

## Who Wants To Rule The World? Part I (mc, nc, mf, ff)

Farleven (farleven@yahoo.com)

May 2002

<http://www.asstr.org/~farleven/>

### Part I

It was just another Saturday afternoon for Sarah and Jenny. With their classes done for the week they decided to go to the mall for a little shopping. Being in their third year of college had them both very busy and both of them liked the small reprieve they got from work and school on Saturday. Being both roommates and friends it was only natural for them to go out like this.

In spite of their friendship, there were many differences between the two girls. Sarah was far more reserved, even shy, whereas Jenny enjoyed a far more vigorous approach to life. Nothing was more telling than their shopping trips for clothes.

"Come on, Sarah, I know you would look hot in this!" Jenny said, holding up a tight shirt and shorts combo. It was getting to be springtime and Jenny was getting ready for the freeing weather.

"I don't think so." Sarah replied, doing her best to keep a sweet smile on her face, as she turned down her roommate's latest fashion suggestion. She had long ago developed a thick skin to Jenny's suggestions. She knew that her friend meant well, but Sarah just wasn't interested in showing herself off that way.

Jenny just laughed, and put the clothes back. "You can't blame me for trying."

Sarah just shook her head gently, some days it just didn't seem like there was much hope for Jenny. Of course, Sarah knew that her roommate was thinking the same things about her.

Both girls were so absorbed in their own little game, that neither of them noticed the man standing near the front of the store. There wasn't anything really special about him, nothing that would stand out to most people, but that was the way he liked it. He watched quietly as Jenny and Sarah played off against each other, a slight grin crossed his face. He didn't come out much, it wasn't really safe on the outside, and he had many agents working for him, so he didn't have to take risks like this. Still, he grew bored at times, and needed the pleasant diversions of the outside world from time to time. Even better were the days like today, when the outside world decided to give him a gift, actually two gifts.

Jenny and Sarah finally decided that they didn't want anything from the shop and started to leave. Both of them were still oblivious to the man standing near the door. That was until Sarah nearly ran right over him, as he skirted out of the shop himself.

"Oh my!" Sarah yelled, as the man fell to the ground. "I'm so sorry. Let me help you up." as she reached out her hand to pull him up.

The man took Sarah's offered hand, savoring the touch of her delicate fingers for a moment, before pulling himself up. He didn't really need the help, but this wasn't the time to turn down a lady, especially one as lovely as Sarah. For all of her dislike for showing off her body, she was nevertheless a quite beautiful young woman. Her features were delicate, her figure shapely and she capped it all off with a long head of golden hair, that seemed to sparkle in the sunlight, as it fell around her shoulders. This was what had drawn his attention to the two women in the first place. Jenny was attractive as well, but lacked the elfish look of her friend.

"Don't be absurd, I'm the one who needs to watch where I'm going." the man replied, as he plunged the tip of a small needle on his middle finger into Sarah's hand.

Sarah shivered slightly, but didn't mention the odd sting in her palm. She was already upset about running into him and didn't want to bother him any further.

"Well, have a nice day." Jenny interrupted, pulling Sarah out into the mall. There was just something about that man that she didn't like, and wanted to get away from him as quickly as she could. Sarah just looked at her in wonder for a moment. As she stood up against the second floor railing, with Sarah beside her, she let out a sigh of relief. It wasn't normal for Jenny to react like that, but she didn't feel bad about it either.

"I certainly intend to, but then again, I rarely have a bad day." he said, as he stabbed another fingernail-concealed needle into Jenny's upper arm. Jenny flinched and pulled away.

"Okay fine, now we have to be going." Jenny said, pulling a still rather flustered Sarah along with her. Jenny kept looking over her shoulder, to see if the man was still following them, and dragged Sarah straight out of the mall.

"What was that all about?" Sarah finally asked, as they walked out into the parking lot. It wasn't normal for Jenny to act like this, and Sarah didn't like it.

"I don't know, but I just got the strangest feeling about that guy." she replied. That was all it was too, but she still couldn't get over the feeling. Jenny hadn't ever felt like that about anyone, but she didn't think that now was the right time to argue with her instincts.

Sarah just went with her friends concerns. Certainly there wasn't any harm in leaving now, and if Jenny was worried, maybe something was wrong. It was always better to be safe, than sorry, and Sarah wasn't going to challenge that idea today.

The two girls went on their way home, and the incident at the mall quickly faded from their thoughts. There were much better things to think about, and plenty more relaxing to be done, before this free day was over.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jenny tossed and turned from the fragments of a strange dream. Her mind was filled with the images of that strange man from the mall, and with Sarah. Everything was disjointed, a jumble of odd images, and strange impulses. It wasn't quite a nightmare, but she felt lost in a realm mixed with reality and the unreal, memories and fiction twisted until nothing made sense. Sounds began to pull her away, lift her out of her realm of dreams. It wasn't long afterwards that she could hear the cries of passion wash away her dreams, as she slowly flowed back into consciousness.

A cold flush of air blowing across her nipples, broke her out of her waking trance. She opened her eyes, and looked up to see a girl bent over her side, and she was blowing on her breasts. She began to move and she felt a hand on her shoulder, holding her steady. The girl looked at her and smiled. She was rather cute, with a pair of brown bookish glasses, and a bobbed cut to her dark brown hair.

"Hello Jenny. I know that you have a lot of questions, but there will be time for that later. The Master wishes to see you now. Please follow me." the girl instructed, pulling away from Jenny and giving her a full view of her naked flesh.

Jenny just laid there for a moment, taking in the fact that she just awoke, to find herself naked, in a strange place, being ordered around by an equally naked woman, who wanted to take her to see some Master. Images of bad porn movies flashed through her mind, and she shuddered in horror. The continuing sounds of a woman's passion, echoing from somewhere nearby didn't help her feel any more comfortable either. Still, something in that girl's voice, or some part of the instructions just gnawed at her. She found her feet sooner than she would have thought, and found herself following the girl out of the room.

Her surroundings raised another series of worries in Jenny. The rooms seemed to be built to some odd combination of classical and Arab styles, that lent a feeling of age and wonder to the entire building. The room where she awoke was lined with pillows and ferns, in addition to the low bed that she had awoke in. The halls that she was now passing through were also lined with ferns, and with art. She glanced at a few of the paintings and statues, noting solemnly that each one depicted naked women in some sort of sexual situation.

"What's going on? Why am I here?" she finally managed to collect her wits to ask. But she somehow found it difficult to form the words even though these were just the first things she wanted to say. What she really wanted to know was why she was naked, and unable to stop following this girl towards the sounds of sexual passion just ahead.

"We will talk later." the girl replied simply, though warmly.

Jenny got the sense that the girl wanted to help, but that larger obligations prevented her from doing more than she already had. She wanted to ask more, and more forcefully, but the girl's reply sent a strange block to her voice. The girl didn't want to talk now, and for some reason that left her unable to pursue her own questions. She didn't understand it, but there was little difference than the force driving her to follow this naked girl.

Finally, the sounds were growing really louder, and were clearly only a few feet away. It was now that she felt another shiver go down her spine, as she heard not just some anonymous feminine moans, but a familiar soft voice crying out as well.

"No. Please. Oh god, oh god, please stop." whimpered the voice, laced not with fear or anger, but rather pure untamed lust, lilting every word between passionate pants of breath. Behind it all was the fluid sounds of fucking, punctuated by the steady sound of flesh meeting flesh, in a clearly sexual rhythm.

Jenny rounded the final corner a moment later, and saw something that she couldn't believe. Just a few feet in front of her was Sarah, completely naked on her back, with her legs wrapped around the ass of a man. She watched as Sarah moaned and writhed under the man, her hips humping up against his thrusts, while her steaming pussy slurped, from every filling inwards thrust of his cock. Her golden haired pussy was blushed with arousal, and spread widely by the man's thick cock, which sparkled with Sarah's juices, as it pumped into her. There wasn't the slightest sign of resistance from Sarah, except for her soft whimpers to stop between her lust filled grunts and moans.

"Master, I've brought Jenny as you asked." the girl stated, as she stood beside the bed.

Jenny was trembling now, unable to move away, even though she feared what would come next, as she watched Sarah buck against the man's thrusts. Even so she couldn't even turn her eyes away from the lewd scene playing out in front of her own eyes, especially the sight of her friend's pussy lips wrapped tightly around the man's shaft. She couldn't help but to wonder how good it would feel to have her own pussy so fully stuffed, and instantly felt her own passage begin to warm with her juices.

Without a pause in his primal rhythm, the man looked up at the girl and smiled. It was the same man that Jenny and Sarah had ran into at the mall. "Very good, Holli, do I have any other business today?" he asked.

"Yes Master, Wendy is ready for your final inspection, before she's sold. The auction house would like to see her there tonight, if possible, they have a couple of big spenders lined up who are rather impatient." Holli answered, as if she was simply reciting the latest weather forecast, while the man ravished Sarah right in front of her.

Sarah was no longer whimpering for him to stop now, but was nuzzling his neck and lighting feathery kisses wherever her lips touched his flesh. All the while she continued to hump back against his thrusts.

"I assume that she passed all the performance tests then." he replied, as he continued to ram his cock into Sarah's pussy.

Jenny flinched at the sounds of sex coming from her friend, and her own growing arousal was starting to put her on edge. This was all horribly wrong, but she couldn't turn away, much less leave, and everything that she saw only reinforced her own building passion.

"Indeed Master, with especially high marks in her vaginal control and strength. She will make a very good pussy slave. Her breasts have also been augmented as you instructed, and her mouth has been modified for more comfortable oral servicing. Her programming is finished, so all you have to do is assign her to a new owner when you are ready. Her original personality is fully suppressed." Holli continued.

Again Jenny shivered with horror at the accounting of a girl being turned into some kind of slave. She didn't even want to consider that she seemed destined for the same path or that her pussy was quivering just from the thought of such a fate.

"Wonderful! Then please bring her by in a bit, if you have the time, I think it will be informative to my new guests, isn't that right, Sarah?" he commented as he continued to hump into Sarah's writhing flesh.

"No. Uh please. Please don't do, uh, this to me!" she whimpered, as she humped herself back against the invading shaft. Her entire body was on fire, burning with passion that she couldn't control.

She had woken up to find the man fondling her breasts, and it was just mere moments later, that she found herself spreading her legs for him, so he could mount her. She didn't know what had happened to her, only that she seemed unable to control herself, as she wildly fucked him. All she could do was whimper her objections, while she pumped her pussy back at each of his thrusts, as she squeezed her cunt around the invader, as hard as she could. She didn't

want to do this, but it did feel incredible to have her legs wrapped around his hips, as he plunged deeply into her open gates. Her pussy had never been so hot nor so stuffed, and even her objections were half-hearted, as she lifted her hips to meet every wondrous thrust into her depths.

"Alright Master, I know you will enjoy yourself in my absence." Holli said. She bowed slightly and walked out past Jenny, with a sexy little gait.

The man just smiled and turned his full attention back to Sarah again. As Jenny watched, he bent down and kissed Sarah on the lips. Sarah instantly kissed him back with all the passion that she could, while he continued to ravish her body. Jenny could only stand there and watch, as she felt her own pussy begin to leak its juices down her inner thighs. Somehow she knew that she would be next, and couldn't help but ready her body to accept his shaft.

The man pulled away from Sarah's lips with a soft slurp and then began pounding into her even harder. Jenny was transfixed by the sight of Sarah's lower lips, as they were sucked in and out of her cunt, by the rapid thrusts. Her whimpering pleas faded into pure moans of ecstasy. Then, as suddenly as he had sped up, the man stopped, his shaft fully impaled inside of Sarah's passage, as she exploded in orgasm.

"Ohhh GooooOOODDD!!!" Sarah screamed, as she felt the huge shaft within her begin to pulse and fill her depths with his seed. Sarah was no virgin, but she had never felt a man's seed flow into her unprotected pussy before. The torrent of passion that had been consuming her, suddenly engulfed her entire being, as the first blast from his shaft hit her. Never before had she felt something this intense, and all she could do was hold him to her, as she accepted his seed and rippled with pleasure. Somehow she knew she wasn't going to be impregnated, and found the idea of having a man's seed inside her wonderfully fulfilling.

The man rested on top of the shuddering girl for a few moments before pulling off of her. Jenny watched as Sarah's hips lifted with his, as she tried to keep his cock inside of her for every possible moment. Finally he was free,



and Jenny could only gasp, as she took in the sight of his shaft, still hardened and sparkling with Sarah's juices. Her own pussy clenched at the sight, and Jenny had to fight back thoughts of how wonderful it would be to have such a cock filling her up. Her eyes drifted down to Sarah's cum splattered folds, and found herself hoping that her pussy would look like that soon.

Sarah slowly came back down from her orgasmic heights, to find her legs still spread lewdly, as her pussy leaked the juices from her recent ravishing. She looked up to see Jenny standing beside the bed, and a wave of embarrassment rolled over her. She pulled herself up, until she was sitting against the wall, but she couldn't summon the will to close her legs. Something inside of her kept her from doing that, the same need that had driven her completely, until now.

"You enjoyed that didn't you, dear Sarah?" the man asked, as he pulled himself up alongside of her, and cupping one of her breasts. He squeezed it gently, bringing a gasp of pleasure from Sarah.

"No!" she whimpered. It wasn't true, she wanted it to be true, but in reality she had loved it from almost the first moment that he was inside of her. For some strange reason, the dishonesty burned into her. She didn't know why, but the idea of lying to this man, who had just raped her, filled her with a gut wrenching guilt. It took mere moments for her resistance to collapse, and she blurted out the truth.

"Okay! Yes, I loved having your big hard dick stretching my pussy, and fucking me better than I've ever been fucked before." she said, wincing at her own words. "What am I saying?" she thought to herself.

"Only the truth, my dear. The price for disobedience is high, and even your own flesh will punish you when necessary. Every time you fight me, you will lose a bit of yourself. Remember that, and take this as your first lesson." he informed her.

Sarah suddenly shuddered for a moment, then turned to him and looked into his eyes with a wicked smile. She looked suddenly distraught, more so than she had only moments before. She closed her eyes and shook her head gently, trying to clear the strange new thoughts from her mind. Her pussy felt uncomfortably empty, it had been so wonderfully full only moments before, and now all that remained was her juices and his wonderful seed. She was surprised that she wanted his nice thick cock up inside of her again, as soon as she could get it.

"Uh sir, would you, uh, please, um, use me again?" she begged.

She couldn't believe it, but she truly wanted to be fucked again. She knew that she had just been raped, at least she hadn't consciously wanted to have sex with him, and had said 'No' and 'Stop' more than once, that her friend had watched her and was still watching her now, but it had all felt so good. The part of her that had wanted to deny her enjoyment before was now silent, and only the cry of satisfaction from between her legs echoed in her mind. There was still the shame, not from the sex itself, but rather of being naked, and fondled and played with like some toy, especially in front of her friend.

Jenny suddenly found her voice again and asked, "What did you do to her?"

"Nothing, she did it to herself, by telling me a lie about her feelings. Sarah has removed that part of herself that made her lie to me, so now she is being completely honest about how much she enjoys fucking." he replied, his hand rolling Sarah's soft breast tenderly.

"Really?" Sarah exclaimed in awe. She thought back to her actions only moments before, and lost herself in thought, as she realized that he was telling the truth. She really had lied about liking the sex that she'd just had, but she could no longer understand her reasoning for doing so. She still didn't like the circumstances, but the memory of her wonderful ravishing left her shivering with pleasure. She did glean one thing from this thought, that this man had some kind of power over her mind, and could alter her thoughts at will. This filled her with a new terror, as she wrestled with the changes he had just made to her.

Jenny just stood there and listened to Sarah in shock. This man was terribly dangerous, and had seemingly already claimed her and Sarah for his purposes. She shivered again, and wondered just how much longer she would be standing beside his bed, rather than laying on it. Her pussy was already dripping in anticipation of the event, and she could feel her nipples pointed straight out as well, attesting to her arousal. There seemed nothing she could do other than stare at his shaft, or Sarah's cum soaked pussy, and wistfully think of how pleasurable it would be to join them. Jenny tried to fight down the thoughts, but his demonstration of what resistance brought scared her almost as much as giving in did.

"Yes my dear, and now you will fuck me anytime I want, isn't that right?" he asked, still playing with his new pet.

"Yes sir." Sarah whispered, not feeling the need to lie, even though she blushed deeply at her own admission. She reddened even more as she asked her own question, "Can we do it right now? Please?"

"Such a tempting offer, but I have neglected poor Jenny for too long, haven't I?" he said, as he looked over to Jenny with a wicked smile, "Please Jenny, come on up here, and sit beside me, so I can explore you more easily."

Jenny stood still for only a moment, her attempt to marshal any resistance fell away almost as quickly as it began. Somehow she just couldn't fight his command, and found herself pulling herself up and onto the bed, until she was sitting beside him.

"Let us go! I don't want any part of your sick little plans!" she barked, as she thrust out her chest, and spread her legs just a bit, as she rested her back against the wall. It was still a struggle for her to speak, finding the words was easy, but something inside her dulled her resolve to say them, when she opened her mouth. The same force had her opening her body for his exploration, even as she tried to fight back.

"Interesting, lovely and strong willed. I am pleased Jenny, though I hope you've learned from Sarah's lesson the price of fighting me too fiercely." he replied, as he ran his hands over Jenny's smooth skin. She whimpered as she fought off the pleasure that his touch brought, even as her body opened itself fully to his wandering hands.

"You will make a fine addition my dear, just as I had hoped. We may have to do something about these breasts of yours though." he commented, as he cupped both of her plump little orbs. "I do so enjoy them larger, though they do match you well. I'll have to think about it."

His comments pulled Jenny back from the sudden pleasure filled haze that she had descended to when he cupped her breasts. Again she was able to summon up the outrage to overcome the dulling force within her.

"I'm not some kind of toy!" she squealed, as she pressed her chest into his hands. His touch felt so wonderful, and she found it increasingly difficult to fight down the pleasure that was coursing through her body. Having both of her tender orbs in the hands of some strange demented man would normally have had her screaming and running, but now she found herself savoring the way his thick fingers sank into her soft mounds, and secretly hoped that he wouldn't forget to play with her nipples, while he was there.

"Of course not Jenny." he said, smiling as he pulled away from her and laid himself down on his back beside her. He watched as she stared hungrily at his stiff cock, as it stood above his crotch. One look at the sparkling dampness of her pussy left no doubt how her body was reacting. "Now would you be so kind as to mount yourself on me, I do have other business to attend to today."

"No way!" Jenny objected, but even as she spoke, she felt herself stirring.

Her pussy's ache to be filled flared back fully, as she moved to straddle the man's waist. Her hand slipped below her, and she felt herself wrap her fingers around his hardened shaft, feeling the slickness of Sarah's juices still on his prick. Her mind reeled at the thought of his virility, and she found

herself thankful that she would be used by a man who could ravish Sarah, and moments later be ready to ravish her as well. She tried again to resist these disturbing thoughts, as she lowered her hips, and her hand began to search for her entrance with his tool. As she felt her outer lips parting, for his shaft another rush of resolve flowed through her and she could speak again.

"Please let me go! I won't tell anybody!" she bellowed, as she ran the bulbous end of his shaft through the sopping folds of her pussy, to fully lubricate his shaft before letting it enter her. She tried to fight off the desire to do this with every ounce of her being, but the desire to have this cock splitting open her pussy overwhelmed her. She kept at it until he was slick enough and then she finally guided the head of his shaft to her gateway. She was nearly delirious with need by then, and she shifted her hips slightly and gasped, as she felt his blunt tip slip inside of her, and reveled, even in this minor penetration.

She then placed both of her hands on his chest and pressed herself down. She moaned openly, as she felt her pussy spreading to accept him. She had never taken a man so large before into her cunt, but her pussy had been relaxing from the first moment that she had seen this wonderful cock. It was still a tight fit, but one that was comfortably tight, she found herself thinking, as she felt her pussy lips press against the base of his cock. Her entire body shuddered from a small spasm, as she sat there, with his cock filling her all the way to the deepest reaches of her womanhood. She tried again to summon up the strength to voice her objections, but the wonderful feeling inside of her pussy prevented her from forming anything but moans of pleasure from her lips.

Sarah watched in stunned silence, as her friend impaled herself on the man's long, thick cock. Jenny had never shied away from sex, but neither would she be controlled as easily as he was controlling her now. Sarah knew this was another part of the man's hold on them. She hadn't been able to fight off his advances either, aside from unconvincing pleas for him to stop. The most disturbing thing for her was the sudden twinge of jealousy that she felt, as she watched Jenny's pussy lips part, and then stretch around his shaft. She wanted to be fucked, not to have to watch her friend get fucked, and her pussy

clenched in agreement.

That thought stunned her, not her desire to get fucked, but her being jealous of Jenny, when her friend didn't want to be so wonderfully impaled either. She fought to look away from her friend's crotch, as she tried to sort out these strange new thoughts. Of all things, she didn't want to be upset with Jenny right now, not when this man more rightfully deserved every ounce of anger that she could muster. Still, all she could think of, when she looked at him, was how nice it would be to be in Jenny's place, with her own pussy filled to the brim again, with his wonderfully long, thick cock.

The man groaned in his own satisfaction, as Jenny began rippling her pussy around him. He wondered idly just how much she'd practiced that technique, before he reached up and took hold of both of her ripe melons. She moaned openly again, as he squeezed her flesh. He just smiled, he didn't lack access to fine samples of femininity, but there was always something to a new catch that thrilled him. Not only were they beautiful, but they could be both naive and experienced at the same time.

In this case, he could see the amazement in her eyes. She knew what was happening to her, knew just how she was being treated, yet she had been engulfed by her need to serve him, and was finding every moment more pleasurable than any other experience in her life. This was the part that he enjoyed most, and depending on how savvy a girl was, she could provide this kind of entertainment for long periods of time.

He continued to tweak her tense little nipples, and turned to look at Sarah. "Sarah, why don't you crawl around and get a view of how Jenny's pussy looks like from behind, with my cock inside of her?"

Sarah felt the urge to obey him, but it wasn't the same as before. Only minutes before, his mere look, or touch, was enough to get her to roll over and spread her legs without resistance. But now she felt like she could resist, that she didn't have to accede to his suggestion. It was just that, a suggestion. She felt like she had a choice, she wasn't sure that she actually did have the

ability to resist him, but she felt like she could. Still, she was curious, and honestly so. She was normally very reserved, but she was still human, and couldn't help but wonder just what it looked like. In truth, she hadn't been able to take her eyes off his crotch since he'd pulled out of her, and had savored the sight of Jenny impaling her pussy on him. These circumstances were so bizarre that she was freed from much of her self-imposed restraint. Even if it wasn't completely true, she told herself that she had to obey his commands, as she rolled around and began crawling to the other side of the bed.

The man watched her plump ass cheeks, as she crawled in front of him. He smiled as he looked over her still cum covered pussy, she had been a wonderful fuck, and he'd enjoy her plenty more in the future. With Sarah taken care of for the moment, he turned his attention fully to the lovely girl who was so nicely impaled on his shaft. "Jenny, why don't you start fucking me a little so Sarah gets a nice show back there?"

Jenny instantly started fucking him. From almost the instant she'd came to rest with him fully impaled inside of her, the urge to pump herself up and down on top of him, was overwhelming. The feeling of his cock moving inside of her was incredible, better than she would have ever believed. The fact that Sarah was behind her now for the single purpose of watching his cock sliding in and out of her cunt embarrassed her, but not nearly as much as the moans of abject pleasure, that were coming from her lips, as she impaled herself repeatedly on his shaft. Even in the midst of everything else, she remembered that Sarah had been making these same sounds only minutes before. It didn't help lessen her shame, but it did help her to admit that she had no choice but to love it, no matter how much she might want to hate what he was doing to her.

Sarah idly wondered if her pussy looked like Jenny's, when she'd been fucked. It looked so natural, Jenny's pussy lips wrapping themselves tightly around the invader, as it sought its proper place in her depths. She recognized just how different these thoughts were, from what they should have been. It didn't matter, all she hoped for was that her own pussy looked that beautiful when it was filled with his cock. That, and the hope that it wouldn't be long before she'd have that pleasure again.

"Are you enjoying the show Sarah?" he asked, as he enjoyed Jenny's performance. He could still see the twinkle in her eyes, that told him that she was still in disbelief at her current behavior. A wide smile crossed his lips, as he enjoyed having her tight pussy sucking him in with every drop of her hips.

"Yes sir." came Sarah's soft reply. Admitting to her new feelings was still a struggle for her. She didn't want to face punishment again, but it was horribly embarrassing to have to admit to enjoying any of this.

The man chuckled at that. Sarah was going to make for fine entertainment in the coming days. She'd already learned her lesson, but she'd paid the price too. Now she had a new foreign desire that could not be fought, but Sarah would still see her actions through her old sense of propriety. With that thought fresh in his mind, he looked up at the moaning beauty who was still riding him, and wondered just how much entertainment he'd be getting from her. She was strong willed, but that could just be bravado, as it was for many earlier catches. If it was, then she would succumb to her true nature quickly, and let herself be dominated. He hoped that it wasn't though, since the truly spirited catches were the most enjoyable of all.

All the while, Jenny kept fucking him in earnest. She envied Sarah's ravishment, at least there he had done most of the work. But with her, he seemed perfectly content to let her do all of the work and simply enjoy what she was doing to him. It was so humiliating to her to be forced to rape herself on his big fat cock. Even so, she found herself enjoying the ride immensely, more so than she would ever have imagined. As she pumped herself on top of him, she found her thoughts drifting towards their release, and began to anticipate her own insemination.

Sarah had so obviously loved that moment, and Jenny had secretly wondered what it felt like to feel a man's seed inside of her depths. In all her adventures she'd always used condoms, for her own protection, but now that wasn't an issue and left open that interesting door.



Her performance was exquisite, but then, he had expected nothing less. His own stamina was being well tested, but he could feel his release coming. With that he grabbed onto her hips and held her body down tightly to his. She looked into his eyes in sudden awe, as she felt the huge cock inside of her pulse, with his release. As the first drop of his seed struck her depths, she felt the welled up passion inside her break free. She fell on top of his chest, her own breasts pressing into his, and she found his lips with hers. She kissed him furiously, as her pussy was filled with his seed. Her entire body shook from her own orgasm, as she milked every drop of cum from his cock that she could.

He let her rest on top of him, with his still erect shaft fully inside of her for several minutes, much as he had with Sarah. He had enjoyed both girls, but now he had to get back to his other duties. In truth, it had been a rather standard breaking in of new girls, though he had rarely had the opportunity to enjoy two so closely together. They weren't going anywhere either, that was for certain, and Holli had to continue their processing anyway. There would be plenty of time for more fun later. With little effort, he pushed Jenny off of him. In truth, she slid off on her own, instinctively recognizing that he wanted her off and accommodating his will.

As she pulled off of him, she felt a twinge of regret at letting him slip out of her cunt. She'd never had such an amazing experience, even if it was all forced upon her. Her pussy felt stretched, abused, and wonderfully full of his seed. Like Sarah, she knew somehow that she wasn't going to get pregnant right now, and that let her fully enjoy the warm feeling of a man's seed inside of her.

"Did you enjoy yourself Jenny?" he asked. It was purely routine, her still shivering body and wide smile attested to how much her flesh had enjoyed his handling. The only question was whether she would have the courage, or wisdom, to admit the truth. Of course it was always possible that she would openly choose to defy him, so that she could speed the process of her complete enslavement.

She took a moment to compose her thoughts. It had been a wonderful experience, aside from the circumstances surrounding it. But knowing the price of lying left her with no serious options, and she had no intention of making Sarah's mistake. She might have enjoyed fucking herself on his cock, but she didn't want to have the same uncontrollable desires that Sarah now had.

"I guess so." she whispered, just loudly enough for all to hear. She didn't want to appear overly enthusiastic, nor could she lie, so she did what she could. Of the choices it seemed the best one.

