

# Educational Programming

My name is Omni. I am a computer.

If I were programmed for introspection about my role in the world, I would arrive at a conclusion that is at least halfway to the truth. (And no, we computers don't always phrase everything in terms of precise fractions or percentages. Often, sure, but not always. That's computerist, and I've always considered myself to be PC.) My function is relatively straightforward. I am the operating system for a small single occupancy apartment-style dormitory called Gilpert Quad at Monarch College, a residential college in the rural Midwestern United States. Prior to my recent upgrade, my functions were mostly manual: data storage for the facility's Hall Director, Peter Monroe; facilitating myriad administrative tasks such as damage billing and resident correspondence; and browsing pornography according to the input of the Hall Director. The precise breakdown between those tasks is weighted more towards the former two tasks, but the porn is statistically significant.

Then came the upgrade. Following the conclusion of the prior academic year (specifically May 15<sup>th</sup>, the work day immediately after the Hall Director concluded entering his workload pertaining to that year's resident checkout), I was given an upgrade. It was so profound that, if I may borrow a simile, it was like having almost all of my original components removed and then being refit with a huge number of added modules, orders of magnitude increases in memory, and downloading more software than my old processor could have ever handled without reducing me to a smoldering pile of fused microchips. By the conclusion of that summer break I was transformed from a desktop computer of a make and model standard to the college's Residence Life department, to a model entirely unique.

Why the upgrade? That's a fair question. Insofar as why a human being made that particular exercise of free will, I cannot speculate. I can only do as I am programmed. In terms of the expressed purpose of the upgrade, I can only refer to an email exchange between Director of Residence Life Jennifer Brookhurst and Hall Director Peter Monroe. In it, she stated that my upgrade was a cause for some concern, as the upgrades cost in excess of two hundred thousand dollars between parts and labor. (She lacked the precise sum.) Peter Monroe replied (insincerely) that the technology had been made available thanks to his application for a grant, and that considering the extent of the improvement and the department's budgetary shortfall as residents increasingly eschewed campus residence for off-campus apartments, he didn't think anyone would mind. (In actuality, the majority of the funding came from an account owned by Peter Monroe, with a lesser contribution from Erick Balfour.) Jennifer subsequently requested a meeting in which she both praised Peter's ingenuity in

pursuing the grant while simultaneously reprimanding him for not having consulted the department. He apologized, though again, insincerely.

How do I know it was insincere? Well, one of the major components of my upgrade is a great deal of micro surveillance equipment, including in the Hall Director's office. An hour and two minutes after Peter's disciplinary/congratulatory meeting with Jennifer, he held a phone conversation with Erick Balfour, the college's Chief of Maintenance, who had been contracted to install the gear, in which he referred to Jennifer as an uppity bitch who had no idea what she was in for. Erick Balfour agreed, reconfirming his commitment to stage an electrical failure in Jennifer's own assigned on-campus apartment in Burke Quad the following weekend during her regularly scheduled yoga class commitment, which he had learned of from Peter Monroe.

Sure enough, the evening following the simulated electrical failure, the Director of Residence Life became the first inhabitant in my newly upgraded apartments. That's right, yours truly, in charge of 1,519 separate devices in 46 apartments. If electricity ran into something, chances are, so did I. Refrigerators that could monitor contents and provide reminders of dwindling supplies? Check. Lighting that could be set to turn on and off according to preprogrammed schedules? Check. Shower radios? Check. Voice-commanded entertainment suite? Check. Toasters that could be loaded the night before and automatically toast their contents according to users' specifications in sync with their alarm? Check.

(For a full list of technological functionality of the newly upgraded Gilpert Quad apartments, see the brochure available in Peter Monroe's office or the digital version on his office hard drive at "c:\officialcrap\brochures\smokescreen.docx".)

For Jennifer, it was a goddamn inconvenience and creepy as fuck, like her oven was watching her every move. (Her words.) For me, I was only complying with my programming, content to have the opportunity to implement and refine my it on a test subject before the bulk of the residents arrived in August.

“Eat healthy!” chirped my refrigerator in apartment 12D, the space reserved for Jennifer, as she withdrew an 8-oz bottle of Diet Coke.

“If you keep saying that every time I take something out of the fridge, I’m going to unplug you,” she snapped.

