

His Doll



**Part
Six**

**The
Finale**

Amelia Stark

His Doll



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His Doll: Part Six – The Finale

Miyu

Part 6 of ‘The Perfect Body’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction

Doctor Miyu Masaki came to Japan with Wendy Spencer, her partner, with the sole aim of linking the Doll program to ILLS (Integrated, Luxury, Living Space). Hitomu's Sasaki's dream is to sell luxury flats complete with two synthetic young women. A Uni-Doll to clean and cook; and a Companion Doll to provide for the occupant's sexual needs.

A younger version of Miyu was the template Mary used for the Uni-Dolls image. This hadn't proved a problem until the SKI finance director, Haruki Yokoto, bumps into Miyu on the sixteenth floor, on his way to his penthouse suite.

Miyu, naïve and curious, decides the Doll/human dynamics needs studying. However, when they arrive in his flat, a situation crops up that makes it impossible for the young woman to admit she's human. Before Miyu knows what's happening, she finds herself having to continue performing as though she's a companion sex Doll.

Due to the detailed descriptions of multiple sex acts and humiliating situations, this book is only suitable for mature adults over the age of 18.

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Chapter 1 ~ Miyu: One.

There were two Uni-Dolls on the sixteenth-floor reception desk and another waiting for me as I emerged from the lift. I was still dressed in one of the company standard uniforms, which by coincidence was identical to my Uni-Doll guide. Her name, printed on her rectangular badge, was 'Seetu'.

We were wearing navy-blue tennis-style pleated miniskirts and white sailor-style blouses over our standard issue SKI underwear. Our black one-inch heeled buckle shoes and knee-length black socks were identical, as was our long black hair which fell around our shoulders. Hers was a wig, while my hair was my own.

Seetu bowed. "Doctor Masaki, welcome to the Sixteenth floor. How may I help you?"

I handed the key card over. "I'd like a tour of the South East Penthouse."

"One moment, Doctor, while I get authorization."

Looking into her smiling face was like looking in a mirror, only the image was a few years younger. Mary had modelled the Uni-Dolls on a photograph of my image when I was 19 years old. More than 6 years had passed since the picture was taken and my face had matured. The Uni-Doll's faces were fresher than mine, I thought, but still very similar.

Her eyes suddenly widened. "Permission has been granted, Doctor. Please follow me."

I was killing time before lunch. I had seen the empty suite already, on the third day of recording sequences with Mary. There were six identical penthouse suites, so we mapped one of the unoccupied furnished suites along with an empty one. The moment Seetu opened the door, I noticed things had changed. I soon found that the penthouse suite had been fully furnished to a standard similar to 1405.

The difference between the two-bedroom apartments was that the South East Penthouse had a roof garden, a jacuzzi and a swimming pool. I loved swimming and even though it was a small 50' pool, I would spend hours in it, if we moved in. I was also drawn to the small garden with its tall shrubs and swinging seat.

The apartment had a computer room/study, complete with a small cabinet containing all the links to ILLS. Beside the cabinet stood a beautiful writing desk with a desk top computer. There were also two upload chairs for the resident Uni-Doll and Companion Doll allocated to the apartment.

The kitchen was amazing, as was the view from the palatial lounge. I followed Seetu around all the rooms and the more I saw, the more I wanted to stay there. I was certain that Mary would acquiesce once she heard about the offer.

We returned to the entrance hall. "I've seen enough, Seetu. Thank you for your guidance."

The Doll bowed. "You are welcome, Doctor. I will guide you back to the lift."

I didn't need a guide, but I didn't want to confuse the Uni-Doll's,

microcomputer, even though ILLS was in overall control and could handle virtually any situation. ILLS was more a guiding force on the Penthouse floor, rather than a controlling force, for the upgraded UNI-Dolls on reception were capable of dealing with most eventualities.

As we entered the reception lobby, the lift doors began to open, eventually revealing a single passenger. When the occupant, Director, Haruki Yokoto, stepped out, we were about ten feet away. We bowed together and then straightened to find he was bearing down on us.

He stared at me. “Where’s your badge, Doll?”

Seetu interrupted. “May I carry your bag for you, Master?”

He had another look at both of us. “No, be quiet, Seetu. I want this Doll to take my bag. What’s your name, Doll?”

“Miyu, Master.” I hadn’t intended to sound like a Uni-Doll, but it just came out that way.

Beside me, Seetu remained silent, following the director’s order.

Haruki lifted his briefcase and handed it to me. “Carry this for me, Miyu.”

“As you wish, Master.” I was so used to seeing Mary act like a synthetic, it came second nature to me.

Again, I hadn’t intended to reply like a Doll, but the phrase just slipped out. I should have laughed and broke the illusion, but I wasn’t in a hurry and didn’t think it would do any harm to carry his bag. Mary was going to be busy for some time and I was intrigued by the man’s reaction to a synthetic girl.

It was something Mary had mentioned when she designed the Uni-Dolls. It was the perceived wisdom that if they were devoid of their sex parts, men in general would treat them with respect. Well, I was about to find out how Haruki Yokoto treated the Uni-Dolls in his charge, then I’d be able to tell Mary about my experience.

I followed the tall finance director to the entrance door of the South Penthouse Suite. He unlocked it with his key-card and pushed the door open. There, standing, waiting for her Master, was his resident Uni-Doll. That wasn’t surprising in itself, but what was, was that she was dressed in a set of black satin underwear.

The shorts were the company design, but the bra was lacy and see-through. Mary had designed the Uni-Dolls with realistic, large breasts but gave them small nipples to deter men from playing with the Doll’s breasts. It appeared as though her efforts had been pointless.

The Director was obviously fooling around with the synthetic girl when they were alone. It wasn’t a crime, but it was extremely interesting and telling behaviour.

The Uni-Doll bowed. “Welcome, home, Master. Hello...”

“Kai, go and make me a cup of coffee,” he barked, interrupting her.

I realized, as he stepped inside the apartment and turned, that the Uni-Doll was about to identify me.

“Miyu, take my bag to the lounge. Put it on the coffee table and wait for me there.”

I walked past him and set off down the hall. The director had no reason to think that I was anything other than a synthetic servant. Had I gone too far? Probably, but it was an interesting experiment which I was sure Mary would encourage if she knew it was happening. Would Haruki Yokoto dismiss me or reveal more of his dubious attitude toward the synthetics in his charge...? I was about to find out!

The Uni-Doll, Kai was the first to appear, carrying a cup of coffee. She paused on her way to the coffee table and gave me a smile. “Welcome to my Master’s apartment, Doctor Masaki. Would you like a cup of coffee?”

“No thank you, Kai.”

The Doll would give the game away sooner or later. If the Director was mad when he found out who I was, I’d turn the charm on and explain that I study, as part of my job, interactions between humans and synthetics. It was partially true

so I wouldn't be misleading him.

Kai, having placed the coffee on the table, returned to my side and stood, waiting patiently for her Master to return. In fact, she would stay there all evening, unless she had another task scheduled, like cooking her Master's lunch. I looked around the lounge and noted the room was spotless, testament to the thoroughness of the Uni-Doll's hard work.

There had been so many eye-opening things happen to me during the day, I wasn't expecting any more shocks, but I was wrong. The tall handsome director entered the room from the hall door, dressed in a red satin basque, black stockings and a pair of pink satin panties! The sight of a man wearing exotic women's underwear was something I had never seen in my life!

It was even more shocking than having, first Toshira, then the trainer, study my naked body. In those cases, I witnessed predictable behaviour by men – prewarned by Mary, once she decided that we should come to Japan and help prepare ILLS.

Being confronted with a cross-dressing man was way beyond my experience and I struggled to keep my expression from showing the shock I felt. All I knew was that I had intruded on his personal space, like a spy, and had to get out of there without him discovering my true identity.

Kai stepped forward before he had reached the sofa. "Your coffee is on the table, Master, is there anything else I can do for you?"

My eyes dropped to the shape of his semi-hard penis that lay to the side within

the brief garment. If it stood upright, it would spring out of the top of his panties. It began to twitch as he studied his synthetic servant. “Kai, I’ll have dinner early. Go and start it now.”

“Dinner for one or two, Master?”

He frowned at the Uni-Doll. “One of course, stop asking stupid questions.”

“As you wish, Master.” The synthetic replied, then strode away elegantly on her way to the kitchen.

During that exchange, I was thinking furiously. I was going to have to play a blinder to avoid a hugely embarrassing incident that could blow up in my face. I made my bed and had to lie in it, so I had to make a fast exit.

“Master, my supervisor is expecting me to report to my station on the fourteenth floor.”

He looked annoyed. “Tell your damn computer you’ll be delayed by about twenty minutes.”

The Uni-Dolls could communicate wirelessly with ILLS. An unusual request from a Uni-Doll, situated in an uncommon location might be diverted to the operations room. They only had visuals on the corridors on sixteen, so they would probably send an engineer if the Uni-Doll couldn’t return to the reception desk on the floor they were working.

