

His Doll

Part
Four

Amelia Stark



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His Doll: Part Four

Part 4 of ‘The Perfect Body’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction

Iku Uyeda is having to accept that the professor's real affections are for Doctor Hatsu Konishi and not her. The young Japanese woman has dedicated her life to the sex Doll program and gone to extraordinary lengths for the sake of the project. That included having modifications to her face and body to make her look more 'doll' like.

Tina has taken the first step to allow Sasaki Industries to make a sex Doll in her image. Part of the deal is to have some modifications to her looks and body to make the eventual Doll more appealing to the Asian retail market. The company plan to make two models, the first, for the mass market, with normal sex Doll-like features: and a de-luxe model that walks, talks dirty and adopts dozens of lewd positions.

Professor Saburo Fujita is used to getting his own way and believed he had total control of the Doll program. He liked working with Iku, but a new English girl has arrived and his interest immediately switches to her. The situation changes drastically when Doctor Kyoko Sasaki, the MD's daughter, turns up at the professor's lab and demands that he treats her like a sex Doll.

Yoko is playing with fire though and the Professor decides to teach her a lesson that she won't forget. He dresses her in one of the Doll uniforms and orders her over his desk. He then gives her more than she bargains for...

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Chapter One ~ Iku: One.

It only took a few seconds for my muscles to return to normal, then I was able to stand and have a stretch. I smoothed my pleated skirt out, then crossed the room to look at the breath-taking view across the SKI estate. From the luxury suite I could see staff enjoying a break by the lakeside and others strolling around the extensive gardens, knowing that they were safe from the pandemic that gripped the world.

I could see beyond the security fences, all the way to the beautiful city of Sendai where I was born 21 years earlier. I wondered what my parents would think of their daughter if they could see me standing in a luxury suite fit for a billionaire.

They, along with my three siblings had been given their own houses close to Tokyo and would never suffer hardship again. I had to convince my parents, who had scrimped and scraped to bring up four girls, that I understood what I was getting into. SKI had been economical with the truth, but I soon got used to working with the professor and playing the part-time role of a sex Doll.

The nature of the work was so intimate that I fell in love with the man.

That changed earlier in the day when I discovered that Saburo was in love with Doctor Hatsu Konishi and that he was quite happy to replace me with one of Hatsu's assistant's, Koji Usagi. At first, I suspected that Hatsu wanted me out of the way, but it seemed as though higher forces were at work. If the doctor was jealous of my relationship with the professor, then how was she going to cope with the new girl, who I thought was more attractive than me.

With the new girl, Tina, coming on the scene, it was difficult to work out my role in the scheme of things. The professor thought I'd continue recording sequences

for Tina and her Doll, while living in the new flat. That was what I expected, but after meeting Mary Spencer and seeing the way she dealt with Koji, I wasn't sure what she had in store for me.

A sound caused me to turn. It was Mary placing a cup and saucer on the occasional table, standing between me and the long white leather sofa.

“Iku, you’ve got a spectacular view, don’t you think?”

The blonde-haired American came and stood beside me. We were the same height – 5’5” – and build, but I guessed she was ten years my senior. She was wearing a lilac semi-transparent, latex dress, with short skater-style skirts. Beneath, easily visible through the filmy rubber, she was wearing a lilac tulle thong.

She was making an effort, I decided, to put me at my ease. I was impressed and liked the way she dealt with Koji, who had stepped way over the line. I had to be careful though and find out what the catch was, because SKI had already misled me over the details of the Doll program. I got over it and ended up enjoying my time with the professor, but I might not have if someone else was in charge.

I nodded. “It’s a great view.” I turned to face her. “Is this flat really for me and Koji, Ma’am?”

“Firstly, Iku, I am your Mistress and prefer Miss, to Ma’am.”

“Oh, yes, sorry, Miss.” I was suddenly on the defensive.

She smiled and touched my face. “I can see why everyone adores you, Iku, you are very attractive.”

Another surprise. “Um, thank you, Miss.”

“So, to answer your question, this suite was designed with you in mind and nobody else.”

“Me? Designed for me?”

“Yes, because you are the second successful recipient of the X five Neon Microcomputer. It could have been someone else, but you volunteered and here you are.”

I couldn't resist the obvious question. “Who was the first recipient?”

“I was, Iku.”

“Oh!” I was staggered and struck speechless.

She smiled. “My microcomputer was installed six months ago, in the States, as a

trial. The company wanted to know how stable it was and as I designed the computer, I volunteered.”

“Oh, I thought the professor invented the technology.”

“He is responsible for developing the controls and systems required to mimic what we do in robot form. There’s no doubt that Professor Fujita is a brilliant scientist and it suits us that he concentrates on the Doll program.”

“So, all this is connected to the professor’s work?”

“It’s connected but is not part of it. What we’re doing here, on the fourteenth floor, is far more advanced than producing sex dolls for the Asian market. We’ve added his research and accomplishments to our own and the results are incorporated in this suite...” She waved her arm around expansively. “...the fourteenth floor and the two floors above us.”

I couldn’t quite grasp the big picture. “What’s all this got to do with me?”

“Come, drink your tea and then I’ll take you to meet Mills, the virtual assistant of your home automation system.”

“I’d like to see that...” We moved to the table where I picked up the cup and drank a mouthful of the Japanese green tea. “That is delicious,” I responded after licking my lips.

“It’s the finest Sencha tea and there’s plenty more in the cupboard. Have you finished?”

“Yes, thanks, Miss.”

“Good. Follow me, I have much to show you and much to explain.”

The stunning American was enjoying herself and I was being carried along by her enthusiasm. She led me into the hall and the first door on the left. Our guide, Pree, said it was the computer room. When Mary opened the door, I saw why. Sitting in the centre of the room was a large black metal case about four feet tall, three feet wide and six feet long. There was other equipment and a desk, but the black metal cabinet, and its connecting cables, dominated the room.

I immediately assumed it was a mainframe computer with colossal capabilities. Behind it stood two chairs similar to the ones the professor used to upload and update our files. There were no laptops behind the chairs just identical consoles on the back of each chair.

She placed her hand on the black metal box. “Iku, this is s supercomputer built to run the ILLS program. Apart from other tasks, the computer monitors and controls all activities, including the Uni-Dolls, on the top three floors of the SKI Tower. The three floors are the testing ground for its huge capabilities.”

“How long has the ILLS project been running?”

“We’ve been ready for a week now, hoping that the new girl’s transplant would be a success. It was, so the professor can now concentrate on Tina and her prototype. He planned to use you to make sequences for Tina, but we at Skybotics think that’s a waste of your time. If you’re interested, I’d like you on our team. I’d like you to join the ‘Skybotics’ project.”

There was no threat or pressure, just a brief outline of the computer’s capabilities. I hadn’t discovered anything about the project and yet I was willing to trust the woman who had designed the microcomputer, implanted in my body.

“Yes, of course I want to be involved,” I said boldly.

“Then, you need to wear one of these...” She touched the gold band around her neck.

“Oh, yes, okay...”

She walked over to the only desk in the room, a small piece of rosewood furniture with a laptop and monitor standing on the polished surface. Beside the laptop lay a flat box. She opened it, revealing a gold collar. I spotted the connector attached on the inside and put two and two together.

“It connects me to the computer,” I declared as she lifted it out of the box.”

“Yes, Iku, this is your router. It’ll save you hours sitting in the chair while your files are updated. It can now be done while you’re asleep. A word of caution though, it’s semi-permanent. That is to say, it will only be removed when you leave the program and return to normal life.”

That sounded reasonable. “Okay, when do you want to fit it?”

“Now. It’ll only take a few seconds. Lift your hair.”

I lifted the wig’s hair while she prised the gold band open, inserted the male socket into the female in my neck, then released the band and fed the end into a bayoneted fitting. There was a series of clicks as it tightened around my neck.

“There, how does that feel?”

“Comfortable. Thanks.”

“Iku, welcome to the ‘Skybotics’ Project. I think we should kiss.”

Without thinking, I moved forward, opened my mouth and placed my lips on hers. She responded and held my waist while I held her shoulders. The kiss became passionate as our tongues entwined and our heads rocked from side to side. It was a fantastic way to celebrate my joining the project.

However, was I in control of my actions, or was the humming supercomputer standing beside me...?

Chapter Two ~ Tina: One.

I sat patiently while Hatsu applied concealer, powder, blusher, mascara and finally lip gloss. The professor fetched a blonde wig with long wavy hair, and the doctor fitted it, so the tresses tumbled around my shoulders.

I couldn't fail to miss the professor's happy expression before he went behind me, released the brake, then headed for the bathroom. As Hatsu opened the door, the light came on, revealing a surprisingly large space inside. The professor pushed me in level with the mirror, then turned me to face it.

That was the first time I got to see the new Tina Smith. I was shocked but not in a bad way. I had never seen 'before and after shots' of faces that had changed drastically, so I didn't think I would see much difference. I was wrong, my face looked completely different but in a nice way.

There was a slight amount of puffiness under my eyes, as if the cosmetic surgery hadn't quite healed, but that was the only incriminating evidence I could detect.

My eyes looked larger and rounder – more doll-like of course. They were still green and why not? I was sure the colour of my eyes was one of my most attractive features and one of the reasons they chose me over the other girls. Altering the size of my eyes was a minor change, compared to having higher cheekbones, a smaller, turned-up nose, a dimple in my chin and cupid's bow style lips!

With the cosmetics Hatsu had added, I was bowled over by my appearance, I forgot about the implanted microcomputer for the time being. One strange thing was the thin film of hard clear plastic covering my teeth, but I fully expected it to be removed when the doctor returned.

I released the wheelchair's seatbelt, eased out of the chair and dropped my shorts. While looking in the mirror, I felt my butt cheeks and was amazed to see and feel the larger, firmer, rounded shape. Again, I had always admired women with shapely asses and SKI had given me one too!

