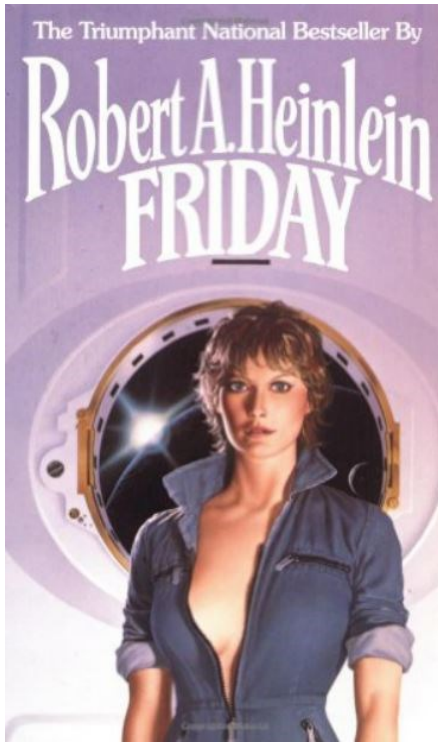


FRIDAY



Adult

By Robert Heinlein

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CONTENT WARNING

You are about to access material that may contain content of an ADULT nature. These files may include pictures and materials that some viewers may find offensive. If you are under the age of 18, or if such material offends you or if it is illegal for you to view these materials, please exit now.

Book Summary:

A genetically modified woman works for the military as an undercover messenger.

Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities including sexual assault; inexplicit sexual assault; violence; mild profanity; alcohol and drug use; alternate sexualities; and hate including racism.

3 / 5

Minor Restricted
BookLooks Review Rating

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| 9 | <p>But why waste time by raping me? This whole operation had amateurish touches. No professional group uses either beating or rape before interrogation today; there is no profit in it; any professional is trained to cope with either or both. For rape she (or he- I hear it's worse for males) can either detach the mind and wait for it to be over, or (advanced training) emulate the ancient Chinese adage. Or, in place of method A or B, or combined with B if the agent's histrionic ability is up to it, the victim can treat rape as an opportunity to gain an edge over her captors.</p> |
| 10 | <p>This time method C did not affect the outcome but did cause a little healthy dissension. Four of them (my estimation from touch and body odors) had me in one of the upstairs bedrooms. It may have been my own room but I could not be certain as I had been unconscious for a while and was now dressed (solely) in adhesive tape over my eyes. They had me on a mattress on the floor, a gang bang with minor sadism...which I ignored, being very busy with method C.</p> <p>In my mind I called the "Straw Boss" (seemed to be in charge), "Rocks" (they called him that- rocks in his head, probably), "Shorty" (take that either way), and "the other one" as he did not have distinctive characteristics.</p> <p>I worked on all of them- method acting, of course- reluctant, have to be forced, then gradually your passion overcomes you; you just can't help yourself. Any man will believe that routine; they are suckers for it- but I worked especially hard on Straw Boss as I hoped to achieve the status of teacher's pet or some such. Straw Boss wasn't so bad; methods B and C combined nicely.</p> <p>But I worked hardest on Rocks because with him it had to be C combined with A; his breath was so foul. He wasn't too clean in other ways, too; it took great effort to ignore it and make my responses flattering to his macho ego.</p> <p>After he became flaccid he said, "Mac, we're wasting our time. This slut enjoys it." "So get out of the way and give the kid another chance. He's ready."</p> <p>"Not yet. I'm going to slap her around, make her take us seriously." He let me have a big one, left side of my face. I yelped.</p> <p>"Cut that out!" -Straw Boss's voice.</p> <p>"Who says so? Mac, you're getting too big for your britches."</p> <p>"I say so." It was a new voice, very loud- amplified- from the sound-system speaker in the ceiling, no doubt. "Rocky, Mac is your squad leader, you know that. Mac, send Rocky to me; I want a word with him."</p> <p>"Major, I was just trying to help!"</p> <p>"You heard the man, Rocks," Straw Boss said quietly. "Grab your pants and get moving."</p> <p>Suddenly the man's weight was no longer on me and his stinking breath was no longer in my face. Happiness is relative.</p> <p>The voice in the ceiling spoke again: "Mac, is it true that Miss Friday simply enjoys the little ceremony we arranged for her?"</p> <p>"It's possible, Major," Straw Boss said slowly. "She does act like it."</p> <p>"How about it, Friday? Is this the way you get your kicks?"</p> |
| 12 | <p>I don't think Mac knew this. I figured him for basically a decent soul despite his taste for- no, aside from his taste for a bit of rape- a taste common to most males according to the kinseys.</p> |

