

Meet Suzy

"I'm missing something," Suzanne said, brow knit in concentration. "I can *feel* it. Like the answer is right under my nose, but I can't work it out. It's infuriating."

"You'll get there in the end," I told her with a kind smile. We were in my office, late in the day with no-one else around. "I'm sure of it. All the great men and women of history have felt as you do now, Suzanne. On the cusp of a world-changing breakthrough, unable to fit that last piece into place. I have no doubt in my mind that your project will be a success. Have faith in yourself."

Suzanne forced a smile at that. She was struggling, stressed out at the threats from above. Unless she succeeded soon, they'd cut funding to her project. But the girl was determined, I had to give her that.

At twenty-eight, she was one the youngest professors ever hired by the college. A bona fide genius with limitless prospects and amazing potential. Left to her own devices, the girl would change the world in wondrous, marvellous ways.

It was almost a shame I'd never let that happen.

"You can do it," I told her in a caring, fatherly tone. "I know you can."

A good-looking girl. Too pretty for her own good.

If she'd been an ugly hag, after all, I'd have only stolen her life's work. The other stuff would never have occurred to me.

Truly, Suzanne was an unfortunate soul.

"I think I'm going to call it a night James," Suzanne sighed. "Maybe a good night's sleep is what I need..."

As she rose, I gazed at her – eyes flicking up and down her body.

Tall and slender, with long red hair and stylishly modern glasses. She dressed as she acted, professional and regal; a grey suit that fit her lean figure perfectly. No high-heels or skirts for this one, she was all business and no pleasure.

Getting her on first-name basis, instead of professor this and professor that, had been a challenge in and of itself.

"Before you go," I said quickly, reaching into a desk drawer. "I have something I'd like to show you."

Suzanne paused, raised an eyebrow at me.

Slowly, I lifted the device – a metal remote with only a handful of buttons – and pointed it at Suzanne.

The project Suzanne was working on was related to the human mind. She believed, and correctly so, that the human mind could be influenced by outside signals. Wavelengths and frequencies that couldn't be seen or heard, yet could instead be used to transmit information directly to a human brain.

Her idea was simple: With the right signals being transmitted, she'd create a device that could improve a person's concentration and memory, among other things. A simple remote that would change education and understanding world-wide, propelling humanity into its next step of intellectual evolution.

Suzanne, of course, had no idea she'd actually *succeeded* at creating this device. As far as she was aware, the project had yet to bare any fruit.

It was the only way.

This device? It changed *everything*. Made impossibilities into realities. With it, I could do whatever I wanted to whomever I wanted, without any fear of consequence what so ever.

So long as I possessed the only one, I was practically a god.

"Hello Suzy," I smiled. "How are you today?"

Across my desk, Suzanne – now 'Suzy' – grinned right back at me, the bright

intelligence that'd filled her eyes a moment ago had dimmed away to nothing.

"Well," she cooed, twirling red hair with her finger. "What can I help you with today, sir?"

Every word dripped with flirtatious arousal, tone low and sensual.

I couldn't help but smile.

If Suzanne hadn't been so damn hott, I'd have never done this to her. I'd have still made her forget her invention, sure. But this persona I'd crafted for her - the ditsy, horny personal assistant - had been too tempting to pass by for such a good-looking woman.

"First of all," I said, eyeing up the overly professional attire she was wearing. "I think you might need a change of clothing. There's somewhere I'd like to take you this fine evening and *that*," I pointed at the business suit she had on, "will not do."

I reached into my desk drawer again, pulled out a slutty too-small dress and a pair of high-heels, put it all on the desk.

Suzy beamed over at me, smiling the bright and happy smile of a bimbo.

Few things in the world are as fun and entertaining as frat parties.

Everything from beer-pong to strippers to under-the-table narcotics. When a frat party started, there was no telling how it would end. As a general rule, any party that didn't get shut down by campus staff or local police was considered a failure.

I watched Suzy out of the corner of my eye, enjoying the sight of the sexy redhead in the black dress I'd gotten for her. Cleavage on display, with a skirt so short that it barely hid her naked snatch. If not for the fact that every guy in the frat house knew she was out-of-bounds, she'd have been surrounded by hard cocks wanting a piece of her.

As it was, she stood next to a deliciously busty blonde girl that was dressed just as scantily as Suzy was. The other girl was vaguely familiar to me, though I couldn't place her exactly. The two were chatting eagerly, no-doubt gossiping about random, irrelevant nonsense.

"Thank you again," one of the fraternity's more well-known and respected members was saying. "For what you did to Alexan- to Lexi. I owe you big time, James."

"Think nothing of it," I smiled over at him.

"Tonight's the night," Brad said, eyes moving over the blonde girl. So that sexy piece of ass was Lexi, then? Her hair was a different colour than I remembered. "I'm finally gonna pop her cherry. I was thinking of waiting a few weeks. You know, do it when she moves in with me and I make the changes permanent. But holy shit I can't wait any longer. Just *look* at her. Tonight, definitely."

I was barely listening.

Truth be told, I didn't really give a shit how happy and eager the boy was with his conquest. Doing Brad this favour had not been an act of altruism. One day, the boy would be very useful to me. As would the other members of the fraternity I'd 'helped'.

"No time like the present," I told him, more so to get him out of my hair than anything else. "Why not take her upstairs and have her right now?"

Brad chuckled, nodded his head.

"You know what?" He grinned. "You're right."

And, without another word spoken, the boy stood up. He walked over to the hott blonde, leaned over to whisper into her ear. A moment later, she was blushing and following along behind him as he led her to a staircase.

