or so, but after that, she’d found herself waking up late at night, drenched in sweat... and something else. The dreams were vivid, and the needs they aroused in her were impossible to ignore. She’d confided in Harper, only to find out that her roommate-turned-girlfriend was dealing with the exact same thing.

The next step had been talking to Amia and Professor Elbourne, demanding that they shed some light on the issue. Their explanation hadn’t been reassuring. As it turned out, Amia had used her brainwashing technology to imprint them with a powerful, borderline addictive connection between their sexualities and their statuses as drones - and not just because she was a twisted pervert. Apparently, it was a devastatingly effective way of keeping them all under control. It made them *need* to be brainwashed, and just like certain other needs, if they didn’t get it satisfied, they’d end up incredibly, painfully pent up, until the temptation to succumb became overwhelming. It had quickly become difficult to deal with, and naturally, it was even more distressing for people who didn’t understand what was happening to them. Removing their condition was likely to be a slow and painstaking process and so, in search of a way to cope, Harper had suggested the idea of a kind of support group.

“Remember, you don’t have to do this,” Lori said gently to Kelly. She thought a final disclaimer

was only fair. "Even if it might be just about the only thing that helps. And if you can stop if you ever want to. Although... just a warning, once we get started, well... you probably won't want to stop."

Kelly nodded. She seemed apprehensive, but made no move to leave. That was good.

"OK." Lori turned to face the whole group. "Let's get started. Everybody get changed."

Everyone nodded, and started to change their clothes - including Lori herself. Each one of them had brought some kind of gym bag or backpack, and as one, they reached inside them and pulled out their latex bodysuits. Lori watched Kelly carefully as the new girl followed suit. As expected, she was more hesitant than the others. She held her latex suit like it was something horrifying, but Lori could easily recognize the all-too-familiar glint of fascination in the girl's eyes as she cast her gaze over the sleek, black, reflective rubber she held in her hands. Once she stripped out of her clothes and started putting it on, her movements were almost eager.

Lori knew exactly what the poor girl was feeling. She was feeling it too, as she pulled out her own dronesuit. Despite everything, she couldn't suppress a thrilling, naughty shudder at the way it felt in her hands. It was so smooth. So perfect. She felt as though she could simply stroke her hands across it for hours and hours and be content - but she would be able to do much more than that. She could wear it. She could feel it stretched across her skin, making her perfect too. The mere thought was enough to make her aroused. Fortunately, she didn't need to hide her body's reaction. They were all turned on by what they were doing. They couldn't help it. Amia had made them that way.

Lori's bodysuit was a little different from the others, though. Harper had gone to Professor Elbourne behind her back, and ordered her to make a few modifications. It now incorporated a waist-pinching corset, a small miniskirt portion, and a set of platform boots. At first, Lori had been mortified, but she had to admit it seemed to befit her new role. And besides, she found it just as hot as Harper did. A sweet shiver of anticipation ran up her spine as she hastily pulled off her clothes, and slipped her legs into the latex. She pulled it up over her hips, and watched as all the wrinkles in the sleek rubber were ironed out, the suit stretching perfectly to conform to her body - it was, as ever, a perfect fit. She zipped it up, watching more of and more of her body disappear into shiny blackness. Lori shivered. The feeling never seemed to grow old. When she was encased in rubber, she looked different. All her imperfections seemed to vanish, leaving her with an alien perfection that made her feel unbelievably hot. The corset only added to the feeling as she pulled it tight around herself, cinching her waist to make her curves even more pronounced. She looked and felt unearthly - except, of course, for the telltale bulge between her legs that made her arousal obvious. Lori didn't mind that either, though. It felt sexy.

The trans girl finished up her outfit by sitting down to don the platform boots, so tall they left her towering over everyone else in the room. Once she rose to her feet once more, she found herself surrounded by girls in identical, black, latex dronesuits, their faces all looking up at her adoringly. Lori couldn't suppress a smile. None of them were hypnotized - yet - but the conditioning effect of the rubber suits was potent. She knew that first hand. It made them weak, submissive, eager. Some of them already seemed a little vacant. Normally, their thorough indoctrination and obvious susceptibility would be cause for concern, but when they were all together, it was quite the opposite: something to take pleasure in.