Even though Haruki had only had a domestic Uni-Doll for 5 or 6 days, he would be used to the synthetic giving him the stare while it waited for a new command or approval for an action.

“Without a command, Master, I must return to the fourteenth floor.”

His eyes narrowed. “Are you a later model to my Doll, Kai?”

“Yes, Master. I must return to my station now.”

I turned but he put his hand on my breasts. “I’m commanding you to stand still and be quiet.” His hand flexed, feeling my breast.

If I was a real Doll, I would have to obey. However, the real Doll would be relaying the conflict to ILLS, who would alert the operations room. I stood perfectly still, fearing the worse.

Squeezing my right breast again, he moved to face me. This time he was studying and rubbing my sensitive nipple. “So, you’re the latest model, heh. What have those Tech guys given you that my Doll hasn’t got?”

While pulling the blouse out of the waistband of my skirt, he raised his eyes to meet mine.

“Answer me, Miyu.”

“Master, I haven’t got that information. May I return to the fourteenth floor now?”

“I haven’t got that information,” he mimicked. “God, you’re supposed to be programmed to answer my questions.” He had tugged both garment free and after bunching the fabric, lifted them up as far as my static arms would allow. His eyes widened with excitement. “Let me tell you Doll, they’ve given you realistic nipples, not pin heads like Kai. Raise your arms in the air.”

Unhappy and regretting carrying his bag, I raised my arms like a Uni-Doll would. He had to separate the sailor blouse from the vest before he removed them one by one. Once my vest had cleared my arms and been discarded on the sofa, Huruki grabbed my breasts and rolled my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

I was miserable and beside myself with embarrassment. The bizarre situation was of my own making and I was wrestling with a kaleidoscope of mixed emotions. On the one hand I wanted to run out of the apartment and not look back. I couldn’t though, having gone so far. Then, there was the genuine thrill of doing a second daring thing in one day, involving a man. I was a complete novice when it came to sexual situations like the one I was encountering and didn’t know which way to turn.

Having allowed the MD, Hitomu Sasaki, to penetrate me earlier was the boldest thing I had ever done. Not stopping Haruki Yokoto from fondling me was even more daring because I was deceiving the man. It was a classic catch 22.

He would be hurt if I stopped the pantomime there and then, while I would suffer if he continued down the road that would eventually lead to him wanting to fuck me...

Chapter 2 ~ Miyu: Two

His examination of my tits was casual, but my nipples really intrigued him. “Doll, these are spectacular. Do you work on this floor?”

“No, Master. I work on the fourteenth floor.”

“Where they’re running the Companion Doll trials, right?”

“Master, I haven’t got that information.”

“Huh, well I know they are for a fact...” He dropped a hand to the catch on my skirt. “If you’re from the fourteenth then you’re an experimental model. Is that what you are?”

“Master, I haven’t got that information.”

He pulled the Velcro waistband apart and let the blue, pleated skirt drop to the floor, where it pooled around my feet. “Blah, blah, blah,” he said, clearly frustrated by my answer. “That sly Toshira has made a Uni-Doll with enhanced features for his own use, probably. What else have they given you?”

On the word ‘you’ he whisked my yellow cotton shorts down. I could have cried, but Haruki was jubilant, for he had spotted an inch of my pudendal cleft peeping out at the apex of my thighs. “SEX! They’ve given you a cunt!” he exclaimed. He pointed at the large leather footstool. “Go and sit on the edge of the stool,

Miyu.”

I knew where he was going, for before I had even dropped my arms and turned I spotted his cock poking out of the waist elastic of his pink knickers. I didn't understand the complexity of his kink, but it was clear that his Uni-Doll played a large part in it. Kai would probably have provided him with some excitement while dressed in sexy underwear. He had hit the jackpot though with my arrival.

Trembling with fear and indecision I crossed the room to the large footstool, turned and sat down on the end of it. Haruki approached slowly, now gripping his huge erection. The plum coloured tip of his cock was peeping out of the top of his fist as he dropped to his knees. I could see a droplet of precum oozing out of the tiny black eye, he was that excited.

I on the other hand was petrified!

“Lie back, Miyu, there's a good Doll.”

With my hands flat on the leather surface, either side of my thighs, I leant back until my back was comfortable on the supple leather surface.

“Now lift your knees... that's it...” He guided my feet, still within the black buckle shoes, up, then pushed them, forcing my knees down onto my chest. “Part your knees, so I can see your pretty face, Miyu, and those gorgeous nipples...”

I was so stunned by the speed of my decline down the slippery slope of

deception, my face must have looked as white as the driven snow. However, Haruki wasn't looking at my face, he was studying my thrusting sex.

"My god, this is a vast improvement on Hinata's cunt," he said as he stroked my smooth labia lips.

Hinata was SKI's top of the range static sex Doll. She had a realistic vagina that was eight and a half inches deep, along with other features like chunky nipples and the ability to smile when spoken to. Sasaki Industries had made a fortune from the 'Hinata' model which prompted them to drive the research for a fully mobile companion Doll. I guessed he had Hinata tucked away somewhere.

"These have the perfect consistency." He prised my lips apart and thumbed my ridge and nub. "This is better..." he said, thoughtfully. "...but very dry. They've given Hinata too much juice and your model not enough..." He bent down, sniffed my pussy, prised my lips further apart, then started licking along my open furrow.

The sensation was exquisite! Coupled with the intense, embarrassing situation, the result was dynamite! Mary was a skilful proponent of cunnilingus, but Haruki was better. The intense sensations radiating out of my hypersensitive nub drove me to distraction. I forgot about the craziness happening around me and surrendered to the forces of pleasure.

"Oh, Master, that feels wonderful. You are so good at that."

He paused and looked up. "Fuck, an appreciative Doll. Now you're talking." He dipped his head and renewed his efforts with longer strokes of his tongue and

quick thrusts into my vagina.

I shouldn't have been enjoying myself, but I was in the grip of a whirlwind force that was leading me toward another sensational orgasm. When he paused again, I looked up to see that he was gripping his cock again and steering it toward my gaping entrance.

“Oh, Master, are you going to fuck me?”

He chuckled. “Yes, Doll, this is what you were designed for. This is why Ski have spent billions developing walking, dirty talking, Companion Dolls. It's why I signed the last budget for the Doll project earlier this year. Give me some more of your repertoire.”

“Oh, Master, your cock is far too big to fit in my tight vagina.”

Another chuckle “We'll see. We'll see.” The more I recited the Dolls lines, the more excited he became.

“Oh, Master, is this the way you treat a virgin?”

“Yes, Doll, suck it up. I hope your hole is deeper than Hinata's.” He drove his cock in until his groin was hard up against my butt cheeks. “Oh, yes, this feels like the real thing. Hot, deep and slimy. I love it...”

He placed his hands on the back of my thighs and started thrusting his shaft into me at a steady rate of knots. Just like Hitomu's, his penis was much larger than anything I had experienced before. It meant, once again, I had something I could grip and squeeze while he powerfully drove it back and forth.

“Master, my succulent quim has been hungry for your cock all day. I can feel it stretching my walls.”

“I can too, Doll. When mine arrives, Hinata can take a back seat...”

“Oooo, Master, I’m coming...”

“That is soooooo fucking sweeeeeeeet,” he moaned as his cock began to pump copious amounts of jiz into my deepest recess.

He slowly withdrew and backed off. I stayed perfectly still as the electrical energy racing around my system slowly eased in its intensity. Haruki looked down at his lingerie and the smile left his face.

“Uh, what am I doing?” he muttered.

He pulled the panties up to hide his shrivelled cock and hurried out of the room. I rolled off the footstool and picked up my shorts. I was just stepping into the flimsy garment when Kai appeared carrying a dinner plate.

“Hello Doctor Masaki. Are you staying for Dinner? There is enough food for two.”

“No, Kai, I am leaving now.”

“As you wish, Doctor.”

I fed my arms into the yellow vest and pulled it on. Wearing clothes again settled my nerves. I took my time to don the white top and comb my hair with my fingers. I was just fastening my skirt when Haruki returned wearing a pair of blue shorts. Also, he had donned a pair of black rimmed glasses, which made him look much more like the firm’s finance director.

“Oh, Miyu, you’ve dressed quickly... Kai, get out of my way.”

The Uni-Doll had stopped to avoid bumping into him. She stepped sideways and set off once again for the kitchen.

I bowed. “Master, I must return to the fourteenth floor.”

“Alright, you’d better be going. Um, Miyu, what were you doing on the sixteenth floor anyway?”

“I was mapping the corridors for ILLS, Master, and was just returning to my

supervisor. That is why I must leave and return to the fourteenth.”

“Who is your supervisor?”

“Professor Mary Spencer.”

“Of course, you’re one of Mary’s, I should have known.” He waved me past him, then stepped out of the way as I set off for the door.

He followed me down to the hall. “Have you finished your work on this floor?”

“Yes, Master.”

He opened the door and stood aside as I stepped into the hall. “I can’t wait to get my Companion Doll,” he called out at my retreating figure.

