

The Gilman Theorem

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Gillian Gilman had taken the attic rooms because they were cheap. Her college had rooms on the post grad 'staircase' but the fees were average for the city, that is to say sky high. The landlord's agent, Mr. Dombrowski had been reticent to lease her the attic, eventually insisting she sign a twelve month lease. He said because there had been a number of University students who had defaulted on their leases over the years but was reluctant to say any more.

An acquaintance had mentioned the vacancy to her when she had asked around for something convenient, but they had muttered something about it being in a 'queer old place'. The house had been there in one form or another since before the city had become a university. It had been rebuilt and remodeled so many times that it was probably impossible to discover what was original and what had been added over the ages. The attic rooms would have been at some time, student lodgings, servant quarters, storage and back again to lodging, no doubt through many iterations over the centuries. It even had a plaque on the front wall for the tourists. Something about a servant girl who had lived there, one Keziah Mason. In the 1700's she was one of the last people to be convicted of witchcraft in Oxford. Apparently she had confessed to discourse and intercourse with demonic creatures. The last made Gillian smile, she had a few past flings with lovers who liked to talk more than do.

The odd apartment in the old house suited Gillian, the tiny bedroom window had a view of the dome of the Sheldonian. The main room with a kitchen alcove, was sunny and light, mullioned French windows opening onto a tiny balcony with a view across the slate roofs and grey stone spires of the ancient city. The bathroom had plumbing that was old when Victoria had first met Albert and the shower head was like a bucket with holes punched in it. But the hot water was plentiful and the huge claw foot bath would be just fine to soak in.

The best thing was that there was a small room she could use as a study, a place where she could leave her papers and notes undisturbed. That meant in seemingly random piles placed in a system that only she understood. As an undergrad it had driven her nuts when fellow housemates had 'tidied up'. The fact that the walls and ceiling were oddly angled and there was no window only added to its charm as far as Gillian was concerned. All she needed to fit into the queerly proportioned room was her desk and a recliner

chair, the floor would do for everything else. No window meant no distraction of night and day. When she was chasing a thought it could take her days to track it down and get it scrawled on paper and added to the piles. She used computers extensively in the University and her laptop was one of the most powerful, but she only really trusted pen and paper. Gillian valued the permanence of paper and its capacity to be intuitively sorted and matched.

Gillian was a post graduate student, she had a first class bachelors and was working towards a doctorate. A theoretician, her field was quantum mechanics with a side order of Cosmology.

She was absorbed by the problems and opportunities presented by anti de Sitter space and Conformal Field theory with its possibilities of explaining some very deep mysteries. The reason she needed to be private and study alone was her tendency to range widely across the field. Her doctoral tutor Dr. Upham, kept telling her to narrow down her focus, work on a small piece of the big jigsaw and complete her thesis.

"If you keep broadening your reading and expanding your literature review, Gill, you are in danger of losing your way."

The trouble was that Gillian kept seeing new connections that excited her, made her want to try and bring them into her thinking.

"I understand, Professor, but there are some fascinating new ideas emerging that I am sure have a bearing on my work."

"Perhaps if we worked together more closely I could help you navigate through the noise and keep you more on track?" Upham had suggested, but Gillian kept catching him looking at her chest instead of her face.

She didn't think it was the curvature of space-time that was uppermost in his thoughts when he was staring at her breasts. It was not that she found Upham unattractive, on the contrary she had enjoyed several liaisons with older men and he was urbane and good looking. It was more that she didn't want the complications that came with fucking your teacher.

"Let me work through it myself a little more, Professor. We can discuss it in the seminars perhaps?"

Gillian was more comfortable in the group than these intense one on one tutorials alone with Upham. At least there were a couple of other post grad students in his group who shared a little of her fascination with the bigger picture.

When she wasn't working in her rooms or in the library, Gillian liked to run. The rhythmic movements of her limbs and the cadence of her pounding feet soothed her thinking. Running calmed the wilder darting from idea to idea that sometimes threatened to overwhelm her mind with apparent endless possibilities of connection.