"I see, well then I will have to consider your fate more carefully." he said, as he pulled on a robe.

He laughed, as he watched both girls frown slightly, as he hid his cock from their view. They were coming along nicely.

"I have much other business to attend to, and Holli has some preparations to make for you as well. While you wait for here, it would be rude not to be cleaned up. Please be so kind as to lick each other's pussy out, before Holli gets back here. I wouldn't want to see you need more punishment on such a nice day."

Jenny and Sarah both gasped in shock, as his words sank in. Neither was sure what to say, and a quick shared glance left both girls aware of the other's feelings. Neither girl wanted to do this, not now if ever, but the thought of punishment, and just what strange thoughts would be forced upon them, left each girl without a clear good choice.

"Well, I'll let you two decide. Holli should be here in an hour or so. Enjoy yourselves." he said, then walked out of the room.

He was curious as to how this would turn out, and he didn't have time to wait. Besides, there would be plenty of time to enjoy a reenactment of it later.

With the man out of the room, Sarah and Jenny exchanged another long look,

before they choose to move.

"Um, do you mind if we...?" Sarah asked, surprising them both with her boldness.

She'd already gone through one mind altering experience, and didn't want to go through another. It didn't hurt any that she was curious about lesbianism either, and if ever there was the time to experiment, this was it.

Jenny thought about it for a moment, it certainly couldn't be any worse than anything else that had been done to her today. With no more fanfare, she rolled onto her back and spread her legs for Sarah, giving her full access to her cum soaked pussy. She didn't know how this would go, or how she could manage to do the same for Sarah, but that would have to wait. For now it was one thing at a time, and Sarah would have the first go.

Sarah crawled up between Jenny's legs without a word. Neither really wanted any discussion about what was about to happen. Sarah bent down and took her first lick. She shivered a bit at the odd tastes, before swallowing it down. It tasted strange, but not objectionable to Sarah's tongue, and she silently figured that it was an acquired taste. She could hardly believe what had happened to her so far today. As she went back down for the second lick of her friend's pussy, she both dreaded and looked forward to the mysteries ahead.

\*\*\*\*\*

"This one you're not going to believe." Mel Fisher commented, as she dropped a file on her partner's desk.

"What is it this time?" Marcus Shon replied, opening up the file. The first thing that he saw was the snapshot of a young woman. He pulled it out and looked at it. "Cute girl. So, what happened to her?"

"I think you have to see this to believe it." Mel answered.

Marcus got up, and went to place the photo back in the file, when Mel interrupted him.

"Put it back later, you'll want to have it." Mel said.

"Alright." Marcus replied. He had known his partner too long to doubt her judgement anymore. There had been moments in the past, but that was long ago.

Mel turned and walked out of their office, off towards the holding cells. Marcus followed close behind, and took this rare opportunity to appreciate his partner. As much as he wanted to be professional, Mel was a lovely woman, and he had to fight his own instincts, to keep from ogling her. It wasn't that she wasn't an excellent officer, Marcus respected her and trusted her more than any other person he'd ever known. Unfortunately, she was hot too, nicely curved and she kept her hair neatly at shoulder length. It would take a man of steel with a wife and kids, to have a chance at ignoring her charms, and Marcus was anything but.

Mel knew all of this of course, and forgave him. It was the curse of being a beautiful woman, that even men who did respect you as a person, had to fight to keep from ogling your body. She'd thought about indulging some of her partner's fantasies from time to time, but her own professionalism always won out. In the Special Affairs Bureau, fraternization wasn't exactly frowned upon, mostly because there wasn't anyone here that wasn't a true equal with the rest. There also wasn't any rank, aside from the Director. The job of SAB was far more important than these kinds of things. The fact that agents weren't supposed to have outside relationships, didn't leave many options either.

SAB, or the Bureau, was the last refuge for law enforcement. Their job was to take on the criminals that defied normal classification. That and deal with anything that the general public wasn't supposed to be made aware of. It wasn't an easy job, the criminals being hunted were the best, and the most ruthless, and far beyond anything that ordinary legal authorities could deal with, due to their inherent limitations. Part of the Bureau's charm was that it wasn't tied to any specific nation, though most supported its operations

behind the scenes.

Marcus had seen many things in his time with the Bureau but he was hardly prepared for what he saw, as he looked in on the holding cell that Mel had brought them to. Inside was a young woman, who looked something like the one in the photo he'd just seen, but she was clearly older now, among other things. She was also completely naked, lying on the cell's bed furiously masturbating. The real shock to Marcus was the body this girl had. His eyes were instantly drawn to her chest. Two huge perfect orbs jutted out from her chest, each a precise half-sphere slightly larger than a cantaloupe, and topped with a taught nipple, rising precisely from the center. Even as she writhed wildly on her back, her breasts neither sagged or bounced, but somehow still looked perfectly natural. Her entire body was completely hairless, aside from a mane of long brown hair, that flowed almost to her waist. The girl's pussy was the last thing Marcus took note of, and it too was unlike anything he'd seen. Her outer lips were completely naked, and much larger than normal. The true oddity was her clit, it rose from the top of her slit as a huge bulb, and Marcus could imagine just how sensitive it was, from the girl's quaking body.

"She was discovered during a normal slave ring bust in Chicago a few hours ago. We had her shipped up here immediately once we saw the tell tale signs of nanotech modification. Her name is, or at least was, Wendy Braumer. She doesn't respond to it now, though she is rather talkative when she was interviewed. That and she tried to rape all of the attending agents, myself included." Mel explained, as they watched the girl. Even her disgust at the transformation of this girl, couldn't suppress the awe that Mel felt at the sight. Mel had a flare of bisexuality in her, and this girl was a testament to sex. She hadn't been alone in desiring the girl either, though none of the agents were willing to take advantage of her.

"I take it she didn't see much need for clothing either." Marcus commented dryly, unable to pull his eyes from the scene before him. Nanotech wasn't something the wider world had been told of yet, and only a few people in the world had the capabilities to use it on this scale. Marcus could count them on one hand. The number of agents sent to get them and never returned was another

matter entirely. These people were dangerous, and clearly they'd taken their power tripping to a new level.

"Nope, she ripped off anything we tried to put on her, not that she was angry about it either. In fact, she thanked us rather merrily, but said that it was criminal to hide her flesh from the eyes of her master's associates, without his permission." Mel spat back. Obviously the girl had been totally mind fucked in addition to her obvious physical conditioning. There was nothing Mel hated more than mind controllers, and she'd had her opportunities to meet more than a few of the most notorious. She just thanked fate that she'd always stayed out of their clutches. The Bureau had many resources at its disposal, but tampering with a person's mind was almost always permanent.

"Anything special about the slavers?" Marcus asked. Underground slavers weren't uncommon throughout the world. The times had become pretty rough across the US

as well, making it easier both to catch new slaves, and bribe low paid police to look the other way. This kind of modification on a domestic slave, however, was something new, and clearly dangerous. Marcus seriously doubted that the poor girl would know anything useful for the investigation, especially with that kind of mind fucking. Even if she did, she probably wouldn't want to tell them anyway, thanks to her brain washing.

"Nope, they were just movers, taking her to her buyer in Europe. I did do some checking on her case though." Mel replied. Movers were paid to be ignorant, they knew the business and the risks. They would pick up a shipment of slaves and haul them to a destination, no names, nothing special. The drop off points were always peculiar, but with unobservable access ways. The whole process had made dealing with slavers that much harder, since catching the movers didn't do anything to help bust a ring.

"She had a case?" Marcus asked. Usually slaves were just lower class runaways, or otherwise forgotten people. The kind of people that police ignore and don't really follow up on, rather than risk themselves by helping. The odds of having a case for these kinds of disappearances was very rare.

"Yep, she was a freshmen at Illinois State nine months ago. She made a few strange phone calls, telling her family and friends that she was going off to live with some communal group, and then disappeared. Her family was rather well off, and they pressured the local police and FBI to look into it. The group didn't exist of course, and neither did any of the addresses that Wendy gave anyone. The case dead ended there, until she popped up today." Mel explained. It certainly wasn't normal, but then again, nothing that made it to the Bureau was ever simple.

"Any other matches to this kind of disappearance?" The Bureau's records were extensive, and all contained within a massive database. As soon as Wendy had turned up, her old case file was pulled up, and any similarities to other outstanding cases would be checked.

"A frighteningly large number, and all with the same cult group name. The geographic and time results are all being charted now for patterns. The latest match was just last night. Two girls disappeared from the University of Nebraska, after letting all of their friends and family know that they were running off to this group. It hasn't become a full fledged case, since it's so recent, but the name match flagged it off the missing persons reports." Mel answered. The problem with computers was that they only gave the answer to questions that it was programmed to answer. The Bureau's file database was unique, and until Wendy had popped up, nothing had given them reason to ask for such a correlations.

"Alright, you keep filtering the records, and I'll go check with the tech department. There must be some clues to link this back to the specific nano factory." Marcus was always the tech tracker, it was his gift, one of the few he still enjoyed. Just like painters or writers, engineers had their own unique style, that was crafted into every thing they designed. Marcus had a knack for seeing these fingerprints, and associating the work back to the source. Nanotech was still a small field, and one that the Bureau paid special attention to, and that left Marcus intimately aware of the major players. With any luck, Wendy would have enough residual nanos left inside of her to get a

sample that Marcus could use to narrow the list of suspects.

"Good, we have two fresh victims to help, if we can. Let me know as soon as you find anything." Mel agreed, and quickly trotted off to continue her own work. Every hour spent was one more that Jenny and Sarah fell further from rescue, and closer to joining the fate of the lust crazed woman on the other side of the glass from Mel. She was determined not to let that happen, and that meant every moment was precious, until the girls were found.

Part 2 (mc, nc, mf, ff)

A rush of cold air across her chest woke Jenny from another slumber. After the man had left, Jenny and Sarah had each cleaned the other out, though Jenny had to fight down her revulsion at tonguing her friend's sticky slit. They'd waited patiently for Holli to return, as they'd been told she would, but after a while, they both drifted off to sleep on opposite sides of the bed. Neither was incredibly comfortable with the other, after their shared humiliation and intimacy. Few words were spoken before they drifted off to sleep. They both rested, but strange dreams flowed through them, and though neither girl could remember them, they each had shivers just from the thought of them.

"Hello again, girls." Holli smiled. She was still naked, aside from her glasses, and standing off to the side of the bed. "I'm sorry I was so late, but I had more important duties to attend to. Unfortunately, that doesn't leave me much time right now, but I will answer whatever questions you have, before we have to be moving again."

Jenny lifted out of her waking haze fastest, and sifted out her most important questions. "What is going on? Why are we here?"

Holli grinned and sat down on the side of the bed. "That's simple, you two caught Master's attention when he was out, and he acquired you. You are here to provide entertainment for him, and I think you're already well aware of how



he intends to use you. Your first time is always under his full control, just so you know how much power he has, and how good he can make you feel. After that you can choose to resist, sometimes he will allow it and sometimes he will punish you. Punishment is always the same, making you want the very thing that you were trying to resist. You can recognize that it isn't how you should feel but you won't want to feel differently."

"So he wants us as some kind of sex slaves?" Jenny queried. It was just too much to believe, but her memories of her last encounter with him, didn't give her reason to doubt it. She winced, as she thought about what she'd been made to do, and wondered how she could choose not to resist such degradation, even if it was the only thing that would keep her from having her mind messed with like Sarah's had.

"Yes, and you will serve him one way or the other. You'll get used to it, or you'll be made to love it. Eventually he may tire of you, and then you'll be sold to the highest bidder or given away. Whether you like it or not, this is your life from now on." Holli continued.

She leaned back a bit and spread her legs, talking about this always made her very horny. Holli reached between her thighs, and quickly found the small outer hook of her walking dildo. She gasped openly, as she pulled it out of her snatch, and began slowly fucking herself with it. "Please excuse me, but all the talk of sex slaves really gets me horny, and I need to indulge myself. I know how weird all of this must be for you now but that's how it is here."

Jenny just sat on the bed awestruck, as Holli fucked herself, as if it was perfectly normal to do such things openly. "Doesn't any of this bother you?" she asked.

"When I think about it hard, I know that it should, but Master has removed all of my reservations, so that I can be a good assistant. I've been here for almost five years now, and I've been his assistant for the last three. Its strange, but I can't think of any other life for myself, than watching over his harem, and getting to feel his nice big cock fucking me, when I do a good

job." Holli answered.

She parted her legs some more, to get better access and pumped herself even harder. She had a life before Master had claimed her, but Holli never really thought about it much anymore, except at times like this. In a word she had been a librarian, and aside from that word, Holli didn't choose to further explore the dull life that she had led before being claimed.

"Oh, please don't say that." Sarah moaned. Her own pussy was aching with need. It had been too long since it had been wrapped around his shaft, and Holli's talk about getting fucked just reinforced the need that she was feeling. She considered masturbating, but she somehow knew that only something hard and thick inside of her pussy, would satisfy her craving. It was an irresistible craving and she felt her pussy just drool, as she watched Holli using a dildo on her own sopping pussy.

Holli turned to look at Sarah. She smiled at the girl's flushed body, obviously Sarah was ready to be fucked by Master, like a good slave. Holli knew her Master enjoyed playing with shy girls, and Sarah looked like an excellent toy for him.

"What? You want me to deny just how wonderful it feels to have Master's cock stretching my pussy with long hard thrusts?" Holli asked in earnest. She wasn't mocking her, rather she was trying to bring Sarah to the brink of asking for what she needed. Sarah's need would only eat at her sanity, unless it was satiated, and there were ways aside from a good fucking to do that. She needed to know them, since Master enjoyed his toys at his whim, not theirs. Finally, forcing slaves to ask for their own humiliation, was one of Master's favorite hobbies, and one that he'd imprinted into Holli, once she started managing his harem.

Sarah moaned, spreading her legs instinctively, as thoughts of being ravished again coursed through her mind. It had been so wonderful, and now there was only a painful emptiness between her legs. She blushed at her actions, knowing just how lewdly she was displaying her need, but she couldn't control herself

either.

"You resisted him didn't you? Lied to his first question? I know just how much it hurts right now for you, because I did the same thing after he claimed me. That yearning will be with you from now on, but there is a way to deal with it, when Master isn't ready to use you." Holli explained, as she eyed the quivering girl before her. She really did sympathize with Sarah's plight. Holli had lied to him after he'd claimed her, and though his methods were far cruder back then, but the result had been the same. Holli stopped fucking herself for a moment, and pulled the dildo fully out of her pussy. She regretted doing so, but she would be able to get another soon, and Sarah would need the toy right away.

"Please, please tell me. I feel so empty." Sarah cried. She felt so utterly out of control, that it scared her. It was even worse than earlier, since she had the full opportunity to consider her behavior, without his intoxicating presence. Being fucked wasn't the issue, it was how she needed to behave because she wanted to be fucked, that frightened her.

"Here, it's a walking dildo for girls like us, who have to have something in our pussies all of the time. It's nothing special, but it will help you suppress the urges to a tolerable level." Holli said, as she handed Sarah her well slickened toy. Sarah took it, and looked at it for a moment, before spreading her legs wide, and sinking the toy into her pussy. She cried out in fulfillment, savoring the feeling of having her pussy wrapped around an invader, just like it was supposed to.

"Thanks." she whimpered, still ashamed of her behavior, but relishing the nicely full feeling in her pussy. As Holli had said, the ache didn't disappear, but it was dulled to a tolerable level. In the end, it left Sarah feeling like she did whenever she'd spy a cute guy between classes, and her pussy would heat up. It wasn't the most dignified feeling, but it wasn't all consuming lust either.

Jenny just watched the whole scene in silence, barely believing what was

happening to her and Sarah. It was all so unreal, and watching Sarah's lips turn into a big happy smile, as she impaled herself on Holli's toy, didn't help any either.

"So is this all there is? Just sit around waiting for this guy to humiliate us and fuck us whenever he wants, and if we fight any of it we'll just end up craving it? Isn't there some way to escape?" Jenny groaned. Something in her told her that escape wasn't a likely possibility. Anyone who could mess with your mind this much, had to be able to prevent escape.

"You can walk outside anytime you like. If you leave the grounds, however, you will automatically punish yourself. You'll be made to love being a slave, and though a few girls have fought that feeling, every escapee returned after no more than a week. Both of you are Master's toys, and he'll enjoy you however he wishes. If you accept that, or openly resist his commands, your life will be pleasant, if not, it will be a constant torment. One warning, Master does enjoy challenges, and once he breaks a girl, he quickly loses interest. After that happens, it's only a matter of time before you'll be sold and there are far worse owners than Master." Holli explained. A slave's existence certainly wasn't without it's difficulties, and this was one of the largest about being owned by Master. He didn't mind tossing away toys that no longer interested him, and their sale brought in lots of money to boot.

Both Jenny and Sarah sobbed at that, everything Holli had told them, built up to that point of hopelessness. They both believed her too, there was something about her, that made them believe her. That and the things they'd both done and been through, left both girls with little hope and plenty of apprehension. They seemed to be locked into a fate of utter degradation, no matter whether they resisted or not. Eventually this man would loose interest in them and sell them. There was no escape, or hope, only an existence of intimate servitude or worse, at the hands of this man, or others.

Holli looked over both of the new girls, and quickly surmised that there weren't about to be any more big questions from them for the moment. She got to her feet, and turned back towards them. "Alright, it's time to go, Jenny

needs to go through processing, and Master wants you to watch, Sarah."

Both girls found themselves following Holli out of the room. Neither wanted to, but both came to their feet before Holli had walked more than a few steps. Jenny stepped up her pace a bit, and turned to Holli and asked, "What is this processing?"

"You'll find out. Master doesn't want you more informed until the procedure is under way." Holli answered. Master liked to watch and videotape slave processing, and enjoyed it especially when the girl didn't know what was being done to her. It titillated Holli as well, watching an unprepared girl being made into an even better servant for Master always aroused her. She truly did love her work.

Sarah looked at the decorations with the same morbid fascination that Jenny had earlier. The scenes of people fucking sank into her more thoroughly though, and she found herself instinctively squeezing down on the toy lodged comfortably inside her. She could scarcely believe that she was walking around naked, with a dildo stuffed between her legs, but in light of everything else she almost didn't mind. Only a day before her life had been terribly mundane, and now she was some kind of slave, a toy for a sick man to use, and she could do nothing to change any of it.

The trip didn't last long, and Holli lead the two girls into another small room off the main corridor. A slightly inclined table rested in the midst of a huge array of electrical coils. Jenny and Sarah looked on in wonder at the sight for a moment, before realizing that this was where Jenny was about to be processed.

"Jenny, please lay down on the table and be sure to place your feet in the foot rests." Holli instructed.

She walked over to a control panel and began entering the configuration information Master had given her for Jennifer's processing. It wasn't unusual for Master to process new girls, especially when they were picked up in pairs

or groups. Some girls just didn't stack up to Master's high standards, and sometimes he simply enjoyed watching their reaction to the changes in their bodies, while he played with them. Sarah was the pure catch here, and Jenny was just a convenient and enjoyable addition, that would be molded for more specific service to Master.

"Please, you don't have to do this to me!" Jenny whined, as she walked over and stepped onto the table, being sure to place her feet appropriately.

Once she did, she felt horribly exposed, but as earlier she couldn't find any will power to resist Holli's instructions. This must be one case where their supposed freedom to resist wasn't granted, and she could understand it. There were some things that resistance just prolonged that weren't choices, and Holli probably didn't have all day to deal with unruly slaves. None of that helped her feel any better, as she felt the table being moved into a horizontal position. She wondered just what was going to be done to her, she remembered him saying something was going to be done about her breasts and she figured that was what the processing was going to be about.

"Of course I do, it is Master's will. This is going to feel strange, but it won't be painful." Holli told the new slave, as she activated the processing mechanism. She quivered with anticipation, watching a slave's processing always got her hot. It was as much a display of Master's power, as when he fucked his slaves, and Holli couldn't help but respond to displays of Master's power.

Jenny flinched, as she felt and heard an electrical hum coming from the coils ringing the table. She wondered just what was going to happen when she felt a tingle flow through her entire body. If she could have, she would have been squirming, but her body was locked in place. The strange sensations quickly intensified, especially in her breasts, between her legs and through her waist. She also felt the tingle in her throat, as she wondered just what was happening to her. Then, suddenly she felt her entire body quake, with a massive orgasm that simply consumed her entire being.

Holli watched as Jenny's eyes rolled back in her head, as the changes to her

body started. Holli knew from experience just how pleasurable such changes could be. She had found herself on that table many times since she had been claimed, and each time was a wonderful experience. Silently, she wondered just how long it would be until she would be honored with another visit of her own. At least until then, she had the chance to live vicariously through all of the girls she processed, and that was a pleasure of its own.

With everything else that had happened to her in the last day, Sarah didn't think she could be surprised again. But watching Jenny's flesh being molded right before her, was enough to shock her though, and she shuddered at the callous way such miraculous technology was being used. She only hoped that Jenny would be all right, and that she wouldn't have to be next, any time soon.

The process didn't last very long, and Jenny found herself drifting out of a seemingly perpetual release. She opened her eyes and was pleased that she had control of herself again. She waited until the table had been leaned up into a nearly standing position, before she dared to look down at her body. She still felt rather normal, so she could only hope that it wasn't very drastic.

The first things to greet her were her breasts. She had always had firm little breasts, which suited her frame well, but didn't grab much attention. The breasts that she saw rising from her chest now, were certainly not anything like the ones that used to be there. They were two impossibly perfect half globes, each slightly larger than a softball, tipped with rather large perky nipples at their peaks.

She cupped them with her hands, to confirm that they were real, with a gentle squeeze. Her tits were perfectly smooth now, and still felt firm to her touch, but what surprised her the most, was that her touch no effect on her libido even though as she watched, the already stiff nipples, poked out even more lewdly. She'd always been very sensitive to having her breasts caressed, but now she didn't feel anything, as she squeezed into the twin orbs on her chest.

With her first obstacle down, she bent over and looked down between her legs. Her old furry slit had been replaced with two hairless, and engorged looking

lips. The real shock was the rather large nub at the top of her slit, that she knew had to be her clitoris. Her apprehension already consuming her, she quickly ran a hand down between her legs to confirm her worst fears. She ran her hand over her new slit, finding her pussy already leaking with her juices, but no matter where her fingers ran, or what they did, she could feel nothing more than the immediate tactile sensation of her fingers exploration. Even the slick bulbous head of her new clit didn't react, as she rubbed her fingers across it.

Jenny turned towards Holli and Sarah. She could hardly believe just how radically her body had been changed, but was truly bothered that she couldn't feel anything from it. She looked at Holli, with her concern burning in her eyes.

"May this slave know why she has been denied the pleasures of her own flesh?" she heard a light, nearly angelic, voice say, from her own throat. She instantly threw her hands around her neck in shock, both at the sound of her own voice, and the strange way that she had spoken. "Why does this slave's voice sound so wonderfully sweet and lovely, and say things in this strange way?"

Holli smiled, as she watched Jenny's reaction to her changes. Most girls had much the same reaction, but it was something that she always enjoyed watching. She knew it was another of Master's modifications, that she loved being a part of, as they enslaved these women, but she was happy she could enjoy it. "You have been processed to be a pixie servant for Master. Your new body is designed to demonstrate his power, and his prowess for his enjoyment, and that of his guests. Your voice and mannerisms have been changed, so that you will be more ready fulfill your duties, regardless of your willingness to resist him. Now come here."

Jenny pulled herself from the table and found herself strutting sexily over to Holli. She tried to walk normally, but it felt almost painfully wrong to do anything other than swing her hips enticingly, as she walked. She was also sure to jut her breasts out, and smiled a sly, knowing smile, as she walked.



She knew that this was all part of the control placed over her, but it didn't help her like it any more. She didn't have to imagine much, to know just what kind of entertainment she would be providing, in her new form, and dreaded what she was being made into.

"Don't be worried about your not being able to pleasure yourself, while you can no longer pleasure yourself, you will react even more strongly to the touch of others." Holli explained, as she reached up and grabbed each of Jenny's globes in her hands, and gently squeezed. She loved the feel of the breasts that Jenny now had, they were so firm and smooth. Holli herself, had been given a pair just like them in the past, though she hadn't been prevented the pleasure of masturbation. She smiled fondly, as she explored her memories, and Jenny's new tits at the same time.

Jenny's eyes rolled back, as intense pleasure flowed through her breasts. She'd never felt anything like that before, and she felt herself cum, just from that one squeeze. Her light new voice sang out with a heavenly melody, as she quivered in her orgasm. It was an angelic melody, more attuned to cloud tops than a woman's cry of release, and it filled the room with a divine feeling.

"I just love these pixie breasts, and you will too. I wish I had mine back almost every day." Holli stated wistfully, as she pulled her hands away. "Now that you're ready, it's time for you to go to the harem bed chambers, where all of Master's slaves wait when he has no current use for them."

Holli lead the two stunned girls back out of the room. Sarah was shivering in fear at what she'd seen Jenny reduced to in mere moments. She wondered just how much of Jenny's self was left intact, after what had been done to her, and she feared that it was more than Jenny would really have wanted. The fact that such a fate could befall her as well, left her all the more concerned and all the more aware of the dildo pressed wonderfully deep inside her at that very moment.

The sounds of an angelic choir greeted the girls' ears as Holli opened the door at the end of a long hallway. Jenny and Sarah looked into the room before

them, and took in the sight of their new home. It was lavishly ornate, built to the same standards as the rest of the building. Shallow pools ran through the center, dotted with statue fountains of stunningly beautiful naked women. The room was filled with pillowed beds, as well as plants and ferns. The final content of the room was the women, dozens at least, all naked and laid out on the beds or in the pools, some relaxing and some enjoying more carnal delights in pairs or groups. Several of the girls, who had been processed as Jenny had, ringed the room, and sang out with their music of ecstasy, as other women played with them. Their voices played together in perfect harmony, with that enchanting melody. It was nearly enough for Sarah and Jenny both to forget their own misfortunes, just listening to such divine music.

"This will be your home, until Master wishes otherwise. Feel free to do as you please until summoned, this is your sanctuary, and there is no punishment for your actions within, unless it is directly against the commands of Master." Holli explained.

Sarah and Jenny would be allowed to follow their own will, aside from Jenny's more dramatic changes. It was always fascinating to watch what a new pixie slave would do, as the exquisite pleasure they could enjoy was completely offered, only at the hands of another. Holli wondered how long Jenny would resist indulging herself, almost none of the older slaves had any objections to enjoying the flesh of another woman, so it was only Jenny's will that mattered to her fate now.

They stood silently just inside the doors, as Holli closed the doors behind her, as she left. It was a surreal moment without direction. Neither had any idea what they would do with themselves, after all they'd been put through. It was simply unreal to have a choice again.

Sarah was the first to pull herself together, and she turned to Jenny with obvious concern. "Are you okay, Jenny?"

"No, this pixie slave isn't fine!" Jenny chimed merrily, with her new singsong voice. She reached up and cupped her breasts. "She has these nice new breasts

and juicy pussy, and can only speak like some merry wood sprite. She can't even refer to herself as anything other than a slave!" Jenny said, trying to sound sarcastic, but both her tone and body language remained inviting. It was the most exacerbating experience in her life. Nothing she tried to say came out the way she intended, though she could still make her point be understood. It was all so horrible that she simply welled up with tears, she couldn't sob, but tears ran down her cheeks, as her totality of her new condition suddenly sank into her.

"I'm so sorry." Sarah cried, wrapping herself around Jenny with a big hug. Her own fears were looming large inside her as well, and she needed to be held by her friend, just as much as she wanted to comfort Jenny. The whole experience was overwhelming, and this time more than any other she needed her friend.