Alone now, Suzy looked over at me and smiled.

Not a regular, polite smile. Not a friendly smile. No, the curve of Suzy's lips meant something very specific. It was a come-fuck-me smile. An invitation to sample the goods so openly displayed.

I followed Brad's example and rose to my feet.

Suzy in tow, I headed upstairs to find an unoccupied room. Not a difficult task,

given how early the night was.

Grinning, I pulled my 'personal assistant' to an empty bed, tossed her down onto it. She giggled, stared up at me with hungry, lustful eyes. Genius by day, cock-socket by night. When the time came, I'd make Suzy's changes permanent too – just as Brad was doing with Lexi. The world would lose a great mind. But, in return, it'd gain a sexy, wanton slut.

A trade I was more than willing to make.

I climbed atop Suzy, ignoring the squeaking bedsprings and wall-thumping in the next room over. Placing firm hands on the slutty dress she was wearing, I stared hard into her eyes.

No hint of Suzanne. Not even the slightest glimmer.

Truly, her device was something else.

Rather than removing the dress, I simply tore it straight down the middle. Two perky breasts bounced free, nipples hard.

I leaned down, took one in my mouth while my hands ran up Suzy's thighs. A soft moan escaped the girl's lips, the sound echoed by Lexi in the room over. Suzy's body trembled, shivered with arousal. When my fingers came into contact with her wet cunt, she gasped loudly.

Slowly, I pushed her legs apart.

"James," she breathed as my cock pressed against her. "Please..."

I penetrated her, pushed right down to the hilt.

The sound Suzy made - a loud, wailing cry – was that of pure, animal satisfaction. She swayed her hips, cunt hungry for a fucking. And, happily, I obliged.

"Why?" Suzanne demanded, eyes cold. There was no anger in her voice, though the loathing in her eyes was palpable. "Stolen supplies and equipment? Missing funding and blatant fraud? Sabotaging my work? Why, James? What on Earth were you thinking?"

And, just like that, the game was up.

We were in my office, Suzanne holding a pile of incriminating documents. She'd come to confront me. A huge mistake on her part. But, the simple fact that she'd uncovered so much by herself, with how much effort I'd put in to hide my crimes, was spectacular. A testament to the girl's immense intellect.

A shame I'd have to destroy her because of it.

This day had been coming for a long while. Months and months.

"Because I could," I said with a shrug. No need to put on the kind, fatherly act any longer. "Simple as that."

She glared at me, pure disgust marring her otherwise pretty face.

"That it?" She growled, professional facade wavering. "That's all you have to say?"

"Pretty much," I shrugged. "Though, I must say, I'm impressed that you discovered so much on your own. Not everything, not by a long shot. But even so. You should be proud of yourself. Not many people would've seen through my obfuscations as you have."

I reached into my drawer, picked up the device and a slip of paper.

"I suggest," Suzanne said coolly, "that you stay where you are. I'll be calling the police momentarily. No doubt, they'll want to speak to you. I would not recommend running."

"I wouldn't worry about that if I were you," I said, shaking my head sadly. Truly, the world would never know what it was about to lose. A great mind, turned to ash. I placed the document on my desk in front of me. "*This*, is your resignation."

Suzanne's curiosity got the best of her. She looked down at the document, eyes widening as she recognised the hand-writing and signature as her own. A resignation that stated 'burnout' as the reason she was quitting her job at the college.

"I didn't want to do this," I told her, raising the remote and pointing it at her. "Truly. In

a better world, you'd have won a Nobel Prize and been hailed as one of the greatest minds humanity ever produced. Unfortunately, that is not the world we live in."

Before she could speak, utter her last words, I pressed the button.

"A little risky, isn't it?" Brad asked, raising a glass to his lips. "Making her disappear like this? I know you made Suzy write a resignation, but even so. People are going to ask questions."

I nodded my head, enjoying the show. Music thumping, men cheering, strippers dancing. She looked good up there on stage, Suzy did. Who'd have guessed such a no-nonsense girl would turn out to be a good dancer?

"I'll be retiring from academics soon," I told Brad. "Not so soon as to cause suspicion. But sometime in the next few weeks all the same. My time as a professor is done."

Around the table, frat boys nodded their heads. Each one was indebted to me. Bright minds and morally flexible the lot. My chosen men. All were listening to me as they watched Suzy dance. Likely, more than one would visit the stripper after her show, pay for a 'private dance' or two.

"Doesn't sound so bad. Retirement. At least you won't have to work any more," Brad said. He was the only one who didn't seem all that interested in Suzy. But then, he did have that blonde, big-titted girlfriend of his.

"Not full retirement," I said, eyes roaming the faces of the men around me. "I'm thinking of starting a company."

"A company?" Brad chuckled. "You never struck me as the CEO type. So what'll James Moriarty Incorporated be selling?"

I rolled my eyes.

"I won't be naming it after myself," I stated firmly. "I'd not do something so plebeian. No, I won't be naming the company at all. As to what we'll be selling? Well, let's just say that's a topic to be discussed behind closed doors."

That got everyone's attention.

"A company, huh?" Brad smiled. "You'll be needing a group of guys loyal to you, then. Won't you?"

Bright boy, Brad. He was no Suzanne. But then, neither was Suzanne any more. He'd make a good second in command.

"Not 'a company'," I smiled right back at him. "The Company. And yes, you're correct. I *will* need loyal men at my back, won't I?"

With the device in my pocket, anything was possible.

This city would be mine.

No, not just the city. The entire country.

The *world*.

Poor, amazing Suzanne. She could have changed the world.

Instead, she'd given that power to me.

And I knew just how I was going to use it.