I felt as though I was walking up a beach, having been chased by a killer shark in the sea. I was safe but knew the shark would find a way to bite me if I didn’t do something to head off the finance director’s next move.

A move that I couldn’t predict while my head was in a spin. I desperately needed something to eat. I would spend the time thinking over my options and how I could explain to Mary what happened in the finance director’s apartment. For the moment I hadn’t got a clue what I would say...

Chapter 3 ~ Miyu: Three.

I planned to go to the new staff restaurant on the fifteenth floor for a snack, but I was stopped by a Uni-Doll at the reception desk on the sixteenth. She spotted me approaching and met me just before the lift.

She bowed “Doctor Masaki, I have a message for you.”

“Yes, what is it Seetu?”

Master Toshira Sasaki would like you to go to his office.”

“Oh. Okay, thank you.”

I took the lift down one floor and walked through to the director’s circular lobby. Toshira’s synthetic secretary recognized me as I approached and stood up to greet me.

She bowed. “Doctor Masaki, my Master would like you to wait in the anteroom until he has finished his meeting with Professor Spencer.”

I walked through and sat down. So, Mary was with the billionaire again! She was spending a lot of time with the eligible bachelor, both in the states and in Sendai. I wasn’t really jealous of my dominant partner though; I wasn’t that kind of character. If I was honest with myself, I knew that Mary and Toshira were having a thing together.

I had smelt his manly fragrance on her, several times, when she got home late, usually after attending SKI meetings. I had also tasted male, salty seed on her pussy but kept my suspicions to myself; and sometimes her lips were swollen from excessive foreplay.

I wasn't as emotionally tied to her as she thought, mainly because of my unusual lifestyle during my informative teenage years. Living in a convent until I was 19 hadn't prepared me for the hustle and bustle of life in the fast lane. I was used to spending long periods of time in isolation or with a tutor while I studied medicine.

I was gifted in that field but lacked real ambition until I met Mary. She inspired me to study further and switch to microbiotics when I was 22. Despite her overprotective friendship and the intimacy between us, I continued to look upon her more as a work colleague than a long term partner.

I decided not to challenge Mary about her infidelity because it would have gotten in the way of our work. I loved and admired the woman but wouldn't fall apart if she left me for someone else. Leaving me for a man was worse though. Especially after all the things she said about the male sex and their predictable traits – like wanting to have sex with sex Dolls.

It was Ironic that I had just experienced the very thing Mary was always moaning about. However, unlike Mary, I didn't have any bad thoughts about the way Haruki Yokoto treated me. He acted true to form, while I was the one perpetrating the deception on him. I decided not to tell Mary about either of my encounters and the sex that resulted from them. As far as I was concerned, we were even.

She had spent a lot of time with the billionaire that morning, so I was worried that something wasn't right. However, there was still a lot of time left to get a bite to eat and spend an hour or two walking around the shops, so I was still cheerful.

The door opened and Mary entered the anteroom. I stood up and went to her. "Mary, what's going on?"

I tried to kiss her, but she held my shoulders. "Nothing to concern you, babe. Are you okay?"

I nodded. "I'm fine. I went up to the fifteenth, looked at the South East penthouse apartment and since then I've been waiting for you here."

"Come on, you can walk me to the lift."

I noted she was carrying a small box. "What's in the box, Mary?"

"Oh, it's a gadget Toshira wants in the apartment. Nothing of interest really."

We paused near the reception desk. Mary looked at me earnestly. "Babe, somethings come up."

"Oh? What's happened?"

“Nothing to worry about, but I’ve got to go back to fourteen-O-five. Now we’ve moved out, Iku and Koji are moving in and someone has to help them. So, I’m probably going to be busy all afternoon.”

“That’s a shame, Mary. You promised me we’d go shopping later.”

She kissed me gently “I’m sorry, darling. Toshira asked me… well told me to sort out Koji and Iku at the last minute. Why don’t you go and buy yourself something nice and I’ll catch up with you in the penthouse apartment?”

“We’re going to take Hitomu’s offer?” I didn’t think Mary would go for it that easily.

“Yes, darling. We may be here for a week or two, so it makes sense to be close to ILLS.” She paused for a second. “Don’t forget, babe, we have unlimited credit, so go and buy yourself something nice.”

“Mmmm, I’d like a gold necklace like yours.”

“Ha! Just so long as it doesn’t contain a router!”

I smiled. “Without you having the implant, we wouldn’t be here, would we?”

“True. Are you coming down?” she asked me.

“No, I’m going to thank Hitomu for the apartment. I said I would drop by and tell him our decision.”

“Yes, do that. Unlike his son, he means well.”

“Unlike Toshira. What do you mean?”

She touched my face. “The machinations and skulduggery going on in SKI management circles doesn’t concern you, so don’t worry about it.”

We had a brief kiss before she stepped into the lift, then the doors closed and I was on my own again. I stood there for a minute thinking over her last comment. Was she trying to put me off the scent? It sounded like that to me. It was certainly patronizing in the extreme.

She might be bedding the MD’s son, but I had just had sex with the two most powerful men in the company! The uneasiness and stress I had been feeling since leaving Haruki’s apartment was beginning to ease as I felt my ties to Mary slacken.

One of the Uni-Dolls on reception spotted me standing alone and stood up. “Good afternoon, Doctor Masaki. May I be of assistance?”

I turned to face the synthetic assistant. “Oh, um, thank you, Patti. Er, can you tell me if Hitomu Sasaki is available?”

“I’ll contact his secretary. One moment.”

She gazed at me for about 20 seconds, then responded. “The MD, Doctor, is in a director’s meeting. Would you like me to make an appointment for when he finishes?”

“Yes, Patti, that’s a good idea. I’m going to the dining hall. Come and get me if he’s ready to see me.”

“Yes, Doctor, I will do that.”

I popped into the bathroom first to have a long douche and clean the man-jiz from my pussy. My vagina was tight, but the sticky substance was starting to ooze out of my fleshy entrance. I was still thrilled every time I examined my new pussy and played with my enlarged breasts. Mary was the one to suggest having the enhancement package and because hers had been successful, I decided to go for it.

The dining hall was not far and thankfully it was almost empty. A lot of the staff that would normally use the facilities had been replaced with Uni-Dolls, so the few staff who were eating a late lunch were male and middle management. I didn’t recognise anyone, so after loading my tray with a bowl of Raman soup, I chose a table by the window and settled down to eat my lunch.

I was worried by the news that the directors were having a meeting. Then I remembered that Haruki Yokoto was about to have his dinner so probably wouldn't be attending. I didn't want the finance director to blurt out to the MD that a Companion Doll, by the name of Miyu, had visited his apartment.

I had to tell Hitomu what happened before someone else revealed what I had done. At the same time, I would thank him for letting Mary and me use the penthouse apartment.

I was mulling over how I would explain my deception, when someone came up behind me and tapped me on the shoulder. "Miyu?" a familiar voice asked.

I turned and looked up into a familiar face. "Wendy! What are you doing here?"

The attractive young woman was like me, a Californian and worked in the SKI complex there.

"Toshira brought Roy and me over with him. Can I join you?"

"Sure, of course, sit down." I waited for her to slide onto the opposite bench and take her sandwich and glass of milk off the tray. "What are you two doing over here?"

"We're running the ILLS operation for a few weeks until everything is running smoothly." She turned her head to look out of the window at the spectacular view. "I didn't realize that Japan was such a beautiful country."

“Yes, Wendy, it’s amazing isn’t it? I visit as often as I can.”

“That’s right, you weren’t born here, were you?”

“No, my parents moved to California in the seventies.”

She tugged the neckline of her sailor top. “I don’t know if I’ll ever get used to dressing like a Japanese student. I was surprised they had my size!”

“Wendy, you’re only one size larger than me and what’s the problem with looking younger?”

“Ha. I wish I did. Still, I’m flattered by your comment.”

I was slightly on the defensive, chatting with Wendy Jacobs. The young woman, who was my age, 25, had recently made a couple of passes at me. She knew Mary and I were together, but it didn’t stop her from asking me out.

Sexual touching was a big thing between males and females. I experienced the same problem with Wendy. An arm around my shoulders and then a hand on my knee seemed harmless at the time, but when she started asking me out, it meant much more.

She was a little heavier and more butch than Mary. She wore her brown hair in a boy style and hardly wore any make-up. The freckles across her high cheekbones and her lovely green eyes were Wendy's most attractive features.

I knew Mary didn't get on with her for various reasons. One of them was that Wendy was usually by Toshira's side and accompanied him to meetings when they came to Mary's office. She would often question some of Mary's decisions or ask awkward questions.

Wendy had the same degree as I had – medicine – and went onto study microbiotics, so she understood our work on synthetics. I was never present in those meetings but overall, I got the impression she was a very capable researcher. When all things were considered, I judged that she and Roy were good choices to help out in Sendai.

“Have you seen Mary since you landed?” I asked.

“Sure, she popped into the operations room. I'm surprised she didn't mention we were here.”