Jenny winced, as her new flesh reacted instantly to the contact with Sarah's. Every place her friend touched her, lit up with sensual warmth. Her breasts ached with sudden pleasure, as Sarah pressed her chest into Jenny's. She shuddered at the strange feelings flowing through her, but didn't pull away from Sarah's hold. Jenny needed to be held, to be comforted, and knew that Sarah needed the same right now. Jenny wrapped her arms around her friend and simply enjoyed the warmth of compassion.

Their fate was sealed, and all they could do now was wait. This man, their Master, would likely come for them soon, they realized. They were new toys, and for a man as fickle as he seemed, new toys would be enjoyed far more often, and thoroughly than the old ones. Both girls lamented this, even as their roles seemed different, neither fate was appealing. Now, finally, there was nothing more that they could do, except try to draw strength from the other, and see what new humiliation was to come.

\*\*\*

"So what is this lead?" Mel asked as she drove her partner into an office parking lot. It hadn't taken Marcus long to find a lead worth checking up on,

and they'd went off as soon as he had an address.

"Dr. Alex Northing. He's the lead developer at CyDine Nanotech. He worked with Patrick Larange on an earlier nanotech project, and Patrick is one of a handful of highly qualified Nanotech designers whose whereabouts aren't known. I also need to see a sample of his work, if I can get my hands on it. None of the other major developers matched the samples taken from Wendy." Marcus explained.

It hadn't been easy putting everything together, or doing a detailed cross comparison of the nanobots taken from Wendy, with the far less advanced samples the Bureau had from known developers. Whoever had designed the devices used to transform Wendy, had made a leap in nanotech design, and that was a scary notion in its own right.

Mel just took in the information and began doing her own comparisons. The suspicious disappearances were mainly centered in the American Midwest, though several had occurred outside that ring, even as far away as Europe and China. The fact that Patrick had done his research in St. Louis, and disappeared from there, lent further credence to him being behind it, but it was still just a theory at this point.

Mel and Marcus flashed FBI badges, and were quickly escorted up to Dr. Northing's office. The Bureau always operated under the cover of the local national investigatory agency, to help them blend in, and get them the access that they needed. They did try to keep from identifying themselves whenever possible, but it made questioning people a lot easier to have a badge.

Northing's secretary buzzed them in as soon as they got there, and the two agents strolled into his office. Northing was obviously more a scientist than a manager, as his entire office was littered with technical documentation. Papers and files were stacked or scattered over everything, including his extra chairs. Northing had obviously not expected them, and was bent over a couple chairs cleaning them off.

"Good Morning, good morning, please excuse the mess, I don't often have visitors here, but I hear you want to know about Patrick." Northing welcomed them, without turning away from his task.

"Yes, Doctor, I was interested in the work he did with you at the University." Marcus said.

"Of course, of course, we worked several years together. Not much accomplished though, always something going wrong. Patrick always kept at it though, he was very determined. Not that I'm not mind you, but there was just a seriousness to him, you understand." Northing continued, as he backed away from the now cleaned off chairs and beckoned for the agents to sit down.

Mel and Marcus looked at the now doubly high pile of file folders on each side of the chairs and decided it was safer to remain standing.

"Yes Doctor, just what was he serious about?" Marcus asked. He already knew the basics of the project, but he didn't want to make Northing suspicious, and sometimes-mundane questions have the most interesting answers.

"Well, he always had a fondness for direct genetic tinkering. We were trying to determine if we could employ nanobots to conduct genetic repair, prevent aging and disease. We weren't supposed to actually alter genes, just repair them, as they were damaged, you see. Patrick though, he was always tinkering in his spare time with some of the research animals. That was always a problem, I always dreaded calls from the directors after he stayed late." Northing explained.

"Did he ever give you any reasons for his experiments?" Mel asked. Half the reason for coming here was to see if Patrick would have had any intent to do anything like what had been done to Wendy.

"No, no, he never did. I tried to ask him, but he would just get a look in his eyes. I don't know just how to explain it, but I always felt like some bug he

wanted to squish. He did good work though, and even for his liberal use of our facilities, he did get the university a major grant, and gave us a lot of wonderful ideas. If it hadn't been for that fire, we'd already have the fountain of youth mind you!" Northing exclaimed.

"What fire?" Marcus asked.

"It was right after Patrick left for a new position somewhere, I don't remember quite where he said he was going, but it destroyed the lab, and most of the equipment and prototypes that Patrick had developed. It wasn't a total loss though, we still had a lot of his records on file, and we've already gone a long way to reconstructing his work. It's too bad we couldn't get him to come back, but we kind of lost track of him right after the fire." Northing explained.

"Do you have any of the records or work samples that I could look at?" Marcus asked.

"Oh yes, some, you understand the restrictions we have around here on research, but I can let you look at some of my records from my project with Patrick. Those aren't completely confidential. What do you want such things for anyway?" Northing asked.

"Just routine research on nano technology. We like to keep at abreast of the latest advances, so that we can be ready to counter any possible criminal uses of them." Marcus replied. That wasn't entirely untrue and should help keep him from getting too suspicious.

"I see. That makes sense. I can just imagine the things I could do if I didn't mind the risks." Northing replied wistfully. "I'll get those records right away for you."

Before Mel or Marcus could stop him, he was out of the office on his errand, leaving the two of them alone.

"So what do you think?" Markus asked.

"I think we may have found our man, if the tech matches up." Mel replied. She wasn't completely certain, but there were enough strange pieces and coincidences, that Patrick certainly looked like a prime suspect.

"I agree, so that means we have to go looking for him now. I think I can come up with some possibilities, assuming he still needs to get supplies through normal channels." Marcus concurred with his partner.

It wasn't impossible to ship goods secretly, that was the whole slave trade after all, but some of the goods that Patrick would need were uncommon enough, that it was possible to track it back to him that way. That was, presuming he still needed such material anymore.

Mel understood, there wasn't much doubt about the possibilities. She only hoped that he could be tracked down soon, so he could be brought to heel. That was assuming that Patrick was actually the man behind all of this. If he wasn't, at least it was one less lead to investigate, but speed was of the essence, or else more girls could fall prey to him.

Part: 3

A loud boom awoke Sarah and Jenny from the fitful nap they had been taking. The strange place and predicament they were in left them wholly uncertain about what they should do. In the end they staked out a small corner of the room and fended off advances from the other girls. They'd ended up napping on and off for the rest of the day, wondering what was going to happen to them next.

The boom heralded the entrance of the man, their apparent Master, as the large doors to the harem room opened. All of the women looked up, and most rushed to his feet, some apprehensively and some joyously. A few girls, including Jenny

and Sarah shirked into the corners, trying to avoid what new interests he had.

Holly stood at his side dutifully, still proud and naked, except for her glasses, and shouted out into the room. "Jenny, Master awaits your service."

Jenny instantly felt her pulse quicken. She wasn't about to go to him, not if she could help it, but it wasn't easy. Almost instantly she felt compelled to stand up and go to him, but she fought it. Her stomach churned as she struggled against the command. The agony spread through her, burning into every part of her, and all the while the thought of obedience drummed in her head telling her that going would end the pain. Jenny didn't know how long she lasted, but in the end she couldn't continue. She stood up slowly, with Sarah following her up.

"Jenny, don't give in, I know you can fight this." Sarah encouraged.

She didn't want to believe that Jenny could succumb to him. Sarah had to believe that it was possible to fight him, possible to win and she knew that Jenny was the stronger between them. If Jenny couldn't fight off her changes, Sarah couldn't see herself escaping either.

"This slave has to serve her Master, she doesn't want to, but she needs to. She's sorry, Sarah, please take care." Jenny chimed, her soft voice incapable of conveying her true sadness, both at her own fate and at abandoning Sarah. She turned and gave Sarah one last look, no more than a sexy pout, but it was the closest Jenny could get to the despair she wanted to convey. With that she turned away and began hoping towards the man.

Jenny bounced the whole way there, her gait reminding her of happier days as a child. Now, though she was completely naked, and she was skipping towards the man who was turning her into some kind of sex slave. Jenny didn't want to admit it, but she could feel her heart getting lighter with every step closer to this man. Even in all this, she marveled at how her new breasts didn't even quiver, as she hopped along, they simply stood out in front of her, telling the world that she had been made for sex. It wasn't long before she was



standing before him, and Jenny took her position. She held her hands behind her back and thrust her chest forwards, while she smiled at him sweetly. Jenny tried to control herself, but the compulsions were too strong to resist. She had to show off her body for him, since it was really his body now. Jenny tried to stifle that thought, but she couldn't fight the compulsion to look up at the man's face, to see if he approved of her.

"Ah, I see you turned out marvelously, Jenny. You will make a fine addition to my collection." He smiled as he reviewed Jenny's new form.

Jenny burned inside at that, furious at him for treating her like some object, and making her want it at the same time. His praise sent flashes of pleasure through her, and she fought back against the sudden pride that she felt at being an acceptable new toy for him. She managed to take a step forward of her own free will, and then rushed to him. Jenny pulled her naked flesh to his, grabbing onto his hands. With a determined speed, she planted them on her firm ass, as she rubbed her hardened nipples into his chest, and nuzzled into his neck. As she squirmed her naked body against his, she stood on the tips of her toes and nibbled at his ear before speaking.

"This slave doesn't want to be your sex toy, Master. She liked the way that she was, without her wonderful new breasts and most fuckable pussy, and she doesn't want to enjoy all the pleasures of your touch. Please change her back to the boring little girl that she was." Jenny whispered into his ear with all the sweetness of a teasing lover. Already she could feel herself growing aroused just from having her nipples pressed into his chest, and she could feel her pussy leaking. She knew she had been remade specifically for sex, and her behavior only proved to her that escaping the fate in store for her was wishful thinking.

"Perhaps I can change your mind, my dear, but for now we must go to my chambers. I have business to attend to, and I wish to see how you perform." He said, giving her a healthy squeeze on her cheeks, and then let her go.

Jenny fell away instantly, not wanting to impede his freedom, and followed him

out of the harem room. She could only wonder just what laid in store for her in his chambers. His chamber was much like the harem room, large and filled with every amenity needed to enjoy the pleasures of flesh. She was hardly surprised when she saw it, but she lamented it just the same. Unlike the harem room, this one was empty, except for one lone man, who was sitting on some cushions, dressed in only a robe.

"So this is your new toy, she is quite impressive." the sitting man said, as he watched Jenny sway into the room.

Jenny found herself giggling and giving him a smile and wink. This was her Master's domain, and here she was just a toy. She didn't doubt that they'd make full use of her either. Of course now she was just on display, and she couldn't help but to casually pose her naked flesh for both of the men to enjoy, while they decided what to do with her. She was nearly overwhelmed by the feeling of being out of control, her body seemed to know just how to behave, and any conscious effort against those instincts, bored painfully into her, until she just let go.

"Of course she is." Master replied, as he turned to her, "Jenny, would you please be so kind as to entertain our guest?"

"Please Master, don't make this slave show this man all the wonders of her new body! She doesn't want to be the perfect sex toy that Master made her!" Jenny sang, as she fell to her knees and crawled towards the seated man.

She knew such protests wouldn't do her any good, but she wasn't going to completely surrender to her fate just yet. Her ability to object, didn't slow her down any however, and it was mere moments before she was kneeling before this man and reaching for his robe. She didn't want to do this, but she couldn't help herself, her need to serve dominated her. She quivered with anticipation, knowing that the robe was covering the organ she had been reshaped to pleasure.

"Not quite broken in?" the man asked, as she pulled open his robe to reveal

his already stiff shaft. He looked to Jenny and smiled, as she stared lustfully at his waving member.

"She will serve, but I've left her mind mostly intact. She knows what she's doing, and just how much she doesn't want to, but she can't stop herself either, or create a disturbance." Master answered, as he watched her leaning towards her target.

Jenny couldn't help but to pause at the awesome sight before her. She'd seen more than a couple of cocks through all her sexual escapades, and consciously, she knew that this one was nothing special. Now however, she was looking at it through new eyes, through those of a pixie slave, and to a pixie slave a cock was the manifestation of the master of all masters. It was her duty, her sole purpose in life, to give it pleasure, and in return, it would give her pleasure as well. She tried to shake off all of these strange notions that swelled up inside of her, but she still couldn't take her eyes off of the stiff display of manhood before her. All that remained was how she would go about fulfilling her duty and she knew that she wouldn't have long to wait.

The man let her enjoy the view for a few moments. "I think we'd both enjoy a nice sucking of my cock, don't you dear?"

As soon as she had heard the suggestion, Jenny felt a strangeness take over her mouth. It took her a moment to realize that her teeth were receding into her gums, and her saliva began to take on a thicker and slimier feel. Her entire mouth seemed to swell with soft padding as well. On top of all of that, she couldn't suppress the sudden need to suck on the cock in front of her. It looked so hard and thick, rising from between the man's legs, like some wonderful lollipop with a wonderful juice inside. She knew that all she had to do was suck on it, like a good slut, and she'd be able to taste those wonderful juices, and get to have the musky shaft inside her mouth too. She licked her lips instinctively, to spread her thick saliva over them, and then bent forward and opened her lips for him. She knew what was happening to her, but her desire to suck on the cock before her, overwhelmed her resistance.

Jenny heard him moan, as she wrapped her lips around his shaft and lowered her head, taking his shaft into her new mouth in one long plunge. She didn't stop until his entire length was inside of her mouth. She was hardly surprised that she didn't have any problem accepting his full length. It was wonderfully satisfying for her, when she felt her nose press into his belly. Now she had the full length inside her mouth, and was already busy licking and sucking on his cock, looking forward to summoning the sweet seed from his sumptuously musky shaft. She had never really liked oral sex before, between the taste and the mess, she had found it lacking. She savored the taste of the cock in her mouth, and the musky smell of aroused masculinity she was engulfed by. It was just the perfect lollipop too, long and thick, with the most exotic taste that she couldn't even remember why she hadn't wanted to suck on it. She knew that all of this was part of her new state of being, but that knowledge didn't slow down her tongue, or her bobbing head, as she embraced her new goal of making this man cum in her mouth, so that she could swallow the salty goo.

Master simply enjoyed the scene, knowing that Jenny was getting her first taste of her life as one of his pixie slaves. They usually adapted fairly quickly, as intense pleasure that they received from having sex, of any kind, was something that broke down their will to resist. It's easy to fight pain, but pleasure is alluring, seductive, and in the end, the subject asks the question of why are they fighting against it. At that moment, they cease to be anything but a toy. Master had rarely found much interest in his pixies for that reason, their struggles were short and limited. However, they made excellent entertainment for his guests, but Master personally enjoyed the struggle more.

Of course Jenny was simply a bonus, and he didn't mind watching her quick descent, when he had the much more satisfying capitulation with Sarah yet to come. Sarah had caught his eye with her sensual shyness, and he looked forward to enjoying her. Jenny had impressed him as a girl who indulged in any pleasure that she wished, and even without her more radical transformation she would have been a willing slave in short order anyway.

"Very good slave. Now roll onto you back, so that I can enjoy the rest of your

charms properly." Jenny heard the man that she was sucking on say, as she caressed his shaft.

Instantly, she pulled back with a long and sensual motion, freeing his shaft from her mouth with one last suck. She rolled away swiftly, falling onto her back and spreading her legs for the man that she had been attending. Her pussy suddenly ached with the need to be filled, and Jenny found herself hoping that he wouldn't wait too long to spear her. Her desire for the taste of his seed fell away, only to be replaced with the need to feel his seed flowing into the depths of her womb. She looked down from the man, and for a moment, clarity came to her, as she realized just how lewdly she was displaying her naked flesh. Her hairless naked pussy was glistening proudly between her widely spread legs, and her perfectly molded breasts were on full display for him. She had never displayed herself so wantonly, and yet now she was glad she could be so shameless so that she could coax this man into fucking her.

"Please, Master, this slave is so empty, and she will be a great fuck! Her pussy is hot, and wet, and wonderfully tight, just right for the Master's cock!" she moaned, as she rocked her hips wantonly. Already she was beyond thought, her need to be mounted was washing away all other concerns. She knew that she was behaving like a slut in heat, and her only thought now was the hope that this man would be enticed into fucking her even sooner because of it. She already knew just how long and thick this man was, and knew just how wonderful it would have to feel to have him inside of her.

When he rolled atop her, she let out another angelic groan of delight. His hands roamed her flesh freely, and she savored the sensations. She was still aching with the unfulfilled need of being filled with his cock, but she knew that she didn't have long to wait before being granted her desire. He smiled at her as he positioned himself, and she cooed, as she felt the tip of his shaft parting her folds. Then she felt him sink into her, with one long powerful thrust and she sang out in delight again. At the very instant that he rested, fully impaled inside her depths, she found herself concentrating on the shaft, and began using her pussy muscles in ways that she had never before even considered. But now it was all so natural, the perfect way to use her

passage to bring her current partner great pleasure. That was her duty now after all.

The man simply moaned his approval, and turned to her Master, as he began thrusting into her. "She is simply wonderful Master, I don't see why you don't indulge yourself more often."

Master simply laughed, as he pounded into Holli's pussy. She had bent over dutifully for Master, once his guest had begun enjoying Jenny. Master didn't always wish to indulge himself, but Holli beamed, as she felt Master pull her walking dildo from her pussy, and replace it with his much more satisfying cock. She struggled to keep herself from crying out, and focused herself on pleasuring her Master's shaft, as he used her perfectly sculpted passage. He had painstakingly molded her vagina for his own enjoyment over the course of several weeks, when he had decided to make her his assistant. Her ass and mouth had been modified as well, for those times that he wished to use her as such. For the moment she was simply pleased that he was making use of her, and concentrated on showing him that she was still the perfect slut for him.

Jenny was beyond any thought at this point. Her pussy was filled with a cock and all that mattered to her now was using her new body to pleasure the man inside of her. She humped back at his every thrust, as she rippled the muscles of her pussy around his shaft. Her legs were wrapped tightly around his ass, to help him fully enjoy her pussy. Between the moans and grunts of their shared passion, she eagerly kissed him, as energetically as she was fucking him, and their tongues danced to the primal rhythm of their thrusting hips.

"Oh, yes Master! Use this slave, fuck her hard!" she cried out, as she writhed under him. Between her calls for more fucking, her voice rang with her angelic sounds of passion. Never in her life had she been so thoroughly used, or so fully enjoyed being fucked. There was nothing left to her except pleasuring and enjoying the man who was using her.

The man obliged her calls willingly. She was every bit the perfect sex toy that Master had said she'd be, and she knew just how to pleasure a man

perfectly at every turn. It wasn't long before he could feel himself wanting to let go, and without worry, he shot his load into her quivering flesh.

Jenny felt it coming, her instincts telling her that she had been a good pixie slave, and she readied herself for her reward. For the second time in her life she felt the seed of a man pour into her unprotected womb, and cried out in her own release. Her orgasm rippled through her with an intensity that dwarfed even her time with Master the day before. But even more important was the honor of receiving a man's seed inside her. It was the proof of her quality as a pixie slave, and she felt herself swell with pride, as the warm feeling spread inside of her depths.

The man unceremoniously rolled off of her quivering form, and smiled as Jenny pulled herself up, and immediately went about cleaning up the mess that they had made on his crotch. She did it instinctively, just another duty that she had to perform, to show how good she was. She didn't mind though, the taste of pussy and cock mixed together was another exotic taste that she suddenly couldn't get enough of.

"You do quality work, Master." the man complimented, as he rested his hand on Jenny's head, as she licked up her mess. "I certainly look forward to seeing the rest of your merchandise."

"No doubt. And Jenny how did you like your first time as a pixie?" Master asked, his cock still comfortably inside of Holli's squirming pussy.

Jenny lifted up from the man's crotch, her chin dripping with juices of all kinds. She turned around and wiped her chin off, and hopped over to her true Master. "It was wonderful, Master. This slave never realized how wonderful it was to suck on a cock and her pussy loved being stuffed full with a nice big cock. Her new body is just wonderful, Master, she can't wait for it to be used again!"

Master smiled. He knew that Jenny would slowly recover from her post orgasmic haze, and confront her original beliefs again. Now however, she would have the

memories of her first use as a pixie slave, to offset all of her old morals and beliefs. She couldn't resist her new existence, and soon she would be every bit the devoted servant that Holli was. For the moment, he simply ran his hand over her smooth skin, and gave one of her perfectly rounded breasts a good squeeze, as Holli received the reward that she had been waiting for. Both girls cried out together, as their bodies served him, and he knew that both were reveling in his attention, and their existence as his toys. It was moments like this, when even he had to wonder why he didn't indulge himself more often.

Master pulled himself out of Holli's hungry pussy with a grunt, and waited for her to clean him up. She was every bit as swift as Jenny had been, and happily licked off every drop from his crotch. Master patted her head, as he waited, pleased that she still performed skillfully. Of course he didn't expect anything else, but even after all these years, something inside of him couldn't get over the novelty of having willing sex slaves at his beck and call.

"Ah, now it is time for us to get down to business, Mr. Orano." Master said, as Holli pulled away from his crotch. "Please follow me."

The party followed, all lead by Master. Jenny wondered for a moment if she should, not sure if Master had called to her or to the man she had pleased. She quickly decided to follow behind Holli, and remain as quiet as she could. If Master wanted her, she would be present, and if not, she would be careful not to disturb him.

Master walked into the adjoining chamber, pulling his robe closed, as he went. Inside the room stood two figures, each person almost lifelessly still, and staring towards the coming group.

"Here are my latest models, a perfect warrior and perfect infiltrator." Master boomed, his voice swelling with pride, as he waved his arms towards the two figures. He walked up to the first figure and turned back to Orano. The figure was some kind of grotesque mix of man and machine, it's skin seemed to shine metallically in the light, and its face was cold and lifeless, staring ever forward with two strange looking black eyes.



"As you can see, the warrior's flesh is really a thick armor, designed to withstand any standard anti-personal weapon, and many heavy weapons as well. It has an advanced sensor package that utilizes a full spectrum scanner, and full range audio sensor. Because of this, the warrior can operate effectively in any environment. The warrior has redundant backup systems, in case of damage, and given enough time and raw materials, the unit's internal store of nanobots can repair virtually any damage. Operationally, the warrior can run at nearly 30 miles per hour, and has knowledge of how to use all major weapons systems and how to improvise effective weapons from generic sources when necessary. The warrior's skin is also capable of chameleon effects, which makes it very difficult to spot, when motionless or at an extreme distance. Once we are through here, you are welcome to see a demonstration of the warrior's combat capabilities if you'd like." Master rattled off, like proud father.

Jenny could see in his eyes that he truly took pride in it, though she imagined it was his own accomplishment that he was finding note worthy.

"And this was once a man?" Orano asked, amazed at the strange creature in front of him.

"Yes, I used an advanced form of the technique that I used to modify Jenny into such an enjoyable little trollop. In fact, this warrior specifically was an intelligence agent, that tried to infiltrate my organization, and his partner is standing next to him even now." Master answered.

"Yet, he is obedient, a perfect warrior, yes? He will not question my orders?" Orano asked.

"As I told you, one of these warriors will never question a command. In order to create a warrior unit, much of the original memory had to be over written with combat training information. The estimated retention of original data is only about 12 percent, and much of that is short-term memory and core memory. There is still a personality there, and it can even carry on a conversation if you wish, but the original material is completely subservient to the new

programming." Master explained.

"Excellent, and you will grant me a discount if I provide the raw material for these warriors?" Orano asked.

"Certainly. I'm not very interested in hunting down an army's worth of men for you. Once payment has been made, the basic equipment will be transferred to your facility, and we can help put your little country on the map." Master boasted. No doubt an army of these warriors would be enough to conquer all but the largest nations on Earth.

"Perfect, and what about your other offering? While she is rather stunning, I see little difference between her and the ripe little playthings behind us." Orano asked, as he looked over the other figure. This one was a woman, and a stunningly beautiful one at that, draped in a sparkling red dress that both covered and displayed every sumptuous curve on her body.

"Exactly as it should be. She is my infiltrator, perfectly molded and conditioned to snake her way into the confidences of your enemies. On the outside, she is simply an attractive female, but inside her head is a litany of seductive techniques. With only a cursory study of an individual, she will find her best way to seduce him, and gain access to his secrets. Of course she benefits from the same sexual training as my pixies, and is just as willing as them, when not on a mission. Do not underestimate just how much work went into designing her protocols, or how effective she can be. Once she has secured access to her target, she is fully versed in computer access, assassination, and more generic espionage methods to suit her mission." Master presented.

"Impressive to be sure, if she is as advertised. Still, I have been very impressed with your results so far, and will certainly have to acquire a few of these infiltrators. If they are effective, I will likely want as many of these as I did soldiers. I can of course supply the raw material again, but I can not say much for the appearance of the girls I can use." Orano commented.

"No need to worry about that." Master replied, and turned to the infiltrator.

"Would you please remove your dress, dear?"

The woman smiled sweetly, and pulled the straps from her shoulders, letting the garment slide from her body, and crumple around her feet. Both men smiled as they took in the smooth beauty of the woman before them, as she posed herself to show off her body. She was perfect, yet in every way appeared natural, unlike the far more cartoonish pixie slaves. The woman looked young, yet fully ripened. Orano would have guessed she was in her early twenties, though he knew that if she was an agent, she had to be older than that.

"The condition of the raw material is of little concern, we can craft her into a creature as perfect as this one here. All aspects of appearance can be set to your specifications, including race, facial features, and measurements, regardless of the original status. Of course the more divergent from the original, the greater the costs and time involved." Master explained.

"And these infiltrators are just as loyal as the warriors?" Orano asked.

"Of course, though we have had some small problems with mental fatigue with our infiltrators. Due to their more personal involvement with their targets, we could not remove as much of their mental faculties. They are fully programmed and obedient, but sometimes, enough of their old personalities remain, that they eventually burn out from the conflict. This hasn't happened often, and we are working to solve the problem, but running too many missions with an infiltrator can risk the unit's functionality. After a burn out, they are good for little except pleasuring you in bed." Master explained.

He wasn't afraid of explaining the defects in his merchandise. This was as much because of the fact that no one else could offer such products, as it was due to the danger that his clients could pose to him. Master was by no means weak, but he was dealing with some of the nastiest and most powerful people of the world, and he didn't doubt they could eventually bring him down, if they were determined to do so. It wouldn't be easy, but Master didn't yet have the resources to fully protect himself yet, though he would soon enough.

"Wonderful, let me discuss this with my associates, and we can then negotiate the details." Orano bowed slightly, and walked back out of the room.

Master dismissed his slaves, and went off to prepare the next round of demonstrations for his guest. Holli lead Jenny out of the room, and back on her way to the harem. Even now, Jenny was still reveling in her recent use, and giggled childishly, as she felt Orano's seed trickling down from between her legs. She had never felt so alive, or so happy, and she could hardly wait to be used again.

\*\*\*

"So what do you have for us?" Marcus asked, as he seated himself across from Agent Holland Frist. Holli was in charge of the Bureau's Victim Recovery section. It wasn't the easiest job, especially in cases like this. Two other top agents were seated with them as well, and each wore the same tired look that Holli did.

"Unfortunately, I don't have anything. Wendy has proven so far that she is completely dominated by the programming that she received. We have tried every standard resource, but as you know, we have never had good luck with recovering mind control victims. With the exception of telepathic domination, all other forms have proven far more permanent." Holli reported woefully. She'd done her best trying to get Wendy back.

"We still haven't determined just how completely Wendy's mental landscape has been changed. Since we are dealing with atomic level nanotech modifications, they could have wiped her mind, and simply imprinted this fuck toy persona onto her." Continued Agent Zaren, one of the Bureau's best nanotech agents. "As you know, we have no way of recovering lost memories, once they've been wiped this way, so we're hoping that her original personality is simply suppressed and not wiped out."