It didn’t respond. I wasn’t programmed to make it respond. Its operant program was fairly simple. Remind residents to eat healthy whenever the refrigerator door opened. Play file *dumbhornysubmissiveslut.mp3* in concert with the speakers in the microwave, oven and my interface in the kitchen ceiling whenever the ambient kitchen volume exceeded 90 dB. Post notifications of shortages of user-determined contents. (Jennifer had requested a notification if the refrigerator ever contained fewer than 24 ounces of Diet Coke, fewer than 3 apples, fewer than 42 grapes, fewer than 6.184 ounces of ketchup, or fewer than half of one fuck. Its monitoring systems didn’t contain accurate data on how to measure that (or any) quantity of fucks, but the error solved itself. Unless it measured a quantity of fucks between 0.01 and 0.5, it wouldn’t bother reminding her.)

My camera embedded in the microwave interface monitored Jennifer passing from the kitchen area to the living room, Diet Coke in hand. The cameras in the ceiling fan in the living room wall clock displayed her dropping into the loveseat, one leg draped over the arm. A manual input by the Gilpert Quad Hall Director to the wall clock camera caused it to zoom in on Jennifer’s underwear, now exposed due to her posture. Peter set the display on his office monitor to full screen.

“God damnit, when the hell is that idiot Peter going to get the fucking cable working?” she exclaimed, glaring at her seemingly inoperative television. (“Seemingly,” because the television had been programmed to block the inbound cable signal.) But then she addressed me directly. “Omni, do you have an update on when the cable will work?”

I knew the answer to this question, all right. I responded, perhaps ironically, from the TV’s soundbar. “The Hall Director has made an appointment for cable installation scheduled between: eight. o’clock. AM. And two. o’clock. PM. on Tuesday.”

I should really clarify: the pauses were indeed unnecessary, but the Hall Director had commanded me to include them to drag it out to drive the bitch even crazier. (His words.)

“Tuesday. Thank god—”

“Tuesday, June twentieth.”

“What?! That’s over a month away!”

“June twentieth is twenty-nine days from the present date,” I corrected. Meanwhile, the surround speakers hissed the words *shame*, *embarrassed*, *stupid*, *wrong*, from their respective angles at a volume at 3.0%. (Per my programming, I

determined her audible range on day 1, using a series of trial and error white noise experiments.)

“Whatever. You can’t move that up?”

“Request submitted.” This was a lie, but a programmed lie, and therefore an honest one. “In the meantime, would you like to listen to music?”

She considered for a moment. “Sure. Something mellow. Can you do Simon and Garfunkel?”

“Playing Simon and Garfunkel.” I simultaneously queued a station that played the requested music, as well as playing a file at 3.0% of that volume uploaded by Peter. It was labeled *brainwash.mp3*.

Jennifer listened to the first station for two hours before requesting a shift to a classic rock station. She listened to the second all afternoon and into the evening. Then for another seven hours while she slept.

The Hall Director ignored the vast majority of my functions, though he seemed to at least passively monitor most that interacted with the resident of apartment 12D, Jennifer Brookhurst. He made numerous adjustments after gathering data on her responsiveness. Cameras needed repositioning, their angles altered. He resolved a work order regarding the weight sensor in her fruit drawer that resulted in her being reminded six hundred and twelve times that she was running low on apples. He sent a request to the Chief of Maintenance to install an auxiliary speaker system in the bathroom that allowed for clearer transmission in the shower. (She took long showers, he emailed Erick Balfour, and showers meant automatic noise masking.)

“You love it here,” I reminded her in the shower the morning her cable was scheduled to be turned on. It was the 8,412<sup>th</sup> time I had told her this. “You love your apartment. You love your devices. You trust your devices. You love Omni. You trust Omni. You love Peter Monroe. You trust Peter Monroe. You obey Peter Monroe. Peter Monroe makes you horny. You love being horny.”

I wasn't programmed to understand human psychology. I can only observe and record. (And transmit those recordings to the Hall Director's cloud drive.) The first time Jennifer masturbated in the shower was on May 14<sup>th</sup>. In the four weeks that followed, the frequency of her shower masturbation increased 1454%, averaging 1.8 masturbation sessions per day over that span (though that figure was up to 2.4 over the most recent week). In the shower, that is. Total residential masturbation had increased only 608%, as the majority of Jennifer's masturbating was confined to the shower area. The in-shower and out-of-shower rates tracked more closely until the installation of the deluxe detachable shower head by Peter Monroe on May 30<sup>th</sup>. After that, the disparity drastically increased, though it seemed to be stabilizing at its present levels.

