

Codename: Ladykiller

It started, as all great human advancements do, in a laboratory.

Imagine a virus, if you will. One that cracks open a person's mind, leaves them a vegetable. Highly contagious with no cure.

Sounds bad, right?

Now consider this virus's most notable side-effects: Honesty and Obedience. Anyone infected with it has their mind shut down permanently, sure. They become a zombie – and not the brain-eating type. An unmoving, useless vegetable. Right up until you ask them a question, or give them a command.

Then they spring to life. Answering your question without hesitation, following your command without a hint of resistance.

Imagine what a military power could do with such a virus.

Hence why it was in a laboratory, being tested and altered by the world's best - and most amoral - minds.

When you can infect anyone you want, have them answer any and every question you can think of with total honesty, what need is there for interrogation? Having the power to control the actions of any person you want, make them do whatever you want them to without hesitation. Imagine the possibilities.

The virus, in that first form, was useful.

But our heroic scientists took it one step further, tweaked the virus genome, altered its properties. They toyed with it, manipulated it in every conceivable way just to see what would happen. And then, one day, *it* happened.

The birth of CV-326. Codename: Ladykiller.

A strain of the virus that only had an effect on females.

For men, it'd cause regular flu symptoms. Coughing, fever, sweating, mild discomfort. Nothing overly special. When their bodies adjusted to the virus, the symptoms died away and they were back to being their usual selves. Women, however, underwent a transformation. Their minds opened, their will and identity vanished. They became hollow shells, obedient versions of their former selves.

Infect a man and he'd be back to his usual self a week later.

Infect a woman and she'd be a slave for the rest of her life. Subservient to any man who deigned to give her an order.

Most of the scientists in the laboratory, several of which were of the lesser gender, noted the abnormalities of CV-326 and moved on to the next strain. If they'd had their way, the women-only version of the virus would have been destroyed like so many others. Purged in fire and removed forever from this world.

But one man, one champion, saw the potential.

He looked upon this creation and knew what needed to be done.

When none of his colleagues were looking, before anyone could stop him, this unnamed scientist took a sample of CV-326 and unleashed it upon the world.

The virus, contagious as it was, spread across the globe before anyone even knew what was happening. Men got sick, then they got better. Women got sick, and they *changed*.

That change, many men would later agree, was also for the better.

Jason returned to a spotless home.

Tired after a long day at work, he walked through the squeaky clean house, made his way to the bathroom. He stepped inside, eyes flicking momentarily to the woman standing frozen in one corner.

Most of Jason's friends liked to have their Dolls dress up. Maid costumes and schoolgirl outfits and other slutty attire. Jason, though, preferred his woman to be naked.

Exposed at all times, ready to be used.

June – that'd been the girl's name before the outbreak five years ago – remained motionless, face blank, as Jason whipped out his dick and pissed into the toilet.

When he was done, he didn't put his dick away. Instead, he yanked down his trousers fully, kicked them aside and stripped off the rest of his clothes.

"In the shower," he told June. "Ready the soap."

Instantly, the beautiful woman moved to comply.

A busty little blonde with big eyes and a bubble-butt. Lean and fit from all the housework he made her do. A sexy thing, and one he'd been lucky to find. She walked into the shower, turned the water on and began soaping up her body.

Odd, that. The way she – and the other women – remembered things.

With the blank faces and hollow eyes, it was easy to look at a woman and see nothing but an empty shell. An object that'd listen and obey, and would do nothing but those two things. Leave a woman without any commands, and she'd stand there silently until she starved to death.

Yet, for all the emptiness in their expression, they *remembered*.

June *knew* what Jason meant when he told her to 'ready the soap'.

Women could be taught and trained like that. They'd never forget an instruction given to them. Yet, any semblance of a personality or identity was gone.

Jason set the thought aside.

He stepped into the shower, stood still in the stream of warm water.

June didn't need a command. She knew what she was supposed to do. Her big tits soapy and wet, she pressed herself against Jason's body, rubbing his grime and strain away with her wonderfully soft breasts.

She held her tits together, rubbed them on his body like two huge sponges.

Jason closed his eyes, enjoyed the feel of a beautiful, sexy woman pressing into him – cleaning him with her own body. When he was done in the shower, he'd shoot a load either on June or inside her, then leave his Doll to clean herself off. Just like always.

He couldn't help but smile.

In five years, the whole world had changed so much.

He found the girl in a locked apartment.

Breaking down the door hadn't been easy, not while he'd been coughing his lungs out. Damn sickness. But it had to be done.

If what the news was saying were true...

She'd been in her small apartment's bedroom, clutching a teddy bear tightly. Eighteen or nineteen, not much younger than Jason himself. And, from the snotty tissues strewn about the bedroom, she'd contracted the virus too.

For a moment, seeing her clutching her teddy, he'd been hopeful.

Then he looked at her face, really looked.

And saw nothing. Blankness. An empty, hollow expression.

His heart sank, even as his expectation was met.

Another victim of the outbreak. A girl who'd contracted the virus and lost her mind as a result.