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| | <p>Somebody had put the mattress back on the bed. Mac guided me to it, told me to lie on my back with my arms out. Then he cuffed me to the legs of the bed, using two pairs. They weren't the peace-officer type, but special ones, velvet-lined- the sort of junk used by the idiots for SM games. I wondered who the pervert was? The Major?</p> <p>Mac made sure that they were secure but not too tight, then gently spread a blanket over me. I would not have been surprised had he kissed me good-night. But he did not. He left quietly.</p> <p>Had he kissed me would method C call for returning it in full? Or turning my face and trying to refuse it? A nice question. Method C is based on I-just-can't-help-myself and requires precise judgement as to when and how much enthusiasm to show. If the rapist suspects the victim of faking, she has lost the ploy.</p> <p>I had just decided, somewhat regretfully, that this hypothetical kiss should have been refused, when I fell asleep.</p> <p>I was not allowed enough sleep. I was exhausted from all the things that had happened to me and had sunk into deep sleep, soggy with it, when I was roused by a slap. Not Mac. Rocks, of course. Not as hard as he had hit me earlier but totally unnecessary.</p> |
| 16 | <p>Clumsy as these goons were, they were not so stupid- or the Major was not so stupid- as to let a witness who had been tortured and raped stay alive.</p> |
| 21 | <p>"That about wraps it up, Boss. A gang rape next, followed by interrogation, direct, then under drugs, then under pain."</p> <p>"I'm sorry about the rape, Friday. The usual bonuses. You will find them enhanced as I judge the circumstances to have been unusually offensive."</p> <p>"Oh, not that bad. I'm hardly a twittering virgin. I can recall social occasions that were almost as unpleasant. Except one man. I don't know his face but I can identify him. I want him! I want him as badly as I want Uncle Jim. Worse, maybe, as I want to punish him a bit before I let him die."</p> <p>..."I'll risk it for this bucko. Boss, I don't hod the rape qua rape against him; they were ordered to rape me under the silly theory that it would soften me up for interrogation. But the scum should bathe and he should have his teeth fixed and he should brush them and use a mouthwash. And somebody must tell him that it is not polite to slap a woman with whom he has copulated. I don't know his face but I know his voice and his odor and his build and his nickname. Rocks or Rocky."</p> |
| 33 | <p>He settled heavily into the visitor's chair, said to Goldie, "I won't need you, nurse. Thank you"- then to me, "Take off your clothes."</p> <p>From any other man that would be either offensive or welcome, depending. From Boss it merely meant that he wanted my clothes off.</p> <p>...I took my clothes off quickly and waited. He looked me up and down. "They again match."</p> <p>"Seems to me."</p> <p>"Dr. Krasny says that he ran a test for lactation function. Positive."</p> |
| 36 | <p>I'm sure that it is only a matter of time until the sects that think that sex has something to do with sin will class wearing Superskin as a mortal sin.</p> |
| 37 | <p>Where can you have more fun in forty minutes with your clothes on?</p> |

