

EXCERPT FROM:

WARREN'S WORLD

By D.A. Madigan

...“It was probably the most fundamental problem with being, well, God, or, at least, a god... boredom. He supposed that was a big reason he let Dave regain his memories and more normal personality every once in a while; it was good to speak to someone who wasn't tranked out of their minds occasionally. But Dave was no longer even close to his equal. He could talk about story structure and characterization with Dave, but he couldn't talk about the intricate physics – the chemistry, the geology, the thermodynamics, the manipulations of molecules and atoms and even subatomic particles on a quantum level – that went into world building. He couldn't talk to anyone about stuff like that.

He gave himself challenges. In addition to building new worlds to play with, he set tasks and goals for himself as regards his interactions with his friends. The 'trip to the Gulf of Mexico' had involved a lot of self-testing. Obviously, he'd long since established that he could make people love him... that he could make Ellie, who had once been incredibly sexually repressed, into a wanton little sex-loving hoyden when she was with him. But he'd wondered, could he make Ellie fuck someone else as uninhibitedly as she fucked him? Someone she normally wouldn't have dreamed of having sex with... like Brian?

And, for that matter, could he make straight arrow Brian, who was very nearly a living, breathing avatar of propriety and decency, cheat on Leslie?

Turned out it was simple enough – just make each of them think the other one was someone else. Brian had thought he'd tossed Leslie into the water and jumped in after her, Ellie had thought she'd gone swimming with Rick. The whole time, Rick had been in a drunken stupor up on the sundeck, and Leslie had been below decks in Warren's cabin with him and Cindy... but neither Ellie nor Brian had known that. Nor would either ever realize it.

Easy-peasy... at least, when you had well developed psionic abilities and your targets were already high as a kite on super tranquilizers and booze.

It had actually been much much harder to make Leslie and Ellie both like girls. Well... Leslie, anyway. She was naturally a self-centered little cunt, with an instinctive awareness that the sexual favors of a pretty girl were valuable currency in the human relationship market. Leslie never had sex with anyone she didn't feel would make a good long term investment... which meant that even if she had had a hankering for female flesh, she'd never have indulged herself. In the world Leslie had been raised in, it was men who held the keys to the kingdom.

But a little direct stimulation of the pleasure center went a long way. All Warren had really needed to do was arrange for Leslie and Ellie to touch each other while he psychically triggered a major endorphin release for both of them and a lot of built in inhibitions just

melted away. A suggestion that the two of them kiss a little, just to make him happy, accompanied with another big shot of endorphins, and the inhibitions had fallen away as fast as their clothes.

Warren would never have told Leslie – it would have been unnecessarily cruel – but he hadn't really had to do much mental conditioning on her at all to get her into his bed, in the new improved version of New Sparta. Back in the 'real world', Warren had been a loser, and Leslie had never looked twice at him. Once Warren became the Alpha Male of all Alpha Males, though, he'd actually had to use his telepathy on her to keep her *out* of his bed full time. In fact, if he hadn't reinforced her affection for Brian on nearly a continual basis, she'd have long since dumped the poor guy and started scheming ways to get Warren to marry her like some tiny little real life Lois Lane..”

*Excerpted from "Warren's World" by D.A. Madigan. Copyright © 2014
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