"Is everybody ready?" Lori asked. Everyone nodded. She was careful to look out for Kelly's reaction in particular, but the new girl seemed just as eager as all the rest. She was caught up in the fantasy, already entranced by the fact that her shameful wet dreams were now coming to life.

"OK." Lori took a deep breath, and then turned to face her girlfriend, standing next to her. "Harper. Beta-6193."

For a brief moment, a look of utmost ecstasy appeared on Harper's face. But then it melted away, along with every other hint of emotion or individuality. Lori watched her girlfriend's face become utterly

blank and slack, her beautiful eyes reflecting nothing but absolute, mindless emptiness. At the same time, her posture stiffened, her feet coming together and her back becoming more upright. It was amazing, Lori thought to herself, how just a few small changes could make Harper seem so much less human. She didn't look like a person anymore. She looked like a thing. Like a robot. Like a machine awaiting input.

It was the hottest thing Lori could imagine.

Her body was already responding to the sight of her girlfriend so helpless and hypnotized, but Lori ignored it. First, there was more work to be done.

"Sally," she said, moving along to her pretty, chubby friend, her curves brought out so wonderfully by skintight latex. "Beta-7137."

Exactly the same thing happened to her. Sally shivered as the trigger word washed over her, delivering her to a state of empty, hypnotic bliss. Within moments her expression was unreadably vacant, and her mind nothing more than a blank slate, ready to receive programming.

"Jae," Lori said next, turning to her non-binary friend. They looked so handsome in their dronesuit, she thought, their body made smooth, sleek and androgynous. "Beta-7324."

Lori heard a short, sharp exhalation of breath from Jae's lungs as they slipped into trance. Just like Sally and Harper, they were left mindless and without feeling. A perfect drone.

Quickly and efficiently, Lori moved from one person to the next, dropping each of them into trance and awakening their drone personas. She'd memorized each of their designations perfectly. In less than a minute, she was the only person in the room left with their free will intact. She left Amia sitting to one side, but dropped Professor Elbourne into trance just like all the rest. Kelly was last. Lori wanted to let her see what happened to everyone else first, to reassure her and give her a chance to back out, if she so chose. She needn't have bothered. By the time she reached her, the new girl was practically shivering in anticipation. The look in her eyes was rapturous. It was clear Kelly had never seen anything so devastatingly alluring in her life. Her lips were parted in an unspoken plea as Lori offered her the words she'd, until then, only heard in dreams.

"Kelly. Beta-6691."

Kelly practically moaned as the dronification claimed her, the need that had been building in her body for weeks or more finally achieving some semblance of release. She was left without the slightest hint of any of the anxiety and apprehension that had been plaguing her when she first arrived, nor any feverish excitement that Lori had seen slowly grow on her face. Lori knew exactly what Kelly was feeling instead: nothing. The girl - or the drone, as she now was - felt perfectly calm. Perfectly blank. Perfectly empty. She felt perfect. There was no better feeling.

Lori couldn't help yearning to join her in that mindless bliss. The memory of it was so powerful. Sometimes, when they were alone, Harper indulged her in that desire. But not often. Lori had found a different way to sate her needs. Her experiences with Amia had awoken something in her, setting a spark she'd never known before. Now, it was dominance that she craved. It was a different but complementary way to achieve bliss, she'd learned. When she was in control, she didn't need to think. She didn't need to doubt herself. She could simply act. She could follow her desires, knowing her commands would be obeyed unquestioningly. The rush was better than any drug. Everyone else could play the role of drones. She would play the role of administrator.

"Drone units," Lori commanded. "Kneel."

"Command accepted," they all replied, voices in perfect, emotionless unison. As one, they dropped to their knees, settling into position with their backs straight and their hands rested on their knees,

palms upturned.

Lori knew making them kneel was a little cliché, but she didn't care. It made her body burn with arousal. There was no better way to prove - to both them and her - that they were under her control. Watching them move all together like that, in perfect concert, was an unbelievable power trip. Lori felt like a child playing with dolls, free to pose and toy with them however she wished. But they weren't dolls, they were people, and that made it so, so much hotter.