The pink noise of the water in the river gurgling beside the towpath as she ran, conjured waveform calculations and flow dynamics diagrams behind her eyes. The wind rattling the leaves on the trees as she loped through the Botanic Gardens, gave rise to considerations of random number generation and the music in mathematics. Gillian was always thinking, her mind never still, even in sleep she dreamed of strings and membranes, black and white holes, the dark energies and hidden things that filled the void.

Her daily exercise drew admiring looks from other early morning athletes, her long limbs and curvaceous figure encased in Lycra, encouraged oarsmen on the Isis to call out, inviting her to join the rowing club. Other runners encountered on her circuits of Merton Fields suggested she join them at netball, or soccer or for a coffee somewhere. Gillian gently waved their overtures aside. She had no time now for team spirit, under graduate drunken parties, or the sensual pleasures in the embrace of casual lovers. Despite her occasional loneliness, her work was now her passion.

It was early in Hilary term that the Bodlean Library put on an exhibition of rare books and manuscript comprising grimoires, alchemical treatises and arcane magical texts. Many of the exhibits came from the ancient library's own archives but other, even older universities around the world had provided exhibits from their less public archives and closed stacks.

Salamanca, Spain had sent carefully preserved fragments from what were believed to be a late copy of the *Pnakotic manuscripts*. Bologna, Italy contributed significant portions of the *Book of Eibon* and Al Hazar, Egypt provided a sheaf of unique pages of papyrus attributed to the allegedly crazed mathematician, Al Hazred. The latter, according to the flyer that Gillian had picked up in the library foyer, were erroneously referred to by some authorities as the semi mythical *Necronomicon*. Even the Vatican library had opened its vaults and released a copy of von Junzt's suppressed *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*. It was the oblique reference in the leaflet to the mathematics in some of these documents that piqued Gillian's interest and she decided to pay the exhibit a visit.

What surprised Gillian was that most of these fabulously ancient and forbidden texts were so small. Very few were the huge heavy tomes of Harry Potter or the viciously animated books that needed to be chained down, of Discworld fame. Indeed the majority were small, palm sized books with

spidery handwritten notes and complex diagrams on their flimsy handmade paper leaves. The exhibition explained that real grimoires, or spell books were designed to be kept hidden and on the person of the alchemist or practicing magi, which made sense if they were practical tools of the trade. The particular exceptions were the preserved fragments of much older works than those she saw of Dr. John Dee, Magnus, Bacon and Lull.

It was in the hand inscribed and illuminated fragmentary pages of the Pnakotic manuscripts and the carefully preserved papyri of Al Hazred that Gillian believed she saw something. Amid the indecipherable Hellenic and Arabic script, almost obscured by insane illustrations of monstrous creatures, Gillian believed there might be encoded formulae, mathematical elements that struck a chord with her own advanced explorations. The arcane and ancient texts inexplicably appeared to mirror in some ways the concepts of quantum entanglement and n-dimensional quantum mechanics espoused by t' Hooft, Yang - Mills and Susskind. What gave Gillian pause and caused her head to spin was how could the scribes of these millennia old documents have any conception of discoveries only made in the last few years?

Gillian's grandmother would often say to her with a shake of her head, "There is nothing new under the sun, Gilly love." But she was referring to the peccadilloes of celebrities and politicians, not the fundamental understanding of the meaning and mechanisms of the universe.

Gillian's position as a post graduate student meant she could beg far greater access to the exhibits than the average visitor. Under the guise of research, she was able to spend time carefully examining many of the rare and exotic exhibits and furtively copy some for further private study.

So it was that her attic study walls became papered with photocopies and enlargements of hastily snapped photographs of pages handwritten by scribes, bound to secrecy on pain of death or far worse, hundreds if not thousands of years before. The cryptic writings, as far as she could translate them, seemed to speak of impossible things and unnamable places existing alongside our world, yet somehow unseen and unseeable. It was less the ignorant, fearful rantings of probably insane monks that inspired her interest, more the fragments of incomplete formulae half hidden or deliberately obscured in the copied pages.