“Oh, I haven't seen her much today. She's busy helping the new occupants settle into the training apartment.”

“Iku and Koji? Yes, I know. Monitoring the apartment is one of our daily tasks.”

“Today? Is that necessary if Mary is helping to bed them in.”

Wendy laughed. “That’s an apt expression.” She took another bite of her sandwich while I finished my Ramen soup.

Her comment triggered my imagination. By the time I laid my chopsticks down, I had decided to ask Wendy a favour.

Chapter 4 ~ Miyu Four.

She was still munching her sandwich. “Wendy, I’ve got a half hour to kill, do you think I could join you in the operations room?”

She stared at me with what was left of her sandwich poised near her mouth. Her eyes sparkled. “You want to see what Mary’s up to...” She pushed the rest of the sandwich into her mouth.

“Um, I was wondering why she needs to spend the afternoon with Iku and Koji.”

She swallowed and wiped her mouth with a napkin. “You mean Iku and Toshira...”

I frowned. Why do you say that?”

“Koji is in disgrace. He should have brought Iku straight up to the apartment after leaving the lab. Instead he took her to his flat, where he and a friend shafted her at both ends.”

I was horrified. “Both ends?”

“Miyu...” She gazed at me. “That means one lad fucked her anus while the other speared her throat.”

“Oh, yes. I... I knew that... Poor girl. Is she okay?”

“I think so. Iku, I’ve been told is an exceptionally good and capable kid. All the more reason why the morons should be punished severely.”

“Are they going to sack the lads?”

“No. SKI has a better way of teaching them the error of their ways. Koji’s punishment was to have a cock collar fitted. Mary did it about fifteen minutes ago.”

“Cock collar? How does that punish the lad for abusing Iku?”

“The collar is locked onto the base of his cock, behind his ball sack. Chemicals are injected to kill arousal or initiate an erection. There’s a certain amount of pain when that happens. Basically, ILLS is in control when he can get excited.”

I was learning something new every day! “So, Mary had to fit the collar?”

“Yes. He willingly accepted chemical castration to save his job. She then sent him to his room. I monitored the situation until Toshira turned up at the apartment. I thought that was a good time to take a break and get a bite to eat.”

“Why do you think Toshira went to the apartment?”

Wendy gazed at me and I could see genuine concern in her expressive eyes. “Miyu, I wasn’t going to say anything, but things reach a point when its criminal not to. I think you know what I’m referring to.”

“Mary and Toshira?”

She nodded. “To put it crudely, Mary can’t get enough of his cock...” She reached across the table and held my hand. “You and me are different...”

I shook my head. “I’m not, Wendy. I’ve done some stuff too.”

“I know and I admire your honesty. I saw what you did, but that’s okay...”

“What did you see?” I wanted to withdraw my hand, but Wendy had a good grip of it.

“With the MD. I told you, we’ve been monitoring the suite today.”

I was horrified to think that there was a recording of me removing my leotard and sitting back on the MD’s cock. She saw the shock on my face.

“Don’t worry, babe, it wasn’t recorded, and I was the only one watching. I was

also the only one watching you disappear into Haruki Yokoto's room for half an hour. I admire the way you go about your business."

I was speechless and couldn't work out what she was implying. "Wh... what do you mean?"

"The only way we girls can get any influence is if we show those in high places that we're flexible. I think you'll eventually go right to the top."

"I'm not that ambitious, Wendy."

She squeezed my hand. "It's all right. Mary's been doing it for years and become devoted to Toshira..."

"She says she despises him."

"She spends an awful lot of time with a man she despises. No, Miyu, Mary will probably chase the MD's son until he proposes to her."

"You think they'd get married?"

She shrugged. "Who knows. Do you still want a look at what's going on in the apartment?"

“Yes, if it won’t get you into trouble.”

She squeezed my hand. “If that’s what you want, I’ll take you back to the operation room and check out the latest action from fourteen-O-five.”

Despite thinking that I could handle being rejected by Mary, I was desperate to see what she and Toshira were doing with Iku. Because she was the second recipient of the X5 Neon microcomputer, Mary wanted to spend some time with her. I hoped when we had a quick look, I’d see the trio sitting in the lounge having a good chat.

We returned out trays and set off for the operations room. When we arrived, Roy was alone, sitting at the ILLS console, typing some code in.

We stood and waited until he had finished. “Roy, do you want to go for a break,” Wendy asked him.

He swivelled his chair. “Hi, Miyu. Nice to see you here.”

“You too, Roy. I hear you’re staying for a while,” I responded.

He got to his feet. “Whatever the boss wants, I’ll obey,” he said with a broad smile. “I’ve a feeling it’s going to be a roller coaster ride, until all the personnel are in the right place.”

Wendy put her hand on the young man's shoulder. "Give us half an hour, Roy."

It was an order from a determined young woman. Wanting privacy signalled that she wasn't about to grant my favour for free. As soon as the door closed, she locked it, then turned to look me up and down. "The clothes suit you more than they do me, Miyu. You look like a scared teenager. Are you scared of me?"

"No, Wendy. We've always got along."

"That's because I've gone easy on you. I've fantasized about kissing you for years. Is my dream going to come true?"

It was a small price to pay, so I stepped forward, placed my hands on her shoulders and kissed her on the lips. She put her arms around me and slid her hands up to my shoulder blades so she could hold me tight to her. We fought each other's tongues furiously and turned our heads first one way, then the other.

We were the same height, but she was a stone heavier, at least. My tits were larger, but my frame was slighter, so it was easy for her to dominate me. I could feel her powerful arms against my back and yet I got the feeling she was holding back.

However, I could feel the passion radiating out from her body, which she squirmed against mine in an attempt to rub our bellies and mons together. She pushed me back until my ass was against the desk, which made it easier to grind our bodies together. They were an arousing few minutes, but one of us had to

come up for air.

“Ahhh,” I gasped, “Wendy, where did that come from?”

She slid her hands down my back and after resting them on my hips, turned me around so she had her ass against the desk. “I told you, Miyu, I’ve been frustrated for months not being able to feel your lips on mine.”

“You’re a good kisser but this isn’t the time or the place to have a meaningful snog.”

“I know, but we have a couple of minutes and now we’ve broken the ice, I expect you to perform one intimate task without me telling you too.” She reached down and released the catch on her skirt. One tug and it fell to the floor onto her shoes.

“Oh, you’re breaking the rules!” I said the moment I spotted the tiny ‘V’ of a pink thong.

“Who’s going to arrest me?”

I was warming to her brusque and dominant personality, something I hadn’t had a chance to appreciate before she came to Japan. “Not me. I wouldn’t dare.”

“Huh, rules are made to be broken. Are you a rule breaker?”

“I think I’ve broken a few today.”

I wanted to have a peek at what was going on in the apartment to put my mind at rest. So, I decided that what Wendy was expecting me to do wasn’t too high a price. I dropped to my knees and looked up at her face. She smiled down at me.

“You’re beautiful, Miyu,” she whispered. “Kiss me again.”

I reached up and drew the flimsy thong down her legs until she could step out of it. Her mons was smooth and labia unmodified, well it looked normal anyway. She parted her legs and leant back against the desk, a position, which thrust her mons forward and made her sex more accessible.

I pressed my mouth against her modest, tight lips and attacked her slit with rapid thrusts of my tongue. I was on home ground, nuzzling pussy, for I had spent many hours lapping Mary’s succulent folds.

“Miyu, that feels so good...,” she sighed. I went deeper and used my nose to rub along her furrow while I teased the very heart of her sex – her clit and fleshy entrance. She placed her hands on my head and gently grasped handfuls of my hair, so I stepped up the power, almost lifting her body with my face as I tried to delve deeper into her succulent folds.

“Yesssss, oh. Miyu, that is wicked...” she whispered...

When she began to tremble, squirm and moan I knew she had reached her peak, so I continued while she urged me on; and only stopped when she pulled my head back.

“Wow!” she gasped. “That was spectacular.”

I rocked back onto my heels and was about to wipe her juices off my face, with my hand, when she handed me a tissue. “Wipe your pretty face and we’ll take a look at what’s going on in the apartment.” She pointed toward the chair in front of the monitors.

While she returned the thong to its rightful place, I got to my feet and, wiped my face, then turned and positioned myself behind the chair. Wendy sat down and started fiddling with the equipment.

“Let’s look in the lounge.” A picture of an empty room flickered onto the main screen.

“Maybe they’ve left the flat,” I suggested hopefully.

“I’m guessing they’re in the bedroom,” Wendy said softly. Another picture appeared. “Bingo!” she exclaimed.

Three naked bodies lay on the bed. Iku was in the centre, Toshira was behind

her, with his cock fully impaled in her ass, while Mary faced the youngster with their breasts almost touching. My mistress was fondling Iku's tits and touching her sex, while Toshira, thrust his hips slowly back and forth.

"Is Mary under ILLS control?" I asked Wendy.

"Hang on a sec..." She left the seat and tapped in a command on the keyboard on the other desk. "Nope, neither girls are."