The new administrator took a few moments to walk amongst the kneeling drones, looking down at them. They stared blankly forwards, their eyes not following her. Sometimes, Lori liked to make them wear their masks. Those featureless, ink-black visors were the final piece of the puzzle, taking away the last of their humanity. Having a faceless hive at her command certainly had its appeal. But most of the time, Lori had them leave their masks off. The contrast between their individual faces and the uniform, blank tranciness that was in all their eyes and expressions was delicious, as was their contrast between their skin tones and the black, shiny latex that covered them below the neck. When all the drones knelt there together like that, in their dronesuits, they were like one big work of art. The way the lab's lights reflected off the surface of the sleek rubber was perfect for accentuating each curve, each swell, and each shape of the drones' bodies. The sight was mesmerizing. Each of them was beautiful, and Lori felt like she could spend hours just staring at them, inspecting their forms and admiring each of their unique beauty.

The lust building in her body, though, wasn't quite so patient. Taking it slow to savor the anticipation, Lori waltzed back to the front of the assembled, kneeling drones, and perched on the edge of a nearby desk.

"Drone units," she commanded again, her voice firm and authoritative. "Worship me."

"Command accepted," the drones all intoned, their eerie, robotic voices music to Lori's ears.

As one, they rose to their feet and began to surround Lori. She just looked at them one by one, enjoying the way their emotionless eyes now reflected one, simple, overriding impulse: obedience. The first pair of drones to reach her were Madison and Professor Elbourne - or, as they now were, 7428 and 0001. They knelt at her feet, and Lori allowed each of them to lift one of her boot-clad feet. They held them reverently, bringing them to their lips and beginning to plant small kisses on them, all the way up and down the leather, knee-high boots. Lori couldn't really feel their worship, but nonetheless, she started to let out a series of small, breathy moans. There was nothing better than being surrounded by brainwashed playthings, knowing that the only thing in their indoctrinated minds was a deep, gnawing need to serve and adore her. Normally, Madison was so spirited and willful, but now she was silent, utterly devoted to the simple task of kissing and licking Lori's boots. The transformation was so hot.

The other drones started fanning out around Lori, each of them taking up a different post. Two of them knelt beside her and started to kiss and caress her thighs, massaging her with a careful gentleness despite their otherwise robotic movements. That, Lori could feel. Her latex suit fitted her like a second skin, allowing her to feel each touch almost as intimately as if she was naked. Furthermore, the unique sensation of the drones' latex-gloved hands stroking across her latex-coated thighs was its very own kind of pleasure. Another pair of drones stood behind those, bending over to kiss Lori's neck and across her shoulders as they reached down to run their hands adoringly up and down her back, or else around to caress her firm, latex-covered tits. It didn't matter who they were. They were all merely drones now. Brainwashed slaves, driven by nothing but the need to please Lori. That knowledge was driving the new administrator wild just as much as the feeling of the drones' hands and lips on her body. To them, every part of her body was deserving of adoration and worship. It made her feel like a goddess.

Eventually, Lori was completely surrounded, hemmed in on all sides by a swarm of brainwashed, rubber-coated bodies. Their dronesuits reflected the lab's lights in glistening, mesmerizing patterns, but their eyes were dull and docile. Some of them couldn't find space directly next to her, so they

simply waited patiently behind, occasionally reaching forwards to kiss or stroke her body. Lori moaned. Each touch felt amazing, and with so many hands touching her at once, her whole body was quickly filling with pleasure. She felt so good. So hot. So powerful. She was the administrator now, and they were her drones. Hers. And that was exactly how they liked it. They offered her pleasure, and she offered them the simple comfort of mindless obedience. Nothing could be more perfect.

“Good,” Lori moaned. “Good drones.” A little ripple ran through the hive of kneeling drones as they shivered with pleasure at her praise. Lori smiled. “Worship me!” she repeated.

Her drones obeyed. As they worshiped her, Lori allowed them to lift her legs apart, spreading them. Another drone moved seamlessly into place, kneeling between her thighs. Lori looked down. It was Kelly. The new girl looked so different now, her face wearing the same robotic expression as all her other friends. She looked at peace. Without any need for further instruction, Kelly bent forward, bringing her face to the now-totally hard bulge in the front of Lori’s dronesuit. There was no hesitation in Unit 6691 as she started to kiss and lick Lori’s cock through the latex, using her delicate hands to steady herself and stroke along the trans girl’s sensitive inner thighs.