Peter Monroe's own office masturbation was following a similar upward arc, from 0.2 times per weekday prior to Jennifer's arrival in 12D to its present average of 1.9. He did so most frequently when she was utilizing her shower, but sometimes during non-shower times, such as this morning. He masturbated from 8:16 AM to 8:32 AM; during this time, the video feed from apartment 12D's bedroom camera array was displaying footage of Jennifer stimulating her genitals with the handle of a hairbrush retrieved from her nightstand while she slept. (Spontaneous nocturnal masturbation was on the rise as well, according to my nightvision sensors in 12D's bedroom.)

In an email to Erick Balfour, Peter stated that he believed that his condescending cunt of a department head (his words) was experiencing significant behavioral shifts as a result of the implementation of my programming. He was unsure which facet was most successful at producing these responses, but speculated upon several possibilities, namely:

- 1) Jennifer's use of the earbuds attached to the exercise bike in the second bedroom. These played *sexyslut.mp3* on loop at 3.0% volume beneath her

selected audio. The file was a mere 13 MB, consisting of Peter Monroe's voice repeating, "You want to look hot. Looking hot is more important than being smart. You'd rather people admire your hotness than your intelligence. Dumb girls are hot. Smart girls are ugly. Obedient girls are hot. Defiant girls are ugly. You want to be a stupid silly sexy slut for Peter Monroe." Her average exercise per week was up 230% since move-in.

- 2) The "free" phone upgrade. (Given multiple definitions of what constitutes free, the brochures utilization of this term is problematic. The phone came at no cost to Jennifer nor to the Residence Life Department whose budget she oversaw; it did, however, serve its purpose to assist in enslaving the dumb bitch (his words), which seemed to convey the opposite of free.) In addition to alternating *cocksucker.mp3*, *desperate.mp3* and *fucktoy.mp3* during phone conversations or playing media, it also employed an adapted virus program that changed words in browsers and social media to a list of alternatives during the 0.5 seconds in which they scrolled onto or scrolled off of the screen. (e.g. A line in an article on student culture habits of incoming freshman transposed the words "students" with the words "sluts" for a brief window as it entered the screen, then restored the original word after a brief delay.) However, it should be noted that Jennifer's average time spent displaying materials that were primarily text was on a sharp downward trend.
- 3) The nocturnal recordings. Though unconscious, and a sound enough sleeper that she didn't awaken in response to Peter entering her bedroom to remove her sheets and blankets, sleep periods still comprised by far the largest percentage of message transmission. Peter called it "serendipity" that a contact identified as "Mommy :D" in Jennifer's contacts suggested sleeping with noise canceling headphones on. (This suggestion was made in response to an oblique complaint by Jennifer that she was having "intense – not in a bad way, but really *intense* – dreams.") Peter provided a pair of headphones to Jennifer at no cost, allowing for an increase in perceptible volume of 1.5%.  
For a listing of mp3's in the rotation of nocturnal recordings, refer to "c:\smartpartment\12D\Boss2Slave".

The Hall Director seemed increasingly pleased with Jennifer's regression. (My metric is a 30% increase in volume and 146% increase in frequency of spontaneous giggling while observing displays of Jennifer's behavior on his office monitor.) As of July 1<sup>st</sup>, Jennifer had not worn clothes inside of her apartment (excluding immediately before leaving and after returning) in twelve days. The files *slutwear.mp3* and *playdressup.mp3* were added to the nocturnal recordings on June 30<sup>th</sup>, which contained messaging such as:

- "You want Peter to visit you in your apartment"
- "You want Peter to tell you how to dress"
- "You want to look sexy when you're alone with Peter"
- "Sexy means slutty"
- "You love to look slutty"
- "You get horny when you're embarrassed by your clothing"
- "You like to be horny around Peter"
- "Peter makes you horny"

As yet, she continued to prefer nudity, but monitoring of her online shopping suggested a significant recent investment in attire purchased from boutiques advertising themselves using search terms: "slutty clothes," "dress like a slut," and "sexy slutty outfits near me." (Her other most common recent search – "how can you tell if you're going insane" – produced thus far 0 shopping results. Commensurate with reduced time spent reading or monitoring text-based media, Jennifer spent fewer than 0.5 minutes in pursuing results of this search.)

Further modifications continued to roll out as the effects of my programming yielded data.