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| 38 | <p>"Captain, that is always the first thing men ask. It comes from misunderstanding the nature of an S-group. From thinking that S stands for 'sex.'"</p> <p>"Doesn't it?"</p> <p>"Goodness, no! It stands for 'security' and 'siblings' and 'socialability' and 'sanctuary' and 'succor' and 'safety' and lots of other things, all of them warm and sweet and comforting. Oh, it can stand for 'sex,' too. But sex is readily available everywhere. No need to form anything as complex as an S-group just for sex."</p> <p>..."I don't find sex that readily available-"</p> |
| 39 | <p>"Still interested in my husbands? I have three husbands, sir, and three group sisters to match...and I think you would like all three- especially Lispeth, our youngest and prettiest. Liz is a redheaded Scottish lassie and a bit of a flirt. Children? Of course. We try to count them every night, but they move pretty fast. And kittens and ducks and puppy dogs and a big rambling garden with roses all year round, almost. It's a busy happy place and always watch where you put your feet."</p> <p>"Sounds grand. Does the group need an associate husband who can't be home much but carries loads of life insurance? How much does it cost to buy in?"</p> <p>...So I answered it by telling him, through giving him our Christchurch number, that he was welcome to try to get my pants off...if he had the guts to face my husbands, my co-wives, and a passel of noisy kids.</p> |
| 43 | <p>I hadn't expected that. I had looked forward to a lovely vacation with Douglas and he had promised me some skiing as well as sex- not that I insisted on skiing. I knew that I had an implied obligation to go to bed with his group brothers if asked. But that didn't worry me because an artificial person simply can't take copulation as seriously as most humans seem to take it. Most of the females of my creche class had been trained as doxies from menarche on and then were signed up as company women with one or another of the construction multinationals.</p> <p>...But I wouldn't have been jumpy about friendly sex even if I had received no doxy training at all; such nonsense isn't tolerated in Aps; we never learn it.</p> |
| 45 | <p>The complex of these enhancements and others is reliably reported to improve sexual performance but, fortunately, most males are inclined to regard any noticeable improvements in this area as simply a reflection of their own excellence.</p> <p>...I was not afraid that I would be caught. With all production laboratory identification removed from my body, even the tattoo that was on the roof of my mouth, there is simply no way to tell that I was designed rather than conceived through the bio roulette of a billion sperm competing blindly for one ovum.</p> |
| 48 | <p>For what? I could not live at home until it was all paid because I had to keep my job to meet those monthly payments. For what, then? Not for sex. As I told Captain Tormey, sex is everywhere; it's silly to pay for it.</p> |
| 50 | <p>"Oh, but you do! Well, maybe you don't. Tongans are not like us. They aren't white people; they are barbarians."</p> <p>"Oh, but they're not!" I sat up in bed, thereby putting a stop to what hadn't really started. Sex and arguments don't mix. Not for me, anyway.</p> |

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| 54 | <p>"Uh, Anita has handled it badly. Once it's done, the only thing to do is to put the best face on it possible. But a mixed marriage is always unfortunate, I think- especially if the girl is the one marrying below herself, as in Ellen's case."</p> <p>..."Truly, I don't think Anit would have like it, Marj- but she would have gone to the wedding and given the reception. Inter-marriage with Maori has long precedent behind it; one must accept it. But one need not like it. Mixing the races is always a bad idea.</p> <p>(Vickie, Vickie, do you know of a better idea for getting the world out of the mess it is in?) "So? Vickie, this built-in suntan of mine- you know where I got it?"</p> <p>"Certainly, you told us. Amerindian. Uh, Cherokee, you said. Marj! Did I hurt your feelings? Oh, dear! It's not like that at all! Everybody knows that Amerindians are- Well, just like white people. Every bit as good."</p> <p>..."No, because I considered the source. You don't know any better. You've never been anywhere and you probably soaked up racism with your mother's milk."</p> |
| 63 | <p>"Knowing your tastes, dear, I don't think it's necessary. Thank you. But please be serious. Assume, for the sake of argument, that I am an artificial person. How could a man in bed with me- as you were last night and many other nights- tell that I was artificial?"</p> |
| 68 | <p>As she turned and moved away I noticed bare breasts. She came fully into view and I saw that she was jaybird to her heels. A good body- possibly a bit wide in the fundament but with long legs, a slender waist, and mammaries that matched mine...and I've had no complaints.</p> |
| 69 | <p>"Good. Then you can have him. I'm about to make tea. Do you take gin? Or whiskey?"</p> <p>"Whatever you and the Captain are having."</p> <p>"He must not have either; he's lifting in less than twenty-four hours. But you and I will get smashed."</p> <p>...Betty greeted me with a hug and a kiss that showed that she had indeed been drinking; my curly wolf then greeted me with a hug and a kiss that showed that he had not been drinking but that he expected to take me to bed in the near future.</p> <p>...Not so Betty, who was utterly outlaw. I didn't care, as it moved in the direction I wanted to go. Bare feet are as provocative as bare breasts, although most people do not seem to know it. A female packaged only in a lava-lava is far more provocative than one totally nude.</p> <p>...I got smashed.</p> <p>Just how thorough a job I did on it did not realize until next morning when I woke up in bed with a man who was not Ian Tormey.</p> <p>For several minutes I lay still and watched him snore while I poked through my gin-beclouded memories, trying to fit him in. It seemed to me that a woman really ought to be introduced to a man before spending a night with him. Had we been formally introduced? Had we met at all?</p> |
| 73 | <p>Had I been paying for sex?</p> <p>No, what I had told Ian was true; sex is everywhere. I had paid for the happy privilege of belonging.</p> |
| 80 | <p>I told her honestly that I did not sleep alone by choice.</p> <p>"Me, too," she agreed, "and it's nice to hear you say so, instead of fiddling out</p> |