I needed the toilet, so I parked my new butt on the seat and examined my redesigned labia and clitoral ridge while I peed. My lips and mons were so smooth, I guessed the roots of my pubes had been removed with laser treatment. When I stoked my fatter lips and firmer clit flesh, I reignited the tingle I felt earlier when Hatsu performed cunnilingus on me.

I delved a little lower and rubbed my clit, which heightened the thrilling experience. My head was in a whirl as I lifted my top and examined my large breasts. In fact, they were huge! Luckily, my nipples had responded to the sucking machine and had enlarged in scale with my tits. I rubbed one and felt a different kind of thrill. I couldn't resist stroking my clit with one hand and twiddling my nipple with the other.

I was well on my way to an orgasm when a noise from the room outside halted my exploring fingers. I dabbed my pussy dry with tissue, pulled my shorts up and wheeled my pushchair back into the main room. It was Hatsu, looking every bit the doctor in her white coat, complete with a stethoscope tucked in the side pocket.

She hurried over to me and put her hand on my shoulder. "How are you feeling, Tina?"

"A little shaky, Hatsu."

“Are you pleased with the ‘new’ Tina?”

“Yes, I am, but I noticed some puffiness under my eyes.”

“Yes, nothing to worry about. Modifications in the eye and cheek area are always the slowest to heal. The redness will disappear within the next 48 hours.”

“Hatsu, I need some fresh air. Can I go for a walk?”

“I’d rather you laid down and rested for the afternoon. Maybe have a walk tomorrow...?”

I put my hand up, determined to stand up for myself. “Please Hatsu. You could take me out in the chair. I want to see what it looks like outside. I’ve never been to Japan before.”

The doctor folded her arms. “Alright. I’ll go and chat with Nurse Hana and find you a bathrobe to wear.”

“I’d prefer some normal clothes if you have any. It’s been nine days since I walked into work, in Enfield, and started this process.”

“Alright. Let me help you back to the bed.”

“Thanks, Hatsu, but I can manage.”

She stepped back to watch me cautiously walk to my bed, and as soon as I sat on the edge, she left the room to fetch me something to wear. I was well rested and desperate to stretch my legs. I was used to going to the gym twice a week and keeping my fitness up to a certain level, so it was perfectly rational to worry about my muscles.

Fifteen minutes later, Hatsu returned with a young Japanese man in a white doctor’s coat. She placed a set of clothes in a cellophane wrapper, and a pair of black shoes, on the bed, then introduced the young man.

“This is Doctor Imamura. He is my colleague and we work together on the Doll program. He was with me in London to help with your surgery. I’d like him to give you a check-up before you leave the building. If everything is okay, he’ll take you out and show you SKI city.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Doctor Imamura,” I said to the attractive young man.

He shook my hand and gave me a huge smile. “My name is Reiji, Tina. It’s nice to meet you. I have been caring for you since you decided to join the Doll program, so you’re not a stranger to me.”

“Oh, okay. Um..., check-up. What does that involve?”

“I need to examine the parts of your body that have been modified. Hatsu specializes in facial detail and my field is the body. Please remove your top.”

I slowly lifted my cotton vest off and placed it down beside me. The young man then bent down and started to examine my breasts. Feeling a man’s hands fondling my tits was a relatively new experience for me, especially as they had doubled in size. He began by lifting my right tit and testing its bounciness. “Tina, say if there are any foreign sensations...”

I shook my head. “It feels heavier, but otherwise okay.”

Once he had tested both and massaged them, he turned to Hatsu. “They are well balanced and there’s no sag. I’m satisfied with their shape and consistency.”

After examining my breasts, he turned his attention to my nipples.

He gently rolled my left nub. “This one is redder, Tina. Have you been rubbing it?”

I felt my face heat up. “Er, I did, in the bathroom, but only for a minute or two.”

“That’s okay, but try and even out the attention so both nipples remain the same colour and consistency...” He gave them both a squeeze. “We encourage self-exploration, Tina, but don’t be too aggressive.”

I was embarrassed receiving advice on how to play with my own nipples. “No, okay...”

“Good. Now, I’d like you to slip your shorts off and get on the bed, on your hands and knees, so I can examine your buttocks and labia.”

Earlier, the professor switched my computer on and made me perform several lewd acts to test my muscles’ reactions. Now a second doctor arrives to do a similar thing while I’m fully conscious. I shouldn’t have been, but I was dreading crawling on the bed and adopting another lewd position for Doctor Imamura.

Maybe it was because he was younger... Whatever it was, I was trembling as I lowered my shorts and clambered onto the bed.

Reiji started by squeezing my butt cheeks. “These are very good, Hatsu,” he observed. “The bruising has completely disappeared. Tina, drop your shoulders and push your buttocks back...”

I squeezed my eyes shut as the young man donned a pair of surgical gloves, then thumbed my labia apart.

“As before, Tina, tell me if you feel any discomfort.”

“Uhhh,” I muttered softly as he rubbed and gently pulled on my clit.

“That’s good, Tina. I’m just going to insert my fingers into your vagina. I need to check that everything is fine after the professor tested your muscles.”

He inserted two fingers to the third knuckle and then slid them back and forth several times. Contrary to my fears, my body reacted in a good way, as though it was hungry for more.

“If you’re feeling excited, Tina, that’s the result of your muscles remembering the computer’s instructions to tighten, to put it simply.”

“Oh, er, yes, I think I understand.”

“Your natural discharge is healthy...,” he said after withdrawing his fingers. “... and so are the rest of the modifications. I’d say you were fit to go out now.”

“Oh, thank you doctor.”

He patted my ass. “You can get dressed.”

As I turned and scrambled off the bed, Hatsu tapped the cellophane package. “This is the staff uniform, Tina. It’s similar to what they wear in the Enfield offices.”

While they stood and watched, I opened the pack. It contained a set of white underwear, a short, blue pleated skirt, white blouse and white knee-length socks. It wasn't quite the same as the English version, but it didn't matter. I had learnt that the Japanese company, SKI, liked uniforms and uniformity, even down to the underwear they made us wear.

The young man watched me intently while I dressed in the items from the package. I was getting a similar reaction from him as I got from the professor. Was I so attractive they couldn't take their eyes off me? If that was true, then they had changed my appearance for the good. The most important question was whether wealthy Asian males would flock to buy both versions of my Doll.

I settled in the chair and after Hatsu held the door open, Reiji steered me out. Hatsu had to go back to her lab, so we proceeded toward the exit on our own.

For me, the adventure was just about to begin. I had taken a huge gamble signing the contract to have a doll manufactured in my likeness. SKI hadn't been completely truthful. Yes, they had enhanced my appearance, enlarged my tits and given me a shapelier ass, but I hadn't agreed to have a microcomputer implanted beside my spinal cord.

I still wasn't sure how I felt about being deceived, but I was past the point where I could down tools and demand they take me home. Losing control of my faculties was another shock, as well as being made to perform the sex acts my Doll would eventually replicate.

Somehow, they had managed to upload, onto my microcomputer, some of the sex sequences in the Doll's repertoire. So, as we left through the main clinic's

entrance and entered a large plaza with a water fountain at its centre, I was deep in thought. How many more sex sessions was I going to have to record and perform before they start manufacturing the Doll in my likeness? And, would they all be recorded with the handsome Professor Saburo Fujita or would Doctor Imamura get in on the act???

Chapter Three ~ Iku: Two.

The computer room, in a luxury flat, was an odd place to be kissing someone and an even stranger place for me to be kissing a beautiful woman. The fact that we both had microcomputer implants made the situation even more bizarre. However, no one would suspect that either of us were in any way connected to computers, unless they had seen the sockets in the back of our necks.

I found the socket harder to accept than the implanted microcomputer, so the gold collar was a welcome addition. For several weeks, I woke at night, after dreaming that the computer had made me do all sorts of perverted things.

The most common dream involved me wandering around naked in a restaurant or an office, climbing on tables and thrusting my sex into men's faces, sometimes while on all fours, and other times on my back. The sequences I acted out in the early days, with the professor, were to blame. Many were experimental and were thankfully, never recorded.

So, it was understandable that when Mary Spencer told me to kiss her, I questioned whether I was in control of my actions. She was incredibly attractive and the sensual latex scent clinging to her person acted like a magnet. After pulling out of the kiss, I decided that I had acted purely on impulse. Mary Spencer was a beautiful lady and I was attracted to her, end of story.

“Miss,” I said breathlessly, “That was...”

“What?”

“For a minute, I thought Hills was controlling my actions.”

She smiled and glanced at the black metal case. “No, he doesn’t know you well enough yet, although he soon will. I’m pleased that you wanted to kiss me so fervently. I have had many female friends and none are as good a kisser as you.” She maintained her grip around my waist

“Oh, are you a lesbian...?” It just slipped out.

“Iku, I’m bi-sexual and I think you are too. Without your open mindedness you wouldn’t have been able to successfully help develop your Doll.”

“Speaking of Dolls, where’s yours?”

She gave me a beaming smile and released me. “Look, come with me to your bedroom and I’ll explain everything after you’ve showered.”

We left the computer room, walked past the bathroom and entered my bedroom. It was hard to believe that I was going to be living in such a luxurious suite. The floors throughout were covered in polished strip wood while all the doors and architrave were finished in high gloss white paint. The walls in my bedroom were a light pink while the covers on the king size bed were a delicate shade of maroon.

“What do you think, Iku?”

I looked at my reflexion in the line of eight mirror doors. Beside the beautiful, sophisticated woman, I looked like a smutty naughty schoolgirl, but I was more interested in my palatial surroundings. “It’s fabulous...” That hardly covered the effect the room had on me, for there was an awesome view through a set of patio doors, behind me. “...but I’m a mess.”

“Take your clothes off, Iku.”