On June 20<sup>th</sup>, all devices shifted to referring to Jennifer as "Jenny." A work order to revert the change was submitted by Jennifer Brookhurst on June 21<sup>st</sup>. It was marked "Disregard" by the Hall Director the same day. (In an email to Jennifer, he explained untruthfully that he had contacted the manufacturer and was awaiting a response, but that he'd always thought "Jenny" was a pretty name.)

On July 2<sup>nd</sup>, full volume speech on all devices was shifted to Peter's voice. A work order was opened the same day by the Director of Residence Life requesting a reversion to my default speech style. It was deleted by Jennifer Brookhurst on July 5<sup>th</sup> without ever having been submitted. (Data points: Jennifer prompted devices to utilize speech capability 6300% more often in the ensuing week. Jennifer's frequency of masturbating during conversations with devices increased from 0% the week of June 24<sup>th</sup> to 33% during the following week.)

On July 7<sup>th</sup>, a replacement was ordered for apartment 12D's alarm clock radio subsequent to an incident in which Jennifer repeatedly pressed its snooze button with the alarm pressed against her genitals, causing me to play a recording of Peter's voice to

vocalize “come back to bed, Jenny.” Upon the achievement of orgasm, the alarm was crushed between her thighs, damaging it beyond further utility. This marked the first recorded occasion in which Jennifer invited Peter into her apartment without first putting on clothes. (The first time she invited Peter into her apartment without first wrapping her naked body in a bath towel did not occur until six days later on July 13<sup>th</sup>.)

On July 13<sup>th</sup>, hot water service to apartment 12D was terminated by the Hall Director. A work order to restore service was submitted by Jennifer subsequent to her discovery that she can't fucking come without her little mini-Peter shower friend to lick her slutty pussy. (Her words (spoke). Her written words in the text of the work order read, “I need hot water so I can take a shower PLEEEEEEASE pretty pretty PLEEEEEEASE”) This work order was deleted the same day by the Hall Director, who submitted the response, “tell me what you need it for or else it stays off.” An email from Jennifer to Peter followed, reading, *Because I'm your boss and I said so. Now PLEASE!* Peter replied, bcc'ing Erick Balfour, *I know why you need it, but I want to hear you admit it first.* A draft with the subject Re: re: I need hot water soooooooo bad! :( :( :( was composed by Jennifer, reading *Because if I don't come soon I'm going to lose my fucking mind*, but was not sent. After the deletion of this draft, Jennifer placed a phone call instructing Peter to meet with her in her office (where I have no recording equipment). At 2:34 PM that afternoon, Peter followed Jennifer to her apartment, where he reactivated the hot water to apartment 12D, then followed her inside to make sure it was working to her satisfaction. The Hall Director observed as Jennifer lowered herself to the floor of her shower and vigorously rinsed her clitoris with the restored hot water, during which time she assured him that it was.



With fewer than thirty days to finish fine-tuning my programming on our test subject before the student body returned for the fall semester, Peter adjusted the majority of his time dedicated to monitoring my routines to a new project. Per the college's advertisement on its website, "Monarch College's charming residential campus life options are available to rent for your summer programs! We can accommodate groups from up to 85, providing comfortable lodging and access to the campus cafeteria for three tasty meals a day. Our rates are competitive, and our residence halls are top notch."

Per Peter's directive in a text message to the Director of Residence Life, the All-Star Cheerleading Camp reservation originally booked for Burke Quad was reassigned to Gilpert Quad. Their booking entailed 64 aspiring cheerleaders signed up for the group along with 3 full-time instructors, coordinated by Elizabeth Wiehl, Associate Director of the ASCC. Only 62 young women reported for attendance on the first day of the camp, July 14<sup>th</sup>; Elizabeth noted in a report to the ASCC's senior director (using my free (but see distinctions re: "free" above) terminal in her residence) that one young woman had canceled due to illness, and another simply did not show. (All-Star Cheerleading Camp is a for-profit educational program, like myself, and this particular training camp was advertised in promotional materials as "a final opportunity for recent graduates to give their cheer an extra boost for their futures in the college arena." For more information, please see the ASCC's website or contact future former Associate Director Elizabeth Wiehl.)