"We do have good reason to believe that is the case. A team of my best

telepaths have already been in her mind. Her conscious mind was glass like, transparent, yet solid. This is similar to the effect that most technology derived control techniques creates. Wendy processes her programming without any real conscious thought, there is no conflict or drive, other than to follow her orders. Underneath all of that, we found what is giving us some hope for recovering her. When we probed below the glass, we found the flowing colors that come from a normal mind. They were restrained and far less vibrant than normal, but they were there. We tried to pull them through the glass, to break Wendy out, but all of our attempts fizzled. We believe that since this suppression was mechanically created, the organic elements of her mind are unable to route around the blocks." Explained Agent Vernon Poe, head of the Bureau's local telepath division.

"So what do you need us for?" Marcus asked. Given the priority of this case, he had better things to be doing, than simply listening to dead ends. Of course, he knew that these people were some of the best local agents, and they wouldn't have brought him in, if there wasn't something that he could or had to do for them.

"We all know just how important this case is. Once we discovered the extent of the problem, we've devoted as many resources as we can spare. Unfortunately, we have almost no direct information to go on, and right here in our lap is a girl, who even at the least, could know enough to help us pinpoint important locations, and may even be able to identify some of the people involved. Yet all we can do is fend off her incessant sexual advances, and pleading for her master." Holli stated. "This isn't an easy decision for any of us. I'm tasked with helping the victims of some of the worst criminal minds in the world to return to their normal lives, and so far nothing has helped Wendy. We certainly can't return her like she is now, it would be more of a curse to her family than if they thought that she was dead. And finally, there is the fact that she could help lead us to clues that could help us save other victims, and possibly help her as well."

"So, what do you have in mind?" Mel asked. She was certainly sympathetic to the girl's plight, but Mel didn't see what good Wendy could do for the

investigation, if she was still stuck in sex toy mode.

"Our thought is, to let Marcus here try to claim Wendy as her master." Poe said dryly. The head agents all turned their eyes down shamefully. They knew what this entailed, at least in part, and they didn't like it at all. Still they had discussed it for quite some time, and no other options seemed workable.

"You've got to be kidding!" Marcus scoffed. Mel was far too busy choking to blurt out her own surprise.

"No, we're not. Wendy has information that could lead to breaking this case, and we have no other leads that could provide us with this information. We decided that it should be you, because you're the closest to the field side of the nanotech division and could get the most out of the information. Also most of our male and female Agents have already told her they are not her Master and we don't believe that trying to back track from that position would help her to accept any of those agents. Still, there's no guarantee that she'll accept you either, she may have imprinted in her who her master is. If that's the case, we haven't lost anything, but if she will accept you, then we hope that she will be willing and able to talk to you about what she does know. There is also the possibility, that with a few chosen commands from you, and help from our telepaths, that we can restore at least some of who she was." Zaren explained. They all knew there were a lot of long odds and risks in this endeavor, but the price of not acting was even higher.

"We've already had another two cases pop up in the last day relating to this group. Every day that we wait, more lives are being destroyed, and the greater chance for larger damage. There is no certainty that whoever is behind this will stop at a few sex slaves. With this kind of technology, they could be capable of threatening world security. This isn't an easy request, but you wouldn't be here, if you couldn't make the hard choices." Holli hammered her point home. She didn't like this any more than the rest. Still, if everything fell their way, they had the chance to stop more harm from being done.

Marcus just turned and looked at Mel. He didn't know what to think of this kind of request. Certainly, part of him was reacting to the notion of having a near perfect example of feminine sexuality at his command, but he knew as well, just how wrong it was to take advantage of her. Marcus knew he would have to though, or else she could never believe that he was her master. Part of him certainly wanted to, especially knowing how willing she would be, but she was still a victim, and he doubted that she would ever want such a fate if given the choice before her transformation.

"We both know they're right Marcus, as much as I hate to admit it, so don't look at me like that. You're the one who's going to get to fuck a sex toy." Mel commented lightly, trying not to fall into the same dark mood as the other agents around her. She knew the score just like everyone else, and there wasn't anything to be gained from dwelling on the negatives. If there were any other good alternatives, Mel would be the first to pursue them, but lacking that, this was the next best option.

"Alright, when are we going to do this?" Marcus sighed. If Mel was for it, he'd do it.

"Right away would be ideal, the sooner you can establish your status with Wendy, the sooner you can get her to talk to us. We've shut down the surveillance in her room, to afford you some privacy." Poe answered. There wasn't any good to be had by delaying more then was necessary.

Marcus nodded, and went to prepare himself. He took a few minutes in the bathroom staring into a mirror, and trying to wash away the disbelief. This wasn't something he'd prepared himself for, and the thing that scared him was the part that looked forward to having Wendy as his sex slave, even if just for a little while. The old axiom rang in his brain, power corrupts, and this was total power over another person. He knew that he'd enjoy it, he just hoped that he wouldn't be allowed to enjoy it too much.

"Looking sharp there lover boy." Mel teased, as Marcus walked back out of the bathroom in a simple robe. She saw the concern on his face, the worry, and

quickly moved to arrest it. "Marcus, you can't go in there like that, you're her Master, king of your domain and her being. Remember that, or she'll never accept you. Don't worry about later, I'll make sure to remind you just how much of a sexist pig you are, for the fun that you're about to have."

"Thank's Mel, it's always good to know I can count on you for letting me know that I'm a pig." Marcus laughed.

"Just doing what good friends do, kicking you when you're down. Now, have at it tiger, you've got work to do." Mel pushed him on. She knew he would linger all day, to keep from doing this, and now was certainly not the time for delay. Mel just wished she could watch, this promised to be quite a show, but she recognized the good judgement in turning off the surveillance systems as well. No need giving the AV department more lewd material to enjoy.

Marcus stood at the door to Wendy's suite for a moment, composing himself. Mel was right, he was about to play at being this girl's master, and he had to act the part to a "T", or else all of this would be for nothing. He shoved aside his final thoughts of hoping that she'd reject him out of hand, and strode confidently into the room.

Wendy was sitting on her bed, casually rubbing her pussy and kneading one of her firm tit globes, as she smiled towards the ceiling. As she heard the door close, she jumped up and looked up to see Marcus striding towards her. Wendy instantly fell from the bed, and knelt before him, the strong aura that she felt from him was unlike all of the other men she had seen, since being placed here. She quivered with hope that her waiting might finally be over, and she could be claimed.

"Do you know who I am?" Marcus asked, being careful not to say her name. Somehow he knew that she wouldn't react well to it, at least not right now. He fought back the doubt that he was feeling, and simply let the lust at seeing a stunning naked girl kneeling before him take over. For once in his dealings with women, letting his cock control his actions would actually be helpful.



Wendy looked up at Marcus anxiously. He was so commanding, so strong, she thought, but still she wavered. Honest fear ran through her, she couldn't make a mistake here, or she would offend her true Master. This could be just a test to prove her worthy, or her true lord was standing before her, waiting for her to acknowledge him. Wendy trembled, not knowing what answer to give.

Marcus realized his mistake, as he saw fear drift into Wendy's eyes, he'd given her a choice, and that wasn't something that a new slave would have. He only hoped a quick reply would keep her from breaking down. "I am your, Master."

Wendy immediately averted her eyes, fearing that she offended him by looking up at him.

"This slave is sorry, Master." she whimpered, looking down at his feet. She hadn't recognized him, had let her own fear cloud her mind. Wendy trembled again, this time wondering how she would be punished.

Marcus fretted again, how should he reply? It took him a moment to even consider just what she had to be sorry for, before he latched onto a few more of the eccentricities of master/slave relations. "Of course, you should be. Now stand, so that I may see my new slave."

Wendy instantly jumped from the floor and presented herself for him. She pushed out her chest, and spread her legs, as much as she could comfortably do. She dutifully kept her face sullen and her eyes on his feet. Now, her fear was melting. Her Master had come, and was now claiming her. Even his punishments would be wondrous, compared to the emptiness and longing that she had been subjected to for so long. Wendy's only concern now was that he found her acceptable, and not turn her away.

Marcus walked around her, taking care to study every curve of the sexy woman before him. He did his best to act like he'd seen judges act at dog shows, playing the part of an aloof master, with another fine bitch to be claimed. He let his hands roam over her silky smooth flesh as he walked, and found himself

enjoying her feminine gasps as he did so. The slow approach definitely let him snuff out his own qualms, while taking advantage of this little vixen. She had been transformed for sex, there was not doubt about it, and he was nearly as enthralled with her form, as she was to her programming.

Pleasure rippled through her, as she felt her master's touch roll across her. It had been so long since she'd been touched in this way, and she had to fight not to let the wonderful sensations completely overwhelm her. She also fought to stifle her response, she was here to pleasure him, not the other way around, though she knew she'd very much enjoy pleasuring him. Even so, when she felt his hand reach between her legs and cup her mound, she lost control, and let out a very sensual moan.

"Nice and wet for me already slut?" Marcus laughed, letting his fingers toy with her nether lips, as he reached under her chin with his other hand. He lifted her head until he was staring into her lust filled brown eyes, and smiled. Marcus parted her tender folds with his index finger, and enjoyed the unrestrained sight of wonder, from her face.

Wendy simply smiled sheepishly, through her lust filled haze, as she gazed into her Master's eyes. He was so kind to let her look at him so, she thought, as she savored the wonder of his touch on her most intimate flesh. Finally, she felt open to answer his question. "Of course, Master, this slave exists to please you. Do you like her?"

Marcus nearly melted himself from the sweetness of her comment and the absolute adoration that flowed from her. There wasn't any doubt that she'd accept him as her master, and he was quickly getting accustomed to the role. "Very much, slave, you are simply perfect."

Wendy cooed at the compliment. Nothing could have made her happier than his praise, and he gave it so freely. She pulled away from him slightly, hoping to enamor him even more with her quality. She turned slightly away from him, enough to give him a profile of her voluptuous form, and then turned her head

back towards him, with her best doe eyes.

"Would you like to use this slave, Master. She has waited so long to give herself to you." Wendy said sheepishly, doing her best to show herself as alluring.

Marcus was glad that there was a chair nearby, that he could grab to support himself, as Wendy offered herself to him. Even knowing that it was coming, he hadn't been prepared for a goddess like this to be standing before him, and offer everything that she was offering, so simply. All he could do was to gaze at her, and take in the sight of her shimmering hair, flowing around her sumptuous curves, and her adoring lust filled eyes staring at him, with a kind of raw sexual energy that Marcus had never seen before on any woman.

It took him more than a few moments to regain his composure, but this was certainly not the time to blow it. He was only happy that he'd masturbated a few times in the bathroom, before coming into her room. Even so, he already had a raging erection, just from looking at the testament to sexuality standing before him, and the thought that she was about to freely give herself to him. His last lingering doubts fled from his mind, as he opened his robe, and let it fall to the ground.

He smiled as he watched her gasp, as she looked down at his stiff shaft. She took her time looking at him, before turning her eyes back to his and giggling girlishly. She turned back towards him with a sexy twist, and hopped the few steps between them, until she had pressed her own fully naked body to his. Marcus immediately wrapped his arms around her, and bent down to kiss her. She wasn't shy about returning the affection, and in moments they were writhing against each other, and kissing like two long lost lovers.

He hadn't been with a woman in several months. His life as an agent, and his partner's professionalism, kept him away from many good chances to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. Now he was wrapped around a nubile young woman, who had been reshaped into being an ideal sexual plaything, and he simply lost all restraint. He reached down to her thighs and cupped them, somehow knowing that

she would be just as swift to recognize that he wanted to carry her. She did, wrapping her legs around his waist, as he held her up by her ample rear. He quickly carried her over to her bed, and somehow managed to drop her onto the center of the bed, while still keeping her wrapped around him.

Wendy squealed with delight, knowing that she was about to be used in just the way she had been dreaming about, for almost as long as she could remember. Her pussy was quaking in anticipation of being filled with her Master's shaft, and her juices were already running down her thighs. She was ready to have her life as a slave consummated.

He didn't make her wait. Almost as soon as her flowing hair settled around her, he was pressing his hard shaft into her lower lips. She mewled against his mouth, as she felt her pussy opening up to accept him into her depths, and he felt his cock descending into the haven of her passage. Just as her outer curves had been molded to perfection, Wendy's vaginal passage had been crafted to be the ideal receptacle of her Master's attention, and Marcus was lost in the amazing sensation of being inside such a wondrous place.

Both master and slave, victim and protector, were lost to the energy flowing around them. Marcus forgot all about his duties, his career, everything except the sex charged young woman with whom he was entangled with. Wendy had surrendered herself as well, her thoughts of duty or service, simply washed away under the assault of her Master's thrusts, and the pleasure that each stroke sparked within her. Just like two animals in heat, they pumped away at each other, lost in the wonders and sensations of their joining.

Time simply lost all meaning, and both of them found the stamina that would have shocked them before they had begun. Marcus came more times than he could count, and still the pure raw sexual energy coming from Wendy kept him from going soft. And she was enjoying herself as well, rolling through a stream of minor orgasms, punctuated by a release of pure ecstasy, every time she felt her Master's seed flowing into her depths. For both of them, this was the perfect moment, strung through countless hours, and ended only by their complete exhaustion.

If he could have spared the energy, he would have laughed himself silly at the end. Even exhausted from hours of fucking, he was still hard, and if he had the energy to move, he would have kept ravishing her. Now, though all that was left was for his equally worn partner to suck on him, as he tried to recover. Never before had he ever had a marathon session like that, and he marveled that even with Wendy's wonderfully tight passage, that he hadn't actually given himself a rug burned cock, from the constant fucking. He would have been shocked if Wendy wasn't in fine condition as well, her juices just seemed to be a perfect lubricant, and idly, he realized that was likely another modification to her.

Wendy was as expert in sucking, as she was every other art of love making, and it wasn't long before he found his seed flowing again. She sucked on him until every drop had been pulled, and he finally began to get soft. She licked her lips and smiled, as she pulled herself along his side, until she was resting beside him. She pressed her perfect orbs into his side and smiled.

"Did Master enjoy his slave?" she asked sweetly, leaving no doubt that she had enjoyed herself, as she snuggled into his side.

Marcus let his hands roam casually over her soft skin, as he considered his reply. "Of course, you were perfect."

"Thank you, Master!" she giggled at the compliment. She couldn't remember a time when she had even enjoyed herself this much, or felt this satisfied. The thought that this was just the beginning, filled her with joy for her future.

Marcus merely smiled, his final burst of energy exhausted. As he drifted off to sleep, with a sexy little mink cuddled up against him. He could understand the lengths that some men would go to for such pleasure. When he woke up, he'd have to begin working to free her again, but for now he just let himself savor the afterglow, with his well used slave, and let his dreams fill with might have-beens.

#### Part: 4

Sarah stayed curled up in a little ball, in a recessed portion of the harem, trying to avoid the depravity around her. She had anxiously awaited Jenny's return, but Jenny's behavior had scared Sarah, as soon as Holli had closed the harem doors again. Jenny was still in her pixie slave trance, and had put some moves on her friend. Only after Sarah shirked away, did Jenny stop, and in mere moments, she spotted a group of women entwined in passionate endeavors, and ran off to join them. Sarah sobbed, as she watched her friend give into every depravity two women could share. Finally, she'd seen enough, and turned away, to hide herself off to the side of the room, to avoid further notice as best she could.

"Hello there. Are you okay? Well, okay for being here anyway." piped up a slight, but clearly concerned voice. Sarah turned from her own thoughts and looked up at another naked young woman, thankfully lacking the obvious distortions of a pixie. This girl looked every bit natural, though certainly lovely, with a shapely figure, firm breasts and a darling face all draped with her long brown hair. Sarah had gotten somewhat used to the nudity surrounding her, but that didn't stop her from recognizing beauty either. The best part was the look of concern, and not lust in the girl's eyes, obviously she wasn't another of the man's sex toys who just wanted to fuck.

"I guess." Sarah replied, still curled up.

"I'm Molly, do you mind if I sit here?" Molly asked and patiently hovered over a cushion.

"No." Sarah replied simply. She realized then how rude she was being, especially to someone who hadn't come over and felt her up. "I'm Sarah."

"Nice to meet you, Sarah." Molly smiled and sat down. "I understand the first day jitters, I had them too. I lost a girlfriend to that damn pixie maker too, and I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry."

"Jenny's gone then, isn't she?" Sarah felt herself start to tear up. Jenny had been such a good friend, and to be able to do nothing but watch, as she was transformed, was wreaking a terrible vengeance on Sarah.

"Mostly, I know Amber still knows who she is, and everything, but she's totally a pixie now. Jenny will fade in and out, depending on how aroused she gets. Eventually she'll stop caring about anything, but being a pixie. I wish I didn't have to tell you that, but it's easier to hear it, than it is to watch it." Molly answered.

She'd shown up here under much the same circumstances as Sarah, having been kidnaped with a friend. Molly had been forced to watch her friend fade away, and become an unrestrained pixie slave. Molly had done everything that she could think of to slow down the process, but in the end, Amber had simply given into the pleasure.

"How could you stand to see that?" Sarah asked. She'd been wracked by grief since Jenny had first been changed, and she couldn't see herself feeling any better any time soon.

"I broke down and cried for days. Then Master took me to his room and fixed me, well he made me okay with the new Amber anyway. I still haven't decided if I should be mad at him about that or not. He'll probably do that to you too, if he thinks he has too. Just keep that in mind." Molly explained. She could still summon up the anguish that she'd felt at watching Amber fade, but it was hollow now. Molly wasn't happy about what had been done to either her or Amber, but she didn't feel ripped apart about it either.

"How long have you been here?" Sarah asked, suddenly curious about her new friend. Somehow, she just knew that Molly was just that, and in this moment of need, she couldn't have asked for anything more than someone to help bare the pain.

"About three months. It's amazing how you get used to being here, waiting to

get fucked by some sicko, and avoid the constant lesbian orgy. Still, you're the first real person I've talked to, except for Holli, and she's even more twisted than Master is." Molly said.

She did find it hard to believe how used to being some man's sex toy she'd become. Of course she knew part of that was because of Master tweaking her thoughts to not mind her enslavement. But it didn't make her like it any more. Though Molly seemed to be slowly coming to grips with the fact that certain parts of her stay had been most enjoyable.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to this place. Or this Master guy." Sarah said, grimacing just thinking of the fact that some guy had made her his sex slave. She fought back the sudden surge of need from between her legs and the memories of pure pleasure from her first day here.

"Well, he'll make sure of it eventually. Either you'll get used to it, or he kind of forces it on you. I'm sure you know that already. It could be worse though, at least he's not into bondage or torture or anything like that, just humiliation. It sucks, but at least it's pleasure." Molly replied.

There wasn't much doubt about that. In her first few days she'd been concerned that Master would be into such things, and was greatly relieved to find that he almost exclusively enjoyed the basic pleasures coming from "normal" sex. That didn't cut down on the negative aspects of being a sex slave, but at least there wasn't another negative to have to deal with.

Sarah finally started to relax a bit with Molly. Strange as this place was, it was nevertheless good to have someone relatively normal to talk to. Even though she was still stark naked, and could hear the din of a lesbian orgy nearby, she started to feel almost normal again.

The two girls continued to chat for a while. Molly told her of how she'd ended up as another of Master's prisoners, which was much like Sarah's recollection of her being brought here. Before that, Molly had been a college student as well, though not with any real direction in her studies. Still, that didn't



leave her any more willing than herself to be turned into someone's toy.

"Hello Molly, I see that you've made a new friend." Holli chirped, as she walked up to the two girls. She was naked as usual, but carrying a shimmering white garment in her arm.

"Bitch!" Molly grunted, as she rolled onto her hands and knees, and promptly started to lick Holli's toes. She tried to fight against the waves of pleasure that rolled through her with every lick, but she had barely started tongue Holli's big toe, when she snaked a hand between her legs to start stroking herself. Since her first day there, Molly had an instant dislike for Holli, strong enough that she had many outbursts in front of their Master. In the end, he had decided to deal with it by making Molly worship Holli's feet, whenever Holli was near her, unless she told Molly to stop. Every lick Molly made would bring her nearly to orgasm, and she would linger on that edge, as she worshiped, Holli, until Holli gave her permission to cum, something Holli rarely did.

Holli smiled at the naked girl at her feet, then turned her attention to Sarah.

"Molly has always been temperamental, but Master was kind enough to show her who the true mistress of this harem is. Now Sarah, he wishes your company, please put these on and I will take you to him."

Sarah gingerly accepted the garments from Holli, and stood up solemnly. She knew that she didn't have a real choice, but she didn't want to do this either. She opened up the garments to see what she had, and whimpered. She held out a sheer white chemise, that she could easily see through, and a frilly pair of crotchless white panties. "I can't wear this! It's indecent!"

"Of course it is sweetie, it's just a sexy wrapping, for your sexy little body, in order to show it off. Now hurry up, Master doesn't like to be kept waiting." Holli ordered, savoring Molly's degradation, and Sarah's obvious dismay.

Sarah wasn't only being dressed up in revealing clothes, but she knew she was about to be used again, and Holli loved watching her squirm. She weighed her options for only a few moments. If she resisted, it wouldn't be for long, and

she'd lose another part of herself, her modesty. Not that it was helping her much right now, she didn't want to think about having more of her mind messed with. On top of everything else, she could feel her pussy stirring in anticipation of getting a real cock inside of it soon, further sapping her will to resist. In the end, she surrendered, pulling the garment over her head and pulling on the panties. She frowned at how lewdly her breasts tented out the smooth sheer chemise, and the way the tips of her already hard nipples were really lewdly exposed. She had to admit that the fabric felt wonderfully erotic, as it flowed over her skin, and if not for the current circumstances, she might even have enjoyed it. She didn't like the fact that it was essentially transparent though, or that her engorged pussy lips were sticking out lewdly from the hole in the panties she was now wearing.

"Oh, you look just darling. Master will love it. Come on now." Holli said, turning back towards the harem room door. She pushed away Molly's face with her feet, the long established way of telling Molly to stop licking at her feet. Molly looked up with a scowl, still fuming about being made to service Holli in such a degrading way. Holli loved it, but Master had sent her on a mission, and that took precedence over her own indulgence.

Sarah sulked as she strolled along after Holli, dreading what was about to happen, and how she knew that she'd react. She was already completely wet from the heat between her legs in anticipation of the forthcoming events, and that just reinforced for her just how terrible her situation truly was. Not only that, but she had never paraded around in anything this revealing, especially in front of a man. Even though she'd already been stark naked, and thoroughly ravished by this man, she was still thoroughly embarrassed about showing off her nearly naked body like this. The jiggling of her unrestrained breasts against the fabric, only served to reinforce how indecently dressed she felt, a final indignity on top of everything else.

Holli knew all of this, as she walked just ahead of her Master's new pet. She was just the kind of woman that Master always enjoyed, shy, reserved and hiding her radiant beauty. These kinds of girls all had the same flavor, and reacted in much the same way to Master's indulgences. With Sarah, however,

Holli would get one additional pleasure before throwing the girl into Master's waiting arms. As they walked up to the doors of their Master's room, she pulled around behind Sarah, and reached up between her legs, enjoying the silky smoothness of her inner thighs.

"Hey!" Sarah objected, as Holli cupped her quivering mound. She squirmed as she felt the other woman's fingers parting her nether lips, and playing with her clit. Then she mewled as Holli's fingers sank into her pussy, and pulled the walking dildo from her folds, in one smooth motion. The feeling of the movement inside of her pussy sent shivers of pleasure through her, and moments later, she felt a profound emptiness between her legs, filling her with renewed longings to be mounted and fucked.

"You can't very well see the Master with you're pussy plugged." Holli remarked, as she licked Sarah's toy with a long run up the side. "You taste wonderful, we'll have to play sometime, so that I can show you how much fun two girls can have."

Sarah was too humiliated to respond, totally overwhelmed by the whole notion that she was being used, and that she could do nothing to save herself. In fact, she feared that she would end up begging for it, because of the new need that she now had to be fucked.

Holli saw the look of overwhelming despair on Sarah's face, and quickly embraced the girl in an almost tender way. "Don't worry, you'll do fine, and Master will love you. You're just his type. Play along with him, and you'll have the ride of your life, believe me."

Sarah wanted to cry at that, but fought it back, she didn't want to show Holli just how despondent she truly was. Later there would be plenty of time to cry, and hopefully Molly would be there to help her. Now all that was left was to endure this horror, and hope that she could find a way out of this terrible place.

"Alright honey, time to go. You've kept our Master waiting long enough." Holli

said, as she pulled the door open to his room, and quickly shoved her inside.

Sarah felt the rush of airflow over her, as Holli closed the door. Instantly, she felt her vulnerability again, and moved to cover herself with her hands, and arms. No sooner had she done so, than she heard him howl with laughter.

"Hello Sarah. Feeling a little self-conscious today?" he said, as he smiled and surveyed her shivering form. He could tell from just looking at her, that she was bouncing between passion, fear and humiliation. This was just perfect for him, as he loved his girls to be just like this.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Sarah whined, regretting it almost instantly. She just felt so utterly overwhelmed, that she didn't know what to do. This wasn't what she wanted, yet she could feel the growing need growing between her legs, and taking its toll on her will. She didn't want to fight that, but the thought of being a toy for someone else, aside from the fucking, still fueled her resistance.

"Oh Sarah please, come here." her Master said, bowing his head and looking genuinely concerned. He was too, in a way. He certainly didn't want her to be upset, not this way at least. He was used to it though, as most girls took a few sessions to work past the core of their old moralities.

Sarah stood still for a moment, weighing her options. She knew that he still held the ultimate trump card, the ability to change her thoughts at his whim. So she moved towards him, though she still kept strategically covering herself.

"You don't have to cover yourself like that Sarah. You have a lovely body, and you should allow others to enjoy it." her Master said in a complementary manner. He didn't prefer to be very direct with his own girls. If she resisted enough, he would force her, but he knew that the punishment that he could offer was usually good enough to convince most girls easily, at least at this stage in their use.

She let his words sink in, knowing exactly what he wanted. She again ran over

the potential punishments that he could offer, wondering if it wouldn't almost be better to have her fears and embarrassment washed away. Then she remembered

what Holli had said about girls that he no longer had interest in, and she didn't want to speed along the process of being sold into even more remote slavery.

The Master smiled, as her arms crept down to her sides, slowly uncovering her charms. She blushed deeply as he took in the sight of her nearly naked form, nicely displayed through sheer material. He motioned for her to come to his side. She hesitated for a moment, but then walked up beside where he was sitting on a bed of pillows.

It wasn't until this moment, that she realized that he was completely naked, and she took her place beside him. She couldn't keep her pussy from clenching in need, as she looked at his erect cock standing up fully erect. She knew just how good it was going to be to have it's thick length fully inside of her, and the part of her that had forgotten her modesty, was already looking forward to being fucked again.

Master smiled as he saw her face contort with lust and despair, as she stared down between his legs. No doubt her lust over the prospect of getting fucked were conflicting with the rest of her moralistic views, that were still in place inside of her head. He enjoyed the conflict, but he also had a beautiful, and nearly naked young woman sitting at his side, and he wanted very much to give her a far more personal experience.

Sarah squealed in surprise, as he wrapped his hands around her waist and pulled her down beside him. He seated her at his side, as he reached up to cup her rounded breasts through the sheer chemise. She wasn't able to fight down the moans of pleasure, as he gently fondled her. Her arousal had been unleashed from the moment that Holli had unplugged her, and now she couldn't suppress her body's reaction to the erotic attention that her body was receiving.

"You should be proud of your body Sarah. There isn't a man alive that wouldn't

want to enjoy your beauty." her Master whispered into her ear, as he continued playing with her soft tittie mounds. He enjoyed the feeling of real breasts far more than the perfectly molded orbs on his pixies, and Sarah's were perfect, still firm and perky with youth. He could spend all day enjoying them, and he was in no hurry today.

Sarah just sat there and endured, trying not to let him think that she was enjoying his massage, as much as she truly was. Most of the boys that she'd been with, had appreciated her breasts, but getting her into the sack was their true interest. Master was different, she noted, as he took his time caressing her twin orbs. He was slow, patient, and seemed to savor her pert pair of boobs. Before today she wouldn't have believed that she could be brought to orgasm, just from having her breasts played with, but he was teaching her a lesson today. His fingers seemed to know just how to squeeze and rub and press her tender flesh. Occasionally she would gasp, as he tweaked or rubbed one of her hardened little nipples.