It was a gentle command that I was pleased to obey. I unclipped the skirt, let it drop, then removed the blouse and socks in a matter of seconds. My panties were missing because Koji hadn’t return them after he and his friend shafted me at both ends. Mary knew where they were because the sex had been filmed on secret hidden cameras.

‘Iku, the laundry chute is in the corner, at the end of the robes,’ Hills, said in a soft lyrical tone.

“Oh, sorry,” I said, then bent and picked up the items and took them to a mock cupboard that had a lift-up lid. I dropped them in and wasn’t surprised to see Mary’s wry smile when I turned to face her.

“Hills is very particular about tidiness, Iku. Come, I’ll open the doors.”

She slid one glass patio door aside and we stepped onto an 8’ deep by 25’ wide balcony that had a glass floor and a four-foot-high glass protective wall. It took some courage to walk on the transparent floor, but I ventured halfway. “My god,

this will take some getting used to,” I said as I looked down at my bare feet and the colossal drop to the ground.

“You can darken it by asking Hills. Try.”

I looked around unsure where to direct my command, so I faced into the bedroom and gave the command. “Hills, darken the balcony floor.”

‘Yes, Miss Iku, as you wish,’ Hills responded.

I curled my toes up as the glass turned brown, almost identical in colour to the wood floors within the bedroom. “Wow, that’s better.”

She came alongside and placed her arm around my shoulders. “You can darken the wall as well.”

There were two luxury sun loungers at the end with a small table between and a collapsible sunscreen. SKI had thought of everything. “No, I like the view. Is this suite on a corner?”

“It is and you have the best room. Koji’s looks onto the fourteenth-floor courtyard...” She guided me inside. “It’s time you took a shower.”

She led me back into the room, down beside the bed and through a door into the

bathroom. She stood by the door as I walked in open-mouthed.

“Iku, jump in the shower. I’m going to slip out of my dress and join you in a minute.”

“Um, okay...” Again, I was staggered by the level of opulence SKI had poured into the large bathroom.

It was easily on a par with the finest hotels in the UAE or any other place on earth. Everything was finished in beige marble and gold. The floor and walls were covered in large slabs of marble, while the twin handbasin and pair of toilets appeared to be made of solid marble. There was also a vanity countertop, complete with a large well-lit mirror. I removed my wig and placed it on the counter, then approached the shower.

The open shower was designed for two people and had a side panel to stop water spraying on the toilets. I looked around for the shower controls but there were none. Then I remembered Hills.

“Hills, turn one of the showers on. Not too hot.”

“Yes, Miss Iku, as you wish.”

Sure enough, the righthand head sprung into life, so after testing the temperature, I stepped under the spray and began to wash my body. After a couple of minutes, Mary, hairless, sauntered into the bathroom and stopped a yard short of the

shower. I felt my heart begin to hammer in my chest as I anticipated another embrace.

She was the American Doll with a perfect body and I was the Asian version. Our shapes were almost identical – ‘D’ cup tits, slim waists wide hips and shapely asses. Our athletic thighs, arms and shoulders were almost identical. She held her arms out and pirouetted, then came to me for another intense bout of girl on girl snogging.

Our tits and sensitive nipples rubbed together sensually, while our tongues entwined and fought for dominance. Mary dropped a hand to my wet ass and pulled me to her, so our slippery bellies and mons ground against each other’s. After a minute, she broke the kiss and parted far enough to drop her hand to my sex.

The moment she slipped two fingers into my pudendal cleft and rubbed my ridge, the delicious vibrations pervading my senses intensified.

“Oh, Miss, that feels wonderful. May I touch you too?”

“Later, I wanted to hear your voice... Say it again, only pretend I’m Toshira, your Master.”

“Like recording a sequence?”

“Yes, exactly. Use your imagination.”

“Master, your touch sends shivers through my body, may I stroke your cock?”

“Excellent...” She removed her hand and stepped back. “Hills, turn the other shower on.”

“Yes, *Miss Mary*.”

She grabbed a bar of soap as water cascaded down onto her smooth scalp. Standing a couple of feet away, she lathered her body while keeping her eyes glued to me. I had just about finished washing my body when a naked male figure stepped into the bathroom.

It was no other than Toshira Sasaki in a visibly excited state. His expression was meaningful and his cock was standing to attention, suggesting he intended to fuck one or both of us.

My heart did a double flip, for I was in awe of the young man. He and Mary had already examined and tested my sexual responses earlier in the day with a dildo, while my microcomputer was switched on. They had left me unsatisfied and overawed by their actions. Were they going to finish what they started?

Toshira approached me, just like Mary had and held his arms out. Then, out of the blue I felt a mild dizziness, followed by a loss of control. However, my body somehow continued seamlessly as the microcomputer kicked in.

I had very little time to analyse what was happening, for the young billionaire dipped his head and kissed me. I held him and returned the kiss, like I had with Mary, but his kiss was far more aggressive. His tongue dominated my mouth and although I fought, I enjoyed losing the battle.

Then, just like Mary had, he dropped a hand to my mons and slid his middle finger into my deep furrow and began ploughing back and forth, crushing my clitoral flesh. “Master, your touch sends shivers through my body, may I stroke your cock?”

“Iku, I would like nothing more. Stroke away.”

Midway between ‘nothing’ and ‘more’ I detected the same alien sensation, signalling I was back under control of my own actions. He withdrew his finger from my sex, but the handsome billionaire still had his right arm wrapped around my body with his hand on my ass.

“Oh, Master, I’m so sorry...”

Toshira laughed. “What for?” He pulled me to him, so my belly rubbed against his impressive boner.

I hesitated and tried to control my embarrassment. “It was the computer, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. It was a demonstration of Hills’ power.” He steered my right hand down to

his cock. “Wrap your hand around it, Iku, and stroke it.”

His cock was rock-hard. Unbelievably, I was gripping the billionaire’s shaft and sliding his foreskin back and forth. I could feel my pussy salivating at the prospect of sheathing his dick, but I had to wait for his instruction, like a Doll would. I didn’t expect him to stop me, but he did.

He suddenly gripped my wrist and pulled my hand away. “Go with Mary and I’ll join you on the bed in a minute. I have a lot to explain.” Disappointment and confusion were followed by hope that he intended to fuck me. Having had such intimate contact with him, I was desperate to feel him inside me...

Chapter Four ~ Iku: Three.

The moment he released me, Mary took hold of my hand and led me away from the shower. “Let’s dry ourselves and then we can have that chat.”

We grabbed a couple of white towels from the rail and left Toshira to his shower. I was still stunned by their brief demonstration, during which they used Hills to control some of my actions. The plan was obviously designed to give me an insight into how the supercomputer operated. I was used to losing control to my microcomputer, but I always knew when it was about to happen.

The ILLS program worried me because some of the safeguards built into the old system were gone. ‘Command’ mode could be turned on without warning and Hills had access to me 24 hours a day. I had so many questions, but I didn’t know where to start.

Mary and I stood about a yard apart dabbing our bodies with our towels. If what she told me was correct, Hills could control her actions as well. “Can I dry your back, Miss?” I asked, after I had finished my body.

“Sure. Let me lean on the bed.”

She went to the bed, leant forward and supported herself with straight arms and her hands on the covers. The pretty scientist stood so her back was horizontal and her feet spaced two feet apart.

It was a beautifully lewd position and one I had often adopted while in ‘Command’ mode for the professor. I wondered if I should offer her oral, for she

was arching her back and bending her knees slightly to deliberately thrust her pussy at me. I dried her back first, then after dropping the towel, I started massaging her firm ass cheeks. She wiggled them suggestively, so I dropped to my knees and slid my hands down the back of her thighs. I then teased her thrusting lips apart with my thumbs.

Her pussy was almost identical to mine, with a solid line of clitoral flesh and separate erect nub. I pressed my face against her warm ass flesh and sucked on as much of her pussy meat as I could get in my mouth. I sucked, lapped and chewed her clitoris with my soft front teeth and soon had her writhing with pleasure.

“There, Iku..., yes..., that feels wonderful...” Mary writhed and moaned her way to an orgasm, but we were soon interrupted.

A hand on my head, signalled Toshira’s arrival on the scene. “Iku, up.”

I stood up and wiped my mouth with my hand. Mary followed and stood aside so Toshira could sit on the end of the bed.

“It’s your turn, Iku, to adopt the same pose as Mary did and dip your head,” the billionaire ordered.

I was moments away from playing out one of my fantasies – being impregnated by the MD’s son! I got into position by bending forward and placing my hand on the covers, either side of his thighs, then curved my spine to present my pussy to Mary. However, she crossed the room to a cupboard to fetch something I couldn’t see, because Toshira lifted and held my chin.

“Iku, take your time when performing fellatio. Hills has been recording your every move since you donned the necklace. Every act or sequence you perform, the sounds you make and the words you speak, goes into Hills’ memory and is stored for later use. It’s vital that your behaviour and responses are measures and natural, and above all joyous.”

“I will try, Master...” He leant back and supported himself on his elbows so he could watch my performance.

It was the signal I needed so I gave him my best virginal, sheepish grin. “Oh, Master, your cock is magnificent. Would you like me to wrap my lips around your knob and suck it?”

“Iku, that’s precisely what I want you to do.”

I grasped the base of his shaft with my right hand and pulled it toward me so I could start licking its entire length. I went up and down, teasing his crown at the top of the upstroke, making him harder, if that was possible. Then, I began slurping around the rim and across the top, before raking it with my soft teeth.

“Master, it’s so big, I’m not sure if it will fit in my mouth...”

“Try, Iku. I expect you to go a lot further than your mouth.”

“I’ve never done this sort of thing before, Master... Oh!” I exclaimed when a blunt knob nudged the exposed entranced to my quim. “Two cocks at once, Master. Someone is trying to enter my tight vagina.”

“Try and ride it while giving me your full attention, Iku.”