It was only ever females who ended up like this.

For all the coughing and choking and discomfort Jason was in, he'd be fine in a few days. Back to his old self.

"Hey," he said to the pretty girl.

Nothing. Silence followed. The girl didn't even look up at him.

"I'm Jason," he continued, stomach twisting. "I'm here to help. The news, they said to..."

He paused, tried to remember exactly what he'd heard.

"The virus. It does something to the mind. But only with women. And if you're left alone, you'll starve. I'm supposed to take you somewhere safe, make sure you're fed and comfortable while they work on a cure."

Still no reaction. Could she hear him? Was she deaf?

Even if she was, she'd have seen him in the corner of her eye.

No, this was the virus. It'd fucked up her brain.

The city – the whole world – was in chaos. Half the population had stopped working, stopped doing *anything*. Half the world's workforce had disappeared overnight.

Jason, like every other guy, was supposed to find these poor women and take them to make-shift shelters where they'd be cared for until the cure was discovered. But those shelters were full and disorganised, not enough food to go around.

Much better to take this girl home, keep her safe and protected there until this whole mess blew over.

But how was he supposed to get her there?

He could carry her, but surely there must be a better way...

"What's..." Jason shifted from food to foot, feeling more than a little stupid. The girl was brain-dead, of course she wasn't going to reply. "What's your name?"

"June," the girl answered instantly.

Shocked silence followed the single word. Stunned, Jason stared open-mouthed.

"Are- are you okay?"

"Yes," the girl answered in an emotionless tone.

"Can you stand?" Jason said, staring at the girl's hollow face.

"Yes," the girl repeated.

The lights were on but nobody was home. For a moment, he'd dared to hope that the girl was fine – unaffected by the brain-numbing plague. But no, that wasn't the case. The girl's mind was gone. Whatever part of her that was left could answer questions, sure, but the majority – her personality – was gone.

The girl was a drone. Nothing more.

"Stand up," Jason spoke, sadness lacing his voice. "Follow me."

Still clutching her teddy bear, the pretty girl climbed out of bed. She was wearing nothing but a thin, pink nightie.

Jason forced his eyes away from her body, her breasts and nipples visible under the sheer fabric. Blushing, he turned and walked away, the girl – June – following behind him.

She was his responsibility now. Until doctors and scientists worked out a cure for the virus, he'd take care of her.

No cure came.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months.

Humankind – or, more accurately, *mankind* - slowly adjusted to the new world. With no shortage of jobs and much work that needed doing, the world slowly but surely rebuilt itself.

As each day passed by, men grew more and more certain of the simple truth of this new world.

The women weren't coming back.

They were - and would forever be – trapped as they were. Empty shells. Hollow, lifeless husks. Simple dolls that could answer questions and follow commands, but which had no agency of their own.

When enough men came to that reasonable conclusion, it was like the world shifted ever so slightly.

Markets popped up, buying and selling Dolls.

Doll-training competitions appeared, comparable to the old-world's dog-shows – only with beautiful women instead of furry mutts.

Entire professions were invented. Men who did nothing all day but train Dolls in their new roles as sex slaves.

As the world changed, so did Jason.

What'd started out as him protecting June from the chaos of the outside world, feeding and clothing and housing her, morphed into something else entirely.

He sat back in bed, eyes roaming the Doll's body.

No matter how much he looked and stared, he never got tired of the sight. Perky tits and a round ass, slim waist and stunning – if empty – eyes. It was easy to keep a Doll in shape. All it took was a simple command to have them exercise.

“Take care of my needs,” Jason stated firmly.

June knew what it meant. He'd trained her well.

Slowly, seductively, she climbed onto the bed - crawled up it towards him.

Her tits swayed beneath her, ass wiggling as she went. For the briefest of moments, Jason thought she saw something in her eyes. A flare of heat, passion. But then it was gone. A trick of the dim lighting.

June lowered her face to his crotch, kissed his shaft.

Jason closed his eyes, let himself enjoy the sensation properly. A pair of full lips gently caressing his cock, soft kisses up and down its length, warm breath tickling as it went.

Then came the tongue. Wet and warm. He could feel the texture of it on his skin, feel the droplets of saliva running down his cock and dripping onto his bed. Cool air mixing with June's warm mouth magically.

She pulled away slightly, made a soft sound as she opened her mouth.

And, a heartbeat later, warmth engulfed him.

The sensations of lips and tongue and saliva and warmth, the feel of her cheeks and mouth, all at once. A sensory overload of pleasure.

He could feel the breath she inhaled, feel her long hair on his thighs and legs and stomach.

She took him deep in her mouth, not stopping when she gagged on his length, not hesitating when the tip of his cock brushed the back of her throat. She kept going until all of him was in her, her lips pressed to his groin and balls.

Slowly, magnificently, she began to move. Masterfully bobbing her head steadily up and down.

Jason let out a satisfied grunt, hand moving to rest on his Doll's head.

A cocky, happy grin split his lips.