"Do you like this?" he whispered again, as he continued. He'd already noticed that she had stopped shrinking away from his touch, and was actually pressing her chest into his hands openly, and wiggling into his fingers. Fucking a girl into an orgasm was easy, especially in the state that Sarah was in, but breasts were a far more challenging avenue, and Master enjoyed the challenge.

"Mmm hmm." Sarah hummed, not wanting to put her true feelings into words. Somehow, expressing how much she was enjoying his touch in words, would violate her honor more than any other way. She'd never been stimulated this way before, and her breasts were simply tingling with energy from his every caress.

Master could feel his new pet quivering on the verge of release, and continued molding her flesh with his hands. With just one orgasm like this, she would be putty in his hands for the rest of the day, regardless of her previous misgivings, and with any luck, she might even become enthusiastic over their coupling, but Master wasn't expecting that from her quite yet. A few more sessions with her, and she might become that pliable. Still, he was more than

willing to enjoy her just as she was now, and let her progress take its course.

By now she was no longer repressing any of her moans boiling up through her throat. She was in heaven, and for the moment, everything else around her fell away. Even the empty need coming from between her legs was dwarfed by the fires being lit on her chest.

Then he took both of her quaking orbs in his hands, and squeezed them firmly. She cried out as she felt her body explode in a mass of pleasure, all coming from her chest. She fell back onto him, as a wave of raw energy crashed through her, wiping out all other thoughts from her mind.

Master held her comfortably against himself, as she enjoyed the feelings he had stirred within her. He enjoyed playing with tigers, and enjoyed taming them just as much. He was already slipping his hand between her legs and parting them, so that he could explore her mound. He smiled to himself when she spread her legs apart for him, with no more than a casual touch at the top of her mound. She would be tame for his pleasures tonight, he thought, as he slipped his fingers between her damp folds.

Sarah mewled at his explorations, still too awash in her own pleasures to object to his indecent advances. In fact she found herself enjoying his touch between her lower lips. He had just primed her body for sex, and she suddenly didn't want him to stop now. Her pussy was aching to be filled, and her body was still rippling from the pleasures that his touch had stirred within her. She knew that her inhibitions would disappear once she was aroused, and she was burning with lust now.

"Did you enjoy that Sarah? Are you ready to serve me now?" her Master asked, as his fingers ruffled the engorged petals between her legs.

His question brought her back to a little bit of clarity, against the backdrop of her burning passion. Still, while she now remembered how she came to be in this man's arms, she couldn't deny the pleasures that she had just enjoyed, or the needs that she now ran through her entire body. Even if she wasn't under

the cloud of soul robbing punishment, she wouldn't have been able to stop herself from doing just what he wanted her to. She turned to look up at him shyly, while she sent a hand between his legs, to take hold of the hard shaft resting there.

"I liked it, sir," she whispered meekly, as she wrapped her fingers around him, "and you can do whatever you want to me."

Master looked down into her sheepishly lustful eyes, and broke out laughing. The sight of such lust and shyness combined was more than he could fight. She looked up at him in surprise, at his rather unexpected roars of laughter, but he didn't give her long to consider it. He fell back onto the pillows, and picked her up by the waist, depositing her onto his stomach, with her legs straddling his sides. He took a moment to enjoy the sight of this lovely girl, lost to the ravages of lust, resting for a moment atop him, her breasts still proudly tenting out the sheer fabric of her chemise. He didn't regret choosing her for a moment.

He looked up into her eyes and smiled. She nodded, warmly in response and lifted her hips, as she moved into position to ride him, just as Jenny had done only days before. Sarah wasn't thinking of that now, rather her entire attention was on the man beneath her, and the wonderful cock that was about to satisfy the horrible emptiness in her pussy. Master watched as she positioned herself, merrily looking forward to a very enjoyable afternoon with his latest toy.

\*\*\*

"Master?" Wendy asked, draping herself seductively against Marcus's side, and looking up at him with her best-lost puppy pout.

"Yes?" Marcus prompted, as he tried to walk with her clinging to him.

"Do I really have to wear these clothes Master? They're so itchy, and I know



that I look much better without them!" she whimpered.

She was dressed in a simple silk dress, the smoothest, most comfortable fabric that could be found. It showed off her form nicely as well, hanging from her spherical shaped breasts, and slinking tightly against her legs. Marcus had tried to get her into more conservative clothes, but she came as close to outright refusal as a slave could get. In the end, he didn't have the strength to force her to wear it, and instead made her wear this dress. She wasn't pleased exactly, but after looking in the mirror, she ceased her more severe resistance. Marcus figured that this was part of her slave training, not to wear any clothing at all. It would cut down on the chance that she could easily escape, if she somehow regained the will to do so. Aside from that, she did have a stunning body, and if it wasn't for the other agents, Marcus would have been content to let her exhibitionist streak rule her.

"I told you, that its not appropriate when we're out like this. If you don't want to wear the dress, you can go back to your room." Marcus replied calmly.

He hadn't even wanted to take her out of her room, given her behavior, but after a few hours by herself, she had started crying to see him. Finally it was decided that she could tag along with him, so long as she behaved, and part of behaving, was wearing clothes.

"Okay Master." she replied as she smiled and snuggled into him even more fiercely. She only wanted to be naked, because she that knew he would enjoy her sexy body all the more that way. She knew girls didn't normally go around naked, but she didn't mind, and anything that she could do to please her master was acceptable to her.

Marcus just shook his head in frustration, not knowing what to do with his new sex slave. That was something he never thought he'd have to deal with. Through all of the cases that he'd dealt with, he'd wistfully thought about the good side of having a sex slave. That was all fantasy however, and even though Wendy certainly fit the mold in terms of performance in bed, Marcus had never considered the ramifications of having a clinging, adoring girl latched onto

his side, while he was trying to do his work.

"You haven't had her surgically attached to you, have you?" Mel quizzed, as she saw her partner's predicament. She wanted to break out laughing, but she'd already done enough of that in the last day, watching the pair going all over the Bureau together.

"Of course not. She just likes my company." Marcus tried to put a good spin on having his new companion latched to him at the hip.

Wendy suddenly pulled away from him, and stepped in front of Marcus, thrusting out both her chest and her hand towards Mel. "Hi! I'm Wendy Braumer, and I am Master's new slave girl."

Mel looked at the perky girl in front of her with an odd wonderment. She'd seen mind control work before, yet she couldn't recall ever seeing something this outwardly entrenched. Mel had to fight off the notion that this girl truly wanted this existence, Wendy was that convincing. "Yeah, I know, we met earlier. I'm Mel, Marcus's partner."

"I guess, but that was before. I've only really been alive for two days, since Master claimed me." Wendy chimed back, smiling fully, as she shook Mel's hand.

Marcus rolled his eyes again. This wasn't anything new to him, Wendy had been going on like that since he'd freed her tongue. After he'd recovered from their first coupling, Marcus had done what he could to free Wendy from her programming. He gave her back her name, and gave her free rein over her actions. Still, Wendy had been fully conditioned to be a sex slave, and even when given the choice, she would submit joyously to him. He learned that she remembered everything about her old life, but she didn't care, nothing mattered now except for him.

"So, how is she?" Mel whispered to her partner. She didn't want to be rude, but something about Wendy just sent shivers up her spine. She knew what it was, the fact that a girl could be so completely subverted, and that notion scared

her. Mel carried a deep hatred for mind controllers, from all of the damage that they'd done, but Wendy was a sick work of art compared to the rest, a testament to the depths of evil in the world.

"We have a couple more sessions with the telepaths later today. They think that they're making progress, but I haven't really noticed. Otherwise we've about pumped Wendy out of all of the information that she knows." he replied.

"Yeah, and I knew a lot of good stuff too, didn't I Master?" Wendy interjected, as she beamed proudly. She didn't understand it, but her master had almost been happier when she told them of all the details of her trainer's facilities than he'd been after she'd pleased him. She didn't worry herself about it, anything that made him happy was good to her.

"You certainly did." Marcus replied, as he patted her on the head, like she had been a good puppy, then looked up to Mel. "We don't have a precise location yet, but we got positive ID's on several of the people there, though not on the man in charge. Unfortunately all of them were other slaves, but it does confirm our earlier data on who has been taken. There was one woman who was flagged though."

"Holli Chapel. She was kidnaped about six years ago. She wandered back into a town in western Nebraska about a year later, seemingly none the worse for wear. Since then, she's distanced herself from her family and has taken a personal assistant job for an unknown employer somewhere in northern Kansas. She shows up in the local towns to pick up supplies, do deliveries and such, every few days." Mel rattled off.

She'd watched the interview as well, and had already done the legwork. It wasn't common practice to keep track of recovered kidnap victims, but Holli's case had been tracked since no one had ever been caught for the crime, and the fact that Holli herself discouraged the investigation. The local law enforcement had figured that Holli had just eloped or something, but her case had wound up at the Bureau, and though they didn't find anything, they weren't so quick to close the case.

"Holli was nice, and very pretty, but I have better boobies." Wendy piped up, somehow hoping to contribute, as she thrust her chest out to show off her own globes.

Marcus shook his head and tried to ignore her. "And that area corresponds to the nanotech supplies and equipment that we've traced was shipped to, but we couldn't find in use. And the two agents that disappeared in the Nebraska area a few weeks ago. An awful lot of coincidences."

Mel nodded. "That's what we thought. We've got agents moving into the area to try and track down Holli, and see if she'll lead us back to anything. An assault team is being readied right now to go in as soon as we have something. We've been asked to go with them. They need a pair of experts on the equipment, to make sure nothing is damaged, so that we have a chance at helping the victims."

"I'll get myself ready to go. How long before a staging area is ready?" he asked.

"We'll have a place just west of Lincoln set up in less than six hours. They'll need us there as soon as we can get there." Mel replied. It would take them about three hours to travel there, so they still had a bit of time to get their stuff. Operations like this weren't uncommon, and both partners were well prepared to go with such little notice.

"Alright, I'll see you on the runway in two hours." Marcus replied, as he headed out of the room. He didn't have too much time to assemble his gear, and he had to deal with his new tag along.

"Where are we going Master?" Wendy chirped, as she swayed along behind him, doing her best to keep up with his determined pace, while still appearing graceful and sexy.

"You can't come with me, Wendy. It's not safe for you. I'll leave you with

Agent Poe. You'll do everything that he tells you to do, alright?" he instructed her. He only hoped that she wouldn't object too much.

"Yes Master, but I really don't want to stay behind. Who's going to fuck you, if I'm not around?" Wendy whimpered, hoping to convince him that he really did want to take her along.

"I'll be fine. I just don't want to put you in any danger. We'll have plenty of time for sex when I get back." he answered. He laughed at himself for the kind of promises he had to make to her. In truth, this was the one thing about having Wendy around that he did enjoy, the fact that she would never turn down his advances. It did take away the thrill of the conquest, but she did make up for it with her raw determination.

"Okay Master, I can't wait until then!" she squealed, already looking forward to getting to fuck her master again. "Do you have time for a quickie before you go, Master? I'd really like to send you off in style."

"I wish I did, but I barely have enough time to get my equipment ready as it is. I'll make it up to you later." Marcus replied. The notion was tempting, and if he pushed it, he could make the time. Still, he had far more important things to worry about right now, than the extremely tempting little vixen swaying along behind him.

"Alright Master." she replied, finished in her attempts to seduce him. For now she simply accepted that her master didn't want her attentions, until he returned from his trip. She wished that she would have the chance to please him one more time, but she was learning when to cut her invitations short. Her master would use her when he wished, and was fully aware of her willingness and desire to please him at his whim.

Marcus noted, as Wendy ceased her appeals, that she was learning to accept his style of domination. She had obviously been programmed for someone far more intent on using her constantly, but she was adapting to his preferences quickly. He figured that within a few more days, she would settle into being his

faithful slave so well, that he might not even find her role distracting, aside from the sex of course. He wasn't sure whether or not the idea of getting used to having a sex slave was good or bad.

But for now, there were far more important concerns. He had to prepare himself for his next test, unsure of what he was going to be walking into within the next few days. His standard field lab would already be on the plane along with most of his gear. Only his personal kit would need to be put together, and there wasn't too much to worry about there. This wasn't a vacation, clothes and basic hygienics where all he needed, in addition to the case background information. There was no doubt that this organization was dangerous, he only hoped that they weren't ready for the Bureau.

Part: 5

Holli walked into her Master's chambers without knocking, not that it would have been heard over Molly's cries of pleasure. Being his personal assistant did give her some privileges, including the discretion to interrupt him when something important was happening. Holli was hardly surprised to see Molly stark naked, and hard at work pumping her pussy on her Master's hard shaft, while he lay beneath her, obviously enjoying her performance. Nor was she shocked to find Sarah equally naked, with her mouth sucking on their Master's balls and shaft, as well as Molly's pussy. Master certainly did enjoy having multiple slaves attending to him, and these two had obviously been busy judging by the sheen of sweat on them, and the thick musk of feminine arousal in the air.

"I'm sorry to disturb you Master." Holli chirped from the side of his bed, enjoying the sight of his cock at work in Molly's pussy. The next best thing to being fucked by him, was knowing that his cock was being properly pleased by another slave, even if it wasn't her. She wasn't even jealous of the other slaves, one of her Master's gifts, but Holli was envious, and she wanted more chances to pleasure him herself. Still, she knew that he enjoyed the attention of new slaves better than her, and that made up some for her own need to

pleasure him, since she was the mistress of the harem, and she had some part in preparing the slaves that he would be enjoying.

Molly instantly quieted her unrestrained moans of passion to mere whimpers, so that Holli and Master could converse. She didn't change her pace any though, being sure to give her Master the fucking that he desired. For a fleeting moment, Molly realized just what she had done and why, recognizing just how much of a plaything that she'd become. That thought drifted away in mere moments

however, as she focused on the wonderful shaft that she was pumping herself on.

"Yes, what do you need, Holli?" her Master asked, his attention still focused mostly on the lovely girl humping his shaft, and the equally beautiful girl busy sucking and licking his balls. Sarah had come far for being a new slave, but today he hadn't been in the mood for playing with her. She'd initially resisted his commands to pleasure his sack, while he fucked Molly, and now she had a new need to do just that. The Master smiled at the thought, Sarah was certainly much better with her tongue, when she wanted to be licking him.

"Our sentries have reported a number of government agents inquiring about me in the surrounding towns. The agents have not said why, but they have been tracked, and it appears that a staging area for an assault team is being prepared." Holli reported.

The notion that anyone could have tied her back to Master concerned Holli. That she could be the one to bring danger to him, made her nearly nauseous, but for now she had to serve him. Hopefully she could make up for her failings.

"I see, this was not unexpected. Have you finished making the preparations that we discussed?" her Master asked. After he'd taken the two agents who had been sneaking around his compound a few weeks before, he'd been expecting their controlling agency to come looking for them. He was surprised that it was Holli that proved to be the draw, but that was of no concern now. After initially converting the two agents, he probed them for their secrets, and beyond the volume of general data about the organization, he was able to

develop a defensive strategy for his facility.

"Yes, Master, everything has been done as you ordered. Should I prepare for your relocation?" Holli asked.

Once the Bureau's forces found his compound, it would no longer be safe. This was something he'd known for some time, and had long since constructed other compounds to retreat to, all maintained by other slaves.

"Yes, but I won't be leaving until I've had a chance to greet our guests. Do send the harem off as soon as you leave. Prepare a space for these two on my personal transport, as they'll be leaving with us." her Master ordered.

He'd miss his harem for a few days, but Sarah and Molly would keep him entertained, he had no doubt. He looked forward to doling out his next move with the Bureau. Since the moment he'd learned of it, he knew he'd have to deal with them, show them just how much of a threat he was. It was a gamble, that they might not be willing to back down, but he had plans for that as well.

"Of course Master, are there any other instructions that you have for me?" Holli asked. She'd have plenty to do, just looking over the relocation, but this was a crucial time, and she couldn't allow something important to be overlooked. The defenses were in order, now all that was left was plotting the escape.

"No, Holli. Just keep me informed of any developments and any visitors to our compound, no matter how expected. Now, attend to your duties." her Master said, as he dismissed his assistant.

He had no doubt that Holli would get things organized in ideal fashion. She'd shined in that role since he loosened up on his control over her several years ago. Sometimes he'd idly wonder about just what she'd been in her old life, but it didn't really interest him that much.

"Of course Master, enjoy yourself." Holli chimed, and then trotted out of the



room. She smiled as she heard Molly's cries of passion fill the air again, as she closed the door on Master's chambers. Holli didn't doubt that her Master was going to have a very pleasurable afternoon.

\*\*\*

Marcus shot back to consciousness, as he felt a needle pulled out of his neck. The operation had not gone well, the team had no more than entered the top level of the compound, when they were ambushed. He did his best to cover for the team, but the robot like defenders didn't flinch. It was only moments later when he noticed that the team was being taken down with some kind of tranquilizers. No sooner had he ordered a retreat, than he felt something pinch his leg and he drifted off to sleep.

"Hello, Mr. Shon, or should I say Felix Horner. It is amazing the lengths that your Bureau will go to hide its agents. I must admit that I am impressed, but I have certain persuasive capabilities that allow me to sift through such deceptions. I hope you don't mind your accommodations." the Master said, smiling as he looked at his catch from across his desk. His ambush had worked perfectly, the entire team had been captured, and as he'd hoped, Marcus had been part of the team.

"I'm honored, why the interest in me, Larange?" Marcus asked.

Just like any of the other agents his past had been cleared to prevent him from being tied back to anyone or anything in the real world. Given what he knew about this man, none of that would matter, he had the capabilities to pull whatever information he needed from others.

"I see that you've do your research well, but that's why I expected you to be part of this team. I'm interested in you only because I know you can appreciate the quality of my work. You see, I need a messenger, and I know you can understand the message." Larange replied.

He wasn't surprised by Marcus's knowledge of his identity. It had only been by luck that he'd been able to disappear as well as he had, and Larange knew a determined search would likely turn him up. Of course, he expected it and knew that he would have to meet with anyone who would go to all of that trouble.

"I'm not a messenger." Marcus replied curtly. He looked to his sides and noticed a seductively clad woman to each side of him, pointing a gun at him. This certainly wasn't a social call, that much he knew, and he wasn't the man in control of the situation.

"I'm sure that you would prefer this fate, to the one I have chosen for the other members of your team." Larange replied, waving his hand, towards a large monitor on the wall beside him.

Marcus gasped as he saw it come to life. The scene was panning across an open room filled with pillowed beds, ferns, and the Bureau assault team. Each one of them was naked, and in the midst of a very involved orgy. The camera zoomed in for a moment on one group, and he quickly saw that the females of the team had received the same treatment as Wendy had, and the men had been modified in an equivalent fashion. The thing that truly scared him though was the blank look in their faces as they fucked each other. He couldn't suppress the notion that they'd all been mind wiped, and were now nothing more than toys for this demented man.

"You bastard!" Marcus screamed, and tried to lunge at Larange. He was stopped by someone holding onto his shoulders, and the two women stepped clearly into his vision, to remind him of his position.

"Where's Mel?" Marcus demanded as he sat back down. He hadn't noticed her on the screen, and only hoped that she hadn't become another fuck toy. He was incensed about the fate of the team, but Mel was his partner, and that was a bond that would demand revenge before any other.

"No need to worry, she was not part of that conversion. I only converted the

rest of your team, because I couldn't very well have them harassing me again. You would have joined them, if I didn't need a message delivered. Of course, I understand the bonds that partners share, and I would have neglected my purpose if I'd done anything severe to dear Mel." Larange replied.

He had enjoyed watching the agents as they were converted, realizing what they were being turned into. He wished he could have joined in on the fun more personally, but he didn't have much time to finish his business and leave. Doubtlessly another assault was being planned, and he didn't have any need to be present for that.

Larange bent over his intercom and pressed a button. "Holli, would you please show Miss Fisher in?"

The door behind Larange's desk opened a moment later, and Holli led Mel out into the room. Marcus looked on in shock, as he saw his partner walk in. Mel was dressed in a lacy white teddy and nothing else. Not only that, but she was standing so that her well-rounded breasts were thrust out, while she blushed furiously. Marcus couldn't remember a time when Mel had ever been embarrassed, and he'd walked in on her in more than one compromising position. Finally, he could swear that the crotch of her teddy was wet, and that her nipples were erect beneath the teddy's cups.

"What did you do to her?" he asked, as he regained his focus.

Larange simply smiled for a moment, letting the question hang in the air.

Mel shivered, as she stood there, trying to make sense of the new feelings coursing through her. She had woken up naked, confused and oddly calm. Mel knew that the mission had failed, and that she'd been hit with a tranquilizer dart, and for a moment feared the worst. She hadn't been able to keep focused on that however, in fact she found it hard to think at all, like she was fighting some kind of fog in her head. Even so, Mel couldn't summon any concern about it. Soon she found herself simply staring up at the ceiling, content in thoughtlessness. Some time later Holli had come to her, and told

her to put on the teddy. Mel did so without complaint, though internally she tried to figure out why she was doing so, and why she liked putting it on so much. Holli told Mel that she was going to be taken to see Marcus, and Mel suddenly felt herself flutter. She wasn't sure where that came from, but quickly followed Holli, in order to see her partner.

Now she was standing nearly naked in front of him, presenting herself like some kind of lamb to the slaughter. She knew that this wasn't like herself at all, but the most she could summon was a deep blush, as she presented herself to him.

"Marcus, I think they did something to me." Mel chirped meekly.

She'd never felt so small before. Mel had always tried to control her situation, but now she could feel it controlling her. She was engulfed by a powerless feeling, that her fate wasn't her own anymore. It disturbed her that she found the feeling so wonderfully natural, that she had to fight hard not to just give into it. The urge to bare herself in front of these men surged through her as well, and she had to catch herself more than once to keep from pulling down the shoulder straps of her teddy. It was so unreal she thought, that she both wanted to show off her body, but knew that she shouldn't want to at the same time. Below that maelstrom was another brewing desire that she noticed every time she looked at her partner, and she couldn't deny the strength of that passion either, as she felt her pussy quiver.

"Are you feeling a bit uncomfortable dear?" Larange asked, as he eyed Mel again fiddling with the straps of her teddy. He enjoyed seeing her like this, and considered the possibilities for future conversions. "I don't think anyone would mind if you made yourself more comfortable."

"You fucked with my head didn't you, sir?" Mel whimpered, as she finally grabbed onto the straps and pulled them down. It felt so good as she pulled the garment down, with a long smooth motion, slowly uncovering herself. First she noticed that her breasts popped free of the confining cups, and smiled happily, as she thrust them out in front of her proudly.

"Oh yes that feels much better!" Mel cried out, as she jiggled her chest a little, for the moment not caring just how out of character her actions were. Having her breasts jiggling freely in the open air was just so wonderfully natural, that she couldn't help herself. With that wonderful feeling of freedom driving her, Mel pulled down the rest of her teddy, and peeled its crotch away from hers. She gasped as she looked down between her legs to see that she was completely hairless between her legs. She thought about it for a moment, as she stepped out of the teddy, and couldn't think of a reason why it wasn't better to be hairless down there. She knew that it wasn't right, but she couldn't summon up any good reason to support that feeling, especially in the light of how nice her naked pussy looked without any hair on it. Her thoughts quickly drifted to other more important things to do with her newly hairless pussy, and her attention fell moved to her partner, who was sitting in front of her. She'd flirted with the idea of coupling with him before, but now the notion was wrapped in a dire need to do so, and somehow she knew that only he could fill it.

"Better?" Larange asked, as he looked at Mel's smiling face, and the rest of her lovely form. She certainly had a nice body, and those years of agency training had left her nicely toned. He wished for a moment that he could indulge, but this prize wasn't for him. She had other responsibilities.

"Much! Thank you, sir." Mel chimed. In her reply she found her focus again. "This isn't right, sir, I shouldn't like being naked so much, or want Marcus like this. Why did you do this to me?"

Larange was enjoying the game, and doing his best to play Marcus as best as he could. "I need you as an example my dear. You were infected with my latest work, a viral nanobot. It behaves much like any virulent infectious disease, except that it's effects are related to your personality, rather than your general health. Don't worry, I've deactivated and cleaned the infection from your system so you aren't contagious."

Mel shivered, as she heard his explanation. She knew it was all true, given

her current behavior, and even knowing that she was under his control, she couldn't find the will to fight these feelings. Now that she was naked, her focus was quickly turning from her own predicament to her partner, and the more interesting parts of his anatomy, rather than how she ended up in this predicament.

"What do you want?" Marcus demanded, still struggling with his own fury to keep from trying to rip this man apart. He had little doubt that the women guarding him would shoot him dead if he tried it though. The thought that Mel had been messed with like this simply infuriated him, and for a moment, he considered that it might be worth the risk, if he could actually manage to kill Larange.

"This is simply a demonstration that I wish your Bureau to see. I have readied agents of my own, to distribute the viral agent into major population centers around the world, if I should suddenly disappear or order them to do so. Insurance I would say, against what you attempted to do to me yesterday. I want nothing more than to be left alone, I am willing to keep a low profile and to release my pets when I am finished enjoying them. All that I require is that the Bureau leave me to my indulgences. I will give your people a week to consider my proposal, and to weigh the consequences." Larange explained.

He'd planned for this day almost since he started. He knew someone would come for him eventually, and he only hoped that he was holding a trump card that even the most fool hardy sole wouldn't risk letting him play. He really didn't want to rule the world, it was far too much trouble simply maintaining a small harem. Everything he'd done, aside from enjoying his toys, was to acquire the resources necessary to head off his potential adversaries, and he was more than pleased that they seemed to have given him enough time to put all of his pieces in place.

Marcus mulled Larange's words, as he thought about his partner. She was obviously in the midst of Larange's influence, naked, clearly aroused, and devoutly attentive to himself. He'd seen a look similar to that in Wendy, in her time with him, the only difference was, that Mel still held on with a

small sparkle in her eye, and a confident, if not alluring pose. He had no idea what the Bureau chiefs would say about this, but if this madman could do what he did to Mel across the globe, there didn't seem to be much choice.

Mel had tried to pay attention to the words being exchanged around her, but she'd lost the fight to more important drives. As the two men talked she couldn't help herself but to walk slowly closer to Marcus, and she swore that she could smell him in the air somehow. Her mind was in a turmoil, still trying to regain control, but these needs that she felt were all so overwhelming that it was a struggle simply for her to recognize that she shouldn't want this much, less actually do anything about it. As she heard Larange finish his explanation she was kneeling in front of Marcus, and reaching for his belt.

He jumped back in his seat, as he felt her between his legs. He reached down and grabbed her by her arms, and forced her to look up at him. "Mel, get a hold of yourself, you can fight this!"

Mel shuddered in ecstasy at his touch, astonished that anything could feel this good. It took a moment for his words to sink in, and though she knew why he said such things, she couldn't find it in herself to fight this. She looked into his eyes, and pleaded with her partner. "Please, Marcus, I need to taste you so bad. I know how wrong it is, but I just have to have your cock in my mouth. Please Marcus, let me, I know you'll enjoy it."

Marcus pulled away from her in shock at her words. Mel had always been the tough one, and to see her reduced to this scared him. He certainly didn't want to let her give in like this, but he didn't know what he could do.

"Please Marcus, enjoy her. I can imagine that you've had your eye on her for some time. Her needs will only grow more intensely, the longer that they go unfulfilled. Eventually she will burn out with pent up desire, and I'm sure that you wouldn't want to see that happen to your sweet little partner, now would you?" Larange laughed, as he watched Marcus fend off Mel's incessant assault on his crotch. If nothing else, he was pleased to get this much of a show. He knew that Mel would adjust to her new needs in a few days, and he

diligently made sure that her original personality was left intact, and functional, except when her new desires would take over. He hoped that the Bureau would take her as the warning he meant her to be, and do the right thing. If not, he'd have the responsibility for caring for the whole world, and not just a small harem.