Some of the wilder writings she had been able to decipher hinted at the existence of elder beings with such deep knowledge before even mankind in its present form had walked the surface of the earth. Such impossibly ludicrous ideas Gillian decided, were in the same realm as writing 'Here there be Dragons' in unexplored and unknown areas on ancient maps.

Gillian spent many hours staring at the fragmented, eldritch equations, searching for the missing connection to modern theories and mathematics in the increasingly disordered piles of her papers, scattered across the floor of her oddly proportioned study. Sometimes, when she grew tired, it was as though the ancient spidery scrawls would lift off the pages attached to the queerly slanting walls to swirl and dance in the air before her heavy lidded eyes.

As the term grew old and spring approached Gillian became more and more absorbed in finding the missing elements of the equations and making connections with her contemporary studies. In her group seminars with Professor Upham, she would talk excitedly of the potential for altering the perceptions of space and other dimensions of reality. A few students were fascinated by her rapidly scribbled mathematical proofs, some snapping copies with their phones, paying more heed to Gillian than the Professor. The debates were always animated until Professor Upham would take up the white board cloth and erase Gillian's work while casting doubt and not a little scorn on their naivety.

"We can no more anticipate what multidimensional worlds may be like in our perception than an ant can understand the Mobius strip upon which it walks. Much less what it might be like for three dimensional beings like us to enter into fourth dimensional space." Was typical of how he would seek to close down the discussion and bring them back to the syllabus.

At those times Gillian would wonder what she glimpsed in Upham's eyes. Was it annoyance that she had not yet succumbed to his charms, or was it fear that she had outstripped him? More often he would advise her to slow down, regroup and rest. Once he said,

"Perhaps you should take a long weekend off, somewhere away from the city. I know a couple of country pubs that have very nice rooms and do an excellent breakfast." Gillian was sure the Professor did, but she didn't fancy wrestling with him in some creaky four poster bed. She had replied,

"I'm fine, really Professor, this thread I am following is very exciting and I should like to pin it down." It was tedious that he was always trying to get into her pants. After all there were plenty of willing undergrads to pick from who would happily lie down for a first.

If it wasn't for the dreams, Gillian could not have been happier. They began not long after she had visited the exhibition of ancient manuscripts. At first they were not unusual, dreams of flying and floating above the landscape.

However, her nightmares became increasingly bizarre as her efforts to understand the forbidden equations grew more intense. Gillian would wake

remembering strange vistas, as though seeing the surface of vastly different planets. Scenes of insane landscapes, littered with gigantic carved stone cubes with many suns in the sky. Other visions of lush vegetation and impossibly high mountains that had to be from geological ages past, or of younger planets than the Earth in space and time. On nights after such dreams she would step out onto the tiny balcony if the sky was clear and let her eyes drift across the field of stars. Usually there would one, different each time after a fresh dream that just felt right.

"That's the one, it was there."

Shaking her head at her own foolishness, nevertheless she would note the stars names, using the 'Star Walk' app on her tablet and it would go into her notes.

Sometimes she dreamed she was floating in a black void, filled with many shapes that were hard to see, not because of the darkness but rather that the many pointed tesseract, cubes, cones and foaming masses of bubbles shimmered, as though they were blurring in and out of her vision. It was then the Professor's words about what things might look like in fourth dimensional space would come back to her and Gillian wondered what she looked like to the other beings there.

Gillian meticulously recorded all her impressions immediately upon waking, so as to lose none of the detail or nuance of each fresh dream. Her neat handwriting filled page after page of her Moleskine notebooks with descriptions and impressions as well as ink sketches of some of her visions too difficult to translate into words. The dreams built one on another. When she dreamed of the same place it was never precisely identical. Each fresh nightmare visit took her further into fantastic places so unlike the Earth. Landscapes with impossibly high mountains glinting under multihued suns. Strange cityscapes of cyclopean buildings of no discernible purpose, apparent streets lined with unreal flora that had no counterpart with any earthly vegetation.

Gillian was always exhilarated by her visions and dream travels. Her excitement grew greater with each otherworldly event. Sometimes she would wake in the middle of the night, her heart racing, sweat soaked, her body aching and awash with endorphins and other hormones, feeling as though she had run for miles, or experienced incredible sex with a passionate lover.

