

## Implant

The last thing Gwen felt was a sharp pinch in her back, followed immediately by a flash of pain throughout her body. Then the world went black.

She'd been on her way home from work when it happened. She'd climbed out of her car and then the pinch and the pain and the blackness. Out of no-where, for no reason.

No reason other than her looks, that was.

Gwen had always been pretty. She knew it just as well as everyone around her did. To call her above average would be to understate just how cute she really was.

Her eyes, wide and round and doey brown, were alluring to most men. Her pale skin and slim, slender body giving her the illusion of frailty, the appearance of needing protection. Her lips, small yet full, always curled into a gentle smile or playful pout. Near everything about Gwen screamed cute vulnerability.

She was, in a word, beautiful.

And that, she guessed, was why they'd kidnapped her.

Glancing about the small room, Gwen fought down the urge to panic. She wasn't alone in the dark place. There were other girls here, too. All of them good looking in their own ways; some cute and soft like Gwen, others more obviously sexy and alluring.

One of them, a large-chested woman in a tank-top, had two red dots on her shoulder. The remnants of the taser used to knock them out when they'd been taken.

None of the girls spoke. Some whimpered, some hid away in corners, some were motionless, hollow.

Gwen watched, tried to figure out exactly why they'd been taken - what their kidnappers had in store for them. None of the answers she came up with were very comforting.

Perhaps this was all some kind of prank? Some stupid joke being played on them? Maybe a TV show going too far?

Gwen shook her head. No, thinking like that wasn't helpful at all. If she spent all her time hoping for the best, she wouldn't be prepared for the worst. What she needed was information. Where was she? Who had taken her? Why so many girls?

As she was considering the evidence, the room's sole door opened, bathing the room in a harsh, bright light.

A burly figure stood silhouetted there for a moment, then stepped inside, grabbed one of the girls. She struggled, screamed, but it was to no avail. The man carried her out of the room, shut the door behind himself - casting Gwen and the rest into an even deeper darkness than before.

When they came for Gwen herself, she didn't put up a fight. What was the point? Better to save her energy for later, when she might have a chance at escape.

A single burly man led her out of the dark room and into the light of the corridor beyond. She had to shield her eyes from the brightness, the sudden motion and movements disorienting her so much that she could barely walk, let alone in a straight line.

When they finally reached Gwen's destination, her heart froze in her chest.

Not a room filled with men, not a brothel or a van to take her away to another country to be bought and sold. It was an operating room. Clean and white, surgical instruments placed neatly on a metal bench, an operating table next to it complete with thick leather restraints.

For the first time, Gwen fought against her escort.

Like hell she was going to let some lunatics cut her open and harvest her organs.

If the sudden burst of energy and resistance surprised her brawny captor, he didn't show it. He simply swatted her arms away gripper her tighter, dragged her to the surgery table.

Try as she might, she couldn't stop the man from binding her arms and legs, trapping her face-down on the table.

"Subject thirty-two," a male voice spoke from across the room. Somehow, in the confusion and struggle, a second man had made his way into the operating room unnoticed. "Female, twenty-three."

He was a scrawny man, old and wrinkly, white-haired. The man looked less like a doctor and more like a mad scientist. He was speaking into a device in his hand, staring at Gwen as if she were nothing more than cattle.

"Healthy. Actions suggest a higher than average IQ, a very good sign. We'll begin with-"

"Help!" Gwen screamed. "Someone! Help!"

"Gag her," the old man instructed.

"Help! Please! Some-"

The first man, the brawny one, forced a ragged piece of cloth into Gwen's mouth, tied it in place.

"No-one can hear you," the old man said, addressing Gwen directly for the first time. "This facility is underground, in the middle of no-where. There are armed guards at every entry and exit. No-one is coming to your aid."

Gwen stared at the man's face, searching for any hint of a lie. All she saw was a bored, indifferent old man.

"Good. Now I advise you don't struggle. The procedure, while harmless, can quickly go south when the subject moves too much. I would rather not accidentally damage the spinal cord of another subject today. Stay still, don't struggle, and this will be over with sooner than you think."

When Gwen didn't react, didn't thrash or struggle any more, the man nodded his head, returned to recording his voice.

Soon, the surgical instruments came out. Knives and needles and tiny little saws. Gwen shut her eyes tight, ignored the sounds of cutting and the numb sensations at the point where her skull met the spine. There was no pain, one of the needles evidently containing drugs to numb Gwen to it.

"Inserting the implant now," she heard the old man say. "Thus far, there have been no issues. Moment of truth and... There!"

Gwen's body twitched. Her mind suddenly blank, devoid of all thought and feeling.

And then she was back. Herself again, afraid and trapped.

She thought she'd spaced out for a moment or two but, when she saw that her bindings were undone, that the surgery was over and the old man was gone, she realises she must have been zoned out for much longer.

How long had she been out? What had the old man inserted into the base of her skull?