I leant closer to the monitor and studied the expression on Mary's face. She was thoroughly enjoying herself. In that moment, I realized that she no longer meant as much to me. I didn't hate her for what she was doing, it was kind of her job, but she was so deceitful and patronizing towards me. I decided that our relationship would never be the same again.

I tapped Wendy on the shoulder. "Thanks for letting me look, Wendy. I've seen enough."

"Oh, I've got some tape of Toshira and Mary earlier, after you left Mary on the table beside your breakfast."

I was tempted to watch the sordid clip, but I had seen enough. "No, I have an appointment to go to. Thanks for letting me see."

Wendy stood. "Thanks for the kisses." She smiled. "What about later? We could go out together, maybe catch a movie? I hear the new Bond movie is showing at

the theatre.”

“Um, it depends on what Mary’s doing...”

She shook her head. “Mary, Mary, Mary... “You know you can do better.”

I was at a crossroads but not ready to do a right turn. “Can I ring you later?”

“Sure. I’ve been allocated Koji’s old room, four, eighty-one. I’ve seen it on CCTV and it looks poky, but it’ll do. I’m finishing here at six.”

“Thanks for the support, Wendy.” I moved forward and kissed her on the lips, gently at first, then allowed her to turn it into a full-blown snog. Feeling sad about Mary, I let myself go.

We both had to move on though. Wendy unlocked the door and patted my ass as I passed her. “I can’t wait to repay the favour...,” she said brightly.

“I smiled back. “We’ll see...”

I returned to the reception desk, and Patti, who stood up as I approached. It took the synthetic 20 seconds to check, then tell me that the MD could see me in five minutes. I set off on the short journey along the corridor, not realizing that the outcome of the meeting would change my life forever...

Chapter 5 ~ Miyu Five.

Hina, Hitomu's secretary, showed me into the anteroom, where I waited for about ten minutes before the door finally opened. The middle-aged man, dressed in light grey pants and a white silk shirt, stood framed in the doorway. "Miyu, what a nice surprise. Come on in."

I rose, bowed, smoothed my skirt out and walked past him into his grand office. He had without doubt the plushest office in the building and the best view, facing south across the estate, toward the city of Sendai, in the distance. I could have gazed at it all day, but I had to get a confession off my chest.

The MD pointed at the splendid 'L' shape, dark green leather sofa, occupying one corner of his office, "Come, Miyu, let's sit and chat." I followed him over to the settee, waited for him to sit down, then stood in the 'at ease' pose I was taught at the convent. He patted the leather beside him. "Aren't you going to sit down?"

I had to bite the bullet and tell my story before I lost my nerve. "Master, I have a confession to make."

"Oh, I wasn't expecting that. What could a sweet young lady like you possible have done that needs such a sad face?"

"Well, er... my misdemeanour happened just after I toured the south east penthouse suite."

"Oh, yes, did you like it?"

“Um, I loved it sir. One of the Uni-Dolls showed me around. Then, as we were approaching the lift, Mr Yokoto stepped out...”

“Haruki?”

“Yes, Master.”

“He’s just returned from Tokyo. I’ll be having a chat with him later.”

“Oh, I must tell you what happened first, Master.”

“Of course. Carry on with your story.”

“Because I was dressed identically to the Companion Doll, he mistook me for one.”

Hitomu burst out laughing. “Hah! He’s a short-sighted fool. What did you do?”

“He gave me his bag and I carried it back to his penthouse...”

He sat up. “Go on,” he urged.

I told the MD how I was interested in Doll/human relationships, but I didn't say anything about his crossdressing or dressing his Uni-Doll in sexy underwear.

“So, what happened when he returned from his bedroom?” Hitomu asked.

“He was naked, Master. I was about to leave, still pretending to be a Doll, when he put his hand on my blouse to stop me. He felt my breast and wanted to look. That's when he discovered my nipples were bigger than his domestic Doll's.”

“What happened next?”

“He took my skirt off and pulled my shorts down and immediately assumed I was one of the new Companion Dolls mapping the sixteenth floor.”

“Because he could see you sex?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Did you break it to him gently that you're Doctor Masaki, and an accomplished researcher in the field of microbiotics?”

I hung my head in shame. “No, Master, I didn't.

“You wanted to experience being a companion Doll, didn’t you?”

I nodded. “I suppose so, Master.”

“You’ve been watching Mary being controlled by ILLS during the week and you’ve been wondering what it feels like to offer your sex to a man. Isn’t that what you’ve been thinking?”

He was right. All week I had been fantasising about Dolls and the things men do to them. Then, earlier in the day, the MD had demonstrated masterful control over me and left me thrilled by the experience. I subconsciously walked into the lion’s den, on sixteen, and allowed the finance director to treat me like a Doll.

“I’m ashamed to say it is, Master.”

“What form did the resultant sex take, Miyu? Tell me exactly what happened.”

I glanced at the large leather footstool, not far from where Hitomu was sitting. “He... he told me to sit on a footstool and lie back. Then, after lifting my knees, he penetrated my vagina.”

He rubbed his chin. “Mmm, I’m finding it difficult to imagine the scene. Do you mind showing me?”

“Um, should I take my clothes off, Master?”

“If you think it’s necessary for the demonstration.”

“Um, I suppose so...” I was in a safe environment and the MD was the authority male figure I always craved in my life, but never had.

I released the catch on my skirt and let it drop. I removed the sailor top next, then the vest and finally the shorts, all while standing about 8 feet away from the relaxed figure of the managing director. He stood up, moved along and sat down again. The leather footstool was just beyond the reach of his feet, but that wasn’t why he moved. Hitomu wanted a closer view of the action!

I walked over, got into position and sat down, facing him. Naked apart from my black knee-length socks and shoes, I leant back and lifted my knees up onto my chest, thus exposing the whole of my nether region to my Master.

“I see,” he said slipping off the sofa and kneeling close to the stool. He had positioned himself inches away from my thrusting peach and sex. “After listening to your story, I agree that you’ve been a bad girl, Miyu.” He stoked my prominent convex lips. “I’m going to have to explain to Haruki that you’re a valued member of staff and not a Companion Doll...” He pushed his fingers into my furrow and started mashing my clit and ridge. “Have you ever been punished before, Miyu?”

“Oh, Master,” I sighed as my fleshy folds became slippery and exposed. The

exquisite sensations almost overwhelmed me, but I managed to focus on his question. “Yes, Master, the Convent Mother punished us at bedtime.”

“How did she punish you, Miyu?”

I had vivid memories of crouching in a hunched position, on the bed and receiving six strokes of the cane, while the other girls were made to watch. Sometimes, all four girls in the room were beaten one after the other.

“We were told to take out nighty off and crouch on the bed...”

He removed his fingers from my sex. “Show me Miyu. I want to see how you received your punishment.”

I dropped my legs, which was a relief, turned and crawled onto the footstool, then crouched down, tucking my knees under me and parting them as wide as I could.

“Yes, Miyu, this is a good position to receive strokes of the cane. I haven’t got one in the office today.” He placed one hand on my back and grasped my tight butt cheeks with the other, then began massaging them. “However, Miyu, I’m going to call this position the ‘Convent crouch’. If you should misbehave again and I tell you to adopt the ‘Convent Crouch’, this is what I expect you to do. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master...” His hands moved down to the lower slopes of my ass, while his

thumbs rubbed either side of my ass valley.

“Miyu, I’ve decided on a suitable punishment. I think you should feel your Master’s cock in the two orifices it hasn’t visited...” A thumb started teasing my succulent entrance. “Why are you so wet, Miyu?”

“I... I don’t know, Master.” Having gathered some cream on his thumb, Hitomu started to wipe it on my anus.

“It’s because your body is excited in this position. Did the Convent Mother ever touch your sex for any reason?”

“Only when she smeared fire cream on it, Master.”

“Fire cream?”

“Yes. That’s what we called it. It made our sex hot and tender so we would avoid touching it.”

“Huh. Sounds barbaric to me...” His slippery thumb teased my anal muscles apart, then slipped in for a second.

“Oh!” I gasped.

“Just preparing the ground, Miyu, for something larger. It’s good to know what I’m up against...” His hands left my ass for a few seconds, then I felt the tip of his cock nudge my lips, then the entrance to my quim. “There,” he cooed as he slid his rock-hard shaft into my succulent tunnel. “I need a little more lubrication...”

One thrust, then he withdrew and immediately pressed the blunt crown against my pucker. Amazingly, it burst through the ring of muscle without any difficulty. “Ohhhhh,” that feels...” A surge of dull pain spread out from my back passage causing me to moan for a few seconds; but it eased, the deeper Hitomu drove his cock.

As soon as he had fully impaled me, he reached forward and started to part my hair. “Head up and dip your back, Miyu.”

With my head leaning back, he was able to grasp handfuls of my hair and hold them as though I was a Pony. “Master, your huge cock is stretching my poor anus...”