Gillian was no inexperienced virgin. Her lovers had been ardent, knowing and varied. Her statuesque figure and fresh faced looks attracted attention from both men and women, which in the past she had welcomed from either. But since taking up her doctoral studies, her mind had been focused on other things than sex. She attended to her needs when they became troublesome,

usually while soaking luxuriantly in the big old bath but since the dreams had become more frequent, the bath time sessions had diminished proportionately. It was as though she was being sexually satisfied in some other way.

To read her growing number of journals would convince one that Gillian was hallucinating under the influence of drugs and that she had lost her grasp on reality. Yet there were things she did not write on those densely packed pages. The feelings of being watched by unseen eyes, of being followed, not just in her dreams but more often when waking and out in the city. Feelings that made her look over her shoulder to stare into the shadows among the trees as she ran in the early dawn or evening.

Moreover, there were the incidents with the papers.

Gillian kept her papers on the floor of the queerly shaped room near the desk. The floor and walls opposite the door twisted oddly and the ceiling curved down to meet them to make a complicated set of angles. Nothing would fit in that corner of the room and for some reason Gillian never allowed her papers to encroach too far into that oddly shaped space.

Once, by accident, she had dropped a spherical marble paperweight and watched it roll into the strange corner, except it didn't. Instead of tracing the path one might expect, it twisted and curved before rolling back towards her, as though encountering an opposing force. Each time Gillian rolled the sphere it traced an impossibly different route every time, eventually rolling back to her. Being late for a seminar she didn't take the time to explore the phenomenon further, shrugging it off as an optical illusion of that twisted old house.

Waking one night, to find she must have thrown her bedclothes to the floor, her flimsy nightgown around her neck and the distinct sensations of constriction to her out flung wrists and ankles, she had listened in the darkness before getting up. Dragging the bedclothes back into some order, Gillian had shrugged her teddy back down and gone to fetch a glass of water to ease the ache in her throat. Passing the study room she saw a faint violet light shining under the door. Knowing she had turned off her lamp before retiring, Gillian hesitated before opening the door. What if it was an intruder and that was what had disturbed her sleep? Fetching a heavy frying pan from the kitchenette she returned and held the study door handle as she calmed her breathing, the sweat now cold on the naked skin between her breasts and thighs. Flinging the door open, Gillian rushed into the study switching on the main light and holding the pan above her head, determined to brain anyone or anything she found inside.

There had been nothing. No intruder, no nocturnal cat or rodent, nor in fact any violet light. Just the odd little room. She checked all the corners and under her desk and finally sat on the recliner as the reaction set in with shivers and shudders. Stifling a sob Gillian stared at the walls of the queer room, not wanting to return to bed until a little calmer. It was then that she noticed a gap in the papers on one wall. A sheet from the copies of the al Hazred material was missing!

Glancing around the room she saw that the paper had somehow found its way to the floor across the room and partially covering two piles of her notes.

On closer examination Gillian found that the equations she had deciphered on the paper from the wall just might have a connection to her notes. She felt a different kind of chill as her nipples crinkled with arousal. Excitement at the possibility of making a completely new connection with her work made her tremble in anticipation. It was the same feeling she got when she was with a lover and knew they were about to penetrate her for the first time. It was just the most delicious feeling, other than the actual sensations of being stretched and the satisfying fullness she felt when they finally entered her.

For a moment she tried to determine the odds of such a random chance but let the calculation die as her excitement overwhelmed all doubt. Hours later, surrounded by pages covered in scrawled notations, Gillian realized her crossed legs were numb and her throat dry with dehydration. Staggering to the kitchen, legs burning with returning circulation, she gulped down glass after glass of water. It was nearly two fifteen in the afternoon! Gillian did not know how many hours it had been since she had woken in the night.

Throwing on some sweat pants and a jogging hoodie she had staggered down stairs and just made it to her seminar with Professor Upham. A couple of her fellow students quipped that she should take more water with her liquor as she almost fell through the door. But the professor seemed to ignore her disheveled appearance and continued where he left off last session. Part way through the tutorial, one of Gillian's fellow female students whispered in her ear,

"Girlfriend, you smell of sex. Did you fuck you so hard you forgot the time?" Gillian stared back, uncomprehending.