She didn't have time to think on the questions. The burly man walked over to her, jabbed a needle into her shoulder. Within seconds, Gwen was losing consciousness again.

She woke with a start, jerking upright in bed, head swivelling left and right. The men, where were they? Where was she?

It took her a few terrified seconds to recognise her bedroom, her own home.

What? What was she doing here? How had she gotten here?

As the panic and dread faded, Gwen's heart steadily slowing to its regular beat, she put a hand to her aching forehead. Had it all been a dream? Just a stupid nightmare?

No, it couldn't have been. It was too detailed. Too *real*.

Then why was she back at home?

The more she tried to think, the more Gwen's head ached.

She rose from bed, walked shakily to the bathroom.

There was one sure-fire way to know if her kidnapping had been a dream or if it had actually happened. Standing in front of her bathroom mirror, she unbuttoned her pj shirt, slipped it aside to reveal her shoulder.

Clear as day, there it was. A little red dot. The mark left behind when she'd been injected with whatever drugs had knocked her out.

It had happened. It'd all been real.

The police. That had been her first instinct. Call the police, report the crime. But she stopped herself. Without evidence, who would believe her? The mark on her shoulder and the two on her back weren't enough evidence to go claiming she'd been kidnapped.

Luckily, her abductors had left other pieces of evidence for her to use; far more solid, undeniable bits of proof. Her blood, and the drugs that were no-doubt still in her system.

She'd go to the hospital, tell them what had happened. The nurses and doctors would be legally obligated to get the police involved anyway. But this way, she's also have samples of blood to use as proof.

Gwen drove past the hospital, eyes wide. She tried to turn, tried to park her car. But her body wouldn't listen.

It kept on driving by itself, making turns here and there, not stopping until it reached its destination.

When she pulled up outside an old warehouse, Gwen wanted to scream. Her mouth didn't so much as open.

Her hand moved by itself, reached into her purse, pulled out her phone. Her fingers tapped on the screen, typing out a short message for Gwen's eyes to read.

*This is the cost of displeasing us. Remember it next time.*

Her hands set the phone aside, unfastened her seat belt.

She climbed out of the car, walked towards the warehouse with a strut in her step.

Inside, a half-dozen men were waiting for her.

All of them wore masquerade masks and business suits. And all watched Gwen as she approached.

She tried to scream again, to run. But her body ignored her, kept walking towards the men. She felt her lips curl into a sly smile, could feel her hips swaying seductively.

One of the men stepped forwards, towering over Gwen. He leaned down, lips moving towards hers. Gwen wanted to push away, but her body had other ideas.

The moment their lips met, unnatural shock-waves of pleasure rippled through Gwen's body.

She dropped to the floor, heard the men surrounding her chuckling and laughing.

Her hands rose, started stripping her out of her clothes.

At first, she was disgusted, afraid. Before long, however, the feelings warped. Her body was aroused in a way it had never been before, ripples and waves of pleasure shook her to the core as the men took turns on her. The pleasure was overwhelming, all-consuming.

All the while, her body moved on its own, moved with obvious intent. It pleased the men in every way possible.

At first, Gwen didn't like it. That quickly changed.

The pleasure was too much, the electricity and pressure and heat, the pure, mind-numbing bliss of it all. She couldn't resist it, couldn't fight against the overwhelming feelings.

If it kept on, she knew she'd lose her mind completely. Go mad from the unrelenting pleasure.

Minutes passed, hours. Gwen was on her back, one of the men inside her as she took another in her mouth, another in one of her hands. Her body, soaked in sweat and cum, ached. Screamed at her to stop. But she couldn't. Didn't want to.

She didn't even know if it was her body moving by itself any more, or if it was Gwen herself who was pleasuring the men.

The next time she regained consciousness, Gwen was laying face-down on the warehouse floor. Her body was covered in scratches and cuts and bruises, every muscle ached and burned.

None of the men were there. Just her, covered from head to toe in bodily fluids.

Gwen knew she should feel shame, disgust, afraid. But she didn't. Couldn't. All she could think about, the only thought in her head, was how good it had all felt. Amazing. Life-changing.

Whatever that man had put in her neck, whatever that implant had been, it was what had been controlling her body. It was the thing that had made everything feel so mind-numbingly amazing.

Each orgasm, every sensation, felt addictive.

She wanted more. Needed it.

Again, Gwen's body moved by itself. Somehow, it found her phone amongst the scattered, torn clothes on the floor. Gwen watched, drained and sleepy, as a new message was typed out for her.

*Same time next week. Wear something slutty. Don't do anything naughty until then. We'll be watching.*

Gwen stared at the words, blinked. Her thumb moved, erased the message.

Eventually, Gwen rose to her feet. She was in control of her body's movements again. She limped out to her car, climbed inside it. The sky was dark, starry. She'd been in the warehouse all day.

Numbly, she put the car in gear, began the drive home.