From the stretching sensation, I guessed Mary had chosen a large dildo. “Ohhh, Sir, your cock is so huge. It’ll never fit in my virgin orifice...” I uttered that sentence just before I slid Toshira’s large knob onto my tongue.

“Push back, Iku and absorb the stretching sensations,” Mary said in a gravelly tone, trying to sound manly.

I lollypopped more of Toshira’s dick and edged back onto the blunt phallus that Mary was holding almost stationery. She wanted me to impale myself as did my Master, a difficult task to do simultaneously. By the time Toshira’s cock was nudging my soft palate, my quim had devoured at least four inches of realistically shaped silicone cock.

“Good, girl. Flex those internal muscles. Let Hills learn how you use them to the best effect,” my Master ordered.

“Urrrrr,” I moaned softly as I went further and further, all the time trying to squeeze the invader that eventually nudged my extremity. Then, I was able to rock back and forth until I reached a thoroughly satisfying orgasm.

“Step up the pace, Iku,” Toshira urged. “One final effort...”

His encouragement was needed because my focus was on the fake cock providing me with wave after wave of thrilling sensations. I somehow followed my Master’s command though and brought him to a peak. I waited while spurt after spurt of his precious jiz shot down my throat, then slowly withdrew, taking care not to spill a drop. I sucked his knob for a couple of seconds then smacked my lips together.

“It was a pleasure Master to feel your cock stretching my throat while your companion drilled my succulent quim. Would you like to go again and use my anus, Master?”

“Maybe later, Iku. Come, crawl onto the bed and lie down so we can have a chat.” He moved aside and as I crawled past him, he placed his hand on my ass. “Lie in the centre, on your side, facing the balcony...”

As soon as I reached the pillows, he followed and tucked in behind me. He placed his hand on my stomach and drew me against him until I could feel his semi-hard dick wedged between my cheeks.

“Comfortable?” he asked, pushing his knees against the back of my legs.

“Very, comfortable, Master. Thank you...”

Mary, still holding the black dildo, watched us get into position from the side of

the king-sized bed. She then climbed on and laid down facing me. Taking my right hand, she guided it onto her left tit, then placed her hand on mine.

Behind me, Toshira's right hand, slid up onto my hip. "Iku, lift you knee onto Mary's thigh."

As I did, I made my bulging labia accessible from behind. Seconds later, his searching fingers found my lips and hypersensitive clit. He resisted delving into my cleft though and contented himself with slowly strumming my lips and ridge with his thumb.

Mary studied me with her hazel green eyes. "You asked me if there was a Doll version of me, Iku."

"Yes, I was wondering."

"Well, the answer is, not yet, but there soon will be one."

Toshira lifted his head so his mouth was near my ear. "The meeting at lunchtime with you and Saburo was the first time Mary had encountered a Doll from the professor's program. She's been working in Silicon Valley with me developing the ILLS project and developing the Uni-Dolls."

"I was amazed, Iku, by you and your Doll's performance," Mary said. "I had seen you two together on video and read all the reports from your demonstrations, but there's nothing like seeing you two in the flesh."

“So, are the Uni-Dolls made in the US?” I asked.

Toshira’s fingers became more aggressive, slipping into my cleft and wiping my juices around the tight pucker of my higher orifice. “They are, and so is the technology for ILLS.”

“How does ILLS operate?”

“Obviously, the living space around us is interactive and controlled by the computer. The Uni-Dolls are the servants that work in the top three floors of this building. Your Doll and Mary’s Doll will be companions for people who buy the properties that I’m building.”

I had heard that Toshira was an architect and designed the glass SKI tower. He had obviously got together with a scientist and come up with the idea of providing Uni-Dolls and sex Dolls with every penthouse suite a billionaire bought from him.

“So, when will Mary’s Doll be ready?”

“It’s being made at the same time as Tina’s Doll. Your Doll is going back to the factory so that all three Dolls will have the latest version of the X5Neon Microcomputer installed.”

I perked up. “Twoku is going to have a computer transplant?”

“Yes. It’ll take about 48 hours,” Mary explained. “She should be with us by Friday. Don’t worry though, Hills doesn’t need her. He needs to draw data from you and that’ll take a couple of days.”

She continued caressing my tits while Toshira backed off a little so he could line up his cock with my orifices. He chose to dip into my quim first, for a coating of lubrication.

“Master, your cock is filling my quim to the brim...”

“Good, girl. Continue and be inventive.” After withdrawing, the 40 something billionaire steered the tip of his cock to my obstinate anus.

He was clever though, for all the lubricating and teasing of the tight ring of muscles payed off and saved me from an initial burst of pain.

I waited for his cock to win the battle. “Oooo, Master, you are so powerful and your cock is rock hard...”

It was true, Toshira’s cock felt like it was made of the finest hard wood. Once his belly was pressed hard up against my bubble-like ass, he began to slowly ease his shaft back and forth. Mary smiled at me, then slid her hand down my tummy and mons. Once there, she slipped two fingers into my pudendal cleft to compensate for the rough shagging I was getting from behind.

I wanted to ask them questions, but the professor always forbade me from going off the subject when we were practicing and recording sequences. So, I sighed with pleasure and moaned plaintively as Toshira took over fondling my tits while gathering speed and increasing the power of his body-jarring thrusts.

“I can feel my muscles pleasuring you, Master.”

Stimulated above and below, I easily soaked up the constant stabbing sensations in my rectum on my way to another thrilling orgasm. It was immensely satisfying to feel my Master ejaculating again, in yet another of my orifices. Mary withdrew her fingers and sucked them free of my juices, then toyed with the dildo that lay between us.

Toshira left his semi-hard dick embedded and raised his head. “Well, done, Iku.” He patted my hip. “You’re providing stacks of Data for Hills to work with. We’ll do some more in a minute, but do you have any more questions?”

I thought for a moment. “You say you’ll be selling the luxury flats complete with Uni-Dolls and Companion Dolls. Does that mean you’ll be manufacturing more Dolls in my image?”

“Yes, it does, Iku, and you will be paid handsomely. We’ll draw up a contract for you to sign tomorrow.”

I was over the moon because that was what I wanted. The professor was always going on about the company missing an opportunity. I didn’t think that I was

incredibly attractive, but almost all of the men I met, did and that was all that mattered.

Mary saw excitement in my eyes. “You’re going to be a star, Iku. Any more questions?”

“Am I free to leave the flat whenever I want?”

“Not really, Iku. You must ask Hills’ permission first. If there’s nothing on your schedule, then you can go down into the city like you’ve always done.”

“You’ve kept the professor in the dark. When are you going to tell him what you’re doing up here?”

“Very perceptive of you, Iku,” Toshira responded. “We’re going to invite him up to the fifteenth tomorrow afternoon. By that time, you’ll be up to speed on ILLS and will join the meeting at some point. My Sister, Kyoko, is moving into the lab with the professor as we speak and has agreed to break some of the information to him, so it doesn’t come as too much of a shock.”

As far as I knew, the pair didn’t get on. The professor was always moaning about Kyoko interfering in the project. However, I didn’t say anything to the billionaire because that problem was well above my paygrade.

Mary licked the end of the dildo and smiled. “We must reiterate, Iku, the professor’s Doll project isn’t affected by ILLS. However, we’ve reached the

point where he'll find out that your Doll is being upgraded and a third Doll is being made in my likeness."

Toshira stroked my tummy. "Now, I think there's one orifice I haven't visited yet," he said, slowly easing his rejuvenated cock out of my rectum.

I arched my back a little more to help him locate my succulence, then purred like a kitten when he once again stretched my young muscles...

Chapter Five ~ Prof. Fujita: One.

If ever I was out of my depth, it was when I was in the company of the MD's daughter. She wasn't like the other young, submissive women I worked with and that was a problem. Yoko always wanted to take command which was understandable, considering her power base within SKI. So, when I found her in my lab and she wanted to play a submissive schoolgirl Doll, I really didn't have much choice but to play along.

I knew what I was doing would have repercussions, but I was in a rock and a hard place. Kyoko removed her panties, like a Doll and laid on my desk as instructed. Her pert little ass was a sight to behold and one I couldn't resist. I spread some of her cunt cream up and down her dry labia, then delved deeper into her secret crevice and stroked her line of clitoral flesh.

"Master, my sex is hot with desire. When are you going to fuck me?"

She had becoming more aggressive and was using Doll phrases, which was kind of scary. "Yoko, Dolls have to be patient."

"This virgin Doll can't wait, Master."

After a minute's foreplay, she was ready, so I opened my lab coat, dropped my pants and guided my cock into her succulent entrance.

"Ahhhh," she sighed as I drove into her tightness, until I was hard up against her tight, rounded cheeks.

“I’m ready, Master...”

She was ready but I was still wondering if I was doing the right thing. However, after the first few thrusts and feeling her vagina gripping my dick like a teenager’s fist, I soon forgot about the foolhardy aspect of what I was doing and increased the power behind my deep, powerful lunges.

“Oh, oh, oh,” she sighed, each time I nudged her extremity.

She was as tight as a virgin and I was happy to go along with that fantasy in my head. Even Iku’s Doll wasn’t as tight as Yoko, making me wonder if the young doctor had much in the way of sexual experiences. I knew she was single and wedded to her work at SKI. She could be scary and officious, traits that put many men off chatting her up.

I gripped her firm little cheeks as I pounded her tight succulence, but I had no intention of pumping her quim full of jiz. I released her right cheek and slowed, preparing to move up a hole., then wiped my fingers along my shaft to collect some cream. I felt her tense when I started massaging the lubrication around her pucker.

She lifted her head to look over her shoulder. “What are you doing?” she asked the question in an aggressive tone.

“Just moving up a hole...”

“No, don’t do that, stay in my vagina. I’m enjoying what you’re doing...”

“Dolls don’t get to choose which holes I use. Lay down, Yoko.” I surprised both of us by my strong, authoritative tone.