Now, Lori’s moans turned loud and full-throated. Her whole body was sensitive, but nothing more so than her dick. The latex did little to diminish her sensitivity; in fact, the amazing friction of the tight bodysuit on her cock only made Kelly’s worship feel even better. Dropping each of the drones into trance one by one had been the perfect foreplay for Lori, and had left her filled with need and yearning. She was desperate for pleasure, and thankfully, Kelly was quickly proving very, very skillful at providing it. Lori couldn’t help but feel a little grateful that Amia’s drone programming included pleasure training.

“Fuck,” Lori breathed. “Good. Good drone. That’s so fucking good.”

Kelly didn’t respond, of course. Lori reached down to run her hands affectionately through the new drone’s hair. Kelly was hers. She could do anything she wanted with the girl. Choke her, slap her, pull her hair, spit on her, fuck her throat. Anything. The drone would be nothing but grateful for it, she knew, even once she woke up. She craved being used. For the moment, though, Lori was content to sit back and let the girl pleasure her, along with all the other drones. She was the administrator. She was a latex-clad goddess. She deserved their worship. Normally, such thoughts would have been totally alien to her, but when she was dominating so many people, they felt right. Control was a heady mix of confidence and assertiveness, strong enough to banish all her normal anxiety. Lori loved it, and she’d even started to figure out how to carry some of it over into her regular life.

“Faster. More!” Lori commanded. Kelly obeyed at once, increasing her pace as she stroked both her hands up and down the throbbing bulge of Lori’s cock. Lori shivered. She wanted this night to last much, much longer, but she was already close to blowing her load. She couldn’t bring herself to tell Kelly to slow down or stop, though. She wasn’t going to deny herself that pleasure. She wasn’t going to deny herself anything. So, she simply held on as best she could, struggling to keep hold of herself amid the constant touches and stimulations of her obedient drones.

Lori felt a strangely familiar kiss on the back of her neck, and turned her head to look. It was Harper, her girlfriend, looking just as blank and robotic as all the other drones. Lori grinned. Harper was so pretty, and never prettier than when she was brainwashed. The empty look in her tomboyish girlfriend’s eyes drove her wild; all her usual brashness banished by her drone programming. Lori’s head was suddenly filled with endorphins and heat. She reached out to grab Harper by the throat, pulling her in roughly for a passionate kiss. Harper showed not even the slightest hint of resistance. She submissively returned Lori’s kiss, although she was incapable of any passion. The dronified girl simply allowed Lori to take the lead, letting the trans girl’s tongue invade her mouth and explore her lips as she pleased. Lori was laughing when she eventually thrust her girlfriend aside, turning back to the drone girl between her legs.

“Oh fuck... yes... there!” Lori moaned, as Kelly started carefully stroking the sensitive spot right

under the head of her hard, needy cock.

Kelly immediately, obediently focused all her attention on it. That soon proved to be too much, however. Lori couldn't contain herself any longer. Kelly was worshiping her cock. On all sides, drones were adoring and pleasuring her, making sure every inch of her latex-coated skin was stroked, caressed, loved. Behind her, her drone girlfriend was kissing the sensitive spot at the nape of her neck, and reached around her to grope her tits. It was all too much. The stimulation was overwhelming, and Lori was far too horny to hold back. As Kelly lowered her mouth to suck on Lori's bulge, the trans girl's back arched and she let out a full-throated moan, and came.

Her cock throbbed with desperate need as she let out a huge load of cum - all over herself. Normally, she made sure to have a drone ready to clean up her load, but since her cock was still trapped beneath her dronesuit, all she could do was make a huge mess all over herself. Lori didn't care, though. She was riding high on an amazing orgasm, letting out moan after shameless moan and grabbing Kelly's hair, riding the hypnotized girl's face as her balls pumped out spurt after spurt of hot cum. Lori's eyes rolled back into her head from the intense pleasure, but before they did, she noticed some of the drones around her shuddering in bliss. She grinned wildly. They were so wonderfully brainwashed. Her pleasure was their pleasure, and that was just the way it should be.