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| | <p>about it and pretending the way some slitches do. Whom do you want in your bed?"</p> <p>You sweet darling, surely you are entitled to your own husband the night he gets home. "May that should be turned around. Who wants to sleep with me?"</p> |
| 81 | <p>Yes, I had been drinking- two nights in a row and far more than I was used to. "Two husbands? I didn't know that British Canada had adopted the Australian Plan."</p> |
| 87 | <p>"I don't want to be beaten."</p> <p>"Too bad, I was looking forward to it. That's settled, gentle sirs; she stays. Marj, we swindled you. Georges will require you to pose inordinate hours- he's a brute- and he'll be getting you just for groceries instead of the guild rates he ordinarily has to pay. He'll show a profit.:"</p> |
| 88 | <p>Georges addressed me: "Marjorie, will you sell me an egg?"</p> <p>He startled me. I tried to look as if I did not understand him. "I don't have any eggs."</p> <p>"Ah, but you do! Some dozens, in fact, far more than you will ever need for your own purposes. A human ovum is the egg I mean. The laboratory pays far more for an egg than it does for sperm- simple arithmetic. Are you shocked?"</p> |
| 97 | <p>"Men who lie with men, women who lie with women, any who lie with beasts- all shall die by stones. As shall women taken in adultery."</p> |
| 102 | <p>"And besides," Ian added, "I promised Marj that I would protect her from Georges. What's the point in saving her life if you turn her over to a sex-crazed Canuck?"</p> |
| 129 | <p>I felt a curious tingle, way down inside me. Sex, but not like anything I had ever felt before even though I'm ruddy as a cat. "Georges? Do you want to do that? Impregnate me?"</p> <p>He looked very startled. Then he moved to where I was standing, tilted my face up, put his arms around me, and kissed me. On the ten scale I would have to rate it at eight and a half, maybe nine- no way to do better vertically and with clothes on. Then he picked me up, moved to a chair, sat down with me in his lap, and started undressing me, casually and gently. Janet had insisted on dressing me in her clothes; I had more interesting things to take off than a jump suit. My Superskin job, freshly laundered by Janet, was in my jumpbag.</p> <p>Georges said, as he unzipped and unbuttoned and undid, "That ten minutes would have to be in my lab and it would take another month, about, until your first breeding date, and that combination of circumstances saves you from a bulging belly...because that kind of remark acts on the human male like cantharides on a bull. So you are saved from your folly. Instead I'm going to take you to bed and try to entertain you...although I don't have any certificate, either. But we'll think of something, dear Friday." He lifted me up and pushed the last of my clothing to the floor. "You look good. You feel good. You smell good. Do you want first chance at the bathroom? I need a shower."</p> |
| 135 | <p>"Do you truly feel that you owe me something? Just for last night?"</p> <p>"Yes. You were adequate."</p> <p>I gasped. "Oh!"</p> |