“What? No, do as I say, Saburo!”

I released her left butt cheek and placed my hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her down onto my desk. “Lie still, Yoko...” The tip of my slippery cock nudged her pucker and started to fight against the tight muscle.

“Nooooo, stop! Professor. No one has ever violated my anus... Ahhhh!”

Her protestations came too late. The power I provided was just enough for my crown to pierce her obstinate pucker and plunge into her rectum. “Yoko, soak it up, every girl enjoys anal once they get used to it.”

I quickly resumed a hard and fast stabbing motion, making sure I thudded into her firm bubble-like cheeks with each piledriving thrust of my hips. Pinning the moaning, wriggling young woman to the desk and experiencing the tightest grip on my shaft I could remember, sped up my approaching climax.

“Nooo... nooo... nooo,” she cried softly. Slap! “Owww! Don’t hit me!” she shouted, while banging her fists on the desk.

As the thrilling sensations approached their peak, I couldn't stop myself getting carried away. She wanted the Doll experience and I was giving it to her. Slap! I landed a second blow on her hip.

"Be quiet, girllllllll," I groaned as I arrived at the big moment and emptied my balls into the obstreperous young woman's deepest recess.

I left my dick implanted in her tight ass and moved my hands back to her buttocks. She immediately tried to get up. "Take your dick out of my rectum, Professor," she said indignantly.

"Not until you calm down, young woman. You came down here to lure me into having sex with you and now you're complaining."

"I didn't think you'd go this far. Anal sex is perverted!"

"Oh, is it? You're quite happy to make Dolls designed with tight anuses, knowing full well that every buyer will use them. That's what I call double standards.

"The Dolls are for perverts, you know that, professor. You're not dumb!"

"No, I'm not, but you've been a bad girl coming down here when I'm busy and then trying to order me about."

“Bad girl! Take your dick out of me you stupid man!”

My hard dick was throbbing and raring to go again. I rarely lose my temper, but Yoko had pushed me over the edge. I slid my hand up her back and pushed her shoulders down again, then I withdrew my cock. I recalled all the times she had made catty comments to me about my poor paperwork and lack of understanding on the costs associated with the Doll program.

“What are you doing?” she cried, as she tried to turn her head on the desk to glare at me

“I’m treating you the way naughty schoolgirls are normally treated.” The white skin of her pert peach was blotted by a red mark near her hip where I slapped her twice. I decided to turn the rest red.

“If you hit me again, I’ll tell my father.”

I laughed. “I’m sure your father would approve of what I’m doing, when I tell him about your bad behaviour.” Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Stoppptttttt,” she cried. “Noooooooooooo.” Her protestations merged into tearful cries as I rained powerful slaps down on her upturned ass.

Unable to lift her head, she banged her fists on the desk and kicked her legs in the air, totally forgetting her cute shaven cunt was fully on display.

“Yoko, stop blabbering or I’ll smack you even harder.” The whole of her ass had turned cherry red!

I placed my hand on her hot ass, almost covering her smarting cheeks and felt her relax and go limp – apart from her legs which slowly opened.

“Are you going to be a good girl?”

She snivelled, gulped some air, then fought back her insolent nature. “Yes, Master, I am.”

If I hadn’t fully broken her rebelliousness, I had brought her into check. I slipped a couple of fingers down to her lower entrance and found a molten volcano begging to be speared with an equally hot lance. I lined it up and drove it into the doctor’s hot furnace.

“Ohhhhhhh,” she sighed when I began pistoning my cock back and forth in her juicy tightness. “I’ve been thinking about your cock ever since we did those sequences with Iku... Oh, that’s sooooo good...”

I gripped her hips and slammed into her firm little posterior with even more gusto than before. “Yoko, you are one very naughty girl and in need of some strict training.” The rosy cheeks, petite figure, malleable nature and uniform,

were all the triggers for my favourite fantasy and as I approached my climax, I couldn't resist slapping her once more on the hip. Slap!

She didn't respond, but I was way past caring, for my climax arrived with a shuddering surge of excitement that made it well worth the risk I had taken to tame the woman.

"I can't believe how amazing your cock feels inside me," she muttered.

Pleased by her comment, I withdrew and decided to prolong her training for a little longer. "Yoko, I want you off my desk and on your knees. You have one more chance to impress me when you clean your juices from my cock."

She rolled sideways and pushed herself up off the desk while holding eye contact. Her skirt fell back into place giving the impression she was wearing the full uniform. She looked down my body at my semi-limp dick and my pants bunched around my feet.

"I won't let you treat me like a slut, professor..." She reached down and touched my dick. "You've had your fun. We have things to discuss."

She was testing me. "Not before you clean me. Then I'll listen to what you have to say. Any more defiance and I'll turn your ass from red to blue." I maintained a firm tone, as I put my hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her down.

She bent her knees and dropped to the floor, then lifted my dick and began

cleaning it. It wasn't a half-hearted effort either. It was surprising and satisfying to see the pretty young woman lavish my limp cock and continue until it was hard and standing bolt upright. Only then did she briefly lollypop my crown.

She finally released it and sat on her heels. "Satisfied, Master?"

I reached down and pulled my pants up. "I am, Yoko. I want you to get dressed, then you can tell me why you really came down to my lab."

She pulled a cheeky face. "Can I use your bathroom?"

"Of course. Hurry back though, I have work to catch up on."

I waited for her to collect all her clothes and hurry to the bathroom before I returned to my desk. It had been a traumatic day for one reason or another, but I was beginning to think that it was going to end on a high note...

Chapter Six ~ Prof Fujita: Two.

When the MD's daughter emerged from the bathroom, she was wearing the white uniform panties, along with her company vest and shoes. As those were the only items she was wearing, I guessed she was coming back for more.

"What are you up to, Yoko?" I asked as she approached the desk.

She placed her shorts and lab coat on the corner, ready to don when she eventually left the lab.

"I'm more comfortable in these than with the shorts."

I shrugged. "Those panties suit you, Yoko, but why haven't you dressed?"

"I'll get dressed in a minute..."

The tight panties made her look slimmer and younger, an image that her pretty complexion heightened. I had just finished making us a coffee and was sitting next to the small table in the changing area, so she had to walk across the office to join me. I had pulled the other chair out and placed it about four feet from my chair, facing me.

"Yoko, sit down and tell me why you came to the lab in the first place."

She sat down, then lifted her shoes up onto the front corners of the chair. She brought her knees together but knew her position left me with a view of her bulging cunt, tightly encased in the panties' white cotton gusset. Her labia was more modest than Iku's so was snug and couldn't escape from the sides of its narrow prison.

I rose from my chair and handed her a mug of coffee, black, the way she liked it, then returned to my seat.

"Thanks, Saburo. I have some difficult and surprising news to explain to you," she said, then sipped her coffee.

"Difficult? Surprising? I've had so many surprises since I joined SKI, one more won't make any difference."

"This is major though and could have repercussions for the whole Doll program."

"Don't be melodramatic, Yoko. Is this about your brother and his robotic living space?"

She pulled a face. "ILLS, Saburo. Integrated Luxury Living Space. What do you know about it?"

"I know he's spent a fortune in the tower installing his gadgetry. I also know he's using sexless robots, similar to the Dolls, for basic servant duties. Look, his tech

guys developed the X5Neon Microcomputer, so they were bound to come up with their own uses for it.”

“Saburo, they call them Uni-Dolls and they are integrated into the office automation system. It’s amazing to see them in action.”

The details of Toshira’s robotic living space had been leaking out for months. I could understand Yoko’s brother wanting to keep the lid on the preparations, but I was irked by his refusal to involve me. Something else leaking was Yoko’s vagina, for a damp patch was forming right in the centre of the taut gusset. I found the sight extremely distracting.

“Yoko, your brother has never supported my work...”

“That’s not true. He credits you with a lot of the advances he’s made with ILLS and knows that the huge retail success your work has provided enables him to spend money like confetti.”

“Huh, he’s got a funny way of showing his gratitude and it sounds as though you disapprove of his activities.”

“No, that’s not true. His accomplishments are truly astounding and adding the companion Dolls will attract interest from our richest clients throughout Asia and the Middle East.”

“Huh, I hate being side-lined and being taken advantage of. I trained Iku and I’m

not happy with the way she's being wrenched away from the project. Sometimes I despair that this company undervalues my contribution.

"That's not fair, Saburo. SKI have made you a wealthy man. You could walk out now and never have to work again."

"That's not the point..."

"Saburo. Let me get to the point then. My brother needs Iku and her Doll to complete his project."

"That's obviously why you've moved her and Koji to the tower. I suppose you've come to take Twoku up there too?"

"No, she's going back to the factory."

I sat up with a jerk. "What for?"

"She's getting an upgrade to the 'B' model MC."

"Like Tina and her Doll?"

"Yes. Also, I know that the factory is manufacturing a third Doll. I haven't got

the full details, but in a couple of days, SKI will have three functioning 'Deluxe Dolls'.

"A third Doll? Mmmm, so he's got another girl... Who is she?"

Yoko shook her head. "Toshira is holding a meeting in his office on the fifteenth floor at two PM tomorrow and you're invited. One thing I can tell you is that the Doll project is unaffected by his work in the tower, but there will obviously be repercussions. Anyway, he'll explain everything to you tomorrow."

"Oh, will he? I want to know who the girl is. Is she Japanese?"

I could tell by the expression on her face that she knew. Yoko was holding her coffee mug with both hands and resting it on her knees. She suddenly dropped a hand between her thighs and started stroking the bulge in her panties.

"Naughty boys who want to know a secret have to perform a forfeit. You surely know that rule."

"Yoko, haven't you had enough sex for one day. I've spanked you once, do you want me to put you over my knee and give you another?"