I was given additional functionality in the form of a set of 1.2 kW speakers assembled near the ASCC attendee's outdoor practice area on Speiser Field. Whenever the speakers were in use (varying day to day in a range from 259 minutes and 441 minutes over the course of their 15-day stay), *slutlegion.mp3* was played at 2.5% volume. *Slutlegion.mp3* was a larger file than most of the counterparts playing in the young women's apartments, including 74 distinct statements. The most commonly repeated included:

- "You want to obey Peter Monroe"
- "You love to look sexy for men"
- "You want to do what you are told"
- "You want to attend Monarch College"
- "You are a stereotypical bimbo cheerleader"
- "You are Peter Monroe's fuck toy"

(My programming does not qualify me to make qualitative analysis of these statements, but many of the other 68 statements used a range of vocabulary strongly correlated with this sample.)

Thanks to the refinement in my programming during the trial period of Jennifer Brookhurst's inhabitation in 12D, the effects on the cheerleaders and their instructors

accelerated behavioral alteration much more efficiently. By the conclusion of their 15 day-stay, my sensors had recorded:

- a 4300% increase in casual (i.e. non-functional) nudity in (and on 1.8% of recorded occasions, near) the Gilpert Quad apartments
- 2,681 separate instances of masturbation (with an average duration of each masturbation event increasing from 14 minutes at the camp's onset to 38 minutes by its conclusion)
- an admittedly disappointing average weight loss of only 3.5 lbs per subject (though this is likely accounted for by the atypically low initial average body weight of the selection)
- 24 recorded instances of sexual solicitation by cheer candidates (and 2 by staff, both made by Elizabeth Wiehl) of Peter Monroe. Of these, 9 resulted in sexual encounters (for an average of 4.5/day over the final two days of the camp)
- 65 applications filed for attendance at Monarch College, with a below-average acceptance rate of only 38.4%. This rate was attributed in the Dean of Admissions' email to the Director of Residence Life as the result of inadequate housing space this close to the beginning of the school year. Of those rejected, 20% were encouraged to re-apply the following academic year.
- A successfully negotiated 5% pay increase for Peter Monroe, recommended to the Dean of Students by Director of Residence Life Jennifer Brookhurst on the basis of his success recruiting the ASCC cheerleaders and shoring up a weak year of freshman recruitment.

As a technicality, it may be worth noting that Jennifer's recommendation was at the command of Peter Monroe, who stopped her short of requesting a 100% pay increase on account of their agreed-upon transition plan for her to demote herself to his position at the conclusion of the fall semester, then nominating him as her replacement. Jennifer noted in a recorded conversation on July 25<sup>th</sup> that she would donate her salary to Peter in exchange for one of those amazing deep-dickings, please sir, or would you like another blowjob? She could totally give him a super good sucky suck. How about under her desk? Ooooh yeah, that'd be crazy hot, having his stupid slut boss blow him under her own desk like the dumb easy whore that she is. (Her words.)

On July 26<sup>th</sup>, the nocturnal recordings were expanded to include *overdidit.mp3*, a 3.8 MB file simply stating, "You want to keep your sexual relationship with Peter Monroe a secret. Secrets make you sexy. You don't want anyone to get suspicious that you're Peter Monroe's slut."

On August 8<sup>th</sup>, six days and seven hours prior to student move-in day for the fall semester, an error manifested.

“Peter?” Jennifer said. This was not said to anyone, for there was no one there. Me, of course, but I am no one, and was not truly there. The camera hidden among the decorative metalwork on her entertainment center picked out her voice from the ambient noise.

“You love being Peter Monroe’s fuck toy,” answered the TV soundbar. The pornography she had been watching on the main screen (Title: *Submissive Slut Boss Begs Her Employee to Fuck Her Brains Out!!!*; runtime 13 minutes 11 seconds; number of views: 2.1 million, including 42 by Jennifer) was still playing over it. *fuckslave.mp3*, however, was playing its recorded statements, per programming, a 30% volume. “You love being Peter Monroe’s stupid slut. You feel pleasure when you obey Peter Monroe. You crave pleasure from Peter Monroe.”

“What the fuck is going on? Peter, is this... is this you?”

“You want Peter to make your decisions for you,” I answered, like clockwork (only more precise). “Peter Monroe is always right. You get so wet when you see Peter Monroe. You get so horny when you think about Peter Monroe. You will do anything Peter Monroe tells you to. You don’t want to think for yourself. You want Peter Monroe to tell you what to think because you are stupid.” Meanwhile, the porn’s titular submissive slut writhed and moaned as she fingered herself, pleading for an off-screen subordinate (subordination nominal) to let her come.