At the end, as they were leaving, Professor Upham called after her. "Gill, will you stay, please." She really wanted to get back to her papers in the attic, but she sat down to listen.

"You missed our last tutorial, is everything Okay? You seem...distracted" Upham sat down beside her and encircled her waist with his arm. "You know you can look to me if you need anything..." his hand had slid under her top

and his fingers were lightly stroking the smooth skin of her back above her waistband. She arched her back to move away from his touch, which only served to exaggerate the swell of her breasts against the thin cloth of her top. At such close quarters it must have been obvious to him that she was wearing little else other than sweats.

"You are very tense, Gill, I can help you with that... if you want?"

For a moment Gillian wanted nothing more than to lose herself in mindless sex, it might stop the ceaseless racing of her mind. But his hands on her felt...wrong, somehow alien. She pulled away, making excuses about being tired, needing to rest. She slipped his would be embrace and scurried out the door mumbling her apologies, ignoring his frustrated frown.

The days and nights following had blurred into each other. The Easter break was one long debauch of restless nights and days, a frenzy of ecstatic study and fresh discovery. It seemed that every night she woke as though from another orgasmic fantasy and staggered to her study in the queer room to find yet another random chance placement of papers that led her to ever more revelations and connections.

Gillian briefly entertained the thought that it was as though there was some sort of exchange with serendipity, her somnolent arousal and unconscious orgasmic release in exchange for arcane secret knowledge. Such a fantastical concept made her laugh out loud as she cleaned her teeth. But her eyes in the mirror were not smiling.

Trinity term began and every night was the same, she would carefully lock all the doors and windows, placing the keys under her pillow. Every time she would jerk awake as though some event had occurred, her body shuddering with orgasmic aftershocks.

Gillian had stopped wearing anything to bed after her nightdress had been ripped from neck to hem. She had wondered how she did not recall rending it with her hands in her sleep. Damp and stained sheets were evidence of her nighttime arousal, every time she woke her body ached internally in ways she recalled from nights of high passion and rough lovemaking. Her abdomen felt like she had been doing crunches in the gym and there were strange bruises on her limbs and thighs that she could not account for.

Her awareness of every sensation in and on her body became greater day by day. So much so that to wear anything other than the loosest of clothing became unbearable, every touch a torture of sensual caress.

Gillian recalled in her early teens, discovering the pleasures of masturbation. For days she had taken to her bed in her room and enjoyed the

solitary frenzy and joys of sexual release. It felt a little like that, except each day more and more hidden secrets were revealed to her and the universe seemed to be opening up to her mathematical gaze. That was so much more arousing than mere sex.

One morning, after several days of nocturnal revelations, Gillian was luxuriating in the hot water of a deep bath redolent with scented oils that caressed sore muscles of thighs and groin. Currents of hot water lapped at her breasts as she stroked the surface with languid hands. The heat and relaxation combining with the fatigue from sleepless nights and hours of frantic calculations, lulled her into that state between waking and sleep. At first she did not recognize the touches at ankles and wrists, the feather light caress of nipples and the deeper exploration between her legs. Her mind was freewheeling, floating over impossible lands, bathed in the light from unknown suns, visions from her dreams. It was when the tentacles tightened and she felt herself lifted, dripping from the bath that the terrible nature of her position impinged on her numbed consciousness.

Twisting, writhing articulated tentacles had flowered from the scented bath water between her knees, spreading outward to engulf her helpless body. Spread eagle over the bath, she felt their dual penetration and thrusting entry. Her body reacted without her conscious volition, as she now realized it must have so many times before. The monstrous alien limbs controlled and used her, playing her body perfectly to be rewarded with uncontrollable shuddering orgasms. Gillian felt detached, as though she were observing the horrific tableau from some point near the ceiling. She did not think she died under the onslaught of the monstrous creature, but it was pretty close.

In a final flourish the tentacles withdrew from her as she arched in writhing ecstasy, letting her splash back into the bath, displacing water to wash over the rim and soak down through the bare floorboards to the flat below.