"No, that's not what I had in mind. I sucked your cock, so I want you to reciprocate and clean out my pussy." She rubbed her fingers together. "I thought I had gotten it all in the bathroom, but I'm still sticky."

“Those are probably your juices. If you want cunnilingus, I’ll do it on my terms and then you must tell me what you know, or I will spank you again.”

“Your terms. What are they?”

“I want you to bend over the back of the chair you’re sitting on.”

She dropped her feet, stood up and turned around to look at the sturdy dining chair. “It looks uncomfortable and unstable.”

“Don’t worry, you aren’t the first girl to ride the chair. Lower your panties to your knees and get over it.”

She turned the chair, so it was side on to me, then lowered her panties as directed. She had to go up onto tiptoe, so the straight top rail pushed into her belly, before leaning forward to grab the front corners of the chair. I stood up and positioned myself foursquare behind her. Her stretched ass was high and her pussy in a good position to munch.

However, I wanted her further forward, so I gripped her hips and pushed her upper body up and forward.

“No, Saburo, the chair will fall forward,” she cried.

“No, it won’t if you stay still...” I left her, to cross to my workbench. I pulled out a drawer and removed four cable ties.

“Saburo, what are you doing?”

“This is the game you wanted to play,” I replied as I knelt at the front of the chair. I connected a cable tie around the base of each front leg but didn’t tighten them. “Give me your hand, Yoko.”

“No, this isn’t the game I wanted to play,” she said as she tried to push herself up.

I grabbed her wrist and pulled it down to the front leg, halting her escape attempt. There were fancy knobs at the ends of the top rail, stopping her from escaping sideways.

“Stop struggling, Yoko. You’ll enjoy cunnilingus much more if you can’t move or squirm.”

“Saburo, I don’t want to be tied up.”

“Have you ever tried BDSM?”

“No, that’s for perverts. It’s not for me.”

“You don’t know what you’re missing.” I pinned her wrist to the leg, pulled the loose tie up over her hand and tightened it. “Yoko, stop struggling or the tie will mark your skin. I don’t want to hurt you.”

She lifted her head. “You hurt me when you slapped my ass a hundred times.”

With her right wrist secured, she reluctantly allowed me to tie her left, enabling me to go behind her and secure her legs, just below her knees to the high side rails. The thin white panties were stretched to the maximum between her knees and displayed the evidence of her heightened arousal. Then higher, the salmon pink lips of her pretty cunt were splayed apart.

“Saburo, I’m uncomfortable,” she complained.

If I had a gag, I’d have silenced her. Thankfully, the lab was at the end of the corridor, so theoretically I could do anything I wanted and no one would hear, including thrashing her ass. That wasn’t on the agenda, though if she behaved herself.

“Yoko, this is what you wanted.”

I knelt on the floor, placed my hands high on her firm little peach, then pushed my face against her rosy red cheeks. With my nose prodding her anus, I began lapping her slim white lips and line of clitoral meat.

“Oh, yes, Saburo, there... that feels so good...”

Up and down, left and right, I attacked her tender folds with my tongue and lips until she was gasping with delight. I nibbled, sucked and pierced both orifices time and time again. It wasn't long before I had her whole body trembling from the effects of a massive orgasm.

“My pussy wants this sooooo much,” she muttered and then a minute later, “Spear me again, Saburo. I need to feel your cock inside me.”

I stood up, wiped my mouth free of girl cum, then released my tackle. I gently nudged her juicy entrance, but after giving her two inches, I stopped.

“Tell me about the third Doll. Whose likeness is she?”

“Saburo, I'll tell you later. This can't wait. I'm desperate...”

I withdrew an inch leaving my knob pressed against her portal. “Is it someone I know? Is she Japanese?”

“You met her earlier, Saburo. It's Professor Mary Spencer.”

I silently gasped with surprise. “Professor in what?”

“Microbiotics, like you. She designed the X5 Neon MC.”

I was stunned to discover that I had been in the same room as one of the most accomplished scientists in the world and wasn’t introduced to her. Furthermore, it was a shock to learn she had volunteered to have her own innovation implanted, to test its viability. For taking the risk, I admired her greatly.

I absentmindedly drove my cock into Yoko’s gaping quim and regained my focus when I felt her muscles gripping my shaft. “As soon as I’ve finished shafting you, I want you to tell me everything you know about the woman.”

She remained silent until I started to lean the chair back. “What are you doing?” she cried, panic evident in her voice.

“I’m going to rock you to an orgasm, Yoko...” With that, I started rocking the chair back and forth, gently at first, to get the angle of entry right, then much harder until her little ass was thudding into my groin and my cock into her extremity.

She groaned and moaned, sighed and gasped, until I finally ejaculated into her petite body for the third explosive time. She was purring like a kitten when I eased her off my cock and righted the chair. I then fetched some tissue and a pair of scissors. When I returned, she was getting fidgety, so I dabbed her pussy dry, cut the ties and helped her to her feet.

“I’ve never experienced anything like that,” she whispered.

Then, while standing with her panties around her ankles, the young woman suddenly threw her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately on the lips.

Taken completely by surprise, I returned the kiss for about 20 seconds, then pulled back. “Yoko, I... I’m not ready for stuff like this... Your father would have a fit if you ended up having a relationship with me.”

“Oh...” She stepped back. “Fuck my father. We’re going to be working together closely in the future. It’s only fair that I get my feelings out in the open.”

I was bowled over by her declaration. “Yoko, its because we’re going to be working together that we have to keep our relationship on a professional level...” I suddenly thought of a way of dampening her ardour. “That’s not to say we can’t do stuff together. We’re going to have to do a lot of recording sequences for Tina’s Doll, now Saburo is taking Twoku off our hands.”

She thought about that and smiled. “You’re right, Saburo. We’ve got to prepare and train Tina. I’d better get Twoku over to the factory. Can you give me a hand to put her in the wheelchair?”

“Sure, get dressed first.”

It was such a relief to see Yoko step into her shorts and button up her lab coat. I didn’t delve any deeper into her knowledge about Prof. Mary Spencer, for I was

bound to find out what I wanted to know at the two o'clock meeting. Before the meeting though, I needed to think long and hard about my future with SKI...

Chapter Seven ~ Iku: Four.

After having yet another session of sex with my dream billionaire and Mary, they told me to shower and nap for an hour. It didn't come as a surprise that when I emerged from the bathroom, I found myself alone. Mary had laid an underwear set on the bed, presumably to wear during my nap. The baby pink satin shorts and top were the same style as the company underwear but manufactured to a much higher standard.

After checking out the exotic items, I finished drying my body and slipped the set on. The room was far too tidy for my liking and there was no sign of shoes or slippers. I went to one of the mirror doors to see if I could open it, but there were no handles, just full-length mirrors.

I looked around and had an idea. "Hills, I need a pair of slippers or shoes."

'Miss Iku, the Master would like you to rest for an hour. Please lie down and rest. I'll wake you at eight and provide you with an outfit and a pair of slippers.'

I was stunned by the reply. I hadn't expected the virtual assistant to tell me what to do! After staring at my reflexion for a minute, I decided that I didn't want to get in an argument with a computer. After all, I was tired after having so much sex with Toshira and Mary.

I sat on the side of the bed, staring out the patio doors at the forested landscape of the Tohoka region, which was an incredibly beautiful view. The sun was setting to the east just out of my view, but the effect on the landscape was awe inspiring.

I looked at the clock and noticed it was nearly 7 o'clock. I yawned and stretched, then worked my way onto the bed so I could lay down and face the window. I was just about to roll on my side when I realized I couldn't move. I might have panicked, but I had experienced losing control hundreds of times. A gentle instrumental track started playing and despite my initial annoyance, I closed my eyes and floated off to sleep within minutes.

* * *

I slowly drifted awake. A sound, my name I think, had started the process. 'Iku, it's eight PM and time to get up.'

I sat up and recalled within five seconds that Hills had taken control of my muscles when he wanted me to go to sleep. I climbed off the king-size bed and wandered around looking for slippers. My experience with losing control had prepared me for living on the fourteenth floor, but I was still unsettled by being controlled remotely.

"Hills, where are my slippers?"

'In the cupboard, Miss. You have a choice between two outfits. Change into one and then you can explore the suite and eat a meal. Miss Mary is due to arrive at nine o'clock.'

One of the mirror doors slowly opened to reveal a low hanging rail and two shelves. There were two latex dresses, similar to the one Mary was wearing. One was pink and the other light blue. When I touched the flimsy fabric, a shiver ran up my spine. On the shelf above was a tray with two pairs of gauze panties,

again one pink and one blue. On the second shelf were two pairs of slippers with the same colour choice.

I picked the blue combination and laid the items on the bed. By the time I turned, the wardrobe door was closed. “Can I have a wig, Hills?”

‘Yes, Miss. Choose one from the drawer.’

A whisper caused me to turn and witness the bottom drawer opening of a tall chest. I walked across and saw that I had a much wider choice than I had with the clothes. I selected a short brown wig with a pixie cut. On the way back to the bed, I examined the cosmetics, combs and brushes laid out on the dressing table. I was pleased to find wipes and tissues in the drawer under the countertop.

I was in a daze as I removed my shorts and top and stepped into the gauze panties. They were tiny, but more comfortable than the thong Mary was wearing. I had seen similar lingerie on the internet costing over \$100 an item. Then there was the baby blue latex minidress. I had never worn anything like it and was afraid I’d tear it as I gathered up the material and dropped it over my head.

I needn’t have worried because it appeared to have strong seams. The dress had one-inch wide shoulder straps and a ‘V’ neck. Unsurprisingly, the bust fitted my ‘D’ cups perfectly and the stretchy waist pulled into my shape, accentuating the gathered short skirts that floated around my hips and thighs.

I did a twirl in front of the mirror and was delighted by the sensations the latex generated when it rubbed against my skin. I went over to the dressing table and pulled the wig onto my head. Thankfully, the hair was long enough to hide the

thicker section of the collar at the back. I slipped my feet into the slippers and walked toward the door, half expecting it to open in front of me.