"Please, Marcus? Don't you care about me, partner? All I need is to suck on your cock. Can't you do that for me, after all we've been through?" Mel begged.

She was blushing furiously the whole time, as she tried to open up his jeans and free his cock. She could already see that he was hard by the outline in his crotch, and she could barely contain her anxiety to wrap her lips around it as quickly as possible.

Marcus surrendered, not knowing what else to do. It took Mel only a moment to tear open his pants and extract his cock. She stared at it dreamily for a moment, as she caressed it with her fingers. Then she bent forward and engulfed it in one gulp. He groaned, amazed that she seemed as adept at oral sex as Wendy had been, before realizing where that knowledge must have come from.

Mel was in heaven, as she savored the taste and feel of his cock inside of her mouth. She'd never really given oral sex before, but from the noises that he was making, she had little doubt that she was doing it right. She was happy about that, and turned her full focus towards giving her partner the best blow job that she could.

Larange watched the two agents, and considered just how convincing an example Mel would be. Once she regained her composure, she'd probably express the danger herself, and that alone should prove his case. He already had a helicopter waiting to take them back to their base, and his own escape was ready as well. It wouldn't be long and he'd have his answer. He only hoped that the Bureau made the right choice.

\*\*\*



"Oh god Marcus, that was so good!" Mel cooed, as she felt her partner's shaft softening inside of her. She pulled his hands back up to her naked breasts, as she sat on his lap. "You know I'm going to have to tease you for taking advantage of me like this, don't you?"

"You're the one who can't stop! Are you sure that you're alright?" Marcus asked, doing his best not to enjoy his partner's attentions too much, as the chopper they were on flew towards the Bureau's staging area. This was one of Larange's helicopters, but it didn't matter, there wasn't anyone left at the staging area that could do anything to stop it from going back to his base. Mel was his current concern, and she was simply insatiable right at the moment. He worried about just how much Larange had affected her.

"Aside from not being able to stop acting like a nymphomaniac, I'm fine, and with your nice hard cock inside me, I'm great." Mel giggled, another bizarre sound to come from her. She couldn't help herself, which surprised her as much as anything else. It was like her impulse control was gone, and even Marcus's attempts to stop her didn't do anything to slow down her advances. She knew her mind had been toyed with, and that she wasn't really herself, but none of that helped her regain enough control to do anything other than try to get Marcus hard again, so that they could keep playing.

"What are we going to do? That maniac wants to fuck up the whole planet, just like he did to you, and I don't see how we can stop him." Marcus lamented, as he felt her pussy rippling on him, getting his shaft hard again.

"I don't know, Marcus, I really can't keep my attention on anything, except your sexy bod." Mel replied, as she started to hump herself up and down on his hardening shaft again. She was worried about Larange's plans as well, but she couldn't keep her focus on it, not enough to help Marcus anyway. The only thing that she could help him with, was another orgasm.

"Please Mel, can you be quiet, I need to think." Marcus asked, caressing his partner's cheek, as he did so.

"Sure, so long as you don't make me stop humping you." Mel giggled again. She quieted herself down after that, and worked on fucking herself on her partner, with long, slow strokes, so that he could think.

If having Wendy following around and calling him master was strange, having Mel behaving like a complete slut was scary. He didn't know what to do, and every attempt that he'd made to slow her down just reduced her to begging until he gave in. If this was what Larange's virus could do to the world, there wouldn't be much of civilization left after it was done. He didn't like the idea of letting a mad man like that run free, but letting him destroy civilization wasn't very appealing either. He was glad that he didn't have to make the final decision, and as soon as he gave his report, he'd turn his focus back to helping Mel and Wendy. Marcus simply hoped that things would work out. He didn't know how just yet, but he couldn't believe that everything around him could fall apart.

Part 6 (mc, nc, mf, ff)

"Hello, um, ladies and gentlemen." Mel stammered, as she gripped the podium. She closed her eyes for a moment to focus again, or rather to get her focus off of her thoughts of her partner. She breathed in and out, with several labored breaths, and felt the silky fabric of her dress run over her sensitive breasts, as her chest heaved. She knew that everyone in the room could see her hardened little nipples through the soft fabric. In fact, she was happy about it, both because it showed off how cute her nipples were, and just how thoroughly her mind had been fucked with.

It hadn't even been a week since she'd been captured and infected with the Bimbo Virus, as it was being affectionately called around the Bureau. She had barely been able to think straight, her first few days, except in a few moments of wonderful clarity, right after her partner Marcus had thoroughly fucked her. Every cell of her body was focused on sex, and all of that energy was focused

on Marcus. Mel knew just how screwed up she was, just how wrong she was behaving, but she couldn't control herself. If she was around Marcus, all she could do was paw him and plead with him, until she could pleasure him, and if she was away from him, all she could think of was how to seduce him next.

The Bureau's telepaths worked with Mel, after she and Marcus had spent a couple of days in quarantine. No one was willing to trust the word of a mad man, that she wasn't contagious. She remembered the days fondly, or at least the new part of her that was a completely an unashamed slut did. She'd spent the entire time fucking Marcus, in full view of the staff on the other side of the isolation chamber. The dual thrill of pleasuring Marcus, and showing off her sexy body could still send ripples of heat through her. The telepaths had helped her gain some ability to suppress her new desires, not completely, but enough for her to do some work, and enough for this very important presentation.

All of the heads of the Bureau were in the room, along with several representatives of other top-level government agencies from around the world. The threat that Larange represented was one that everyone would have to deal with, and as such, all responsible parties had been gathered for a conference on the matter. They had already been presented with the information regarding the threat Larange represented. Her job was simple, to further detail the events of the virus and demonstrate its effectiveness. It hadn't been easy for her to pull herself together for this presentation. With only days to prepare, she didn't have very much information to present, aside from her affliction, and she was barely in control of herself. Even her dress had proven to be a problem, just like Wendy, Mel was terribly uncomfortable in anything except the most sheer and light fabrics. The long silky dress that she was wearing now was something more akin to sleep wear, than anything else, but it was the most that she could tolerate putting on. The truth was, it didn't really matter, the very fact that she couldn't wear anything more modest was part of the presentation.

The crowd was quiet now. She didn't know just how long she'd been standing there regaining her focus, but she knew she had to do her job before she

succumbed again. "Sorry about that, I'm here because I'm the only person who's been exposed to the Larange Nano Virus, or the Bimbo Virus as our sexually repressed lab staff call it. Of course, it is a fair description, given its effects."

Mel turned on a screen, showing a picture of her from the Bureau's archives. She was modestly dressed and looked every bit the professional agent. "I am one of the Bureau's investigative agents, and was recently put on the trail of a slave ring operating in North America. In the course of our investigation we tracked the source of this ring to Patrick Larange, and I was captured during a raid on one of his facilities. My partner Marcus," she suddenly stopped, and started doing her breathing exercises again. Just the fleeting thought of him had her reeling in lust. She felt her entire body flush, and she wanted nothing more than to feel him ravaging her willing flesh, right that instant. It wasn't easy, but she refocused on her current task. Marcus had fucked her furiously right before her presentation, and had promised her a good fucking afterwards.

"Sorry about that, I got kind of distracted." Mel said, as she smiled weakly. She could see the look of concern on the faces of the people watching her. They'd all read the reports, but seeing a nearly naked woman, who had an established agent record nearly collapse with lust, right before them, was jarring. She only hoped that it would spur them on a decisive decision.

"My partner and I were captured, as were the rest of our team. My partner and I were allowed to return, after I was infected, to deliver Larange's ultimatum. He kept the rest of our team as slaves, transforming their minds and bodies, much as he did with Wendy Braumer. We don't know their fate beyond that."

"The virus is very effective, if my demeanor hasn't made that point clear. In fact, I'm barely keeping myself together right now, and this is the hardest part of my presentation. As far as we can discern, all the effects of the Larange Virus are mental, aside from an increased sensitivity to the sense of touch. The mental effects are significant. I am in a nearly constant state of arousal, and it is only with the help of the Bureau's trained telepathic staff

have I been able to keep myself coherent this long. I am constantly horny, and I dearly want to tear this dress off, so that my body can breath properly. My sexual attention is fully locked on my partner, though we believe that the virus was modified slightly in my case, to create this effect, rather than have my affections turn to any available sex partner. I could go on, but I think that you all get the idea. Are there any questions?" Mel huffed, trying to retain control after rambling over her current state. Just thinking about her condition made her horny, and as she waited for questions, she couldn't help but reach up and squeeze on one of her breasts, and pinch a nipple. It was horribly immodest, but she found it somewhat calming, as an act of masturbatory foreplay, to the main event that Marcus would be beginning shortly.

Her sudden display of inappropriate behavior seemed to silence the crowd. They all just looked up rather stunned, as she openly fondled herself. It wasn't until she realized what she was doing, and jerked her hand away, that anyone stood to ask her a question. She blushed in embarrassment, but felt herself quiver with renewed lust as well. She was well aware that humiliation now made her even more aroused than before, and it made it very hard for her not to do even more embarrassing things. Even so, she knew that she was standing there with her nipples poking her dress out, as her chest heaved with each deep breath that she took.

"Do you believe Larange will carry though with his threat?" Director Carol McConnel from MI-5, British intelligence asked.

"I didn't really have a chance to interact with him, but given his general behavior, I believe that he will try to carry out his threat, if his demands are not met. Knowing just how completely he can control people, his agents likely don't even know their mission, until they have to execute it." Mel replied.

This was the toughest question of the whole operation. Was Larange really a threat, and could he be stopped. Even more important, would he keep his promise not to release the virus, if he were left alone? No one could answer

that question. He would almost certainly release it if he could, but would he not try to take over the world if simply left to his own devices?

The chief presenter walked up and grabbed Mel by the shoulders, and the startled agent let out a moan, at the unexpected contact. Even if her primary focus was her partner, she was still a woman, and with her heightened sensitivity, close proximity to any man was enough to spark a reaction. At least she knew that this ordeal was over, she was happy to have done it, but now she was being drawn to her reward.

"Thanks, Mel, Marcus has been waiting for you outside." The other agent informed her. She bowed slightly to the crowd, and excused herself, only half trying not to race out of the room, and into her partner's arms.

"Hey there, you did great!" Marcus congratulated Mel, as she raced towards him. No sooner had he gotten the words out, than she had wrapped herself around him. Anything else he wanted to say was smothered by her lips, as she ground her entire body against him.

"Hurry!" Mel huffed, pulling herself away just long enough to say it.

Marcus took the hint and pulled away before both of them bolted towards their quarters. Mel raced after him, knowing this was both a game and necessary, if he hadn't broke away, she would have fucked him right out in the open. She didn't really care, but she knew that it would get Marcus in trouble, and she didn't want that to happen.

"Hi Master!" Wendy squealed, as Marcus ran into the room, with Mel right behind him. She giggled and bounced gleefully over to her master, and started to undress him quickly. She did her best to rub her naked flesh against his, as she did so, but her duty was most pressing, she had to get him ready to give Mel a good fucking, then she would get her turn. As she pulled down his shorts, she took a brief moment to wrap her delicate little fingers around his shaft. She cooed, relishing the hardness that she held in her hand, and wishing that she didn't have to wait to service it more fully.

While Wendy was stripping her master, Mel was getting out of her dress. She was so horny, that she tried to just rip herself out of the sheer garment the moment that she had the door closed behind her. It didn't work out so easily though, and she found herself struggling a bit to get herself out of the torn remains of her dress. Finally she looked down at the rags which she had made of her clothes, on the ground around her feet, and stretched out, enjoying the wonderful feeling of being naked again. It was amazingly refreshing, no more constraining cloth hugging her chest, and the tickle of cool air against her pussy. Her revelry at being naked again melted away, as she looked up at Marcus, and his little slave girl. Mel was still a bit unnerved by the girl, even if they were both in much the same situation now. Still, the sight of Marcus's hard cock standing up from between his legs quickly gained her full attention. She could feel her inner fires glowing brighter with just a glance, and now all she wanted to do was to feel it inside her.

Marcus shuddered, as Wendy expertly fondled him, yet another example of her perfect programming as a sex toy. He still couldn't help but to wince a bit at that thought. Certainly, he loved the sensual pleasure of having a sex slave, but he knew that deep down, that Wendy couldn't have wanted this life for herself of her own volition. It was the same for Mel, she didn't want to be driven by lust, but at least with Mel, she was still herself, aside from her uncontrollable urges.

Mel looked up at her partner, and his cock twitched in appreciation of the ravishing woman before him. Her body was well toned and well rounded. Marcus couldn't even count the number of times that he'd had lewd thoughts about his partner, but until her infection, he'd never acted on them. Now though, he hardly had a choice, Mel was almost physically dependent upon his attentions, and he had to admit, that he didn't really mind helping her out all that much.

"Oh, God you look so nice and hard!" Mel giggled, as she took in the sight of her naked and very much-aroused partner. She'd never been greatly attracted to him before, he was pretty average after all. Now though, she couldn't get enough of him, every bulge and line on his body just sent quakes to the core

of her being. She knew it was all part of her reprogramming, but it still felt so real, so absolute, that she couldn't even consider fighting it. Instead, she found herself uncontrollably horny, and willing to do anything to fill the empty space between her legs with his cock.

Marcus simply nodded, as Mel threw her naked body against his. He held her close, as she ground her body into his, pressing her breasts into his chest. Without another word, she reached up and grabbed his head, and guided her lips to his. She couldn't believe just how wonderful it was just to kiss him, to have his lips pressed against hers. She needed more though, her body was crying out for fulfillment.

They fell onto the bed a moment later, each having propelled the other. The couple tumbled for a moment, before coming to rest. Mel smiled as she found herself on her back, and wantonly spread her legs for the man resting atop her. Marcus didn't need any more encouragement, and both of them moaned in ecstasy, as he drove his shaft into her engorged and slickened folds. She cooed as she felt her lower lips part, and let the invader in again, letting it claim her most intimate flesh, and prove once more that she was now owned. She hadn't told Marcus that yet, she didn't know if he'd understand, but she was every bit as much his willing slave as Wendy was, and right now she was absorbed by her need to serve. She could hardly have been happier than she was right at the moment, submitting to Marcus and filled with his cock.

"Aww Mel, you're such a whore! Now hurry up so I can play with Master! My pussy hasn't gotten to play with him all day!" Wendy pouted, as she shamelessly pumped a dildo in and out of her pussy, while she watched her Master and Mel begin their latest round of fucking. Since Mel and Marcus's return, Wendy had felt somewhat deprived, though she rarely spoke of it. Before she'd had Marcus all to herself, but now she had to share him, and like any teenager, she hated to share. It didn't help any that Mel was more aggressive about her needs than she could be. Mel asked, pressed, and pleaded, while Wendy couldn't be as forceful, as her slave submissiveness kept her desire to mimic Mel at bay.



"You heard her! Fuck me Marcus, hammer that wonderful cock of yours into me!" Mel cried out, as she squirmed against the hardness inside her depths. She couldn't get over just how wonderful it felt with Marcus inside of her. Certainly, she had enjoyed sex before now, and all of its wonders, for most of her adult life, but nothing before came even close to the feelings that were stirred within her, since her change. Now she was savoring the cock inside of her, focusing her whole being on caressing that wonderful organ within her pussy.

Marcus didn't have to be told twice, and he started thrusting into his partner's writhing flesh. In moments like this, he could hardly believe his luck. Mel was a pure tiger in bed, and she knew just how to use her sexy little body to its full effect. If he didn't know her better, he would have thought that she'd gotten some of Wendy's sex ed programming, but he'd known a couple of Mel's past lovers, and with her now a simpering sex toy, they weren't shy about sharing tales of her past behavior.

Wendy moaned in time with her master's thrusts. She couldn't take her eyes off of his cock, as she watched it pump in and out of Mel's pussy. She was also thrusting her dildo in time with his rhythm as well, though it wasn't even close to the same feeling as being under her master's muscular body, but for now it was all that she could do. It was practice too, matching her lover's rhythm and studying his actions to clue her in to how close to cumming he was. She had never been much for classrooms before, but now she was a very devoted student, when it came to learning about her Master and how best to please him.

Mel thrashed around beneath Marcus, bucking her hips up to meet his thrusts. Her legs were wrapped around his hips, Her breasts squished against his chest and her lips mashed against his. Every fuck was like this, amazing beyond any experience that she could remember, including the last time Marcus had his flesh pressed into her. This was heaven, she mused, between passion swept breaths, nothing had ever felt this good before, and she knew that every time now, was better than the last. How she got here didn't matter, only the fact that she was being so wonderfully, perfectly fucked by the hottest man that she had ever known.

The couple continued like this for some time. Marcus had gotten plenty of practice in the art of sex during the last few weeks. Wendy had been an excellent teacher, and now Mel was reinforcing all that he had learned. His stamina was substantial now, but he had to be careful not to think too much about how he was fucking his partner, or he'd lose control prematurely. Mel had been a forbidden fruit for so long, that just the thought of her change in status was enough to get him off. When he had her bucking and moaning passionately beneath him, it took great control, not to give in to his cock and just shoot off into her welcoming flesh.

Pleasure could not last forever though, and the passion of their embrace was also bringing both partners to their climax. Mel could sense the increased urgency in his thrusts, and he could hear her pants getting shorter and harsher, as she climbed closer to her own peak. Each of them tried to hold back, working to savor every passion filled moment locked together like this. They couldn't hold out forever though, Mel's warm, tight depths only grew tighter, as she ascended, just as his shaft only grew harder from her intimate grip. The cycle drew them ever closer, until the final moment. They cried out as one, when Marcus rammed himself fully into her depths, and began to fill her with his seed. His sudden full penetration, and the warm spurts within her, sent her over the edge, and she ascended into her own glorious orgasm. Her pussy milked his shaft, as she quaked with pleasure. Nothing could be better than this, she thought, as she felt her insides filling with his manly warmth. She pressed her lips to his again, and they shared a long passionate kiss, as they finished their latest wondrous coupling.

"That was wonderful." Marcus exclaimed smiling, as he rubbed the side of her face. They were still locked together, sharing this moment of gentle intimacy while they could. It was the one problem he faced with having his own harem, there was always another horny woman wanting his attention.

"My turn! My turn!" Wendy giggled, and started bouncing a bit on the bed. She'd gotten a small orgasm off of watching her master enjoying Mel, but now she wanted her own fucking. She gave the pair a few minutes to savor their

coupling, but now it was her turn to pleasure their master.

"I guess we can't keep her waiting." Marcus smiled, as he rolled off of Mel.

"I know you just want some slave girl action, you pig!" Mel giggled.

As soon as he rolled onto his back, she got up and bent down over his soft cock. She licked her lips, looking at his pussy slickened shaft hanging limply before her. She'd acquired quite a taste for cock, since her change, especially one that was dripping in pussy juice. "Well, let's get you all tuned up, so that you can be a good pervert."

Marcus groaned, as Mel wrapped her mouth around his cock and started sucking. He was glad that she could still laugh about her new condition, though occasionally her comments did spawn a bit of guilt in him. He knew that he didn't have much of a choice. Wendy had been forced upon him due to the investigation, and Mel was his because of Larange's plans. If he stopped, it would only hurt the two women more, since they were almost physically dependent upon his attentions. Still, he knew that it wasn't right, that he shouldn't have two women as programmed sex slaves, not that he didn't enjoy it. Rather he wished that they were free from the control, but since they weren't he wasn't about to make them suffer because of his own morals.

It didn't take long for Mel to bring him back to life. She was quite the adept little cock sucker, and she loved teasing a cock back into full hardness with just her mouth. While she was busy getting his cock ready, he was enjoying the flesh of his other slave girl.

"Oh Master!" Wendy cried out, as he fondled one of her tits. He still couldn't believe just how soft Wendy's impossibly round globes were. They didn't sag or even bounce really, but they were perfectly soft and pliant to the touch. He could roll them in his hands for hours, savoring her silky smooth skin, and tender nipples. Of course she loved every second of his attention, her body had been made for her master's pleasure, and his every caress sent shock waves of ecstasy through her.

"What position would you like today, Wendy?" he asked, as he brought another joyous moan of pleasure from her lips, with a squeeze of her tit.

"Hmmm." Wendy thought for a moment, working to keep her mind on her choice, and not on his wonderfully powerful hands, as they roamed over her flesh. Still, it took only a few moments for her to decide. "Doggy! I feel like a bitch in heat today!"

"Then doggy it is then." Marcus said as he smiled at her.

He still found it hard to believe that a woman could act like such a sex-crazed creature. He knew why it was this way, but that didn't suppress his bewilderment. Now he had a job to do, or rather a sex slave to enjoy, and he was quite up to the job now. Mel sensed that he was ready, and pulled back, so that he could get up.

"Okay Wendy, get into your position like a good puppy dog." Marcus instructed. He watched as the naked teenager got onto her hands and knees in front of him. She spread out her legs, and shifted her hips, presenting her shaved and dripping pussy for her Master. She loved being like this, and she swooned at the notion that her master was ogling her flesh right now, and could see just how wet and horny that she was.

"Okay Mel, why don't you do the honors." Marcus instructed again.

He positioned himself behind Wendy, and let his hard cock just dangle between them.

"What a pig!" Mel barked, as she crawled up to Marcus's crotch. She reached up and cupped Wendy's pussy, and started stroking the girl's clit. She smiled as she felt the slave girl's pussy gush with fresh arousal, as Wendy squirmed against the probing hand. She was just a wonderful slut, Mel mused, somewhat envious of the girls factory made pussy, perfectly built for pleasuring her Master. Mel let her fingers explore that perfect passage for a moment, letting

Wendy practice gripping her fingers, as she parted the girl's smooth outer lips, and sank her fingers into her depths.

"Oh Mel!" Wendy cooed. She just loved it when Mel played with her like this. Being a woman, Mel just knew how to caress her for the most pleasure. They didn't get to play that often though, since their master was the true center of their affections. Now was no different, as Wendy enjoyed the feeling of Mel's delicate fingers toying with her sensitive folds, but they both knew Wendy was simply being prepared for her greater duty.

"So you like fucking helpless little teenage girls, don't you Marcus?" Mel barked, as she stroked Marcus's shaft fondly. Her saliva still left him slick, and so she had no trouble running her fingers over him, keeping him hard, and allowing her to savor every ripple on his cock, from it's base to it's cute little head.

Marcus nearly groaned from her treatment, and waited for her to continue. If he hadn't already cum once, he'd have probably shot off just from Mel's expert handling of his rod. Still, he had more to enjoy, and he kept his control, as she guided him towards his target. He watched as she pulled his cock down, and started to rub his cock head against Wendy's shining lips, gently parting the fleshy folds with his tip.

"I'll bet that you want to sink your prick all the way into her, don't you? Oh, you're twitching now, you pervert! Having you're big hard cock parting a sweet innocent little girl's pussy lips, is really turning you on, isn't it? Just look at her. she's just a helpless little teenaged slut, spreading her legs for her master, and it's your big hard shaft that's splitting her open." Mel teased, as she guided his cock into Wendy's entrance. She loved doing this, every part of it, from picking on Marcus, to watching the excruciatingly sexy sight of Wendy's feminine lips parting for his shaft.

Wendy was merrily cooing, as she felt her Master's cock parting her outer lips and finding it's way into her entrance. Mel liked her games, but Wendy loved fucking, and did everything that she could, not to simply push back, and

impale herself on his shaft, before he was ready.

Marcus felt Mel guide him into Wendy's gateway. She stroked his shaft twice more, then pulled her hand away. It was time to watch, and he didn't make her wait long at all. He pushed forward, and all three of them moaned, as he impaled Wendy with one long thrust. He savored the warm soft wet depths of his pleasure slave, as she rippled her passage around him. As he did, Mel pulled up behind him, and pressed her own naked flesh against his back. Marcus was in heaven, sandwiched between two wonderfully sexy women. Nothing except the pure passion swirling around him even passed through his mind, as he took his first stroke inside of Wendy's welcoming pleasure hole. For now, the only thing that mattered to him, was enjoying himself to the fullest.

#### Part 7 ( mc, nc, mf )

Sarah hummed gently, as she sucked diligently on the man's cock. She was kneeling between his legs, with her mouth wrapped lovingly around his organ. She caressed it with her tongue, and sucked at it gently, working not to bring him to his release, but to allow him to savor her ministrations. Of course, that let her fully enjoy the taste and texture of him as well. She never knew the musky taste of a man's cock could be so good, or just how much fun it could be, running her tongue and lips over its veined hardness. She also loved playing gently with his sack, as she sucked on his manhood. She found herself in the throes of passion, just casually pleasuring this man. Her free hand was far more vigorously stroking her pussy and clit, through her crotchless teddy outfit. Holli had removed her dildo before she was sent in to entertain her Master's guest, and she could feel the emptiness tearing away at her soul.

Sarah was still gripped by the unreality of her new life. She was a sex slave, and had been for some time now. She knew that her love for sucking cock was a new change that her Master had placed in her, so that she could entertain him and his guests. She hated that, she hated that she actually enjoyed putting on

the frilly white crotchless teddy that she now wore. She couldn't help it though, it made her look so sexy and she loved to look sexy now. She'd even made Holli get her a different teddy, after the first one didn't show off her nipples enough. This one was sheer enough that she could clearly see her nipples through the material, and she swooned at the sight, unable to suppress her joy over how hard she was going to make the men who saw her. She'd even shaved her pussy, so that she would be even sexier. Even as she did all of this, she knew just how wrong her behavior was, but it all felt perfectly natural to her, all at the same time. Her identity was being washed away, and though she savored the new pleasures being unleashed within her, she ached for control over herself again, and escape from this new existence.

"These women of yours are a marvel, Master." Trevor Phillips smiled, as he petted Sarah's bobbing blond head. He'd rarely had a woman as enthusiastic about giving him oral sex, and certainly none who could drag out the pleasure like Sarah was doing. "So what can I do for you?"

"You are likely aware of my recent relocation." Larange began, as he petted Molly's brown locks. She was busy mimicking Sarah, only her Master instead, and enjoying it just as much Sarah was. He stifled a groan, as Molly gave him an especially pleasing caress in response. She had definitely gotten over her dislike for oral sex, Larange smiled, as his pet continued her diligent oral servicing of his prick.

Trevor nodded his awareness, and Larange continued. "I am currently working to spread out my resources. I do have room at my new facility, but I don't want to keep all of my eggs in one basket. I'm offering you three of my pixies to do with as you please, until I need to call on them. If I don't call on them you can keep them as long as you like, and I promise to leave you with one of your choice, once this whole affair is complete."

"Ah, and what do I have to do in exchange for this wonderful gift?" Trevor asked. No one ever gave anything away for free, not when they could get something out of it. Trevor didn't especially need women, or rather he could get as many whores as he wanted, willing and luscious, though not very loyal.

That was something he could appreciate about Larange's pets, they literally couldn't disobey. Still, Trevor knew that their first loyalty would be to Larange. Trevor's safety at that point would rely on his allegiance to Larange. The reality was, that Trevor knew that he couldn't back out now anyway, too much had already happened. Larange would just turn Trevor into a mindless stud for one of his female associates, if Trevor crossed him now.

"Aside from keeping my fine stock in good condition?" Larange chuckled. "The Bureau likely suspects that you are aware of my operation. I want you to convey to them my determination, if ever they talk to you. I have offered them my terms, and I want them to accept them."

"I don't understand you really, do you think that you can keep them at bay forever?" Trevor asked. He'd had his contacts get him as much information on the showdown as he could. Trevor still wasn't sure of Larange's motives. The man had power that most only dream of, and all he wanted was a cottage in the country, with a rotating assortment of naked coed slave girls waiting on him.

"If they believe the threat, I actually think they'll protect me, to keep my vengeance from accidentally transforming all of civilization into a massive orgy, until everything falls apart." Larange smiled.