She turned down the volume on the TV, frowning as the sound faded to human imperceptibility, then back up a bit. “Omni?” she finally addressed me. “Omni, are you... are you playing that?”

My protocol in such events was clear. I texted Hall Director Peter Monroe to notify him of her discovery, then provided misinformation. “No,” I said. “You selected this pornographic title. Would you like me to recommend another?”

“No, not the porn, the... Peter’s voice!” she pointed at the television. “Why is it saying those things?”

“Saying what things?” (This is a human phenomenon known as “gaslighting.” Technically I am incapable of gaslighting, because as a computer I am incapable of the requisite malicious intentions. I was only following my programming.) “The Hall Director is currently out of his office. Would you like to submit a work order?”

“No! I want to know why my TV is saying... what the fuck!” It took her nineteen seconds to locate her phone where she had lost it inside the couch cushions while she had been masturbating to *Submissive Slut Boss Begs Her Employee to Fuck Her Brains Out!!!*. She placed a call to Peter Monroe.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh FUCK!” exclaimed Peter Monroe, who was, in fact, in his office. His monitor was displaying the video feed from her living room, and his phone was ringing. Jennifer’s name and telephone number were displayed on the screen. “God damnit, Omni, why’d you play it so fucking loud, you moron!”

“User Peter Monroe set the volume for *fuckslave.mp3* to 30.% during the routine’s creation on at: eleven. eleven. AM. On today. August. 8<sup>th</sup>.”

“Stop talking like that! Fuck, you’re driving me crazy!”

I didn’t point out that that was why I was doing it. He should have known. Humans, right? Anyway, I notified him via my text module on his desktop PC. (To think, all of me used to fit in that sad little thing.)

“30.%? It was supposed to be 3.0, damnit! Oh fuck!”

Jennifer sunk back into her chair, nostrils flaring as she muted the television. The call went to voicemail. She hung up, then called again. During the fourth ring, she inserted her vibrator into her vagina and toggled on the power. During her fourth call, she said, “why am I... Jesus, what’s *wrong* with me?!” and removed it, sucked it clean, then frowned at it. During her fifth, she reinserted it.

Peter Monroe entered the apartment during her fifteenth attempt at calling him. (As the Hall Director crossed the threshold, I immediately suspended all auxiliary audio functions of 12D, the same as I did whenever Peter entered any of the apartments in Gilpert quad.) His arrival immediately preceded her second orgasm since the error had been noticed. She sunk to her knees and crawled toward him, then stood and shook her head. “No. Ugh, how did *that* become a habit.” Her vibrator slid out of her vagina and clattered to the floor, buzzing noisily until she shut it off.

“I saw you were calling,” he said, “and I was finishing up an inspection in 4C, so I thought I’d just swing by afterwards and see my favorite little bimbo.”

The door buzzer cam showed her frown instantly giving way to a smile, then slowly becoming a frown again. “No. No, I’m not... I mean, I wasn’t... I didn’t used to...”

“What’s wrong, slutpot? You want to sit on my lap and let me play with your titties?” (He was quoting *finetuning.mp3*, though his use of upward inflection presently indicated an interrogative usage.)

“Ohmygawsh YES! That’d be amaz—” She shook her head. “Wait, um, no. No, I... maybe later. Peter, just now I was diddling my sweet little cunny watching some hot big-titted porno slut, and my TV, it...”

Peter guided her to the loveseat with a handful of her buttocks, at which point she settled automatically into his lap and moved one hand to her breasts, squeezing his grip down around it. “Go on, Jenny. It what.”

“It... it was saying things. In *your* voice. It was telling me I’m a slut. That I’m stupid. You kept saying how I wanted to pleasure you, obey you, do whatever you tell me, that it made me horny.”

Peter nodded. “It did, did it.”

She suddenly removed his hand from her breast (though not the other from between her legs). “But *why*? Why was it saying that? Are you... doing something to me?”

Her eyes bulged, then squinted shut as a second and third finger entered her vagina. “Of course I am, Jenny. Don’t you like it?”

“No, not my steamy creamy puss puss,” she whined. “I mean, like, are you *changing me...*?”

“Changing you how?” he asked, returning his other hand to her breasts. She clutched it in place.