“Yes, it is, Miyu,” he replied, then started to drive his cock back and forth, slamming his tummy against my ass cheeks with every thrust.

Not only that, his balls impacted my pussy and mons which turned the punishment into a weird, mildly enjoyable experience. He pulled on my hair so much, I had to lift my shoulders and bring my tits out into the open.

“Oh, Master, you are so strong and powerful...”

“And, you are so weak and naughty, but you were... right... to... tell... me... what... happened... Miyuuuuu...” He groaned as his cock began to spurt the contents of his balls into my darkest depository.

After releasing my hair and slowly withdrawing, he shuffled around the footstool to stand in front of me. “Miyu, kneel and lean forward.” I climbed up into the kneeling position and lifted my hands ready to hold something. “You’ve never done this before, have you Miyu?”

“No, Master.”

“Hold my balls gently with your left hand...”

“They’re so big, Master.”

“Yes. You should be very gentle but insistent... That’s good. Now grip my shaft at its base and lick the end. As soon as it becomes hard, suck it like you would a lollypop.”

I wrapped my small hand around the base of his stout cock. It was quite soft as I started licking the sides and the end, but the more oral attention I gave it, the harder it became.

“Oh, it’s back to the way it was!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, Miyu, it’s ready to stretch any one of your three orifices. Suck it and see if you can swallow an inch or two.”

I did as I was told and lollypopped it for a couple of minutes, then tried to take it into my throat. The moment his knob touched the back of my throat I started to gag. “Uhhhh!”

“Take it slow, Miyu,” he said, stroking my head like I was his puppy dog. That’s it, an inch at a time.”

On the third attempt, I manage to overcome the gagging reflex and swallow about three inches of the MD’s solid cock. That was enough for me to bob my head, while my throat gripped his cock tightly as it slid back and forth. The more confident I became, the faster I bobbed and the more of his shaft disappeared into my mouth.

“That is superb, Miyu... You’ve got the hang of it...” His hands slipped from my bobbing head and held my shoulders until he reached his peak. “Miyuuuuu,” he groaned as once again I was the recipient of another of his ejaculations. He withdrew and stood up. “That was good, Miyu. I want you to get dressed and sit down on the footstool. I’m going to get us a drink.”

I feared the embarrassment I had caused Hitomu might cost me my job, so I was deeply troubled as I scrambled, first into my underwear, then my skirt and top. The clothes I was wearing were a reminder of the firm’s ethos – conformity and that staff should abide by the rules – and that was where I had let my Master

down. I settled on the edge of the footstool to wait to hear my fate.

Chapter 6 ~ Miyu Six.

Hitomu Sasaki returned from his bar with two glasses of white wine. He handed one to me and sat down on the sofa facing me. “Miyu, I have to say that your revelations came as a shock to me.”

“I know, Master. I’m really sorry.”

“Good, because that’s water under the bridge now, and what you did in no way negates how highly I regard you. In fact, I think you showed some initiative in your actions. Learning how humans and synthetics react is a huge consideration going forward as we develop our products.”

I blinked. “Oh, Master, you don’t know how much of a relief it is to hear you say that.” I wanted to jump up and kiss him, but he looked far too comfortable with one arm along the top of the other sofa while he sipped his drink.

“Miyu, onto more serious matters. I am in constant contact with Wendy and she spoke to me before you came in to see me.”

“Oh, er... wh... what did she say?” I wondered if I was in more trouble.

“She told me that you are aware of Mary’s activities, both in the States and since you arrived here.”

“Um, activities... well, I suspected...” It was difficult to discuss the matter

because it was Hitomu's son who was bedding my ex-lover.

“Miyu, I've thought long and hard about Mary and I've decided I want her here in Sendai where I can use her to promote her Companion Doll and the Integrated Luxury Living Space. Toshira won't be returning to work in California, so it makes sense to keep Mary here.”

“What about your son's other project, Master?”

“Toshira's next ILLS development is in Dubai. He'll spend half the time there, once he's finished here. We will use fourteen-O-five as a show apartment, so there's plenty for Mary to do while he's away. In fact, she'll be working day and night to impress the prospective buyers.”

He paused to sip his drink and let me mull over the information. I could see a flaw in his plan. “Master, I don't think Mary will agree to stay here. She may like your son, but she really hates the fact that ILLS can take control of her at any moment.”

“The decision has been made, Miyu.”

As I sipped my drink, lots of questions popped into my head. “I hope she doesn't throw a spanner in the works.”

“No, she won't. Iku, Tina and Mary will be ambassadors for their Dolls. They will demonstrate their abilities and uses to the richest clients in the world. We are

going to make billions from ILLS installations within the properties we are building. Next year is going to be a bumper year for Sasaki Industries.”

“Who’s going to manage the California Research Centre, Master?”

“Wendy Jacobs is, Miyu. She’s up to speed on the Uni-Doll development and with your help will run the centre as efficiently as Mary.”

“With my help, Master?”

“Yes, Miyu, I want you to be her second in command. Nothing will change for you apart from the fact that you’ve got a new boss, you’ll have more responsibility and your salary will double.”

And, a new lover if Wendy had anything to do with it! It was a massive shock. “It’s all so sudden, Master. Is Toshira... um... does he know about...” I didn’t feel I could ask the question.

“Of course he knows about the changes. Toshira has been grooming Wendy for the job for a year. When Mary volunteered to have the implant, we put a plan in place for all eventualities. When the microcomputer proved a success, we decided to stay on the same course. This was the right time to bring her over. Thankfully, she brought you too, which has allowed me to explain why Wendy is taking over the CRC.”

“Does this mean Mary is going to do public promotions to sell the Doll?” I

thought she would be horrified if she had to perform in front of an audience.

“Not in front of the public, Miyu. I’ve decided not to go mainstream with the Companion Dolls. Hinata, a static Doll, will remain our top model for the time being. We need time to get ILLS established in half a dozen locations around the world, then and only then will we proceed to broaden the distribution.”

“It’s an exciting time to work for your company, Master.”

“Miyu, this is your chance of a clean break from Mary and become second in command at the CRC. What do you say?”

“Um, do you know when Mary will be finished in fourteen, O five? I have to discuss some stuff with her.”

“Firstly, Mary is with Toshira and will return to the apartment when an important investor arrives with his wife. Mary and Iku will spend the evening and the night entertaining them. The next time you’ll see Mary is at the meeting tomorrow afternoon. It’s time you thought for yourself, Miyu. I can’t put someone in a high position if that person can’t make decisions.”

“Of course, I’ll take the job...” I bowed my head. “...Master. I could run the research centre on my own but if you want Wendy in charge then I’ll support her wholeheartedly.”

“Splendid! I don’t want you to worry about Mary. She’s a big girl and look after

herself. Finish your drink Miyu while I fetch something which is going to surprise you.”

I swallowed the last gulp of wine, stood up and took the empty glass to the bar. I was just returning when he entered the office carrying two large flat boxes. He placed them on the coffee table and turned to face me.

“Miyu, if you’ve been in Haruki’s flat, you’ll know he’s a fan of K-Pop.”

I nodded. “Yes, I saw a poster of a girl group on the wall.”

“Well, I’m also a fan and have been to see some of AKZ24’s concerts. I went to one in Tokyo, on Saturday night, with Haruki. In fact, we had front row seats.”

“Oh, was it a good show?”

I was aware of the older male demographic fan base the J-Pop girl groups attracted. I approved of that particular quirk of Japanese culture and saw no harm in the pair watching the girls going through their soft porn routines.

“Yes, it was. We were invited backstage afterwards and got to meet some of the girls, making it a memorable night for both of us. Anyway, I had a quiet word with the manager and he promised to send me a couple of the girl’s outfits.”

“Oh, are they in those boxes?”

“Yes, and Haruki doesn’t know anything about them. I was going to give one to him so he can dress his Companion Doll, Hinata, in it.”

“He’d probably dress his Uni-Doll in it...”

“Oh, why do you say that?”

I shook my head, slightly embarrassed. “No reason, Master.”

“It’s a good idea. I might try that myself,” he said thoughtfully. “Anyway, I want you to put one of the outfits on and I’ll call Haruki down to look at it on you. Just to make it more enjoyable, I expect you to pretend to be a Companion Doll again.”

“Oh, all right. Do you think the dress will fit me?”

“You’re about the same size...”

One of the boxes had been opened. I lifted the lid off and gasped. The dress appeared to be made of pink and white ruffled frills. I lifted it out of the box and was stunned at the amount of detail and work that had gone into the dress. The ruffles were layered from the waist, all the way down to the hem, while beneath

there were several layers of pink and white petticoats attached.

I placed the dress on the sofa, then started to remove my skirt. While I undressed, the MD phoned Haruki Yokota and had a chat. I was sitting on the footstool, naked, removing my socks when Hitomu returned.

“I’m grateful to you for doing this, Miyu. You’re going to make a couple of J-Pop fans very happy. He removed a pair of pink shiny satin panties from the box and handed them to me. “The girls wear shorts on stage, but the manager sent these instead.”