There was a stainless-steel doorknob and a six-inch square, chrome panel on the wall.

I touched the panel to see if it worked and sure enough, the door opened smoothly. I stepped into the hall. “Koji!” I called out down the hall.

‘Master Koji is in his room, Miss Iku. You may enter at any time.’

“Thank you, Hills.”

‘You are welcome, Miss.’

I crossed the hall and touched the square panel. The door opened smoothly inward.

I stepped inside and was just admiring the lilac décor when Koji emerged from the bathroom. “I thought I herrrr...” He looked me up and down. “Iku, you look fantastic!”

I saw from his expression that he meant it, but my main attention was drawn to his clothes – a pair of tight, white Lycra shorts and fawn, short-sleeve shirt that

was short in the body. The shorts were so tight the outline of his limp dick and balls were clearly visible, obviously deigned to humiliate the lad.

“Thanks for the compliment, Koji. Did Hills choose those clothes for you?”

“They were on the bed. When I told him I didn’t want to change, he zapped me.”

I gasped. “How did the virtual assistant do that?”

He touched himself under the balls. “I don’t know but the ring Mary fitted gave me a jolt.”

I put my hand over my mouth, so he didn’t see my smile, and looked around the room determined to change the subject. “What have you been doing for the last couple of hours?”

He pointed to the large TV screen that had risen out of a narrow cabinet at the end of the bed, similar to the one in my room. “I’ve been watching a movie. Hills told me I had to wait until you arrived. What’s going on, Iku? What have you been doing?”

“Not a lot. I had a nap and have just woken. Mary will be here in twenty minutes. I’m going to make a cup of coffee.” I turned and touched the panel, causing the door to open.

“Huh, that damn door opens for you!” he said as he followed me out into the hall.

“Have you been stuck in your room since Mary sent you there?”

“Yes. The computer wouldn’t open the door for me. Mary collared my cock and they’ve kept me in my room. I feel like a prisoner, Iku.”

“Don’t talk rot, Koji, we’re walking around, aren’t we?”

We entered the kitchen which was sparkling clean. The black granite worktops were clear, apart from a couple of small appliances like a coffee percolator, toaster and rice cooker. I noticed it was on. “Let’s look for something to go with the rice, Koji.”

We found a plate of Yakitori chicken skewers, covered with cling film, in the fridge, so we heated them in the microwave and placed them on a bed of rice. The food was so good we sat and ate in silence, often staring at each other. I for one wasn’t relaxed about living in the luxury, suite, being controlled by a virtual assistant, but I knew it would be a mistake to discuss my concerns with Koji.

He made a mistake, misusing me while I was in ‘command’ mode and was being punished for his stupid behaviour. Did he deserve to be humiliated? I asked myself, and decided he did. However, I didn’t think they should go any further. I could button my lip, but Koji couldn’t help but voice his displeasure.

“This collar thing, Iku, is damn uncomfortable. If I can’t get an erection while you’re walking around in that transparent outfit, then they must be pumping some strong stuff into my system.”

I tried to keep a serious expression on my face. “Koji, it’s comforting to know that you haven’t got a raging hard on all the time. There are going to be times when Hills is in control of my body, so it’s nice to know I’m safe from being molested by you.” The expression on his face told me my comment was harsh,

“Iku, I made a mistake. It won’t happen again. I thought we were going to record some sequences together...” He paused for a moment. “You say Hills can control your body. How does that work?”

I touched the collar. “This contains a router and is plugged into my socket, so I’m always connected to the supercomputer that’s in the computer room. It’s huge and controls the top three floors of the tower.”

“No more wrist controllers, then,” Koji mused. “What do they need me for? And, who gives the supercomputer it’s orders?”

“I guess it follows commands given to it by Mary and Toshira.”

“Supercomputer, heh. I want to see it.” He slipped off his stool and was about to leave the kitchen when Hills stopped him in his tracks.

‘Koji, the computer room is out of bounds to you, unless you are accompanying

an approved member of the ILLS management team.'

“Oh,” I exclaimed. “What about me, Hills? Does the same rule apply?”

‘Yes, Miss Iku. That is one of two restrictions on your file.’

“What’s the other one?”

‘Leaving the flat by either exit. You need the permission of an approved member of the ILLS management team.’

“What about me? Do I have any other restrictions?”

‘Yes, Koji. You cannot enter Miss Iku’s bedroom without her permission. You must not behave in an aggressive manner toward Miss Iku or any member of the ILLS management team. You must carry out Miss Iku’s and the ILLS management team’s orders promptly. You must respond to my orders promptly.’

There was a deathly silence for a couple of seconds.

“You must be fucking joking,” Koji suddenly blurted out, almost shouting. “Ahhhhh!” He suddenly doubled up and dropped to his haunches. “That hurt,” he muttered.

‘Koji, swearing is totally forbidden and when coupled with aggression, it’s a code two violation.’

I slipped off the stool and put my arm around his shoulders. “Are you alright?”

It was crystal clear to me that Mary had programmed Hills to protect me from Koji. She was also giving me power over the lad and effectively turning him into my servant. I didn’t particularly want one, but I thought it might be fun to run with the idea for a day or two.

I was sitting on my heels with my knees parted so he couldn’t fail to see the narrow strip of gauze and my pussy within. He looked up into my face and I could see he was in genuine pain. “I’m sorry for what I did, Iku. Could you ask Mary to take the ring off when she gets here.”

“Koji, I fear that you’ve got to prove to the ILLS management that they can trust you before they’ll even consider removing it.”

“It’s not fair though. I made one mistake...”

I put my fingers on his lips. “They can hear you, so you’ve registered your displeasure. Get up and clear the dishes away. I’m going to take a look around.”

“Me? Clear the dishes?”

I nodded. “I don’t know how patient Hills is but you’re risking another punishment.”

He glared at me. “You b...”

I promptly stood up and he followed. I pointed across to the line of cabinets, under the sink. “I think you’ll find one of those is a dishwasher.”

I didn’t wait for a reply, I walked out of the kitchen and down to the lounge. I had the run of my very own penthouse suite and I had my own manservant. What more could a girl wish for?

Chapter Eight ~ Iku: Five.

I walked every inch of the flat, just like I had been told to do by Mary before she left with Toshira. I sat in every seat on the sofa, every dining chair and explored the bedrooms and three bathrooms. I sat on the toilets, washed my face in the basins and stood in the showers.

All this was necessary apparently so Twoku could be controlled by Hills once she returned to the flat. The thought of my Doll being able to replicate what I was doing didn't frighten me, it excited me. I had gotten attached to her and if through the ILLS program she became more versatile and able to stroll around the flat, I'd be over the moon.

I returned to the kitchen to find Koji had just finished pouring us a cup of coffee. He pointed to a plate of ginger biscuits. "I found those in the cupboard, Iku."

He seemed to have cheered up. "Thanks for the coffee, Koji. I think we can get along together like this, don't you?" I picked up a biscuit and took a nibble.

"Iku, you're so damn sexy. Not being able to get excited is really depressing.

I wanted to take his mind off sex but that was going to be difficult if I was only given outfits like the one I was wearing. "Have you found anything else interesting in the kitchen?" I asked.

"Not really. There's a trash compacter under the sink and a month's supply of spring water in the cupboard but no sign of booze."

“That’s a point...” I picked up my cup. “Let’s look in the dining room and lounge.”

We scoured the cupboards but there was no sign of any alcoholic drinks. I decided not to ask Hills and instead ask Mary when she arrived.

“We won’t be having a party then,” Koji said after we had searched all the possible storage places.

We had just returned to the lounge when I felt the strange sensation in my head I associated with losing control to ILLS. I was standing looking out of the window at the panoramic view of SKI’s grounds and in the distance, Sendai City. It was similar to a dizzy spell, but briefer.

“The view from my bedroom is boring, what about yours, Iku?”

I held my breath mentally as I turned to face him. “Koji, would you like to kiss me?”

“Are you kidding?” he responded.

Without waiting, I stepped forward, as did he, and our lips met. He slipped an arm around my waist and held me tight, so tight I could feel his limp cock against my belly. Well, it was soft to begin with, but the longer we kissed and

our tongues fought, the harder he became.

He pulled back. “Iku, you’ve made me so excited... Look, I’m going hard.”

My body was behaving naturally, which it had never done before while I was under ‘command’ mode. I looked down, then up into his grinning face but I didn’t comment.

“I think you’ve done the trick, Iku. Huh, those scientists think they can control human instincts...” He dropped his hand to his shaft which was pushing the material away from his body. “It... it’s starting to hurt, Iku. The ring is too tight. Oh my god... Iku, what should I do?”

“Would you like a blowjob?” I asked in a cute, innocent tone.

His face was creased up with pain, so he didn’t notice the strange inflexion in my voice. “Would you? Oh, thank you, Iku... Oh my god it’s so painful...”

He pushed the Lycra shorts down while I dropped to my knees. His huge cock almost poked me in the eye as my flailing hand had trouble getting a grip of it. I saw immediately the problem. The ring was compressing his shaft at its base and making the rest larger and more rigid.

I could see that my difficulty grabbing it was a computer glitch, while Koji was only seeing a fumbling girl. Not being able to control my own hands was upsetting. My left hand located his balls without difficulty, but it took a few

seconds before I had a firm grip on the base of his shaft.

“Oh, yes, Iku, do it, suck me to completion,” he gasped desperately.

He wanted a rush job to rid him of his erection, but my program was making me provide the full, deluxe-Doll fellatio service. I licked his shaft and crown, I sucked it and racked it with my softer teeth, then I started to devour it inch by throat stretching inch.

“Oh, Iku, deeper, faster...” He grabbed my head and tried to push it down, but my computer was having none of it.

