

# **Trainingverse**

**Faye Valentine**

~ ~ ~

# Trainingverse

Copyright© 2022 by **Faye Valentine**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

Waking to the enticing aromas of French toast, bacon, eggs and hashbrowns – her favorite breakfast foods, Nicole smiled. Today was her eighteenth birthday and it was starting off perfectly. Not one to remain in bed once her eyes were open, she threw the blanket and sheet back and then went to her private bathroom to relieve herself. When she was finished, wearing just a pair of low-rise pink boyshorts panties, she walked down the short hallway past her mother's bedroom and office on the right and the guest bathroom on the left, through the living room and into the kitchen where her mother was preparing breakfast.

“Hey sweetie,” Brooke greeted her daughter. “Happy birthday!”

“Thanks mom. Mmmm, smells good.”

“Today's, your big day. Eighteen. You're a woman now and while that might not be a big deal to some, it means a great deal in this family.”

Walking up behind her mother Nicole grabbed a piece of bacon from the platter. “I think it's a big deal for anyone.” Taking a bite, she stepped to the left and leaned against the counter. “So, now that I'm an adult I can start dating, right?” I can go out and make friends? Not that I don't like spending every waking moment at home with you, but a woman has needs, mom, and if mine aren't satisfied pretty soon... well, you don't want to know what I'm thinking.”

“I know what you're thinking, sweetie, believe me, I know, and I apologize for the extreme lengths I've gone to in order to keep you sheltered from the world beyond these walls, but I swear I've only ever had your best interest and the family secret at heart.”

“Family secret? What family secret? And you have nothing to apologize for, mom. Yes, I've been lonely at times, but I love you, mom, and I can't think of anyone I'd rather spend my life with.”

“That's because you don't know anyone else. But if you can keep an open mind that all changes today.”

“If you know what I'm thinking then you know just how open my mind is,” Nicole said as her face and the upper part of her naked chest flushed red. “Now what's this about a family secret” Also, what do you think I was thinking?”

“I think you were thinking about ripping my clothes off and, well, you know the rest.”

“A-And you're not mad? You're not going to call me a freak or a disgusting disappointment?” Nicole asked as the blush traveled lower.

“That would be hypocritical of me,” her mother said as she put the last of the French toast on the platter. “Grab some juice from the fridge and let's eat.”

Opening the fridge, Nicole grabbed two small bottles of orange juice and sighed. “I don't know how you're not disgusted by my thoughts,” she said as she followed her mother into the dining room.”

“Take a seat and I'll explain.”

Obedying her mother as always, Nicole sat down on the far side of the table while her mother sat the platter and plates down and then began adding food to the one on the right.

“Secrets. Our family has them in spades and today, assuming you agree to minor surgery you'll learn them all.”

“Surgery?”

Raising her right arm, fingertips pointed towards the ceiling, Brooke motioned to the intricate circuitry embedded in her wrist. “If you agree to get one of these I'll tell you everything.”

“And if not?”

“Then I’ll do everything in my power to help you get a job, place of your own and whatever else you need to become a productive member of society.”

“What exactly does that thing do, mom? Come on, you owe me at least that much.”

“I wish I could tell you, sweetie, but I can’t,” Brooke said as she set a plate down in front of her daughter. “Believe me, I know how frustrating this is, but I literally can’t tell you anything unless you’ve been implanted.” Taking a seat opposite her daughter, she sighed. “Before you answer know that once the procedure has been completed there’s no going back.”

“Until you or another doctor removed it.”

“No. I can tell you this much... While all you see is the quarter-sized piece of advanced circuitry on either side of my wrist, it is actually quite extensive and ties directly into my nervous and respiratory systems to such an extent that removal would utterly destroy both.”

“Why would you get something so... dangerous?”

“Because the pros far outweigh the cons. Haven’t you ever wondered why the lifespans of the women in our family were much longer than the average person’s? Or how we all became to be super geniuses? Or for that matter why there are only women in the family? Or why every single one of us gets implanted on our eighteenth birthday?”

“I admit I’ve been very curious. You’re telling me that thing extends our lives, makes us super smart and only allows us to produce female offspring?”

“And so, so much more.”

“If that’s the case then why doesn’t everyone in the world have one?”

“Because it was specifically designed for our family and even if I gave the government the rights to it they’d charge millions of dollars for it and that’s not right for those that can’t afford it. If the government would release it for widespread use at all. It’s also just part of a much more complicated device that I will use any means necessary to keep secret up to and including destroying all life on this planet.”

“A-All life?”

“Including my own. That is the burden I’m asking you to accept so think about that before you give me an answer.”

“Come on, mom, you have to tell me more than that.”

“I wish I could, I really do, but this thing goes directly to my brain and it literally prevents me from answering all questions related to it and the rest of our family’s secrets with anyone not implanted.”

“So, it controls you?”

“I mean, it doesn’t dictate my every move. It just prevents me from talking about it to anyone not implanted.”

“And no one outside of the family has ever asked about it?”