He waited until I had removed my socks then handed me the panties. The gossamer thin item was trimmed with frills and tiny bows. There was no reinforcement in the gusset and the front hardly covered my mons. He held the dress while I stepped into it, then zipped the back and tied the wide satin ribbon/belt in a bow behind me.

The bodice was made from a patchwork of pieces of pink satin. Candy stripe, stars, cute flowers, they had all been stitched together to create a fabulous top to the dress. It was too tight though and my tits bulged obscenely, almost falling out of the normal scoop neckline.

I held my hair while Hitomu tied it into bunches with pink satin ribbons, then did a pirouette for him. “What shoes did they wear on stage?” I asked him.

“Um, two-inch heels I think, but you don’t need shoes. Quick, take your old clothes to the bathroom. He’ll be here in a minute.”

In the bathroom I had a quick look in the mirror and was gobsmacked at the transformation. I looked more like a doll than a serious professional doctor. I shrugged. Soon, I'd be on my way back to California and leave behind the madness that existed inside Sendai SKI City.

When I re-entered the office, Hitomu was back on the sofa. He pointed toward his desk. "Miyu, stand by the window and act like a Doll. Trust me, I'm only doing this to see the expression on his face."

I did as I was told and took up a position with my back to the window. It wasn't long before Hina knocked and showed the finance director in. "Hitomu!" he called out, walking toward him.

"Thank you, Hina. You may go." The synthetic bowed and closed the door behind her.

Haruki hadn't noticed me, but the MD pointed. "I have a surprise for you, Haruki..."

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, my god," he exclaimed. "You have one of their dresses... He hurried over to me. "How did you get it?" He walked around me, touching the frills on the skirts, until he was facing me again.

"I have two, one each."

The middle-aged man was almost wetting himself. “One for me? Oh, thank you Hitomu.”

“What will you do with yours?” the MD asked.

He stroked the patchwork fabric covering my breasts. “Oh, I’ll have to think about it. I might hang it on my bedroom wall with all the other memorabilia.”

“I’m thinking of putting it on my Uni-Doll until my Companion Doll arrives.”

He rubbed his chin. “Mmm, good idea. Talking of Companion Dolls, I think this one was up on sixteen, mapping for Professor Spencer...” He stroked my cheek. “Yes, I think it was this one.”

“Is that all she was doing?”

“Um, she actually came into the apartment.”

“How did you know it was a Companion Doll?”

“Oh, you can tell.” He stroked the hard bulge of my tits within the bodice. “Uni-Dolls don’t have chunky nipples or cute pussies.” He lifted the skirts and petticoats. “Oh, these aren’t what the girls were dancing in.”

“No. Apparently, the manager makes the girls wear these in rehearsals to teach them that flashing their panties on the night will get them kicked out of the group.”

“Wow, what a horny thought...” He dropped the skirts and stepped back. “The dress is stunning and so is the Doll. When am I going to get one?”

“Two or three weeks, tops. But there’s something you ought to know...”

“You’ve got another surprise?”

“An even bigger one. Miyu, introduce yourself to Haruki.”

I bowed. “Good evening, Sir. My name is Doctor Miyu Masaki. As well as specializing in medicine and microbotics, I study the relationship between synthetics and humans.”

He stepped back and his face went white, as the full implications of what had happened in his apartment dawned on him. “Oh, my god. Miyu... Doctor Masaki!” He put his hand over his mouth. “You’re real...”

I bowed again. “Sir, my visit to your apartment was very informative.”

Hitomu rose from the couch. “Don’t be shocked, Haruki. The Uni-Dolls were designed by Mary, using a younger image of Miyu.”

“No, there’s no excuse for what I did to this delightful young woman...”

I bowed. “Seriously, Sir, I learnt some important lessons and got a lot of material for the paper I’m writing for the psychologist’s journal.”

“You’re not just saying that?”

I shook my head. “No, Sir. There is embarrassment on both sides, so I think we’re equal.” I felt as if I still owed him something. “I have an idea. Can Hills play AKZ24’s latest hit?”

“He certainly can. Why?”

“You go and sit on the sofa and I’ll mime it for you on the footstool.”

Both men stared at me in disbelief. “Ah... er, yes... Hills, play, ‘Love comes in Summer’ by AZK24.”

‘As you wish, Master’

Suddenly the high voices of the girl band suddenly rang out around the office. The sound quality was so good, it sounded as though 24 Japanese teenage singers were in the room. The pair of mature directors backed away to the sofa, not taking their eyes off me as I followed them, before climbing onto the footstool.

Without delay, I started to mime to the words as best I could, gyrating my body and dancing in the limited space available. I enjoyed the feel of the frilly, throthy material swirling and swishing around my upper thighs. The skirts and petticoats were so short, both men had plenty of glimpses of my gossamer thin panties and the girly secrets they struggled to contain.

For a short space of time, I provided the pair of mature billionaires with the fantasy treat of their lives – three minutes that none of us were ever going to forget...

Chapter 7 ~ Iku One

When the large wooden door at the end of the lounge opened, Toshira Sasaki entered, followed immediately by a dark haired Arab and a blonde-haired Japanese woman. I stared open mouthed at the beautiful young woman and could have been forgiven for thinking Twoku had just entered the room...

It wasn't my Doll. Twoku was probably lying on a technician's table, having her X5 Neon microcomputer extracted. The young woman was a dead ringer for me though. Her long blonde hair was styled like the wig I was wearing, she was about my height, had a similar figure and looked to be in her early twenties.

"Come, Iku, we must welcome our guests."

I put my drink down and had just stepped out from behind the bar when a fuzzy sensation flitted across my mind, briefly. I fell in beside Mary and approached Toshira and his guests.

We both stopped 6 feet short of the trio and bowed. "Welcome to my humble home, Master, Mistress." We spoke and moved as one, something that could only be achieved under the control of a supercomputer like ILLS.

The sheik stared at me, then glanced at Mary before looking at his host. "I'm impressed, Toshira..." He turned to his companion. "What do you think, Masumi?"

She came closer and looked into my eyes. "This one looks like me!"

“That is a pleasant coincidence, Masumi,” Toshira said with a smile. “I can change their wigs if you like.”

“No, I like the way they look. These are robots, like the Uni-Dolls on reception, aren’t they?”

Toshira laughed. “No, these two are the human versions of Dolls that are, as we speak, in the final stages of manufacture.”

She touched my face. “Oh, she looks like a Doll...” Her fingers stroked my lips and I thought for a second she was going to kiss me. “She’s very beautiful...”

Toshira placed his hand on Mary’s shoulder. “Mary was the original subject to have the X5 Neon microcomputer implanted, about six months ago, then Iku had hers inserted about six weeks ago. A third girl, Tina, who is recuperating in our clinic, had her microcomputer implanted six days ago.”

“Run me past the rationale for implanting computers in human brains?” Masumi asked.

The handsome sheik looked apologetic. “I haven’t explained the details of the program to Masumi, Toshira.”

“That’s alright, Salim. I don’t mind explaining the need for us to have human

versions of the Dolls.”

Salim examined me with his dazzling blue eyes. He was wearing dark grey slacks and a white silk, short sleeve shirt. The smooth white material contrasted with his dark tanned complexion and jet-black hair. Meanwhile, beside him, Masumi, suspecting something wasn’t quite right, studied us both with her hazel-green eyes.

“We have installed a supercomputer, here in this suite, which is linked to every system on the top three floors of the SKI tower. All the Uni-Dolls. Companion Dolls and carers on these floors are controlled by ILLS. Mary is fully functional while Iku is still in the training phase of mapping the floors. ILLS needs a little more time to map her movements and behaviour so it can replicate her lifestyle once her Doll arrives.”

Masumi eyes lingered on my face. “So, does ILLS have full control of these two young women while in this suite?”

“Yes, Iku is ready for the test,” Toshira confirmed. “...but ILLS can only control Iku on the fourteenth floor for now.”

Salim’s companion was wearing a simple yellow skater silhouette dress, with a ‘V’ neck and one-inch shoulder straps. It was short enough to show her shapely legs and the neckline was cut deeply to accentuate her large, firm breasts.

“I could give one of them an order and she’d obey?” Masumi asked.

Salim looked highly amused. “Wait a minute, darling.” He turned to Toshira. “I think you said that the Companion dolls will include all the functions of your static sex Dolls.”

“Yes, that’s true. Iku and Mary’s computers have plenty of sequences that involve kinky sex acts.”

“Oh, good, this trip isn’t going to be as boring as I feared,” Masumi said with a cheeky grin.

Toshira, pointed toward the sofa. “I think drinks first, then Hills will provide a demonstration of what you can expect on Thursday when their Dolls will be here to prove the viability of the ILLS project. Please be seated.”

The moment Salim and Masumi were comfortable, we moved forward and approached the pair. I faced Salim, while Mary faced Masumi.

We both bowed politely with our hands together between our breasts. “Would you like a drink, Sir, Mistress?”