I took my time and only when my forehead was pressed against his stomach, did I start bobbing my head up and down.

“Yes, Iku, yes!” he cried. “Oh, yes, that ‘s good, oh, it hurts, but it’s good. Don’t stop!”

I was getting dizzy as I increased the speed until he finally reached his painful peak.

“Ikuuuuuuuu!” he cried as he ejaculated copious spurts of jiz into my oesophagus. “Oh, yes, oh yes, that’s good,” he cried.

I lifted my head and climbed to my feet, but he still had the same expression on his face.

“It still hurts, Iku, look.”

I looked down and sure enough his glistening dick was still standing bolt upright.

“Follow me, Koji.” I set off, skirted the end of the sofa and entered the hall.

Koji was hot on my heels, stumbling along holding his shorts. I could hear little whimpers accompanying his bare feet slapping the hard wood flooring. I touched the panel beside the door to my bedroom and entered as soon as the door opened.

“Can I enter your bedroom, Iku?” I swivelled gracefully and noticed my head turned first, making my movement seem more natural.

“Koji, you have my permission to enter.”

I turned, not waiting to see Koji’s reaction and stopped at the end of the bed, where I turned and sat down.

He approached me, still holding his throbbing shaft. “I can’t believe they would do this to me. I... I’m so grateful, Iku, for your help. One more release and I’ll

lose my boner, I'm sure."

"One more release?"

He looked down on me with watery, desperate eyes. "One more, I promise."

I stood up and reached under my latex dress. My fingers found the side of my panties and drew them down my thighs. Gripping one side, I raised first one leg and then the other to retrieve my panties. I handed them to Koji, who took them as though they were made of spun gold.

"Oh, thank you, Iku. You're the best..."

I sat down again and leant back. For the first time since I started recording sequences, I raised my head as I lifted my legs and brought my knees onto my tits. Looking down my body I was able to watch him bend his knees and line his throbbing dick up with my gaping entrance. The lad supported himself with one hand on the covers so he could use the other to guide his cock into my hungry succulence.

"Oh, Koji, that feels so good...", I muttered.

As soon as he had fully impaled me, he grabbed the back of my thighs for support and began piston fucking me with animalistic fervour. "My god I've never been in so much enjoyable pain...", he groaned after reaching what I thought was his maximum thrust speed.

The young lad was desperate to relieve himself and lose his erection.

Despite losing control to ILLS, I was experiencing the most exquisite sensations I could remember as Koji slammed his throbbing dick into my quim with a thoroughly demonic fervour.

“Oh, Koji,” I sighed, “Yours is the biggest cock I have ever experienced in my young life...”

“It is huge!” he cried. “The damn ring is trying to throttle it! Ahhhhhhh!” he cried as he arrived at the point of no return.

I felt his cock jerking yet another stream of jiz into the depths of my tight vagina. It then began to shrink rapidly, at which point he withdrew. I blinked because it was exactly at that point, someone handed me back control.

“Oh, Iku,” Koji gushed. “You really are the best.” He glanced up and down my body. “I love you in that latex dress. Can I kiss you again?”

I propped myself up on my elbows and dropped my legs over the edge of the bed. Koji had been given a reward that he wouldn’t forget for a while and a warning to be careful what he wished for. On the other side of the coin, I had received a demonstration of ILLS impressive power to control me.

I pulled the latex hem to cover my pussy then considered his request. “One short kiss...” Of course, he tried to prolong it, so I pushed him off. “Enough, Koji...”

‘Koji, go to your bedroom and retire for the night. Miss Iku, have a shower, then after changing, wait in the lounge for Miss Mary to arrive.’

The instructions were short and succinct. Koji’s face looked like thunder. He straightened then hauled his Lycra shorts up. “Hills, can’t I stay up and see Mary as well?”

‘No, Koji. Go to your bedroom and retire for the night.’

He took a deep breath while I rose to my feet. I put an arm around his shoulders and guided him toward the door. “I’m sure you’ll see Mary in the morning, Koji. Good night.”

He lingered in the hall and looked me in the eye. “I am sorry about what I did earlier...”

“I know. Go to bed.”

He sauntered into his room and closed the door. I closed my door and lifted the latex dress off. On my way to the laundry chute, I picked up the discarded panties and dropped them in together. I placed the brown pixie wig on the dressing table, then headed for the bathroom.

The moment I agreed to have the gold neckless fitted, was the moment my life changed for ever. Professor Mary Spencer had successfully turned me into her very own human robot...

THE END of Part Four.

Sample of Part Five.

Chapter One ~ Iku: One.

I honestly didn't know what to expect when Mary eventually arrived. She could switch my microcomputer on and run me through a few sequences; or she could be coming down to explain mine and Koji's future roles. Whatever they had planned for me, involved lots of sex so the supercomputer would be ready to control Twoku when she eventually arrived in the suite.

When I returned to my room, after bidding Koji goodnight, I closed the door and lifted the latex dress off. On my way to the laundry chute, I picked up the discarded panties and dropped them in together. I placed the brown pixie wig on the dressing table, then headed for the bathroom.

I didn't know how long I had, but time was moving on and I was sure that they didn't want to keep me up too long, having sent Koji to bed early. I hated being hairless, but it did speed up showering and drying my body. In the end, I was back in the bedroom within ten minutes examining the clothes that, whoever controlled Hills, had chosen for me.

It was one thing to have a virtual assistant helping me and answering questions, but another when the computer started giving me orders. ILLS was the MD's son's pet project. He was an architect and had designed SKI's impressive glass tower in the company's own mini city. The top three floors were set aside for the ILLS project which stood for Integrated Luxury Living Space.

All the systems on the three floors were managed by a supercomputer called Hills. It also controlled all the UNI-Dolls, robots that could carry out basic jobs

like working in reception, showing people to their offices and delivering mail. Mary hadn't explained all their functions to me, but I expected her to do so by the time we went to the meeting tomorrow.

The most worrying think about the ILLS project was that I was permanently connected to the supercomputer. My collar acted as a router, so Hills could switch me into command mode without warning. I had only been in the suite a couple of hours and it had already demonstrated its power twice. While I showered, I decided to mention my concerns to Mary and Toshira and see if it was possible to be given a warning of some kind.

One wardrobe door was open when I emerged from the shower. The cupboard contained a college style red plaid pleated skirt and a plain red waistcoat. There wasn't a blouse to wear under the waistcoat or a bra. There was however a pair of red lace panties, black knee-length socks and black, 3" stiletto shoes.

I pulled the panties on, then sat on the bed to feed the thin stretchy socks onto my legs. I looked up at the ceiling. "Hills, should there be a bra or blouse with this outfit?"

'Miss Iku, you have all the clothes for the outfit.'

I had to content myself with the items I was given and hope the system hadn't made a mistake. The skirt was nice but too short to work in, I thought. The red waistcoat was even more impractical. It had a button on either side with a tie fastened to one side. I pulled the sides together and looped the tie on the second button, then looked at myself in the mirror.

My tits bulged out, but my nipples were just hidden by the neckline before it reached the tie. So, it was possible, if I was careful, to move about without my tits falling out. I stepped into the shoes, then went to the dressing table to do my face and put my wig on. After I had done my eyebrows and applied eyeliner, blusher and lipstick, I picked up the wig.

‘Miss Iku, Miss Mary would like you to wear the blonde wavy-haired wig.’

“Oh, all right.” I muttered.

I returned the pixie wig to the drawer and put the blonde wig on, while sitting at the dressing table. I liked the mismatch of blonde hair with my Japanese features. A few of my friends bleached their hair when I was younger, but I had never gone that far.

I paced up and down in front of the mirror and was impressed with my image. It was excessively sexy and yet the quality of the plaid material gave it a lot of kudos in my eyes. It was smart, but I’d never dare to go out in it.

I walked through to the lounge and sat down in the chair facing the wooden door at the end of the room. I didn’t have long to wait before the door swung open and Mary entered the room. I jumped to my feet and was immediately struck by her appearance. The attractive American was dressed in an identical outfit to mine. She walked along the front of the sofa and stopped a foot away from me.

Professor Mary Spencer was a truly beautiful lady. She was maybe ten years older than me, but the cosmetic surgery, I assumed, made her look nearer my age, 21.

“Mistress, you look beautiful.”

“So, do you, Iku. Have you recovered from your session with Koji?”

“Yes, I have, Miss, but he was in a lot of pain.”

“Iku, you are naïve and Koji is a very devious lad. He was in some discomfort but not the pain he was making out.”

“But why did you make me...”

She put a finger on my lips. “We had to demonstrate the power of ILLS, so you understand its capabilities. You seemed to cope very well once the ‘command’ mode was switched off. Secondly, Hills needs data from your sex sessions and that was another opportunity.”

“It was a shock, Miss. It would be nice to have a warning before Hills does it again.”

“That won’t be possible because this living space is designed with your Doll in mind. You’re going to have to play your Doll’s part for a couple of days, maybe a week tops, then Twoku can take over your sex duties like relieving Koji’s itch.”

“Oh, yes, of course, I never thought of that.”

“Iku, Toshira will be down in ten minutes with a client and his wife. They are from Dubai and have already invested millions in ILLS. They’re desperate to see the suite and how its companion Doll interacts with its owner. During their visit, ILLS will take command of one or both of us and we will act out the part of the suite’s companion Doll.”

“Oh, that sounds nerve racking. I hope they like me...”

She touched my face then kissed me gently on the lips. “You have nothing to worry about, Iku. You are beautiful and you have a perfect body. I’m sure our guests are going to want to have your likeness in their suite when their luxury living space is ready for your doll to be installed.

From the moment the professor outlined the Doll project to me, I wanted Dolls in my image to roll off the production line. Well, if everything went to plan, it looked as though I was going to get my wish...

The End of the Sample.

I hope you enjoyed the Fourth Part of this

series and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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