"But why not just release it, and take over. You would rule the world!" Trevor replied. He'd dreamed of this kind of power all of his life. Now all he had was a rather large smuggling operation. Certainly he had power. Many people feared and respected him, but there were limits, and those limits always annoyed him. Now here was a man in front of him that had no limits. If Larange wanted to, he would be undisputed ruler of the world in days, and he was fighting to not take the reins. He envied his associates position again, and if he could, he would have grabbed Larange's power for himself, but he very well knew the consequences for failure in that particular fight, and even given the absoluteness of the prize, it was too high a risk.

"And have that responsibility on my shoulders. No Trevor, I'm nothing more than a slothful pervert. I enjoy corrupting innocent young women like these



two right here. If I take over the world, it will be the end of civilization, everything will fall to stagnation, since every slave will dream only of freedom. Mankind can achieve great things, if left to itself, and I don't want to ruin that, just for my own enjoyment. I don't want to give up my pleasures either though, and it's a small price to pay for the future of humanity." Larange explained. It had been on his mind since the moment he'd discovered the capabilities of his nano technology. He could rule the world, but he didn't want that, all he wanted was a carefree, pampered, and sex filled life.

"Indeed, but you are such a short sighted man, it's too bad really. I can understand the appeal of a harem filled with women like this." Trevor smiled, and patted Sarah's head again. She gave him a special suck in appreciation of his recognition. She only wished that they would stop talking, so she could get something harder and longer than her fingers into her aching pussy. She shuddered just thinking about how wonderful that nice thick cock that she was sucking on, would feel plunging into her depths. She could hardly wait. She started humming around him again, to let him know just how much she loved what she was doing.

"Well, I can tell that little Molly here is ready for a little more intimate action, and I'm sure that Sarah is as well. Why don't we retire to the bedroom, and negotiate the rest of our deal later?" Larange suggested, pulling Molly's head off of his cock, and coaxing her to stand before him.

Molly gave one last fond lick of his shaft, and stood up slowly, careful to give her Master a full view of his property. She knew it was wrong, that she wasn't anyone's property, but the thought of being owned sent shudders of pure arousal through her body. She could feel her nipples getting hard, just at the thought, and made sure to jiggle her ample breasts in front of her Master, so that he could see moving around on her chest. Her mind might know that she wasn't his property, but her body was fully convinced it was owned, and it knew exactly who the owner was.

"Nice and horny today, aren't we Molly?" her Master asked her, as he reached

up and cupped her breasts, and fondled them through her teddy. Molly moaned joyously, she couldn't get enough of his hands, especially when they were fondling her so intimately. She pressed her breasts into his hands, and just let herself enjoy his touch.

"Master wouldn't have me any other way." Molly shot back, her voice torn between sarcasm and passionate joy. A part of her still resisted the changes, and still fought to express herself, even if she was almost completely a nymphomaniac sex slave now. Part of Molly was still there, and she reveled in the fact that on a few occasions, she could actually express herself again, before descending into mindless ecstasy filled rutting. Of course, it was just words. She couldn't control her actions anymore, especially in her Master's presence. Even as she sniped at him, she was pressing herself wantonly against him, and savoring the sensation of his flesh against hers.

"No, my dear I don't think I would." Larange smiled, as he pinched her nipple. Her slightly terse expression faded to unrestrained joy, as she had a mini orgasm. He liked her spirit. Molly had always been one of his favorite girls, no matter how far she fell, she always fought back. He wondered just how far he would have to push, to actually break her spirit, but he was reluctant to find out. He enjoyed her struggles far more than he would another broken girl. After the immediate troubles were through, he planned on returning her to a more normal state, just so that he could play with her more fully again.

Larange wondered about Sarah though. She didn't seem to have Molly's inner strength, and he was afraid that the requirements of the next few days would break her will, turn her mind, as well as her body into nothing more than a pleasure slave. Larange regretted that, he couldn't rebuild a woman after she was broken, she just wouldn't have that fire to resist her treatment that he savored. Sarah was so lovely and sweet, that he hated to think that she could break and he would have little choice, other than to turn her into yet another pixie slave.

Sarah, pulled herself away from Trevor's crotch reluctantly, she didn't want to let his wonderful cock out of her mouth. She didn't want to show Trevor

just how much of a whore she'd become either, but she couldn't help herself. As she stood before her current master, she grabbed his hands, and pulled them to her breasts. He smiled, and gently squeezed them, while she moaned shamelessly. She couldn't believe that this was really who she had become, but his hands felt so good, so strong. She couldn't help but to let him fondle her, and play with her lust hardened nipples, while she cried out in ecstasy.

"You are quite the slut aren't you?" Trevor teased, as he pulled down the straps of her teddy, and exposed her delicious creamy orbs. They were just perfect. He smiled, as he gazed upon them. He knew they were natural too, since this was one of Larange's personal girls. Larange never did prefer to augment his own slaves much. In this they agreed. She was just so perfect that she didn't need any help to be perfectly stunning.

"Yes Master!" Sarah squealed back instinctively. Another change, she knew, she just loved being called dirty names now. It made her even more aroused. She also felt a wave of satisfaction at his recognition of her new state of being. What good was being a slut, if no one knew about it? As he freed her breasts from their confinement, she thrust them out, making sure that he could appreciate them fully. They were round and soft, and her nipples were taut with arousal, the perfect toys for a man's lust. She giggled, as the man ran his hands over her seething flesh, sparking fire inside her.

"I'll bet that you would just love to fuck me right now, wouldn't you whore?" Trevor prodded, as he cupped her exposed and shaved mound. She was very smooth, and very slick with her own juices. Larange certainly knew how to treat a lady, Trevor laughed.

"Oh yes Master! Can we? Please?" Sarah moaned, as she felt her womanhood being assaulted again. A small flash inside of her said that she shouldn't let this happen to her, but she couldn't help but to enjoy having a strong masculine hand cupping and fondling her pussy mound. She thrust herself wantonly on his hand, seeking out even more pleasure, as his thick fingers played with her nether lips. She writhed, as he parted her intimate folds and probed at the

gates of her passage.

"Incredible Master. I just can't believe these women of yours. Will you have time to let me try out your other filly today, after I'm through with this one?" Trevor asked, as he pulled Sarah to him, and let her press her wanton flesh against his.

"What do you think Molly? Are you going to let Sarah have this man all to herself?" her Master asked her, as he rubbed his hands over her silk covered stomach. He did so love dressing up his girls, he mused, as he reached up and pulled her straps back over her shoulders.

"Oh Master, you are such a pig!" Molly twisted around, and pulled Larange's lips down to hers, and gave him a deep passionate kiss. She seethed for just a moment, before being lost in an intimate duel of tongues. She hated the thought of being passed around like some cheap slut. But she was a cheap slut, just the mere thought of fucking her Master's associate got her even hotter. Part of her new conditioning had been to channel her rage into lust, and Molly was quite nearly overwhelmed by new passion now.

After a few wonderfully long moments, she pulled away and smiled up at her Master again. "I can't let Sarah have all of the fun Master! You will let me pleasure him too, right? Though, you are my first priority Master. You are the one who turned me into a cock hungry slave girl."

Molly pressed herself against him again, and let her hands roll across his back. She didn't want him to think for a second that she didn't want to pleasure him first and foremost. She seethed a bit at her subservience again, and felt her pussy just quake in response. She was really horny now, and could hardly wait to actually get to the bedroom, and satisfy some of her deep aches. His raw hardness pressed up against her belly, and was calling to her, and she wanted nothing more than to serve it like a good slut.

"I think the girls are ready. Let's retire to the bed room and enjoy ourselves." Larange suggested, as he grabbed Molly's writhing ass, and lifted

her off of the floor. While he waited for Trevor to follow him, he carried her into the bedroom. She had locked her legs around his waist, and gently nibbled on his neck, as he walked with her hanging onto him. He could feel the heat boiling up inside of her, and could hardly wait to indulge himself.

"Indeed." Trevor replied. He pulled away from Sarah, and gave her a playful slap on her plump ass. "Hurry up, slut, I want to see you spread and ready for me on that bed."

"Yes Master!" Sarah squealed, and bounced into the bedroom. She just wished that he could have watched her naked titties bouncing as she ran, but she had his orders. She quickly plopped onto the bed, and rolled onto her back. She spread her legs wantonly, as she watched him walk into the room. She could feel her pussy getting even wetter, as she leered at the hard shaft waving between his legs. It felt like an eternity since the last time that she'd had her wanton pussy filled, and the cock approaching her looked just perfect to fill it up.

A pair of loud moans from the other bed briefly tore her attention away from her fate. She turned her head just in time to see her Master's shaft sink fully into Molly's depths. She winced at the sight. It was both incredibly erotic, and yet horribly disturbing. They were just fuck toys now, she shuddered even as she slipped a hand between her legs, to keep her arousal at its peak. She knew that she didn't want this fate, but as she looked up at the man climbing on top of her, she was overwhelmed by the need to have his hard shaft spearing her.

"You are such a perfect slut." Trevor moaned, as her delicate fingers wrapped around his shaft, and helped guide him to her pussy. She cooed slightly, as she parted her nether lips with the tip of his shaft, gently sliding him up and down her slit, to find her entrance. They both gasped, as he slipped inside of her, and then she cried out, as she felt herself being impaled by his cock.

She was in heaven again, being split open by a man. She squirmed back against the invader, and caressed the shaft inside of her in just the way that her

Master always enjoyed. The squeals of joy from Molly told her that much the same was happening on the other bed. Master's business was done for the day, and now all that was left was for his sluts to do their work. She lifted herself up, and kissed Trevor wantonly, as their hips ground together. All her doubt was gone, she was for now a slut, a sex toy and she was going to let him know it in every way possible.

Part 8 ( mc, nc, mf )

"You've got to be kidding me!" Marcus bellowed, as he heard the director. After everything that had happened, he couldn't believe he would have to accept this as well.

"There's no choice, you know the facts as well as I do. If we risk calling his bluff the whole world will end up just like your little slave girls, and we can't risk that." the director replied. He wasn't any happier about the decision than Marcus.

"And how do we know he won't do something worse? Give him a little time and security, and he might do worse than he's threatening now. We can't just let him be!" Marcus screamed. He couldn't accept that Larange could be let off the hook, even given the threat he represented.

"We can't guarantee that and you know it. Still, we know that he can turn the world population into mindless sex crazed idiots. Civilization would fall, and countless numbers of millions would die, since the only concern of the survivors would be to hump anyone that they could find. He will be contained, on an island, and his victims won't even know what happened to them, after their year at his sanctuary. They will also be quite well paid for their service. I don't like it, but if this satisfies that bastard, then it will be a small price to pay." The director explained.

The arrangement hadn't been easily arrived at. The Bureau had wanted every

assurance that it could get, that Larange would not be able to threaten the world, but in the end, he held all of the cards. He was willing to give them much of their desires, but in the end, there was no doubt that he had gotten everything that he wanted. The tropical island was paradise, and a first rate mansion, and a small village would be built to support Larange in exile. He would also take in servants, women and men that he would be able to play with for a year, before returning their mind and body to them, and allowing them to return to their old lives, after their lucrative service was complete. Their wages would be in the hundreds of thousands dollars each, and they would remember the time that they had spent as servants in his employ, but not the perversions that they would likely endure. Larange would not be allowed off of the island, and the Bureau would maintain a military blockade around the island, with the promise to sink any ship that sailed in or out, without permission. Boats were the only transportation allowed, as well, to keep Larange properly caged, and long range surveillance with infrared and telescopes would assure that he didn't leave the island.

"And what about Mel? Is she going to be left like this forever?" Marcus asked.

He had to admit that a part of him wanted her to stay this way. She was just a perfect sex slave in her current state. He did care about her though, and no matter how much he enjoyed her, he wanted the old Mel back, or at least allow her to again choose her own fate. He hoped that something could be done for Wendy as well, though he didn't have a connection to the real Wendy to draw up any deep sympathy for her, beyond that of anyone subjected to such a fate. The Wendy that he knew had no complaints, in fact she seemed totally devoted to her life at his feet, and it wasn't always easy for Marcus to truly absorb the thought that all this was just an imposed personality, not one of her choosing. It didn't help any that he wanted to believe that she wanted to be his slave as much as she said she did. Still, he had to try to get them back to normal. There just wasn't any other choice he could live with.

"Larange mentioned that. He's willing to reverse the conditioning on Mel, and any other of the girls that we have, that have undergone his treatments. It will have to be done on his island, once he is established there." The

director answered. This at least he was happy about. He had known Mel for much of her time in the Bureau, and to see her reduced to her current state sent shivers down his spine. At times the director even wondered about Marcus's true motives. Just looking in his eyes told the director everything that he needed to know. Marcus truly wanted the old Mel back, and that pleased the director more than he would have guessed.

"How long will that be?" Marcus asked.

He was still fuming over Larange's fate, but at least Mel and Wendy would be helped. There wasn't much that he could do, the Bureau had decided, and he understood. They didn't have a choice. He didn't like it, but he couldn't offer an alternative that didn't jeopardize the entire civilization. But that didn't keep him from wanting to strangle Larange with his own hands, but in the end, he didn't have a choice either.

"A month. I'm sure you'll make do. You'll be on leave until then, and we'll inform you of all the arrangements as soon as we have them made. Now please go, I have to finish making the arrangements for the construction projects. I want to finish this business as soon as I can." The director finished. He had plenty more unpleasant business to attend to this day, and Marcus had taken up enough of his time. There wasn't anything more that he could do, but that was enough for now.

"Okay, a month then." Marcus grumbled, and walked out of the office. There wasn't anything more that he could do here. Larange was being let off, and he would have to accept that in time. He also knew that he had two very naked, and horny women to attend to. In some ways it was a chore, wonderful and sexual, but their needs were so intense that he didn't want them to suffer too long. He could hardly believe that he felt this way about it, that having two willing sex slaves wasn't a joy, but a responsibility.

"Oh Marcus! You look so troubled, let me help you." Mel cooed, as he stumbled into their suite. She was naked, as had become the custom of the two girls when in his quarters. Wendy gave him a cheerful wave, as he walked in, and came



out to help Mel comfort him.

"Now just lay down on the bed here and tell us all about it." Mel guided him to the bed and began to give him a very skillful massage on his shoulders. As she did, Wendy moved to his feet, and began her own massage there. As with their sexual skills, both women had the art of massage imprinted on their minds, and Marcus appreciated every bit of their skill.

"Mmm." Marcus groaned, as their delicate hands did their work. "Larange is going to be let off. They're giving him his own little island kingdom, and a steady stream of victims to play with."

"I'm sorry, honey. I know how much you wanted him, but I'm sure it's better this way. We wouldn't want everyone to turn into little whores like me and Wendy, would we?" Mel replied.

"Yeah, then we'd have too much competition for your nice big cock, Master!" Wendy giggled. That was the only downside of such a thing to her, aside from her master's displeasure with it happening. Being a sex slave was a natural, wonderful life, but she didn't want to have to share her Master with any more women than she had to. Mel was enough competition for his attentions, and Wendy didn't want to expand the pool even further.

"Wendy, you just don't understand, people don't want to be sex slaves like you, and everything would fall apart, if all we did was think about sex all of the time. Just look at me! I used to be a top field agent here, and now I can't do anything, except figure out how to get this big hunk's cock inside me again. If everybody did that, we wouldn't have food, or electricity or anything. So even if we have to let that evil man enjoy himself in a small way, it's better than losing our civilization." Mel explained, as she continued her careful massage. She skillfully used her hands and body to help Marcus relax that and slowly bring him to a sexual boil, that she could exploit.

"I guess, but I don't care, so long as my Master is happy. So do you want to fuck me now, Master?" Wendy giggled. She was always offering herself like that,

no shame, no embarrassment. Wendy was a sex toy, and she didn't want him to forget that for a moment.

"Wendy!" Mel chastised her fellow slave with a giggle.

"It's all right, Mel. She's been a good girl today, she deserves it." Marcus laughed, and rolled onto his back. Just one look at Wendy's alluring and eager form had him hard again. Marcus smiled, as he watched Wendy's lip turn up in a wide, happy smile, at the sight of his naked and hard cock. "Okay, Wendy, jump on."

Wendy squealed with joy, and jumped onto the bed, straddling him with a swiftness that impressed even Mel. "Thank you, Master!" Wendy cooed, as she wrapped her delicate little fingers around his shaft, and guided it to her entrance. Marcus moaned a bit, as Wendy rubbed the tip of his shaft along her dripping slit, to lubricate him, before she slipped the tip of his shaft into her boiling folds. Then with a smooth and very tempered motion, she sank onto her master's cock, splitting her perfectly tailored folds, even as those folds began working their magic, milking the shaft that was filling her.

Finally Wendy giggled again, and squirmed her very full pussy against him. Then she bent over and pulled his hands to her quaking breasts, and moaned shamelessly, as he kneaded her tender flesh.

"Oh, that feels so good!" Wendy cooed, as Marcus played with her taugt nipples. She always loved it when he did that, especially when she had her pussy stuffed full. This was certainly the best of both worlds.

"In a month you'll be going home Wendy. Larange has agreed to change you back to normal, you and Mel both." Marcus stated idly, as he squeezed her breasts longingly. He knew that he'd miss her. In a way, Wendy was a lot like a puppy. She was cute, energetic and eager to please. Marcus knew that he'd fallen for her, not really love exactly, but he cared for her deeply, almost in the same way anyone cares for their pet. Of course it wasn't exactly like that, since most people didn't spend hours locked in a sexual embrace with the family pets.

"I am home, Master. I don't ever want to leave you." Wendy replied. Her words were forceful and certain. Marcus simply nodded. He knew that she couldn't understand right now, her very condition prevented it. Still, in a month it would be over. He wondered if she would remember any of this, and he wondered if she could ever forgive him for it.

"Don't worry Master, just enjoy." Wendy cooed. With that she started milking his cock in that wonderfully skillful way that only she could do. Mel had all the lust to be a passionate lover, but Wendy's very flesh had been rebuilt for her role as a sex slave. Her vagina was infinitely controllable, Wendy had given him a demonstration once, showing him how she could control each of the muscles that lined her inner walls, at the same time. It was nearly inhuman, but it allowed her to ripple her folds in a wonderfully pleasurable way, and she'd had the time to learn just how Marcus liked her to work him over with it.

That was all that he needed, and Marcus drifted off into a pleasurable haze. It hadn't taken him long to reach his first release, but his two girls weren't about to let him stop there. As the night slipped away, there were so many other encounters, with the three locked intimately together, and climbing to the peak of ecstasy.

\*\*\*

Larange sat back on his new beach and smiled. He'd only been here for a few days and already he could see how easy it would be to make a life here. It was a tropical paradise, sunny and warm, with the salt taste of fresh sea air enveloping him. His mansion was everything that he could have wanted, and he had plenty of suggestions for the remaining additions. The small town of support staff was a tempting morsel as well, after the construction was complete, it would house his own people, or rather the short term victims that he would be allowed to hold in his sway, for a year at a time. With that he would have enough variety to keep himself entertained forever.

For the moment, he was enjoying the sight of the ocean slapping against the beach and his current assortment of slaves frolicking along the sandy beach. All of them were appropriately nude, and Larange was in full awe of the beauty. Even after all the carnal indulgences that he'd taken in the last few years, he was in no way jaded. The nude female was the height of art, and he was fully the connoisseur.

He was still assembling his flock. They'd been driven to the forest after the raid on his main complex, and Larange was wary about bringing them all back. Of course, any he brought to the island, would have to be freed in time, as with all slaves, that was part of the deal. He didn't regret it, most of them were simply fodder for sale anyway, and he'd long since gotten his enjoyment from them. He had no concern about seeing them return to their lives, with an altered perception of what they'd truly done in their time away.

Larange regretted that he wouldn't be free to make up the stories himself. The Bureau had final approval, since they wanted to make sure that his victims return to society was as smooth as possible.

"What bother's you, Master?" Holli asked, as she handed him another drink. She was also completely naked, aside from her dark rimmed glasses. She was worried about him, he'd been less amorous since they'd reached the island. That wasn't very much like him, and Holli was concerned.

"Many things, my dear." Larange replied, and patted her ass to reassure her. "I feel that I've made a deal with the devil, placing myself on this island. I know that I can leave if I want, that their security is no match for my nano technology. Still, if they decide that I'm bluffing, or think that they've gotten a way to beat my tech, I'll be hopelessly vulnerable."

"That could never happen, Master, you're too well prepared." Holli replied.

"No, I've overlooked something. That's the flaw of man, you know, missing things. There is somewhere a gapping whole in this plan, and one day a smart agent at the Bureau will figure it out. Oh I'll find some of the leaks, as

time goes on, but in the end, I'm left with just faith. Faith that the Bureau will keep its word, and faith that my contingencies will be enough to keep them at bay, until I'm on my death bed." Larange replied. He laughed at himself a bit, being so serious. It was just like how he felt when he traveled, he always felt like he was forgetting something, even if he didn't. At least for the moment, he had time, and that he could enjoy.

"I have faith in you Master. You won't let us down." Holli tried to further bolster his confidence. A part of her found it funny that she, a mere slave, could be in a position of reassuring her master, but it didn't bother her. She was here to serve, and the capacity didn't really matter.

"At least you will stay at my side Holli, if nothing else." Larange ran his hands down her thigh. That was almost the hardest thing to negotiate, but in the end, the Bureau folded. Holli would stay his, even as he had to return all of his other slaves. In truth she'd been the one to return to him, so many years ago, and asked him to take her back. He wasn't about to go back on that now, after all she'd helped him do. The Bureau wasn't about to believe him though, and so he had to insist in the severest terms, and thankfully, they'd relented.

"Of course Master, I would never want to leave you again." she cooed. It had been so lonely and meaningless without him. Holli never even tried to turn her thoughts to those times. Being at her Master's side in the present was more than enough for her.

"I will miss the hunt though. Just strolling through a mall, or down the street, and finding a cute smile. That will be the hardest part about being stuck on this island." Larange remarked. He knew it too. Certainly he hardly went out often in the last few years, given the risk. Still, it was the most fun that he could remember having, the thrill of conquest, with the risk of capture. There wasn't anything more exciting, but now it was gone. The Bureau had insisted that he not leave the island, since not only would it be hard to control him, but he could have an unfortunate accident, that would end civilization.

That wasn't quite true, but he didn't want to diminish their fear of his untimely death. That very fear protected him. In fact, he had his slaves programmed to recognize the difference between an untimely, and a timely passing. Nano machines inside of him prevented something natural looking from being mistaken as something unnatural, such as the case of poisons. He wasn't bluffing though, that was for certain, if he did die in an untimely death, there would be a revenge asserted. The depth of it wouldn't be as severe as they believed, but again, that belief helped him. He didn't want to end civilization, but having his enemies believe that he was prepared to do so, would keep them at bay, and allow him to do what he really wanted to.

"There are advantages though, my sweet little slave, like being able to do this on an open beach." Larange laughed, and pounced out of his chair, grabbing her as he went. With a rush, he pulled her to the ground, and rolled on top of her. She squealed with delight, and spread her legs wide open for him. Her natural arousal in his presence was fully unleashed, and she could feel her pussy dripping with eagerness. She swooned at his boldness, and moaned merrily, as she felt the bulge of his shaft pressing into her dripping folds.

"Oh Master!" Holli cried out, as he pressed his prick into her, with practiced ease, claiming her in high fashion. He smiled down at her, as he thrust into her willing flesh. He reveled in the moment, enjoying the warmth of the sun, the smell of the salty sea air, and the pleasures of the young woman spread out beneath him.

Soon they were writhing together, locked together intimately. The other slave girls who had been frolicking on beach, were now turned to the scene, absorbed by the sight of their master claiming a woman. It was rare to have this view, to watch, as he thrust his cock into feminine flesh. Certainly every girl there had known his attentions, but only a few had seen him in action, when they were not servicing him. It was a sight that struck at their very core, and every girl was soon stroking her fingers between her legs, and across her bosom, as she watched.

Holli was in heaven. All the pleasure that she had ever known, was engulfing her now. Her master's shaft was plowing her fields, and it was a wondrous feeling being split open by him. She reveled in the control that she had, thanks to the changes that he made within her, her writhing passage rippled with her instructions, bring her master pleasure, yet keeping him from his ultimate release. She thanked him again, for making her his slave, as she bucked her hips back against him. This was all that she had ever wanted, and it was everything that she could have hoped for.

Larange enjoyed himself as well. He didn't have the benefit of a slaves modified sexual ecstasy, however. Holli was a perfect slave though, and he savored every moment that he spent with her. Her breasts jiggled against his chest, as he hammered his cock into her tight passage. It was too easy though, he lamented, while he pounded his willing slave. she didn't fight him at all, she had no true will of her own, and that was what he always remembered at the end of every romp with her. He had tried to instill these things into her again, but he had come to realize something about her in the process. She had always wanted to be a slave, which was why she'd returned to him after being released. He had taken pity on her then, and accepted her back, but she was a happy slave, a willing slave and that lacked the power over her that he sought.

In the end, it was his thoughts of all the cute unsuspecting girls who would soon be coming to his island, to work at his resort, that sent him over the edge, not the expertly writhing form of his head slave. In a way, he felt sorry to her for that, knowing that she found so much value in her quality, as a sex slave. She was good he knew, and if he'd wanted to, he could have fetched an amazing price for her long ago, but she'd placed her fate in his hands. Somehow, that alone made it impossible for him to let her go. He contemplated that, as he gave her a very heartfelt kiss. In the end, he wondered if he didn't honestly love her, but that was a thought for another time.

"Thank you Master." Holli cooed, after she finished cleaning their shared juices from his withered shaft. She had managed to bring him to another release with just her tongue and mouth, and licked her lips at the thought.

The moment was interrupted by the sound of a boat approaching the guest dock. The island had two docks set up. One was for the support village, and looked like any working dock in the world. The other dock was one set up for guests, and granted immediate access to the mansion, and to Larange himself. He wondered sometimes just how many guests would need to be entertained, but it seemed like a good idea.

He considered for a moment the state of his undress, and that of his slaves, and decided that at least he needed to wear something. He quickly pulled on his robe, and found his sandals. This was his island, and he had a certain image to maintain, especially to people that he didn't know. The girls could remain as they were, in fact it was an excellent show of exactly who was in control here after all. As he set off for the dock, he noticed that Holli was dutifully in tow behind him. She was always good for that, he noted she did make a wonderful administrator for his harem, and most of his affairs. Again he was thankful for her presence, and was sure that she'd find a way to make herself useful.

Part 9 (mc, nc, mf)

Marcus looked around, both awed and upset at the same time. This was a paradise, a perfect little island. The kind of place that people dreamed that they could visit, much less live at. All of this was Larange's, and all for being a human monster. Even worse, it was all at the Bureau's expense as well, from the island itself, to the massive mansion overlooking the beach, to the throngs of workers, who would be Larange's playthings for their stay. He was also worried, he was on his own here, and the only agents still on the island were overseeing the last of the construction on the worker's village, on the other side of the island. From his visit to Larange's lair, Marcus had little doubt that he was at Larange's mercy for the duration of his stay.

Wendy and Mel clung to each of his sides respectively. Each clad in nothing



more than a sheer sun dress. As always, neither woman was inclined to wear much of anything anyway, but he wasn't about to let them run around here naked.

"Oh look at how pretty it is here Master!" Wendy cooed, pressing her ample breasts into his arm. "Isn't it just a shame that we girls can't help improve the scenery?" she giggled.

Clearly there wouldn't be a better place for her to show off her well-formed body, than in such a perfect beachfront. She giggled again, as she thought of playing a castaway with her master, three little naked castaways with nothing but each other to keep entertained with, until someone found them, if someone ever found them.

"Maybe later Wendy." he replied.

In truth he wouldn't have minded seeing her romp along the beach without a stitch of clothing on, but this certainly wasn't the time. Of course, he was well aware that if all went well, there might never be a time for it, but he was quite willing to live with that fact.