In Gillian's mind there was a dialogue between her disbelieving, scientifically rationalist side and that part which realized the true terrible import of what was actually happening to her. The rational explanation of fatigue and dreaming had almost won out when there was a pounding on her door and the shouts of Mr. Mazurewicz, the tenant in the apartment below, dragged her from the cooling bath. Gillian wrapped a bath sheet around her shivering body and opened the door to face her angry neighbour.

"Ms. Gilman, there is fucking water coming through my ceiling!"

"I am so sorry Mr. Mazurewicz, I dozed off and left the bath running, I will pay for the damages..."

"Damn right you will pay! And it's not just this time, I normally work nights but I have been home sick this week and there is the noise."

"What noise, Mr. Mazurewicz?" Gillian asked, puzzled.

"You moving furniture around in the middle of the night, or dancing with your doped up friends."

"But I haven't..."

"It has to stop, do you hear me? Or I will tell the landlord."

Gillian did not know what he was talking about but the last thing she needed was trouble just now. She let her towel slip, just enough to expose part of one nipple and a naked hip.

"I am so very sorry, I can assure you it won't happen again. I will compensate you for your inconvenience as well as any damage. Now I have to run, I am late..." Taking advantage of his distraction, Gillian closed the front door and slumped against the wall, muttering,

"What the fuck..."

She stopped in the study on the way to get dressed and saw another paper had found its way from the wall onto floor, touching her notes in several different piles. She let the towel drop and sat back on her ankles, knees spread wide, reaching with a shaking hand to see what fresh insights her dream visitor had left her this time.

Facing the empty corner of the weird room, Gillian put her hands behind her neck and spread her elbows as wide as her knees. Trembling and with her eyes closed, she contemplated the latest piece of her puzzle with growing excitement.

This is it, she was so close now to completing the theorem. It would be her theorem, Gilman's Theorem of n-dimensional holographic cosmology. She could almost taste the success.

One hand slowly snaked down from her neck to cup a breast and roll its erect nipple between thumb and finger, the other slipped between her thighs to sink into the wet heat of her arousal and stroke an equally erect clitoris. As Gillian Gilman fantasized about winning a Fields Medal or an Abel Prize, unseen, in the queer corner of strange angles, a faint violet glow pulsed in rhythm with her increasingly rapid breathing. The glow grew brighter as she came closer to release, until, as she came moaning and shuddering, sprawling across the paper strewn floor it flared brightly, filling the room with

an unearthly light. At the center of the incandescence the tip of a coiling tentacle could be seen, touching, reaching, searching.

Gillian was trying on a dress in a boutique in the city. Her college May ball was in a few days and she had to show up or more questions would be asked. Since the beginning of Trinity she had not attended any tutorials or seminars and had ignored voice messages on her phone and increasingly stern texts from Professor Upham. The first draft of her doctoral thesis was overdue and she could not afford any more negative attention. She was almost there, she knew it. The last few fragments of the ancient equations were virtually fitted into the jigsaw of contemporary theories. Gillian could almost see the form which the final theorem would take, the formula that would allow understanding of the outer spaces, those dimensions beyond the mundane within which humanity was born, lived and died. Her paper would be a sensation, surely worth one of the big prizes?

When she thought of the strangeness of her recent experiences, Gillian kept telling herself that every worthwhile advance in knowledge meant some sacrifice. In her case if it meant giving herself to some fantastical dream being, allowing it to take her so she could discover the path to understanding was surely a very small price to pay. After all it was only sex, and it felt pretty good as well. She convinced herself that none of it was actually real, so what was there to lose?

Standing in the boutique changing room staring at herself in the full length mirror, Gillian imagined she saw coiling, writhing tentacles all around her. Shivering a little, she slipped out of the slinky gown, got dressed and took it to the checkout to pay. A small voice in her head kept whispering, 'it's only sex...'

