

Homunculus

I sat at a restaurant table, a dish of unpronounceable cuisine in front of me and one of the world's wealthiest men sat across the table from me. The food, for all its exorbitant price and unworldly prestige, tasted bland. Not worth a fraction of its asking price.

The man – a high-profile CEO – ate in near silence, eyes flicking to me every now and then. Wondering, I knew, how to breach the topic. My job.

I've always been good at reading people. Always had a sixth sense about what others are thinking.

This one; he liked order, structure.

The suit, neat and expensive. Hair dyed black and slick, styled with care despite the man's age and oncoming baldness. Likely, when the receding hairline and bald-spot on the top of his head got too much, he'd opt for some kind of hair transplant surgery. Either that, or shave his head completely. Not a man for half-measures, this one.

He'd expect the best from me. Nothing short of perfection.

That was fine. Acceptable.

I never half-assed my creations. Not even for the lowest of the low. Not ever.

When the last bite of the bland food was eaten, the man cleared his throat. He spoke in a calm, controlled tone. The voice of a man who expected everyone around him to jump and dance at his word.

"Can you do it?"

A simple question. Straight to the point. No waffling.

Would he expect the same from his homunculus? Or would the age-old attraction of opposites apply here instead? Did he want a woman at his beck and call, an obedient, loving slave? Or did his desires lead down a different path; one of confident, domineering women who refused to be moved or commanded?

Did he want a pet, or a mistress?

"Yes," I stated simply.

No need for long, unnecessary responses here. This man wasn't the type who'd appreciate his time being wasted. Ironical, given how long he'd spent eating this restaurant's dreadful food.

"How long will it take?"

Impatience?

No, not that. Not fully, at least. The man's life operated around a schedule. He wanted to know where his new toy would fit in, what numbers he'd have to move around to make it work.

"It varies," I answered honestly. "No more than a week."

"And how much does your... *process* cost?"

I smiled, unable to help myself. 'Process'. If only this man knew the truth, how would the world change for him?

"That depends on your specifications," I lied.

In truth, each homunculus cost the exact same to make – required the exact same amount of effort to bring it to life. But being able to charge my 'clients' at different rates was useful. The wealthier they were, the more my 'process' would cost.

"Let's start with personality," I continued. Always a good place to start. It was, after all, at the core of a creation. "What personality traits would you like your woman to possess?"

Ownership of sex slaves was common amongst the 'highest' social class. The millionaires and billionaires. Most, if not all, had slaves of one kind or another. Some simply had secret sex-friends or hired high-class prostitutes, most actively bought women as property.

There are places in the world where women sell themselves, or are sold by others,

into sexual slavery. Trained and taught to obey their eventual owners.

That's what most assumed I did: Bought girls on the black-market from dubious sellers, brainwashed them into the ideal toys to meet my client's needs, then sold them on for a profit.

I'd certainly gained a reputation for being the best at doing just that.

Only, that wasn't *exactly* true.

It was a convenient lie. A fabrication I was more than willing to embrace, so long as the truth remained hidden. After all, the reality of how I *actually* made my perfect sex-slaves was a truth very few people would be willing to believe.

Blood magic.

Age-old, long forgotten, and extraordinarily powerful.

Knowing that blood magic was involved in the creation of their pleasure-happy toys, I imagined, would put many a buyer off their products. For multiple reasons.

It started with a ball of clay.

The size of two fists pressed together, malleable in my fingers and easy to shape and mould. I kneaded the clay with my eyes closed, focusing intently. Years of experience had made me a master of the craft but, even now, it still took considerable effort.

Submissive, I thought as I shaped the homunculus core.

Meek, obedient. Someone who lives for others, desires nothing more in life than to make those they care about happy. To serve with a smile, never questioning their place. Comfortable and content to follow the will and desires of others.

A motherly figure sprang to mind. A kind, warm-hearted woman. A dedicated carer.

The image of an old-school maid followed it. A girl raised from birth to obey the commands of her manor's lord. To clean after him, to care for his property.