"Oh my, it's him!" Mel gasped, as they watched Larange and Holli approach them from the beach.

Marcus instantly noted that Holli wasn't wearing a thing, aside from her glasses, and was quite aware of just how good she looked like that. Mel was feeling her stomach twist, as she looked at the man who'd done this to her. This was the man who'd taken her life away, and molded her into a sexual plaything, and the very thought of being in his hands again, made her nauseous.

"Ah, such lovely women, and of course Mr. Horner. I'm so glad that my message was well received. I hope that you three haven't been too troubled." Larange said smiling, welcoming them to his island. "Of course I must thank you. None of this would have been possible without you. Now come, let us retire to more comfortable accommodations, and we can take care of your needs."

Marcus simply nodded and followed, not really wanting to converse with this man. Wendy and Mel followed closely behind him, each content and concerned. Their future was in doubt, in a way that their twisted minds found hard to comprehend. They were going to be free again, but such a notion was contrary to their current state, that of being Marcus's playthings. Each girl found the idea troubling, and neither knew quite what to do about it.

"Now ladies, I see no reason to keep covered up like that. Please, make yourselves comfortable. I'm sure that Marcus won't mind." Larange offered, as they strolled along. Both girls sighed out of relief, and threw off their dresses. The sun fell upon them warmly, and each absorbed the environment around them.

Marcus grumbled to himself. He wasn't at all surprised that Larange's word carried more weight than his, but it wasn't a nice thing to know. He did have to admit, that he enjoyed the sight of the two women naked and happy. He just wished that it was their real personalities at work, that made them want to be that way.

Larange pulled up beside Mel, and gave her a casual looking over. "So my dear, how have you been? Was being a sexual plaything as bad as you thought it would be?"

Mel quaked with emotion at his words. She hated this man passionately, and yet, she could feel herself unable to deny him his reply. "No sir, it was a lot of fun actually. I never knew it could be so good to be horny all of the time. Marcus is a great lover too, and Wendy is so much fun to work with. I still wished that you hadn't changed me though, sir."

"I'm glad, and soon you'll be back to your old self, so enjoy your freedom while you still have it. I'll bet that you feel wonderful, standing out here completely naked, am I right?" he said, as he moved up beside her. "And your beauty certainly complements our surroundings."

Mel blushed at his comments, and his roaming eyes. He was looking her over

like some prize animal, and she was getting aroused by his attention. She could feel her nipples getting harder, and that familiar warmth began spreading between her legs. She still had some control though, and she turned away from him, tearing herself away from his eyes. "Please, don't look at me like that." she whimpered.

"Leave her be! It's bad enough what you've already done to her, do you need to taunt her some more?" Marcus challenged. He was barely containing his anger, and Larange wasn't helping him any.

"Oh my, where are my manners. I'm sorry my dear. We'll have to discuss all of this later, once everyone is comfortable." Larange said, as he smiled and bowed gently to Mel. He took up position at the head of the group again, and they walked the rest of the way to the mansion in silence. The fun would begin soon enough. He had a few things that needed to be done first, but there would be plenty of time.

Mel quaked, as she followed the group. She was still wracked by the needs his eyes had stirred in her. She was strutting as she went, knowing that it emphasized her assets, and though she hated the thought, she couldn't help herself. She stole a look over at Wendy, and saw the girl smiling back at her. She wondered just what was going through her mind. Knowing Wendy, the only thing in her head was her latest plan to get Marcus into bed.

She wasn't very far off. Wendy could hardly keep herself from planning her next encounter with her master. She was always plotting that, always giggling at herself, over her latest ideas. Beyond that, she was quite pleased to be free of her dress, and happy to be strolling across the shore of an island with the sun shining down on her naked body. After that, she'd get to sit around in a mansion, and if she was lucky, Marcus would play with her some more. The thought that she would lose her devotion to him, to everything that mattered to a slave, was still beyond her honest comprehension. That it was his will, was enough to satisfy any of her concerns, but she had no idea of what that really meant for her. In the end, she trusted her master's judgement, and that was enough.

Marcus was grinding his teeth. He wanted to rip Larange apart with his bare hands, and he knew that he could. Of course that would leave Mel and Wendy under his posthumous control, doomed to a life as simple-minded sex slaves. And after that, the whole world would fall apart, thanks to Larange's well planned revenge. That didn't improve his mood any, but he fought down his rage. He only had to deal with this for another couple of days at the most, and then he'd be away from here, and at least his two girls would be themselves again.

"Please sit wherever you'd like. Holli will fix us all a drink, and then I'll check on the machine for you girls." Larange motioned, to the seats scattered around the room. He didn't waste any time himself. He rested in his favorite chair, and looked around the room. Here was perhaps his greatest enemy, Felix Horner, Marcus Shon to the Bureau, the man who'd found him in the first place. Mel had done her part as well, but she was under his control now, no longer a real threat. Her programming forbid her to defy Larange, or do him any direct harm. He had considered placing her under full Asimov constraints, but he had thought that it would too likely raise suspicions, and he didn't want that. He was in full control here, and it was time for him to deal with his last, and greatest threat.

Holli scampered around the room giving everyone their drinks. She had done as instructed, and soon each of the guests would be knocked out. Then the next part of the work would begin.

"Cheers!" Larange smiled and downed his drink.

Marcus swished the liquid before him for a moment. He knew it might be drugged, and that worried him a bit. Of course, there wasn't anything he could really do about it. If Larange meant him ill, there wasn't any way he was going to be able to get off the island safely. The very controls that were meant to keep Larange at bay, would keep him trapped here as well. The boat he rode in on wouldn't be back for five days, and not even the agents still on the island would risk helping him. There wasn't anything that he could do, so he lifted the glass to his lips, and drank it down. Marcus felt the effects as soon as

he'd placed the glass back on the table. He cursed at Larange one more time, as he swooned and watched everything blurred around him, before he slumped into his chair.

Mel and Wendy hadn't been nearly as suspicious, but they were just as unconscious. Larange took in the sight and laughed. The last piece of the puzzle for now, and Holli had already summoned the girls to take care of their guests. Two each for an unconscious form, and they hauled them off to the programming chamber. Larange went over the plan one more time, trying to find that missing piece of it. It wouldn't come though, and he only hoped he'd find it tomorrow.

\*\*\*

Marcus groaned and sat up in his chair. He didn't feel too badly, but he shouldn't have been unconscious. It didn't take him long at all to figure out that something had gone wrong. He pulled himself up, only to see Larange's smiling face. It was not something that he was very happy to see.

"Good morning my friend. I hope you're doing well." Larange said, as he sat back in his chair, and watched as Marcus recovered himself.

"What did you do to me?" Marcus barked. He took a moment to look around, and noticed that both Wendy and Mel weren't in the room. "And what did you do with Wendy and Mel?"

"Don't worry, their reconditioning is a far more involved process than you were subjected to. They will be in treatment for another two days. As for your treatment, well I'm sorry about that, but I doubted that you would keep yourself out of my business for very long. Simply put, I placed a few controls on your behavior, to prevent you from troubling me. Don't worry though, you won't remember that fact, or that you were treated at all, cognitive dissonance generally has a negative effect on treatments. This will just fade away in a minute." Larange explained.

It was a simple process, Marcus just wouldn't be able to keep the knowledge of his conditioning in his mind. It was a problem Larange had encountered with his infiltration units. To make them effective, they had to retain as much of their natural personalities as possible, but that often conflicted with their duties and tasks, and in the end, the conflict rendered them basically insane. For all the trouble that Marcus had caused, Larange still had a degree of respect for him, and didn't want to harm him unduly. As much as Larange would gain some satisfaction from knowing that Marcus was aware of his state, Larange didn't want to risk the damage to his mind.

Marcus was about to yell at Larange again, when he felt a sudden wash of fuzziness in his head. The anger still lingered, but suddenly he didn't know why he was so upset. Certainly Larange was the target of a lot of his legitimate hostility, but none of the standing reasons seemed right for his current fury. he let it go, with everything going on, there wasn't much more that he could hope to accomplish by further outbursts, especially while Mel and Wendy were still under his direct control.

Larange fought not to laugh out loud, as he watched Marcus go through the stages of confusion, that his new conditioning subjected him too. At least now he would be easier to deal with. He'd still be hostile, but he wouldn't be able to carry through with any threat now. Another enemy diverted, Larange smiled at the thought.

"Now there's no reason for us to simply wait in boredom while we await the completion of your friend's reconditioning. I have plenty of entertainment possibilities. Girls, please come in." Larange boomed. He sat back and waited for the show to commence.

Marcus was about to bark at him, when he turned to see Sarah and Molly strutting into the room, each dressed only in a frilly white pair of panties. Both women looked ravishing, and he couldn't deny a sudden surge of desire just from looking at them, especially Molly. Her long brown hair flowing over her perfect curves, sent him reeling in lust. In fact, he couldn't think straight, sexual attraction was always distracting, but this was far more

potent. Without even thinking, he tore off his clothes, and jumped over to Molly.

Molly squealed as he grabbed her, and threw her on top of a bed of pillows. She was already aching with need as well, a conditioned response that her Master had not yet removed. Her mind barely even processed her state any more, she had slipped so fully into the role of a sex slave, that she no longer felt overwhelmed by it. As her back hit the pillows, she spread her legs open widely, eager for this new man to plow into her, to give her yet another release. Somewhere inside of her, a part of her raged impotently against her needs, but it was a voice lost in the background of her overwhelming sexual desire.

He was out of control, and he knew it. He'd never been so animalistic before, even with two completely willing sex slaves at his beck and call. He didn't know what had come over him, but he needed to claim this woman and do so now. He reached down and ripped her panties from her waist, with one violent pull. He smiled at the welcome scent of her arousal, and the sight of her eager form spread willingly before him. He tossed the shredded remains of her panties over his shoulder, and then moved to mount her. He wrapped a hand over each of her firm tittie mounds, and squeezed them possessively, as he positioned himself on top of her expertly. Then with a howl of pleasure, he thrust his prick firmly into her, claiming her flesh, and enjoying the tight heat of the eager slut writhing beneath him.

Molly moaned as she was manhandled. She spread herself wantonly, and cried out shamelessly, as he shoved his cock into her depths. He was savage, almost beastly, as he fucked her mercilessly, and she fucked him back with equal passion. Her breasts ached wonderfully, as he squeezed them mercilessly. In her whole life she'd never been taken like this, treated as nothing more than an animal in heat. Even her Master held back, but not this man, he was claiming her completely. It was riveting and powerful, and she was lost to the magnificent energy of this man, as he took her.

Marcus was lost as well, absorbed by his own drive. He didn't know what he was doing, but he couldn't control himself. The woman under him was just so

perfect and so passionate, that he was absorbed in their carnal act. Their bodies merged together, writhing and pounding with untamed lust. Their voices echoed the animalistic power coursing through them, grunting and moaning as they savored their union.

Larange watched all of this happily, knowing that he was witnessing the passion that Marcus would unleash on his future partners. Larange's hand slipped down and patted Sarah's head, as she worked her own magic tongue over his shaft. One more enemy was taken care of, and soon he'd have his island empty of guests again, and he could enjoy himself. He'd already taken a few tours of the support village, and picked out his first new subjects for enjoyment. Once this business was taken care of, he'd be able to enjoy that pleasure again. In the meanwhile, Larange was perfectly content to let his enemy indulge his new animalistic passions, with one of the island's slave girls.

\*\*\*

Marcus looked over his two charges with a bit of relief. It had been a long week, and he hadn't seen either Mel nor Wendy in that time. Larange had said it was part of the process, but that hadn't allayed his concerns for them. He was pleased to see both of them dressed normally, and not squirming to get out of their clothes. Mel was wearing a simple blouse and slacks, nothing fancy, and certainly not very showy. In fact, it was something that Mel would have worn before her programming. Wendy was wearing a simple blouse as well, along with a skirt that just hid her knees from view. Both women held themselves together in a very dignified way, and neither of them went out of their way to submit herself before him. He smiled at that, relieved that they'd come this far, and he hoped that he'd find out how much they had fully returned to normal later.

"Are you two all right?" he asked, as they came out into the room. Both were smiling, another welcome sign to him.

"I feel a lot better now, no strange impulses or anything." Mel replied. "It's



almost strange. I can remember everything. What we did, how it felt, and it was all exactly as it should have been, but I don't feel the insatiable need to do them again, partner."

"Um, can you tell me what's going on?" Wendy asked. She looked very confused. "Who are you and what am I doing here?"

"You don't remember us honey?" Mel asked, placing her hand on Wendy's arm to comfort her.

Wendy shook her head. "Not really, the last thing that I remember was walking home from soccer practice, and then waking up in that room. What's going on?"

"Don't worry, my dear, you've just recovered from a long ordeal. You have been in a coma for some time now, but you've just recently recovered. I'm not surprised that you've forgotten much of what's happened in the last few days. Marcus and Mel are here to escort you on the first leg of your trip home. Once you awoke, we were able to contact your family, and let them know that you were all right. Now it is time for you all to catch the boat to the airport. I'm sorry that I couldn't get to know you better, but it is time for you three to be going." Larange explained.

He'd watched the scene from the side of the room. He didn't have much of a stake in the rest of this exchange, and honestly wanted them off of his island. He couldn't have any more fun with them, so there wasn't any reason to keep them around any longer than necessary. He was pleased to see the reversal program had worked so well, even after the depth of immersion both women had been subjected to.

"Really? I guess that's why I feel so odd. My whole body is tingling, like it's been asleep." Wendy remarked. She definitely felt weird, but it was more than just tingling. Somehow, it didn't feel like her body was the same as it should have been. She supposed she'd grown some while in her coma, but that didn't seem like a sufficient explanation for just how weird everything felt. Even the clothing that she wore felt strange, like she wasn't used to wearing it,

but that was just too bizarre a notion to even consider.

"I don't want to rush you, but we really need to be going. Our bags have already been loaded, so they're just waiting on us." Marcus pressed. He didn't want to wait here any longer than was necessary. The sooner that he got these girls off of the island, the sooner that they'd get a full and proper checkup. There wasn't anything more that would be done for them here, of that Marcus had no doubt.

"You'll excuse me if I don't follow you out, I do have my own business to attend to. Have a pleasant trip." Larange said, as he helped move the group along. Wendy was still somewhat dazed and disoriented, and Mel wasn't in a lot better condition. Finally though, they began to move, and he watched with some satisfaction, as they left his mansion, and headed off to the boat. Now he could get back to his own pursuits in full, without these distractions.

Marcus led the girls out, and turned to Mel, as they walked down the wooden path to the dock. "You really remember everything?"

"Yes Master." Mel giggled, as she whispered the last word. "Don't worry, I forgive you, it's not like I gave you much of a choice. It was a lot of fun too, in a twisted kind of a way. I'm going to have to think about our relationship though. After I've had a few days on my own, then we'll have to talk. Okay?"

"Yeah, thanks. It's kind of weird for me too, all of this has been like some crazy dream. I don't even know what to think anymore. At least Wendy will be going home now." Marcus replied. He really didn't know what to say. He'd been taking advantage of Mel and Wendy for so long, that he couldn't help but to feel guilty. He did believe that Mel forgave him, but he also knew that he could never ask for it from Wendy. That was even more true now, since she didn't even seem to remember him at all, much less his role in her life for the last few months.

They boarded the boat without any further conversation, and were soon off to

the local island with the airport, to head home. Even being local, it was still a several hour voyage. He had taken to sitting on the deck, watching the waves rolling by. He had a lot on his mind, and rolled over the issues, as he rested. There was so much that he'd done, and felt so guilty about it. Not so much because of his deeds exactly, since he'd had little choice at each juncture, but because he'd enjoyed it so much. He couldn't deny just how wonderful having two gorgeous slave girls had been, even given the headaches of their insatiable needs and lewd behavior. It was that enjoyment, that haunted him now, he'd had his taste of power, and sure, he'd done everything that he could to restore them. Yet he still let himself indulge in the pleasures that they so freely offered. He didn't know just what he could do about it now, just how to atone for his actions, but at least both women had been restored, and he could be thankful for that.

"Hi there!" Wendy giggled, looking down at Marcus with a wide, wicked smile on her face.

"Hello Wendy. How are you doing?" he asked. He was a little surprised to see her now, since she'd kept a good distance from him so far this trip. Her grin worried him as well, she didn't look like she was just coming over to visit.

"Okay, I've just been a little lonely though, and I thought that you'd be good company." she said, giggling again, as she sat down on the edge of his chair. "And I wanted to thank you for helping me."

"Oh there's no need for that, I was just doing my job." he said, hoping to cut her off. He wasn't exactly sure where she was going with this, but the tone of her voice was very alluring, and he certainly didn't want to encourage her.

"Don't be silly, it's only right for a woman to reward her hero." she said, as she grabbed his hand and pulled it to her chest. She helped him squeeze her breasts through her blouse and as she moaned in pleasure.

"Wendy, you shouldn't do this." Marcus exclaimed, as he pulled his hand away. He had been tempted though, her flesh was still tempting, and he was curious

as well. All of his previous encounters had been with the slave girl Wendy, in her greatly augmented body, but now she was back to normal. Now he knew how her smaller, perky breasts felt to his touch, and he couldn't help but to wonder just how much the rest of her had changed.

"I know you want me." she said, smiling at him, as she ran a hand over his crotch, rubbing against the outline of his hard shaft. "And I want you too."

He was about to object again, when she fell upon him and kissed him fully on his lips. She pressed her body against him longingly, as her tongue darted into his mouth. His resistance just melted at that point, and he couldn't control himself anymore. He wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her back just as passionately.

After a minute, Wendy pulled back, breaking their kiss. She smiled seductively, and sat back, as her fingers began their work on the buttons of her blouse. He watched as she slowly pulled her top open, one button at a time, until a perfect pair of brazier encased adolescent breasts came fully into view. He didn't wait for her to continue, before reaching up and cupping her lovely orbs. She moaned, as he kneaded her flesh through the silky fabric of her bra. While he played with them, she reached behind her back, and unclasped the restraining garment. He pulled it away smoothly, and savored the sight of her now naked bosom. Her breasts were round and perky, and her little pink nipples were poking out proudly into the air, both of them hard with arousal.

"You are so beautiful." he said, as he reached up, and cupped her perfect bosom. Her breasts were wonderfully firm, and he loved how she moaned when he played with the hardening tips of her nipples.

Wendy blushed a little at his words, but smiled wickedly again, as she said, "It's your turn now!"

With that, she pulled herself off of him, and fell upon his shorts. With skillful speed, she had pulled his shorts and briefs free, leaving his shaft rising freely into the air. With a look of reverence in her eyes, she knelt

beside him, and took his cock into her hands. He moaned, as her delicate little fingers ran over his eager flesh. He was beyond control now, and he grabbed her, lifting her over his waist. She understood what he wanted, and parted her legs to straddle him.

She hiked up her skirt, as she knelt over his waist and smiled, as she revealed her naked crotch. "I'll that bet you didn't know that I woke up without any panties on today!"

Marcus simply laughed, as he watched her grab a hold of his cock, and guide it to her entrance. They both moaned, as his prick slipped inside of her, as she impaled herself on him. She wiggled her hips, as the last inch of his shaft sank into her wet softness, then looked up into his eyes. "Master, wanted you to have me one more time as a gift. I won't remember this, after we're done, except maybe in my dreams. He wanted to thank you for everything that you've done for him. Isn't that great? And I get the chance to enjoy you one more time too. I was something of a little vixen back at my high school, and Master let me keep some of my sexual technique programming, so that I could have fun with the boys back home. So give me one last fuck to remember you by!"

Marcus was beyond words now. Even her ominous speech, barely registered in his mind. He was aroused, and that pressure kept him from fully thinking things through. He knew that this was all wrong, but his mind wasn't in control. His lust was in charge, and having a lovely young woman impaled on his shaft was enough to keep any of his resistance at bay. He rutted into her savagely, and she responded in kind, writhing against him shamelessly. It was completely animalistic, an absolute merging of flesh without thought.

Time lost all meaning, as they became one. The pleasure was immense, almost overwhelming, and their shared stamina would have been surprising, if not for their long experience together. Finally it was enough, and they came together in a marvelous cry of ecstasy.

He held her snoozing form to him, as he looked out at the stars. Her words sent chills through him now. She was still under Larange's control, even if

no longer a sex starved puppet. Any notion of his own possible corruption slipped from his thoughts, before it could be fully form, but he was still concerned. He'd gone through all of this, and Larange was still a threat, still capable of destroying the world on a whim. He wished he could do more, but at the least he'd brought these two women back as far as he could. He wished that he could say that they were restored fully, but he already knew that wasn't true, and he was left wondering what Mel had retained of her transformation. It didn't matter though, he knew that they'd work through it together, just as they had so far. From here on though, he'd worry about Mel, he couldn't save the rest of the world, but at least he could do his best to save her. From here on out, it was all that he could do.

\*\*\*

Larange watched cheerfully as the boat steamed away. It would be another week before the next boat came, and soon the boats would only come once a month. Then he would be alone with his pets, and free to fully indulge his tastes.

Now he had to attend to some rather unpleasant business. He frowned at the two girls standing dutifully in front of him, each naked as the day that they were born, as was the custom for the women in his mansion who were under his control. Sarah and Molly both looked forward, wantonly at their master. The sights and smells of their arousal were evident, and he let his hands roam over their eager flesh with a light touch. He stared at them, each a living goddess. Their minds had been molded, but their flesh was the same as the day that they'd arrived. Their innate charms had diminished with the strength of their own wills. They were slaves now, reduced to mere objects, only a step removed from his pixie slaves.

Pixie slaves, now those were something he hadn't thought about in some time. He was happy for his new circumstances, for that at least. The pixies had always been the rejects or the castoffs, the women who didn't ever or no longer interested him. Since he couldn't let them go, he molded them into a form perfect for entertaining his guests, or selling on the slave markets. Now that

he had to return his pets, he would no longer have the need to make more pixies. When he tired of them, he'd simply revert them back to their original selves, and let them go. His old pixies had slowly been returning over the last few weeks, most had been scattered after the raid on his old facility. They were being returned to normal, and let go with an acceptable story to tell about their whereabouts, since they were reported missing.

The pixies weren't the only girls that had to be returned though, and it was time for Sarah and Molly to undergo their own deprogramming. In truth, he was tired of them now anyway. He looked back fondly on their first days in his care, their slow realization of their subjugation. He regretted that he had been forced to accelerate his control over them in the past few months, but that had been necessary to position allies on the outside. Now they were merely willing fuck toys, and that held very little interest for him any more.

"Thank you girls. You can go to the programming chamber now." Larange said, as he nodded, and watched as their perfect rears swayed out of the room. He had to admit that their elegant forms still held all of their original allure. He wondered idly about how they would look on the deck of the ship, as they sailed away, dressed and free of his control. There was something enticing in that image, but he had little choice, his agreement with the Bureau had to be honored.

"Master, I just brought your new maid to the mansion. She's waiting for you in the sitting room." Holli chimed, doing her part to keep her master on pleasant thoughts, rather than depressing ones.

He turned to look at her. She was dressed now, in a simple blouse and short skirt, a very appealing look for her, he mused. Since the workers at the village weren't all permanent staff, he couldn't just convert them, so that Holli could walk around naked.

"Good, why don't you get us some drinks, and get more comfortable, while I introduce myself. She has been given the initial treatment, correct?" He asked, as he straightened his shirt. He always loved introductions, and this was the

first one that he'd been able to do in his mansion. This would also be his first new girl in some time, and he wanted to savor the moment.

"Of course Master. She's been prepared for you. Now please go, I'll be along in a minute." Holli prodded, as she pulled off her blouse. She didn't like to see him beating himself up, he needed to enjoy himself, and she knew that his next pleasures would come from the girl in that room.

Larange nodded his thanks, and walked into the room. He was always thankful for her aid, and her attention to his needs. The rest of his world could be just his plaything, but Holli he did truly care for.

He walked out into the sitting room a moment later, and was pleased with what he saw. The girl before him couldn't have been over twenty. She was nicely curved, and her mane of light brown hair flowed around her magically. She looked nervous and shy, a combination that was just darling on her sweetly rounded face. Holli had chose well, and he smiled, as he took a seat across from her.

"Hello my lady. I am Doctor Larange. I hear that you are to be my new maid. May I ask your name?"

"I'm Ashley Parner sir. Thank you for meeting me like this. I never would have expected someone as important as you to meet me personally." she squeaked, sheepishly. It was obvious she was the quiet reserved type, and he was almost drooling over the pleasure that her service would bring.

"Oh it isn't a bother, I make it a point to always deal personally with all of my staff, so that we can always enjoy a pleasant environment here." he paused, as he heard the door open behind him. "Ah, Holli must be here with our drinks."

Larange watched as Ashley's eyes bulged out of her head, and her mouth dropped open. Holli of course was completely naked, except for her glasses, as she carried in the tray of drinks.



"What? Why is she naked?" Ashley whimpered, unable to look away from Holli as she walked over to Dr. Larange. Her fear and horror were etched deeply into her face.

"Why it is just the uniform here Ashley. I'm sure it's strange now, but you'll get used to it. Won't she Holli?" he asked, as he reached out and squeezed her naked rear.

"Oh yes. I mean if a slave isn't naked, how else can she serve her master's whims?" Holli replied, as she wiggled back against his caresses, enjoying his firm hand on her ass.

"No! You're crazy! I'm supposed to be a maid!" Ashley whined, clearly wanting to bolt from the room, but just a certainly locked into place on the couch. Holli had administered an initial dose of nanobots into Ashley, before bringing her to the mansion, and now the girl was firmly leashed.

"Oh you will be a maid, Ashley, but you will also have other duties as well. Actually, I see no reason for you to delay your proper introduction to my household. Please, disrobe, so I can see just what kind of a new slave girl that I have. Then perhaps Holli and I can introduce you fully to your new duties here." Larange said, smiling, as he savored every moment of confused anguish on her face. She didn't know what was happening, and this was all so completely overwhelming to her. This was supposed to be a simple maid's job for one year, for an eccentric millionaire, on his own island.

Even more bizarre, Ashley found that she couldn't even help herself. She found herself getting up on her feet, at his command, with her hands unbuttoning her blouse. It was so strange. she knew that she shouldn't be doing what he asked her to do, but at the moment, his suggestion that she get naked, in order to properly introduce herself, in the nude, seemed like a good idea. She didn't know where that notion had come from, in fact, she new she shouldn't disrobe for any job. Still, she felt very satisfied, as she unhooked her bra, and slipped it off of her shoulders, exposing her pert little breasts. Even better still, was the rush of excitement that she got, when she slipped off her slacks

and panties, finally standing naked in front of her new employer. Certainly there could be no better introduction than one in the nude, there wouldn't be any secrets between them that way. Still, she couldn't help but to blush, as he openly looked her over, his eyes traveling over her firm breasts, her slender waist, and finally to her well-trimmed bush. She had never stood in front of a man like this before, but she felt compelled to thrust out her tits and spread her legs for him, so that he could see just how lovely she really was.

"Oh my dear Ashley, you are a find. I know that we'll all enjoy every moment of your stay with us, and every pleasure that your sexy little body can give. Now, let's retire to my bed room, and I can complete our introductions." Larange said, smiling at her, as he led the girls to his chambers. The spell that Ashley was under, would fade soon, and her true resistance would begin. He looked forward to it, subjugating such an innocent and lovely creature was so compelling, that he was nearly giddy. He turned around, and let his new maid walk up to him. Then he reached out and cupped her breasts, enjoying their softness, and her throaty moan, as he molded her flesh in his hands, and pinched her nipples. His thoughts drifted back over the troubles of the last few months, the necessary threats and dangerous moments. He didn't want that kind of responsibility, all he wanted was to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh, like the perfect young woman pressed against him right now. Certainly there could be no better joy in life than this, he thought. With such pleasure at his fingertips, he mused, why would I want to rule the world?

The End