



LINGERIE DRONE

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First published 2008.

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Any resemblance to actual persons, either living or dead, or events are entirely coincidental

time travel - *noun*

hypothetical transport through time into the past or the future.

lingerie - *noun*

1. underwear, sleepwear, and other items of intimate apparel worn by women.
2. *Archaic.* linen goods in general.
3. having the qualities of lingerie; lacy or frilly.

drone - *noun*

1. the male of the honeybee and other bees, stingless and making no honey.
2. a drudge.

The concept that forms the basis of the future world was suggested by Anton, a reader.

I hope this tale matches Anton's imagination. Don't take this seriously – it's a bit of sexy fun!

Carmenica



1. Time Transfer

1.

I walked into the conference room with a broad, confident smile and nodded to the people that sat waiting around the long reflective glass table.

Professor Sega sat at the head of the table and nodded when I entered.

‘Wilkins,’ he said a little crossly, ‘at last.’

‘Sorry I’m late,’ I said, not sorry at all.

I was the star of the show and everybody could wait until *I* was ready! I know a lot of the twerps didn’t like that but that’s the way it was! I’m the hero!

‘Had a few more measurements the Capsule team had to take.’

It was a lie and Sega knew it but did not refute it.

Instead, Sega said, ‘understood. ‘Let me introduce you to the others. General Minton,’ Sega said, pointing at a uniformed man on his left, ‘this is Allan Wilkins, our first volunteer.’

We shook hands and Sega introduced me to the others. I made no attempt to remember their names; they were unimportant.

‘And, of course,’ Sega said as we turned to Michelle Ghanaian who was sitting at the end of the table, ‘you know Doctor Ghanaian?’

Everybody greeted her as I waited a little nervously. There was something about Ghanaian that made me wary. Perhaps it was our shared history or the knowledge of what I had done to her.

Michelle Ghanaian and I had been in the first group of volunteers that had endured the intensive selection process. In fact, she had been my main rival for the number one slot and I had been forced to get her out of the way by undermining her credibility.

It hadn’t been difficult as Sega and the others running the project were male chauvinists and did not want a woman to be the first person to make the historical jump into the future. So, I seeded a few rumours, set up a webpage that was a fake fan club around the erotic adventures of the fake woman. I then planted a few rumours that the woman was really Michelle Ghanaian

The selection board was quite happy to take on board the rumours I had planted and the false reports about her suitability I had bribed certain people to submit.

Consequently, I was selected to be the first human to jump through time and, I hoped, Michelle never knew the real reason she was suddenly dropped to the reserve position.

It's more appropriate that a man be first, anyway. The name Allan Wilkins – my name - will go down in history!

‘Please sit down, Doctor Wilkins as we must brief our distinguished visitors.’

I sat as far away from Michelle Ghanaian as possible and smiled politely at the various politicians and military personnel who were watching Sega with interest.

‘Doctor Wilkins will be the first human to travel forward into time,’ Sega announced dramatically and everyone looked at me.

I smiled politely again and sat a little straighter in my chair.

‘The time capsule process has been tested and now we are ready to send a human into the future, in fact, *five years* into the future!’

There was a small gasp from a few politicians and I looked over. Michelle was calmly looking at me and she smiled bleakly before I quickly looked away.

She doesn't know it was me that scuppered her, does she?

She couldn't!

She's just a frigid bitch!

'Doctor Wilkins will be propelled forward...'

'How will he get back?' General Minton asked.

'He will have this,' Sega said, showing everyone what looked like a small television remote. 'This is the invention that enabled us to actually use the time capsule. Wilkins presses this button and the recall will be activated. He will be back here within ten seconds.'

'That fast?'

'Yes. It could be a lifesaver.'

'What if it doesn't work?'

'We can try a recall from this end as long as the control panel is within his vicinity.'

'What if he loses it or it is destroyed?'

Sega looked thoughtfully at me and then at the group.

'Then Doctor Wilkins will be lost to us as he will always be five years in the future. There is no way to get him back. There is a risk to every great step forward for mankind and Doctor Wilkins is well aware of the danger.'

They all swivelled in their chairs to look at me and I sat up even straighter and tried to look courageous and handsome.

I was, after all, the hero!

2.

‘Come in, Allan,’ Segga said with a smile. ‘Are you ready?’

‘I believe so,’ I said with a smile that belied my nervousness.

‘The launch is still set for tomorrow morning.’

Segga shuffled some papers and I could tell something was wrong.

‘Is there a problem?’

‘The Board wants to make sure this mission is a success.’

‘It will be,’ I said more firmly than I thought.

It’s just nerves!

‘They are talking about redundancy...’

‘Redundancy?’

‘Back up in case you fail...’

‘I *won’t* fail!’

‘I know, I know,’ he soothed, ‘but the board wants to make sure of success.’

‘How?’

‘By having another volunteer ready to go if you do not come back.’

‘Oh? Who?’ I asked with a sinking heart.

‘Doctor Ghanaian.’

‘*Michelle* Ghanaian?’

‘Yes.’

‘A woman! You’re going to let a woman...’

‘She is the number two,’ Sega pointed out mildly.

