

They heard and saw everything we did, and they didn't tolerate that sort of talk. "Enough."

"But—"

"Can you please save the questions?" It came out more tired and sad than I had intended, and he looked at me in concern.

"Oh. Yeah, sure. I'm sorry."

"I'm just tired," I said. I didn't owe him an explanation. I shouldn't have said that.

"Sorry. I'll be quiet." His smile was small and sympathetic and something I couldn't identify tickled my chest. Guilt? Is that what that was?

He was quiet the rest of the run, the only sounds his gasping for air. When we finished I nodded at him and walked away, to my quarters for clothes and then to the showers.

I pressed my clothes and towel to my chest as I shuffled into the steamy room, the sounds of laughter and grunting filling my ears. The showers were often rowdier after the arrival of a new batch of Reboots, and the party was in full swing this morning. Two female Reboots darted past me, one barely holding on to her towel as she screeched in excitement. A male Reboot held open a shower curtain and one of the girls slipped behind it with him.

The showers were for sex first. Bathing second.

They were not technically coed, but the boys' shower was directly next door, and there was nothing but a curtain to separate the two rooms. Occasionally the guards came in and