It was the last night of April, tomorrow was the college May Ball and Gillian wanted to complete her Theorem so she could tell everyone there what she had achieved. The only problem was that the formula was still incomplete. The very last step still eluded her, she could visualize what the equations lacked but not how to bridge the gap. It was like having someone's name on the tip of your tongue but unable to speak it. The last couple of nights she had not dreamed and she was getting a little desperate. What if all this is a delusion, a form of madness? Without the complete theorem there was only surmise, speculation and potentially wild guesses, the proof was lacking.

Gillian puzzled over the equations and kept shuffling her notes and the copied papers, hoping that inspiration might strike but to no avail. Her wristwatch showed it was nearly midnight when she had an idea.

Slipping off her sweats and underwear, Gillian lay back, straddling the recliner with her naked feet planted firmly on the floorboards at each side.

She breathed deeply before clutching at her breasts and stroking between her legs, she began to masturbate. Her tightly closed eyes did not register the glowing shapes begin to form in the oddly angled corner as she arched her back and groaned, shuddering with her first orgasm. It was as though there was some sort of feedback between Gillian's now sweating, writhing body and the pulsing, ever stronger violet glow.

With each more urgent climax the glow grew brighter and a dense mist began to fill the small space between Gillian's nude body, bumping and grinding in time with the pulsating light in the corner. When the first coiling tentacle wrapped around her ankle Gillian screamed, not in fear but intense pleasure. More tentacles filled the study room, engulfing her, filling her up in every possible way, her last choking gasp around the thickness stopping her throat was of ecstasy not terminal agony.

Professor Upham sipped his third drink of the May Day Ball, wondering if he could persuade his new intern, Jennifer to join him in his hotel room later, when he glanced at the entrance and saw Gillian Gilman glide in. All thoughts of lesser pleasures slipped from his mind and he was not alone in pausing to stare at her. His Graduate student's lace bandage dress left nothing whatever to the imagination, Gillian could not possibly be wearing anything underneath. The artful distribution of the lace tracery didn't quite obscure the dark circles of her aureole, nor the enticing shadow at the top of her thighs. Gulping down his cocktail, Professor Upham hastened to greet this vision before any other lusty male could beat him to his quarry.

"My Dear Ms. Gilman, this is such a pleasure to see you here, looking so well. We were concerned by your absence from college, we thought you may have been taken ill?"

"Professor...Upham, yes Upham. No, I have not been sick, but I have been taken...taken by some new ideas. Ideas that will change...things."

Upham did not notice his student's voice, the odd speech pattern or the deeper timbre, he was gazing into her fascinating eyes. He had never noticed how dark they were before, they seemed like pools of midnight space. The room lights glittered in them almost like stars in the night sky. He spoke without really thinking.

"Yes, I am sure. We should discuss your thesis, I should go over the draft with you as soon as possible." It was a trick of the light, but Latimer could swear that a gentle breeze was lifting and swirling her hair, yet he could feel nothing. It was a little like she was underwater... how strange. Her hand took his and he felt an electric tingle shoot straight to his groin. This was embarrassing, getting an obvious erection here, at the Ball. Upham shuffled, trying to readjust things and control his response to Gillian Gilman's stunning

presence. When she stepped close to him, close enough to feel her breath on his cheek, her hip brushed against his burgeoning cock and he couldn't help a gasp of want.

Her scent was overpowering his senses as her lips brushed his ear, causing his buttocks to tense and it was all he could do to not thrust his hips forward to push himself against her as she whispered.

"Why don't we go to your room now and discuss it there?"

Upham was helpless to do anything other than follow her lead, his hand firmly in hers as she led the way.

He felt her hot body, tight and wet, engulf his cock, he did not question why now she had decided to give in to his advances. Nor how she knew he had a room at the hotel or even what number it was. Her taught thighs straddling him as he lay back on the bed felt so good and her hard body felt wonderful under his groping hands. Her eyes looking down at him had taken on a violet tinge, possibly from the dim room lights and they seemed to be growing in size, sucking him in. Her words were meaningless sounds as he felt his back arch and hips buck upwards to meet hers thrusting down and he ejaculated, feeling his semen gush and spurt.

"I will teach you such things, little man, things which will turn your mind inside out. Then we shall find others to teach and join with us...."

Professor Upham didn't care, he was ejaculating again.

The End