Because I discredited her.

She should really have been number one!

‘But...what about...you know,’ I tried and Sega frowned.

‘There were rumours but all were investigated. Nothing came of it! Doctor Ghanaian will be suitable *if* you fail. But you *won’t* fail, will you?’

‘No,’ I said softly, ‘I won’t fail.’

3.

I had to strip naked to get into the transfer suit and even though I had done it before, I felt a little nervous and embarrassed this time because Michelle Ghanaian was standing in the corner, watching.

She leaned against the wall and, arms folded, watching every movement intently with a slight smile.

The transfer suit was made from a strange fabric and shone with an almost metallic sheen.

Everyone studiously looked away from my genitalia as I pulled the suit up and one of the assistants closed the back for me.

‘All set?’ Sega asked and I nodded carefully.

Was I supposed to say something important now, something for history?

Everyone watched me and I cleared my throat.

This was my last chance before they sealed the helmet.

‘I’ll be back,’ I mumbled and everyone looked away for a moment, perhaps embarrassed by my lack of motivating words on such a historical moment.

‘Of course you will,’ Sega said kindly and they put the helmet on.

4.

‘Stand by.’

Sega’s voice boomed in my helmet and I glanced at the recall panel that was strapped to my left wrist.

Don’t lose it!

It’s my only ticket home!

I looked through the tinted glass protective wall and saw everyone watching me while, at the same time, looking at his or her instruments.

‘Ten!’

Sega began the countdown and I suddenly saw Michelle Ghanaian standing at the back of the room.

‘Nine!’

She smiled and gave me a small ironic wave.

‘Eight!’

I knew she was hoping I would fail so she could step into the fame and glory.

‘Seven!’

I wasn’t going to let *that* happen!

‘Six!’

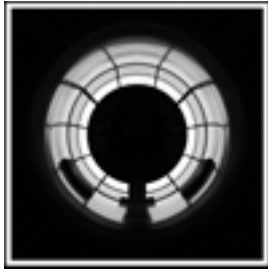
I turned my head away from Michelle Ghanaian’s mocking eyes and watched Sega.

‘Five, four!’

I am coming back!

I am!

‘Three, two, one! *Transport!*’



2. Arrival

1.

For a long moment, I was confused, as my vision had not returned from the blast that accompanied time transfer.

Was I really five years in the future?

I looked around and was surprised to see I was in a park or field or some sort. In the distance, I could see the gleaming metallic spires and towers of a strange city. It didn't look like London or any city I knew!

The instrumentation on my wrists told me the air was clean, in fact, it was much cleaner than the air I had left behind.

That's strange? No pollution?

Carefully, I checked my recall panel and saw the date window was spinning. Sega assured me that would happen and that it would steady and show me the time it was after it had made the calculations using the atomic clock and celestial readings.

What was more important was what *year* it was!

The historians had pointed out that even if I were travelling only five years, I would still notice small differences. It was these differences those very same historians were keen for me to catalogue. I suspected that they were all hoping for a career change, to become futurists instead of historians!

However, looking over at the shining spires of the city, I thought the changes had been very dramatic!

Finding a pool of shadows under a tree, I sat down and nervously waited for the date window to steady but it continued to spin.

For a long moment, I considered pressing the recall button but my pride did not allow me to, even though I was quite nervous, almost scared.

Sega and the others had assured me that I would find the environment familiar as five years was not that great a time. In fact, they only expected minute changes but I felt very uneasy when I could not recognise anything!

Suddenly, I heard a noise and I looked up in time to see a strange craft skimming the trees! It was flying so low, I thought for a moment it was crashing but it zipped and weaved between trees in such movements that convinced me it was flying, not falling!

It was unlike any craft I had every seen and I was completely stunned when it hovered above the ground! It stayed at about the level of the top of the trees and I immediately had the impression the occupants had seen me.

Was it a UFO?

‘Stand up!’

The command boomed from the craft and I jumped in shock.

They had seen me!

Who was it?

The craft came closer and I saw some markings and letters on the side.

POLIS

It was the police!

Police were flying about!

Suddenly, I wondered if I was really *five* years in the future and looked beseechingly at the spinning date dial on my recall panel.

‘You, in the trees! Stand up, hands upraised! Now!’

Slowly, I stood up and raised my hands.

‘Walk to the centre of the field!’

Fighting the urge to run, I slowly walked towards the centre of the grassy area, waiting for my chance to hit the recall button.

As I warily walked closer, I could see two faces watching me through the glass windows. Surprised, I saw that both were women and appeared completely disinterested, almost bored.

‘Looks like he’s going to a party,’ one said to the other.

They wore caps with shining visors and large tinted glasses so I couldn’t see their eyes clearly. Both had their hair up under caps and they both looked officious and capable.

‘Bad boy,’ the other said to me in a mocking tone, ‘wandering around in female only recreation zones!’

Female only recreation zones?

What’s going on?

At that moment, the date window on the recall panel stopped spinning and my heart leapt to my mouth when I saw the numbers.

It can’t be!

No!

I felt sick as I saw that I was not *five* years in the future but *one hundred and seventy-five!*

There had been an error!

A gigantic error!