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| | <p>He answered, unsmiling: "Would you rather I had said inadequate?" I refrained from gasping. "Georges. Take off your clothes. I am going to take you back to bed, then kill you, slowly. At the end I am going to squeeze you and break your back in three places. 'Adequate.' 'Inadequate.'" He grinned and started unzipping. I said, "Oh, stop that and kiss me! Then we are going to San Jose. 'Inadequate.' Which was I?"</p> |
| 141 | <p>There was a person of indeterminate sex selling tickets to the rest room. I asked her(him) where the powder room was. She (I decided on "she" when closer observation showed that her T-shirt covered either falsies or small milk glands)-she answered scornfully, "You some kind of a nut? Trying to discriminate, huh? I ought to send for a cop."</p> |
| 142 | <p>Beyond the open stalls were pay stalls with doors; beyond these were doorways fully closed with drapes. On our left was a news-and-notions stand presided over by a person of very determined sex, bull dyke. ...Then he asked for a ticket to one of the dressing rooms at the far end. "One ticket?" She looked at him sharply. Georges nodded agreement. She pursed her lips. "Naughty, naughty. No hanky-panky, stud." ..."And you plan to wear Janet's clothes? I don't think they'll fit." "No, no, I shan't drag. Just switch." "Excuse me?" "I won't dress in women's clothes; I will simply endeavor to appear effeminate."</p> |
| 155 | <p>"Or I'll come visit you in Montreal. Look, dear, we'll swap all the addresses we have; I'm not going to lose you. You not only assure me that I'm human, you tell me that I'm adequate- you're good for any morale. Now choose, for I'll take either one: San Diego and talk Spanish, or Vegas and look at pretty naked ladies."</p> |
| 169 | <p>"That's the way I see it. I don't go around with my head stuffed full of rags, either. But an occasional hit with a friend when you're both in the mood, that's sweet. And so are you." She dropped to the deck by me, slipped an arm around me. "Sarge! I mean Mary. Please don't. It's not really dark yet. Somebody'll see us." "Who cares?" "I do. it makes me self-conscious. Spoils the mod." "In this outfit you'll get over that. You're a virgin, dear? With girls, I mean." "Uh...please don't quiz me, Mary. And dol let me go. I'm sorry but it does make me nervous. Here, I mean. Why, anybody could walk around the corner of that deckhouse." She grabbed a feel, then started to stand up. "Kind o' cute, you bein' so shy. All right, I've got some mellow Omaha Black I've been saving for a special-"</p> |
| 192 | <p>"Trevor. That's a nice name. Trevor, you are dirty, sneaky, underhanded, and despicable. So take me to the best restaurant in Bellingham, ply me with fine liquor and gourmet food, and you pay the check. I'll give you a fair chance to sell your fell designs. But I don't think that you will get me into bed; I'm not feeling receptive." That last was a lie; I was feeling receptive and very rutty- had he possessed my enhanced sense of smell he would have been certain of it. Just as I was certain of his rut toward me. A human male cannot possibly dissemble with an AP female</p> |

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| | <p>who has enhanced senses. I learned this at menarche. But of course I am never offended by male rut. At most I sometimes imitate a human woman's behavior by pretending to be offended. I don't do this often and tend to avoid it; I'm not that convincing an actress.</p> |
| 194 | <p>"Trevor, with that at home why are you picking up loose women on the streets?" "Are you loose?" "Quit trying to change the subject."</p> |
| 195 | <p>"What would the neighbors think? Marjorie, how do you know I haven't? You saw my wife's picture. Artifacts are supposed to make the very best wives, horizontally or vertically."</p> |
| 201 | <p>"My mother was a test tube; my father was a knife." So I should not be making passes at human women.</p> |
| 212 | <p>The nearest excitement is in the casinos and bawdy houses of Carmel, fifty kilometers away. But I don't gamble and am not interested in sex for hire, even the exotic sorts to be had in California.</p> |
| 215 | <p>She and Goldie and I usually ate together, with or without male company-residents at HQ were a club, a fraternity, a noisy family, and some two dozen of them were "kissing friends" of mine.</p> |
| 249 | <p>He didn't protest when I started taking his clothes off. Burt was just what I needed. Too much had happened and I felt emotionally battered. Sex is a better tranquilizer than any of those drugs and much better for your metabolism. I don't see why human people make such a heavy trip out of sex. It isn't anything complex; it is simply the best thing in life, even better than food. ...Burt made appropriate animal noises over how I looked in the Superskin job, and I let him look and wiggled some and told him that was exactly why I had bought it, because I was a slitch who wasn't even mildly ashamed of being female, and I wanted to thank him for what he had done for me; my nerves had been twanging like a harp and now they were so relaxed they dragged on the ground and I had decided to pay for dinner to show my appreciation. He offered to wrestle me for it. I didn't tell him that I had to be very careful in moments of passion not to break male bones; I just giggled.</p> |
| 259 | <p>Burt knew how much cumshaw to give the captain of waiters to get us ringsides (or paid too much, I don't know which) and we sopped up champagne and had a lovely dinner centered around Cornish game hen but billed as squab and the show girls were young and pretty and cheerful and healthy and smelled freshly bathed. And they had show boys with stuffed codpieces for us women to look at, only I didn't, not much, because they didn't smell right and I got the feeling they were more interested in each other than they were in women. Their business, of course, but on the whole I preferred the show girls.</p> |
| 260 | <p>This one did something that had to involve a pact with the Devil. At one point he had one of the show girls replace his pretty assistant. His assistant was not overdressed but the show girl was wearing shoes at one end and a hat at the other and just a smile in between.</p> |