“I keep it concealed when away from the house. What I can tell you is I understand exactly what you’re going through right now because I’ve been through it myself. Living alone with my mother as my only friend. Remaining a virgin and not knowing any form of sexual pleasure. The curiosity and frustration at not knowing what the implant was or why she remained so tightlipped about it. The taboo thoughts. Even this same speech she gave me on my eighteenth birthday. I won’t lie to you, Nicole. The implant comes with many, many benefits but there is a price to pay and it’s a steep one.”

“Has there ever been a woman in the family that has said no?”

“Not in nearly twenty generations.”

“Wait, what? How is that even possible? I mean, I don’t claim to know every aspect of history but I’m pretty sure that level of tech wasn’t available in the nineteenth century.”

“You’re right, it didn’t. Outside of this family.”

“Come on, mom, I’m not stupid. There’s no way someone in our family invented tech five hundred years before it’s time, if not longer. I mean, that thing is advanced even by today’s standards.”

“I’m sorry, sweetie, but I can’t tell you more than I already have. I don’t want to rush your decision, but you have until six to make up your mind.”

“And what happens after six?”

“It’s too late to be implanted and I’ll have to wait until Emma is of age to pass on the family legacy.”

“I’ll do it.”

“You have time to mull it over, Nicole. There’s no need to answer right now.”

“What’s to think about? I’ll do it. So, what do I need to do?”

“Meet me in my lab after your shower and I’ll do the implant.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Nicole said as she hurriedly scarfed down the rest of the food on her plate. “Breakfast was great as usual. Thanks for making my favorite.”

“My pleasure, sweetie. Now go shower and meet me in the lab. Oh, and we need an absolute cleanroom so don’t bother putting anything on.”

“Yes Ma’am.” Getting up from the table, Nicole practically sprinted back to her bedroom. Panties hitting the floor before the door closed behind her, she went into her bathroom for what could possibly be the single most important shower of her life.

∞ ∞ ∞

Butt naked, Nicole walked down to the basement lounge and for the millionth time in her life wondered why they had such a room when, with the exception of a family gathering once a year, it was just the two of them. Walking down a short ten-foot hallway, she stopped in front of the heavy steel door that led to her mother’s lab. As she had done several times before, she placed her right hand on a scanner. It blipped and then the door unlocked allowing her entry to what was perhaps one of the most advanced places on the planet. Part research library. Part medical facility. Part laboratory. All technologically marvelous. Pulling the door open, she walked down another short hallway and into the elevator that would take her to her destination nearly two hundred feet below ground.

Stepping into the sort of lobby area of the lab where she and her mother would sit and take breaks during her daily school lessons, Nicole was brimming with the excitement that came with finally getting answers to years’ old questions. “Hey mom.”

“Hey sweetie. Before we head back to medical we need to have a talk so please take a seat.”

“Um, okay.” The tone of her mother’s voice suddenly making her nervous, Nicole sat down in the overstuffed chair opposite her mother. “What’s up?”

“This is the point of no return, Nicole, so I’m not going to beat around the bush or hold anything back. While the procedure has been perfected over many generations, it is not without risk. Now, I’m not expecting any complications, but you need to know that this is a life-threatening surgery. While remote, there is a chance you could die on the operating table so I need to know if you still want to go through with it.”

“I trust you mom.”

“I need a yes or no answer sweetie.”

“Yes, I want to go through with it.”

“Very well. Just so there are no surprises, the operation itself will only take about six hours but the recovery is a very delicate process requiring me to place you in a six month long medically induced coma. During that time nanofibers will infiltrate every part of your body from your brain to your toes and everything in-between.”

“Everything?” Nicole said with a knowing grin.

“Everything. While the nanofibers are making their way through your body they will also be releasing several family created chemicals that will lengthen the telomeres of your chromosomes, thus extending your life.”

“How long will I live after this, mom?”

“Assuming everything goes well and you survive the surgery and recovery? Centuries, millennia even.”

“WHAT? Seriously?”

“Seriously. I can explain more when you wake up in six months, but I may be thirty-six on paper but I’m actually nearly seven hundred years old.”

“Right.”

“I’m serious, Nicole. Your grandmother might be fifty-four on paper, but she’s actually over fifteen hundred years old.”

“Okay, now you’re just being silly.”

“No, I’m hinting at the truth of our family’s greatest secret. But we’ll get to that in six months.”

“WAIT! I just realized something. I’m eighteen. You’re thirty-six. Grandma is fifty-four. Great-grandma Betty is seventy-two. We’re all exactly eighteen years apart!”

“I know, sweetie, and that’s all part of the secret and why it must be passed on to you before anyone else.”

“I’m not even going to pretend to understand what you’re talking about so I’ll just believe you wouldn’t lie to me.”

“Never. Now, for the last time, are you absolutely, one hundred percent sure you want to go through with this?”

“Yes.”

“Then let’s head back to medical.”

“After you,” Nicole said as she sprang up from her seat.