

Dreamscape

Preface

Frank Carver, the Special Operations Manager at the CIA, sat at his desk thinking about how much he missed his wife Jill and his daughter Kaylee. His home in Norfolk County was hundreds of miles from his office in Virginia, and he usually only managed to get home on weekends. He knew that would happen when he joined the CIA and he began to wonder if the decision was the right one. He hoped that since he and his team just completed an assignment, he would be able to spend some additional time at home.

That assignment began with the assassination of two doctors who were researching a cure for human aging and ended with solving the murder of the person who ordered the assassination. The man's name was Gregory Chilton.

Now Frank and his team were between assignments so they were assigned the task of running comprehensive background checks on all CIA employees with high security clearance. They had been doing that for a couple of weeks when Frank began to receive reports about a new drug that was becoming popular with college students. It was said the drug caused pleasant sexual hallucinations, and it was free. Frank wondered if the drug was *Dreamscape*, the drug they found on Gregory Chilton's island. But he didn't have to wonder about it for very long. It was a Friday afternoon and Frank was about to go home for the weekend when he received a call instructing him to come to Director Spellman's office as soon as possible.

Director Spellman was waiting for him. He said, "Frank, I have an assignment for your team. Have you seen the reports about the new drug that has been gaining instant popularity among college students?"

"Yes, of course. I wondered if it was the same drug we found on Chilton's island."

"I have been assured it's the same drug. But what's not public knowledge yet is that the drug can become addictive after just one use. Initially, it was thought to be fairly harmless. But now it appears that in some users it causes lesions on their brain. So far no one has died, but it's only a matter of time before the deaths begin to occur."

Frank said, "So someone, the Chinese I guess, wants to kill off college students. But for what purpose?"

"At this point I have no idea what their motive could be. As far as we can tell, it's only being distributed on college campuses. I want you and your team to find out how the drug is being distributed and stop it at the

source. Even if that means a covert operation wherever the drug is being produced.”

“Okay, do we have any information to use as a starting point?”

“No, but I’m sure you can figure out a way to get our hands on one of the distributors. Then let Rufus have a talk with him.”

Frank mused, “That could be effective.”

“I’ll send you all the reports.”

“Okay, we won’t let you down sir.”

“I know you won’t. That’s why I gave this assignment to you.”

When Frank got back to his office he gathered his team together and told them, “We have our next assignment. It would appear the drug we found on Chilton’s island is the one we have been seeing in recent reports. But it’s more than just hallucinogenic. Some users develop brain lesions, which can be deadly. Our job is to stop the distribution. Grace, since you are the youngest one here, I would like you to go to some local colleges and try to find a distributor.”

Grace said, “Okay, I can do that. I’ll start tomorrow.”

“Okay but coordinate with Lance. I want him nearby in case a problem develops.”

Lance asked, “If we find a distributor, what do you want us to do with him?”

“Bring the distributor to our safe house and we’ll let him or her have a talk with Rufus. As you know, he can be very persuasive.”

Chapter 1

Tom Winslow was at the end of his junior year at Harristown University. He decided when he started his college education he was going to spend time concentrating on his studies, not socializing or going to parties. As a result, he managed to maintain a 3.75 grade point average. But now he was finished for the semester. He was invited to a party at a fraternity house and decided to go.

By the time he arrived, the party was in full swing. The entire first floor was filled with people, the music was loud, so everyone was almost screaming in order to be heard. His friend, Curt, who was a member of the fraternity came over to him and said loudly, “Hi Tom, I’m glad you could make it. Would you like something to drink, or maybe something stronger?”

Tom had tried pot a few times and enjoyed it. He felt it relaxed him. So he asked, “What did you have in mind?”

“A few days ago I met a guy on campus who told me about a new drug called *Dreamscape*. It induces very pleasant sexual dreams. I tried it

yesterday and I can verify that it works. I've never had dreams that realistic before."

"You want me to take it now? I would think it would be better right before I go to bed."

Curt chuckled and said, "There are at least fifteen people upstairs who took it. It only lasts about a half hour. Do you want to try it?"

Tom shrugged and answered, "Sure, why not. Is the stuff expensive?"

"Not right now. The guy gave me a hundred doses free."

Tom followed Curt to one of the rooms upstairs. The room had two beds. A girl was on the other bed writhing around and moaning softly. Tom asked softly, "What do you think she's dreaming about?"

"I have no idea, but she's obviously enjoying it."

"Yeah, I'm sure she is."

Curt gave Tom a small capsule and a cup with some water in it. He said, "Take the capsule and lay down on the bed. The effect will start in a couple of minutes."

Tom replied, "Okay." Then he took the capsule and laid down.

Curt said, "When you wake up, come back downstairs."

"Okay."

Less than a minute later Tom became very sleepy. When he woke up he could not remember his dream, but he was obviously sexually aroused. He stayed in the bed for a while thinking about the experience and realized that even though he could not remember the dream, he felt really good. He looked over at the other bed and it was empty. He decided to wait a while before going downstairs to join the party. When his state of arousal was no longer obvious, he went downstairs and found Curt. He said, "Wow, that stuff is great. I can't remember the dream, but it must have been a real doozy. I feel terrific. Where can I get some of that *Dreamscape*?"

"Go to the café in the Student Union building. Look for a Chinese guy with a red briefcase. His name is Sam. I'm sure he'll give you some."

"Thanks, I'll try to find him tomorrow."