A younger girl next, filled with innocence and joy.

One after the other, my imagination filled with pictures of girls and women – young and old. Their drive, their purpose. To care for and clean, to obey and love unconditionally. I focused on the *feel* of them, the *sensation* of them – poured it into the clay ball being kneaded in my hands.

The heart of a personality. The foundation that the rest of her would be built around.

Obedient. Loving. Submissive. Caring. Dutiful. Doting.

I folded the clay, not needing to look at it as my fingers followed muscle-memory – shaping it perfectly.

Next came the quirks. The traits. The little things which made a person just that, a person.

Joy.

I imagined sunlight. Bright and beautiful. Warm.

In the back of my mind, I could hear a feminine giggle. A happy, care-free, joyous laugh. Soft and kind and pretty.

She'd be a giggly girl, yes.

And a girl with a fondness for sweet things. Chocolate and candy and fruits. Pineapples. That'd be her favourite. I could almost taste it, felt a shiver run through me at the sweet flavour.

Careful, I warned myself.

Keep detached. Don't lose yourself in the creation.

Sweet. She'd like sweet flavours.

And cute things. Cats and dogs and bunny rabbits. She'd adore animals, love plushies and teddies.

A spectrum of colours flowed behind my closed eyelids.

Red? A little bit, but not too much. Passion, but no anger.

Blue? Peaceful and calm. Yes, plenty of that.

Orange? Yes. Lots of warmth and excitement.

Already, the girl's mind was formed enough to make a functioning homunculus. An adequate, if hollow, personality. But I continued on regardless. I'd never formed anything short of a true creation before. I wasn't going to start now. No half-measures. Not ever.

Lip-biting. When she was nervous or excited, aroused, she'd nibble on her lower lip, give a blushing half-smile.

Shy, on the surface. But naughty underneath.

A girl who took pleasure in satisfying others. Who took pride in pleasuring her owner – her master.

Dress-up. She'd love clothes, dressing up for him. Wearing naughty clothes, extravagant outfits. She'd love being eye-candy, would thrive on being admired.

Yes. Yes, I could feel her now.

Her name was...

It was there, on the tip of my tongue. On the edge of her forming mind. A name, a single word to define herself by.

Melody.

Musical, magical Melody.

Innocent at first glance, a young girl with an adult's body. But, deep down, she was fire – naughty and hot and playful. Loving on the surface, compassionate and caring. Submissive, though with a hint of demanding beneath it. She wanted to obey, to be used and enjoyed. But she also expected it, would get upset if her lover didn't give her his full, undecided attention.

The attention I deserve.

Not my thought. Hers.

A deep, subconscious thought. Melody, while not aware of it quite yet, was alive. Or, at least, as close to 'alive' as a clump of clay could be.

She was ready.

I opened my eyes, removed my hands from the homunculus core.

What'd started off as a shapeless grey blob had now taken on a new form. A perfect replica of a human brain, every fold and crevice in the exact right place. Still grey, still wet, but so much more than just clay now.

The dangerous part was over.

When making a homunculus, there was always the risk of losing yourself while crafting its identity. Attempting to create one without deep experience and knowledge of the magic required was near-impossible – and would cost a person their sanity to attempt.

I took the brain – the homunculus core – to a specially-made oven.

Once baked, the core – and the personality within it – would be set. I wouldn't be able to alter it from this point onwards. Melody, as her personality existed right now, would be the girl I handed over to my wealthy CEO client.

The bake took two days.

From there, the clay brain was placed in a human-sized vat filled with sea water.

For the first homunculus I ever created, I'd used a bathtub for this part. Filled it with sea water, placed the clay brain inside and waited. A lot had changed since then – I now had the money to afford custom-made vats for the process – large glass cylinders through which I could watch the growth unfold.

Not that there was a whole lot to watch. The growth was *painfully* slow.

After setting the brain in one of the glass vats, I left my little blood-magic laboratory. All the other vats were empty right now. This was the only one I was working on. And there wasn't much I could do past this point but wait.