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| 261 | "He slept with you night before last; he slept with her last night. Today he's marrying her. Some women would be quite upset." |
| 266 | <p>WANTED: 90-day wife for off-planet vacation. All expenses, luxury 9+, guild bonus scale. Phys. Range S/W, temperament sanguine 8, mativeness scale 7 or above. Client holds procreation license Chicago Imperium, will surrender it to holiday wife if she becomes pregnant or both will undergo 120-day sterilization, her choice.</p> <p>See Amelia Trent, Licensed Sex Broker, #18/20 New Cortez Mezzanine.</p> <p>...To me, pregnancy was no danger and my horny scale rating is higher than seven- much!</p> |
| 268 | <p>If you want to be hired for any of the not so very technical jobs, it helps enormously to be young, handsome/pretty, healthy, horny, bisexual, money-hungry, and open to any reasonable proposition.</p> <p>...As Port Captain this is still his purpose. He is said to favor married couples or equivalent over any single if they can work as a team both in and out of bed. I heard a story around the Mall of one gigolo/doxy team who made themselves rich in only four trips- dance instructors in the morning, swimming instructors in the afternoon, dancing host and hostess before and after dinner, a singing and comedy act, then private entertainment singly or as a team at night- four voyages and ready to retire....and had to retire because they were fired, as they were no longer very attractive, no longer brimming with vitality; they had maintained this impossible pace on uppers and downers.</p> |
| 296 | <p>But my nose does not play me false; I know why they follow me around. I don't get this much attention dirtside but there is an acute shortage of beddable young females in this ship- thirty young officers versus four young, single females in first class, other than Friday. With those odds a nubile female would have to have very bad breath indeed not to carry a train like a comet.</p> |
| 302 | <p>"That's true. I was a carrier pigeon...and when does a carrier pigeon know what a war is about? They wasted their time, torturing me."</p> <p>Swelp me, he looked shocked. "They tortured you?"</p> <p>I said sharply, "Are you trying to play innocent?"</p> <p>"Eh? No, no, I'm guilty as sin and I know it. Of rape. But I didn't have any notion that they had tortured you. That's stupid, that's centuries out of date. What I heard was straight interrogation, then they shot you with babble juice- and you told the same story. So I knew you were telling the truth and I got out of there. Fast."</p> <p>"The more you tell me, the more questions you raise. Who were you working for, why were you doing it, why did you leave, why did they let you leave, who was that voice that gave you orders- the one called the Major- why was everybody so anxious to know what I was carrying- so anxious that they would mount a military attack and waste a lot of lives and wind up torturing me and sawing off my right tit? Why?"</p> |
| 304 | "Must be dull with no rape." |
| 305 | <p>"Because you let me pee. Thank you for letting me pee before you handcuffed me to that bed."</p> <p>He suddenly looked wry. "I got chewed out for that."</p> |

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| | "You did? Why?" "The Major intended to force you to wet the bed. He figured that it would help you crack." |

| Profanity | Count |
|-----------|-------|
| Ass | 1 |
| Bitch | 1 |
| Goddamn | 2 |
| Tit | 2 |