When the party broke up at about 1:00, Tom went back to his tiny studio apartment. He tried to sleep but all he could think about was his *Dreamscape* experience. He was desperate to try it again. He finally fell asleep at about 3:00 but woke up at 6:00. He had an almost uncontrollable desire for another dose of the drug. He got dressed and went to the Student Union café. He looked around for a guy with a red briefcase, but he wasn't there. So, he ordered some breakfast and decided to wait. He didn't have to wait long. Just as he was finishing his pancakes he saw Sam. He was exactly as Curt described. The guy sat down at a table near the entrance and placed

his briefcase on the table next to him. Tom walked up to him and asked, “Are you Sam?”

“Yes, how did you know?”

“A friend of mine named Curt told me where to find you.”

“Curt was the guy from the fraternity, right?”

“Yeah, he said you might be able to help me with something.”

Sam said, “I think I know what you want.” Then he opened his briefcase and took out a small plastic bag with five capsules in it. He handed the bag to Tom and said, “On the house. Enjoy it.”

Tom took the bag and said, “Thanks, I will.”

Tom rushed back to his apartment. He sat down on the side of his bed and took one of the capsules, laid down, and closed his eyes, but woke up a hour later, again sexually aroused. A half hour later his craving for the drug became almost unbearable. He realized he had become addicted to it and thought about flushing the rest of the capsules down the toilet but couldn't bring himself to do it. He began pacing the floor in his little apartment, but after twenty minutes he gave up and decided to go for a drive to get his mind off the drug. He had been driving for almost a half hour trying to think about anything else. It was useless. So he decided to go back home and take another capsule. Nothing else mattered. He turned around and started driving back to his apartment. His craving for the drug was now so intense he was unable to think about his driving. He was driving eighty in a forty mile per hour zone on a two lane road and suddenly came up behind a slow car. Without thinking he swerved into the left lane to pass the car. He hit a semi head on. His car was totally demolished and Tom died instantly.

He was the first fatality related to *Dreamscape*, but he would not be the last.

Chapter 2

Rachel Chatham was relaxing in her dorm room at Grantham College. It was Friday afternoon and she had no classes until Tuesday morning. Her roommate, Carla, had gone home for the weekend so she was all alone. At 4:00 she decided to walk over to a bar a few blocks away. She was part of a regular group that met there Friday afternoons.

When Rachel arrived she discovered several of her friends were already there. They were seated at a large rectangular table at the back corner of the bar. She walked over and saw a girl that was not part of the regular group seated at one end of the table. Rachel heard her say, “I'm sure you have all tried pot, but *Dreamscape* is better. For some people it gives them a high similar to pot, but it's completely metabolized by your body in

two hours so it can't be detected. But for most people, it causes them to doze off briefly, then they have vivid sexual dreams, and when they wake up they feel great. But don't take my word for it. I'll give anyone who wants it a few capsules to try. If you like it and want more, I'll be back here next Friday."

The girl standing next to Rachel asked, "Have you tried it?"

"Of course I have. I've probably taken it five or six times in the past week. When I do, I fall asleep almost instantly and dream about sex with my boyfriend. In my dreams we do things I'd be too embarrassed to actually ask him to do, but it seems so realistic. When I wake up it's difficult for me to believe it was actually a dream. I feel great, physically and mentally."

Someone asked, "Is it addictive?"

"I don't think so. I've never felt an urge to take it. I just find it both refreshing and relaxing."

All of the people around the table took the free samples, including Rachel. After passing out the samples the girl stood up, closed her briefcase, and said, "I'll be back next Friday afternoon."

Someone asked, "If we want more, how much will it cost?"

The girl replied, "They told me it will be free for the next three months." Then she picked up her briefcase and left the bar.

Rachel left and went back to her room. Since Carla was gone, she knew she wouldn't be disturbed. She took one of the capsules with a sip of water, laid down on her bed, and began to feel drowsy almost immediately. She glanced at her clock and noticed it was 7:03. When she woke up she was sweating, the muscles in her legs hurt, and the bed, which she carefully made that morning, was a mess. The clock indicated it was 7:51. She remembered only bits and pieces of her dream, but what she remembered involved sex acts she had never participated in, or even thought about. She quickly realized that she wanted to try the drug again, hoping she would be able to recall her dream in its entirety. But she was tired and decided to try the drug again in the morning.

She fell asleep quickly and woke up a few minutes after six. She made herself a cup of coffee and sat down at her desk reading the lead story in the paper. It was about a fatal accident. A mother and her two small children were killed by a driver who was high on pot. The story reminded her that she was going to try *Dreamscape* again.

She swallowed a capsule with a sip of water and laid down on the bed. As before, she fell asleep almost instantly. When she awoke, she did remember more of the dream than she did before, but it was disturbing. She was part of a foursome. In addition to her, there was another girl and two boys. She didn't have any idea who they were. They engaged in both

heterosexual and homosexual activities. But instead of being sexually aroused, she was horrified that she would even think of doing the things she dreamed about. She made up her mind that she would never use any of the remaining capsules.

She spent the next two hours studying. Then she realized she had a mild headache, so she took a couple of aspirin tablets and laid down on her bed. The aspirin didn't help. In fact her headache was worse. She got dressed and went to the nearby walk-in clinic.

When she arrived she told the receptionist she had a really severe headache. The receptionist told her the doctor was with another patient, but he should be finished shortly. She sat down and tried to play a game on her phone, but the headache was so painful she was unable to even play a simple game.

The receptionist looked up when she heard Rachel fall off the chair. She immediately called an ambulance and went to the doctor telling him what happened. He ran into the reception area and knelt down next to Rachel. Her pulse was weak and her breathing shallow. He checked her pupils, but there was almost no reaction to bright light. He had no clue what was going on, but she needed more care than he could give her at the clinic. The ambulance arrived a few minutes later. The doctor told the EMT's to get her to the hospital as quickly as possible. But it was too late. Rachel died in the ambulance.