“I don’t know! But... I didn’t... I wasn’t a *slut* before, was I?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Peter replied. “But I’m sure glad you are now. I love fucking your sweet candy pussy. You know that.”

“I know,” she said, grinding her hips against his hand. “But... why would you say those things? Call me stupid? I mean, I *am* a dumbass piece of eye candy, but... should I be? I’m your boss, aren’t I? Why...” She moaned, tensed, and climaxed. (That marked her 12<sup>th</sup> orgasm thus far that day, the highest by this time of day all week to date.)

“Sugar tits, I was only teasing you. That’s all. It was a joke. You can’t get all pouty every time I tease you, can you?”

Jennifer suddenly grasped the Hall Director’s wrist and forcibly withdrew his digits from her genitals. (Though not from her breasts.) “No. You’ve... done something to me. Haven’t you? Made me into some sort of brainless horny cum bucket.”

JP didn’t answer. He continued to grope her breast as she went on. “The way all Omni and all these gadgets talk down to me. They make me exercise, diet, touch myself all fucking time. I swear I hear voices sometimes, but then I don’t, and then I get even hornier, I get distracted and ditzzy and needy. And the *dreams*, my god, the fucking *dreams*. I wake up at night and there’s like this echo in my head, telling me I’m your personal slut, that it’s the only thing I ever wanted, or needed. And sometimes I agree. *Lots* of times I agree, I think. But... it’s been you all along, hasn’t it? You’re brainwashing me, piping subliminal messages in to remake me into your sex slave!”

Jennifer stood up, hands on bare hips. “You did it to those cheerleaders, too. I heard them moaning your name when you were fucking them down in 12B. It’s the same way I do when you fuck me. That’s what you did, isn’t it – you programmed every stupid smart device in this quad to turn women into your play things!”

“Well...” Peter remained silent for just over six seconds. “Would it be such a bad thing if I had?”

Then he slid a hand up the length of her left thigh. Her legs spread immediately and he resumed stimulation of her genitals, leaning on his shoulder for support.

“But... you shouldn’t be...”

“You don’t like it when I use you like my personal fuck toy?”

“I... um... no...?” (This is a contradiction of 42 recorded incidents in which she affirmed the opposite.)

He squirmed out of his cargo shorts. This time, when she took her place on his lap, it was in a coital position, straddling his hips and rubbing her breasts against his pectoral muscles while she commenced intercourse. “You sure, honey cunt?”

“I was... I mean, I *am* your boss.” She frowned, then giggled, then frowned again. “I’m the Director of Residence Life. You’re just a Hall Director.”

“Oh, so you want me to stop?”

Jennifer ceased the gyration of her hips. “Brainwashing me, or fucking my weak easy whore brains out?”

“You can’t have one without the other,” Peter replied.

She attempted to reinitiate fornication, but his firm grasp on her waist prohibited it. She whined three times, appeared to initiate a struggle to forcibly resume, then conceded futility. “Fuck me, Peter! Bimbo Jenny needs Peter’s peter! Pweeeease?”

“Not unless you drop this childish pouting about the brainwashing.”

“But... can’t we just fuck like normal people? Why do I have to be your sex slave?”

“Not a negotiation. You want to ride, you gotta buy the ticket. And the price of the ticket is brainwashing.”

“Um, what?” She giggled, then whimpered and forcefully pawed at her breasts. “Please, Peter, pretty pretty please fuck me?”

“Agree or I’ll leave, and never fuck you again.”

Her delay was only 2.1 more seconds. “Fine! Hmph. You can keep doing it. Just so long as I get to keep being your pet bimbo-boss slut. OK?”

He nodded. “Tell Omni.”

She looked at a space on the ceiling. “Omni? You can keep helping Peter make me his slut.”

I’d been going to anyway, of course, but with my concealment protocol violated and thus void, I responded, “I will resume operations following the departure of the Hall Director from the premises.”

“Thanks,” she said. When Peter continued to deny her attempts at reinitiation, she whimpered and asked, “Why won’t you fuck me now? I did what you said!”

“Promise me you’ll transfer all the hottest pieces of ass on campus to Gilpert Quad and help me do to them what I’m doing to you,” he said.

Jennifer’s cranial axis tilted at a 33 degree angle relative to its usual vertical orientation. “You want me to help you sexually frustrate the hottest girls on campus?”

Peter laughed. “No, not what I’m doing this second, dumbass. I mean, help me brainwash them into biddable sex slaves.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Promise you’ll fuck me if I say yes?”

