

MAUDE MOLD

#8

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RADICAL INDIFFERENCE

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"Get out, I'm fucking the new guy."

Maude shut the door in Spiro's face. He heard the click of the lock, her hand slipping away from the doorknob. He waved his own hand in front of the sensor, and there at his own front door nothing happened. Frowning, he tightened the straps on his backpack and kicked rocks back to the bus stop.

It would be a while yet before the transports finished delivering students and cut back over to commercial traffic. He decided to walk the four miles to the edge of the dead zone, where he could get decent bandwidth to Earth. Not that he expected good news...

Maude resumed the living room, wearing little more than the smirk Spiro would always associate with her face. Her cigarette dangled even as her satin robe coiled around her ankles, joining our program already in progress. FNG was staring, discombobulated, or else he might have thought to ask who had been at the door. As it was he almost remembered why he was here.

Maude straddled him, still smirking. It almost seemed as if her face was stuck that way.

"Give me that cigarette," FNG said, swiping it out of her mouth and clamping his own rough lips around its machine-printed silhouette.

Maude shrugged in the nude, with FNG's hands all over her.

Oh, yes.