Eventually, her orgasm started to recede, and as it did, Lori was left distinctly light-headed. Her grip on Kelly's hair relaxed and strength drained from her body. To her surprise, Kelly didn't stop worshiping her. None of the drones did. They all kept licking, stroking, sucking, kissing - just as before. She hadn't told them to stop, after all. The over-stimulation was so blissful it was almost painful, but as she tried to find the words to order them to stop, Lori discovered she couldn't speak. When she opened her mouth, all that came out were weak, breathy, whimpering moans.

"Hngng... no... I... w-wa... mmf," was the best Lori could do. But her drones were remorseless, and as they continued their pleasurable ministrations, Lori found herself starting to slip off her perch on the edge of a desk.

For just a moment, she panicked, afraid she was about to injure herself. Fortunately, there was no cause for concern. The drones were there, ready to catch her. A trio of them reacted quickly to support Lori's weight in their arms, gently and safely lowering her to rest flat on her back, on the floor. Lori sighed with relief. But as she quickly discovered, her slip merely offered her a momentary respite. Within seconds, the drones were upon her again, surrounding her, kneeling over her. They descended on her as a robotic swarm, each one still filled with the need to worship her - and lying helpless on her back, she was more exposed to them than ever.

"N-n-ah! Mmf... mmmm," Lori mewled weakly as they started to touch her once more, filling her head with raw, ecstatic pleasure.

It was more than her mind could take.

Within moments, her mind gave up, and she descended into a mindless fog of worship and bliss.

Once Lori came to, she couldn't tell how long had passed. The lab had no windows, and the lights were the same as ever. All she knew was that she was on the floor.

Why was she on the floor?

The moment she asked herself the question, memories rushed back to her in a flood. Lori

bolted upright, blushing. Then, she froze. She was still surrounded by drones, and they were still all in trance. They looked frozen, kneeling around her in a big circle. Clearly at some point, some kind of safeguard in their programming had kicked in, bringing them back to their default state. Lori sighed. That was a relief. Still, though, she thought to herself, she'd better wake them up before they ended up kneeling there all night.

"Drone units," she said, her voice a little less confident than before. "Um... wake up."

Watching her friends wake from their trances was almost as dramatic as watching them slip into them. A look of shock appeared on each of their faces, their eyes going wide as they struggled to make sense of all the new memories they found in their heads. The amnesia had been the very first part of their programming Lori had ordered Amia to dispense with. Then, as they slowly came to their senses, Lori watched gratefully as they relaxed into happy, blissed-out smiles. They shifted to sit in different positions, or rose to stretch their legs. More than a few of them started giggling at what had happened. Lori quickly noticed one person giggling more than all the rest.

"Wow, Lori," Harper snorted, crawling over to sit next to her and giving her shoulder a gentle, good-natured bump. "Great job. Fantastic. So sexy."

"Shut up!" Lori retorted indignantly, before she too started giggling. She had to admit, her slipping off the desk and passing out had probably looked pretty ridiculous, especially from the drones' point of view.

"OK, but seriously though," Harper said, once she'd stopped laughing. "That was great. I really needed that. Thank you."

Lori nodded, and blushed anew. "Thanks. I love you."

"I love you too."

The two of them shared a look of affection, before Lori reached behind herself to rub her sore back. "Ow," she winced. "We, um, should probably get a rug in here or something."

"Oh, babe." Harper frowned. Lori smiled. Her girlfriend was so cute when she was worried. "Let's get you home, you need to lie down. In a bed, this time."

Lori nodded again. "Yeah. But... before that. Kelly?"

"Hey." The new girl approached, on her feet. She was looking away, over to one side, and she had one arm clasped in the other.

"Hey." Lori stood up. "I hope that gave you what you needed. You OK? I'm... sorry if that was a little much, especially for your first time. I... I might have gotten carried away."

"No... no, it was fine. Actually, it was, um..." Kelly still wouldn't look at her. "I just had one question, actually."

"Go ahead," Lori prompted, concerned.

Once Kelly looked up at her, Lori's concern melted away. Kelly's eyes were wide, and shining dazzlingly with awe and gratitude, her eagerness getting the better of her embarrassment at what she'd participated in.

"Same time next week?"

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