When I returned the next day, the clay brain was floating inside the vat of sea water. Grey

tendrils flowed out from the base of the brain, thin little strands of colour in the otherwise transparent water.

The circulatory system, I'd learned early on when making my first homunculus.

Every vein and artery in the human body, recreated for some reason in the homunculus. The entire circulatory system – minus organs like the heart – on display in dull, clay grey. A sign that the creation was ready for the second-to-last step.

Earth. A homunculus was a construct of earth and sea.

Clay for the brain. Salt water for the veins. Earth for the body.

All I needed to do was add regular old dirt to the vat, and the brain would do the rest.

I did just that. Added more than enough soil to the vat for it craft a body out of – the homunculus would only use as much as it needed, leaving the remained in the vat – and left to let the magic do its work.

The next day, when I went to check on my creation, I saw the beginnings of a human shape – earth clutching to the clay brain and the grey veins. Some of the dirt had already begun losing its dark colour.

Melody, I figured, must be pretty pale.

When I returned the next day, my thought was confirmed.

Floating in the vat, an almost fully-formed homunculus floated. A woman, short and busty, pale. The skin was still a little rough in places, and not a single hair could be seen on the girl's body. Another day in the vat would fix that.

Tomorrow, when I returned, Melody would be ready. A fully formed homunculus, one step away from being a fully-fledged human being.

"This," I said, gesturing to my creation, "is Melody. Your new *private assistant*."

Some people liked to call their slaves by other titles. It made them feel less sleazy for purchasing them. 'Pet' or 'lover' or 'secret girlfriend' or 'carnal tutor' and so on. Some liked to hear the words 'sex slave', got aroused at the fact that they owned another human being – and a beautiful one at that. For this particular client, 'private assistant' seemed to be the right way to go.

His eyes drifted to his purchase.

Melody was, for all intents and purposes, a beautiful woman. A young, twenty-something year-old with light blue eyes and bright blonde hair. Pale, flawless skin. Rosy cheeks. Warm-to the touch and identical to an ordinary human in every conceivable way.

I'd given her something suitable to wear. A white dress that showed off her curves without being too blatant.

She stood, arms behind her back, chest out. Her eyes were wide, cheeks flushed in shy embarrassment. Nervously, she nibbled on her lower lip, shifted uncomfortably under her new owner's gaze. Her body screamed shy, but her eyes were warm with heat – naughty and inviting.

"Hello," Melody said, voice musical. She stopped biting her lip for a moment, pursed her lips in a sweet little smile. "Master."

A short conversation and financial transaction later, and I was staring at my creation's perfect hips sway as she walked away. The man's arm wrapped around Melody's shoulders, holding her close as she giggled, patting his chest playfully.

I smiled, watching her go.

She was going to have a wonderful life.

And, when the CEO man stuck it to Melody in a few minutes, it'd be the most amazing experience of his life.

That, and the most draining.

See, as fully-formed a homunculus as Melody was, she wasn't *complete*. No homunculus was.

Not until they became a real, living human.

Blood magic, remember? Only no blood had been used in creating Melody. No deep, dark ritual like the old-timey spellbook had described. No messy human sacrifice or anything like it.

See, there's a trick with blood magic.

Namely, it doesn't *exactly* require blood. Any bodily fluid will do the trick, though won't be as effective. Saliva, sweat, urine. Cum. They'd all technically *work*, it just meant the spell wouldn't be as potent.

So, when the book called for a sacrifice – claimed that creating a life must also cost a life – there was a little leeway.

Every time Mr CEO Man came inside Melody, he'd give just a tiny bit of himself to her. A small, little fragment of his life going on to fuel the homunculus' continuing existence and final transformation into a true, real human. A process that'd take months and years and many, many ejaculations to complete.

By which time, I'd be long gone.

Honestly though, is that such a bad way to go? Death by over-fucking your ideal, perfect woman. Was that really so bad?

I could think of worse ways to die.