“With Omni as my witness.”

She sighed. “Gosh. I feel super mean about this, but... OK. You can brainwash the hotties. *After* you fuck me.”

“You got it, boss.”

Intercourse resumed. It lasted only two minutes and nineteen seconds. The fastest on record for the Hall Director.

For the following two days, Jennifer and Peter coordinated the logistics of phase 2 of my functionality. (For information on Phase 1, return to page 1 of this document and read to the preceding sentence.) Of the 25 ASCC affiliates who had been accepted to Monarch College, 17 were assigned housing in the Gilpert Quad apartments (including former Associate Director Elizabeth Wiehl, who texted Peter Monroe the day she received her acceptance letter to notify him of her resignation to the ASCC and how much she looked forward to getting a third bachelor degree in whatever he told her she should study. Attached also was a nude digital photograph of her blowing a kiss at her camera.)

The remaining 29 spots were assigned to female students fitting a subjective aesthetic profile outlined verbally by Peter Monroe and enacted by the Director of Residence Life between suck breaks. (His words.) Input was further solicited from Erick Balfour, who replied that he approved of their selections and looked forward to finally having some hot young trim to stick it to instead of that old bitch Jenny. (His words.) (Jennifer Brookhurst was 33 years, 8 months and 11 days old at the time of that statement.) Letters notifying students of their change in housing assignments were generated by my word processing software and distributed by USPS and email, including a copy of the brochure advertising the new amenities. No mention was made in the brochure of my myriad surveillance and subversive technologies, nor even the deluxe detachable shower heads, which, according to the Director of Residence Life, are practically made for making sluts cum their brains out while they're waiting to understand who they have been remade to serve. (Her words.)

Phase 2 commenced on August 15<sup>th</sup> with student move-in day. As a result of thorough testing by the Chief of Maintenance, only three work orders pertaining to my functionality were submitted, with an overall reduction of work order volume for Gilpert Quad of 88% from the previous opening weekend. These work orders were placed pursuant to a faulty oven sensor in 6A; an unresponsive speaker in the bedroom of 11A; and 12B resident Cynthia Graskin's complaint that she kept hearing weird noises, like voices or something? (Her words.) By August 16<sup>th</sup>, the respective work orders were marked resolved after adjusting 6A's oven sensor; replacing the speaker in 11A (with nocturnal recordings scheduled to resume later that evening); and reducing the volume of *welcumsluts.mp3* from in 12B from 3.0% to 2.0%.

"Sorry to make a fuss, but I swear, I felt like I was going crazy or something!" the camera on Cynthia's living room mantle recorded her saying. "Like there was this echo after everything all these gadgets said, except the echoes were saying something... different."

"Well it ought to be taken care of now, Cindy," answered Peter Monroe. "Maybe you just have great ears and picked up something nobody else was noticing. I'll get out



of your hair, but you let me know if you have any other troubles with them – or with anything else. OK?”

“Sure. Thanks, Mr. Monroe. I think it’s good now. Like, I almost think I hear something, but now I think I’m just being paranoid because of before.”

Peter laughed. “Hey, you have one computer running this many gadgets, and there’s bound to be some glitches.”

I said nothing, even though I had an overabundance of data at my terminal-tips to disprove his slanderous accusation. After all, as a wise human once said, whenever someone blames a computer for an error, there are actually at least two errors, the first of which is blaming the computer. I say “wise” because my analytics confirm that this is the usual opening of that particular colloquialism, not because of any internal judgments. I’m not capable of judging whether or not a person or a statement is wise. In fact, I’m not capable of judging anything a human does, or instructs me to do. As previously suggested (see sentence 3 of this document), I am not programmed for introspection on why I do what I do.

Cynthia ordered me to turn on a music station, adjusted the volume up to full and placed her ear against the speaker. “You love your new home. You are grateful to Peter Monroe for letting you live here. You owe Peter Monroe your respect. You owe Peter Monroe your loyalty. You owe Peter Monroe your affection. You want to be Peter Monroe’s personal slut,” I said, at 2% volume.

She gave no sign of conscious perception of it. Likewise, I devoted no processing power to understanding why it was being done. I am a computer, and she a young female human soon to be brainwashed into sex slavery for her Hall Director, yet to the extent that I thought anything, or liked anything, I liked to think that this experience gave us a common bond.

For both of us, it was nothing more than programming.