“Amazing,” Salim muttered. “I’d like a grapefruit juice and Masumi’s poison is Bacardi and coke.”

“Your wish is our command, Sir, Madam.” We turned and then fell out of sync as I followed Mary back to the bar.

On our way back, ILLS released us, presumably because it wasn't able to control us when preparing drinks.

"Are you alright, Iku?" Mary asked as I placed Salim's drink on a small tray with a napkin.

"I'm fine. The sheik is a handsome guy, don't you think?"

"Huh, he has three wives and a harem, I hear. The girl he brought is something special, isn't she? She looks a bit like you."

"Oh, you think so as well...?" I enquired.

"A dead ringer. I doubt if the sheik will spend much time here when he's got such a beautiful woman with him. Let's try and impress him while we can."

"I will, Mary," I replied, as we set off with the drinks.

Toshira, still standing, watched us approach and explained to the sheik how ILLS operated. "The computer is switching command mode off and on, to demonstrate its versatility. It's also honing it's skills so it can control the Dolls while they carry out the most menial tasks, like pouring drinks and serving guests."

I approached and bowed. “Your drink, Master.”

I delivered it under my own steam, then stood erect, quickly followed by Mary, after delivering Masumi’s drink.

As soon as we were standing, side by side, ILLS took over again. We bowed. “Master, Miss, would you like me to change into something more comfortable?”, we both asked.

“I would like that very much, girls,” Salim said with a smile.

Toshira raised his hand. “Salim, I’m going to leave you now. Remember, I’m saying that every minute facet of these two young women will be replicated in their Dolls – every aspect.”

“Wow, that’s some claim, Salim,” Masumi commented.

“Yes, it is, Masumi. I expect you to challenge me once you’ve experienced a night with these young ladies and then the Dolls, on Thursday night. For now, I’m confident that you’re in good hands. If you need anything, ask Hills, your virtual assistant. I’ll join you for breakfast at seven.”

“Thank you, Toshira. A night with these two should prove a useful guide to the viability of the project,” Salim responded.

Both men had a chuckle before the billionaire businessman headed for the exit. Finding out that the Sheik was going to spend the night in my bed was a shock. Unless ILLS released me from its control, I wasn't going to be able to voice my concerns, if indeed I wanted to object!

Salim arrived with one beautiful girl and within minutes of being in the apartment, he had three young women to play with. Being part of the sheik's harem for a night was the last thing I expected when I agreed to have a Doll made in my image. However, on the upside, I was not alone with the extremely handsome young sheik!

He stood up, still holding his drink, and Masumi followed. "Mary, Iku, I'd like you to lead the way to your bedroom."

We both bowed with our hands between our breasts. "Your wish is our command, Master."

"Oh, this is exciting, Salim," Masumi said, rubbing her hands together.

Salim appeared to be taking the experiment more seriously than his companion. We turned together and set off with Mary leading the way. We stopped at the first open doorway on our right and turned. Once again, I noticed our movement was more natural than when I was being given single commands by the professor. Both our heads turned before our bodies when we moved and when someone spoke to us.

Mary pointed into the room. “Master, Mistress, that’s the kitchen. We can make you a meal if you are hungry.”

I was a spectator and suspected that Mary would take the lead in most of the tasks. She had been training a week in the suite, while I had only been in it a few hours.

“Mary, we’ll look around the suite later.”

“Yes, of course, Master. This way.”

We set off again and entered my bedroom. As we approached the bed, we started to undo the bows holding our waistcoats together. Without hesitation, we smoothly slipped our jackets off our shoulders and dropped them on the bed. We turned to face our guests to find Salim unbuttoning his shirt.

“Would you like us to remove the rest of our clothes, Master?” Mary asked.

“Yes, Mary, I think we should all remove our clothes and take a shower together.”

“What a great idea, Salim. Could you help me with my dress?” Masumi asked.

While the sheik unzipped her dress, I pulled the catch on the skirt’s waist and

held it as the garment dropped to the floor. Once again, I placed the item on the bed. The panties followed before Salim had undone his shirt. I stood naked, with my feet a couple of feet apart and put my hands on my hips, causing Salim to pause and study me.

In that moment, his flashing blue eyes and the hungry expression on his face, indicated to me that he was filled with unbridled lust and desire for me. If Mary was right that Sheik Salim Husni was one of the richest men alive, then I was definitely moving up in the world!

Chapter 8 ~ Iku: Two.

If Masumi's expression was anything to go by, Salim wasn't the only one who thought I was desirable. It looked as though his wife was eager to be naked and have some action. If Salim did indeed have a harem, then she was bound to spend time in it and have strong sapphic desires.

"Iku, Mary, I hope your Dolls are half as beautiful as you are," Salim said just after lifting Masumi's shoulder straps and easing her dress forward off her tits.

The moment it fell to the ground and pooled around her feet, revealing her luscious nakedness, I stepped forward. "Mistress, is there anything I can do for you?"

I was pleased with the computer's offer.

She kicked the dress away with her bare feet and flashed her almond shaped, hazel-green eyes. "I'd like a kiss, Iku."

"It would be a pleasure, Mistress." I moved forward until our prominent tits squashed together, nipple to nipple, then pressed my lips against hers.

She immediately wrapped her arms around me and attacked my mouth with her thrusting tongue. I placed my hands on her back and responded in the usual manner, but she was much stronger and easily dominated me. With her tongue deep in my mouth I felt her rub against my upper teeth.

She pulled away. “Iku, your teeth...?”

Salim, who was stepping out of his undershorts, frowned at Masumi. “What about her teeth?”

“They’re soft...”

I stood still with my mouth open while Salim explored with his finger. “How interesting,” he muttered.

“Cool, heh? Toshira’s tech guys have thought of everything,” Masumi commented.

I turned my head. “Master, would you like a blowjob?”

The question didn’t surprise me as much as it did Salim and Masumi. “Yes, darling, go on. Let her show you what they feel like,” his wife suggested.

When he put his hands on my shoulders, my pulse quickened and my temperature rose. “I’ve got to say, Iku, you were brave to have your teeth modified. I’ll take you up on that offer. Give me a blowjob.”

“It will be my pleasure, Master,” I replied, then slowly dropped to my knees. His huge cock stood bolt upright right in front of my face.

I knew the man was important to the project so I wished I could control my actions and talk to him. I had so many questions, but men like the sheik probably liked their concubines silent while he used them for sex. In my peripheral vision, I could see Mary collecting the discarded clothes from the floor and bed. She made a trip to the laundry chute, then came closer and took Masumi's tiny thong from her.

I cupped Salim's balls with my left hand and gripped his shaft with my right. I noticed I took my time and didn't fumble like I had with Koji.

I licked it a couple of times then looked up into his smiling face. "Your cock is so huge, Master. I'm not sure if it will fit in my mouth."

He patted my wig and smiled. "You won't know if you don't try, Iku."

I began lavishing his crown with my lips, tongue and then my teeth for a longer period than I did with Koji. The computer was making adjustments as I went along!

"That is cool, Iku. I can hardly believe this level of sensuality can be replicated in a Doll."

"We shall see, darling," Masumi said, then turned to Mary. "Come, Mary, let's go and start the shower."

Having enjoyed a lengthy session of lip and teeth fucking, while massaging his balls, he urged me to go down on him. “Come on Iku, time to feel your master’s presence.”

Slowly, an inch at a time, I devoured the Arab’s solid 10” shaft, lengthening my piston strokes with each thrust. He held my head gently as I drove my tight oesophagus time and time again, only for him to suddenly stop me and lift and tilt my head back.

“Thanks, Iku, I’m aware you’re not in control, so I want to return some of the enjoyment I’ve just had. Stand up and kiss me.”

It was an instruction that both of my brains were happy to follow. I stood up straight, rubbing my tits up his torso, until he was able to lean forward and meet my lips with his. He slipped his hands down onto my ass while I put my hands on his shoulders.

My belly crushed his erection as my mouth came under pressure from Salim’s aggressive, attacking tongue. However, he had other ideas. Bending his knees slightly, he reached down and slid his hands down the back of my thighs. I felt my muscles tense when he started to lift me but relax when he exerted more power.

“That’s more like it, Iku. You might be in command mode, but I can still control your body and mind...”

I felt my tummy slide up his saliva drenched cock, then after it reached my mons, he paused to kiss me again. I experienced that fuzzy feeling again,

whereupon I was freed to express my true feelings.

I pulled out of the kiss. “Oh, Master, I can feel your huge cock trying to find my succulent entrance.” I lifted my knees further and wrapped my legs around his waist.

“Iku, find your Master’s cock and devour it...”

I kissed him on the lips again, silencing him, then lifted my ass a fraction, enabling me to guide my entrance to the tip of his desperate erection. With my legs spread wide, he let me sink and devour a couple of inches. He then cupped my ass cheeks with his powerful hands.

We were on the move. He carried me down the side of the bed and into the bathroom; and with each step I sank further and further onto his prong. I didn’t forget to whisk my wig off as we approached the shower.

“Oh, Master, your cock is huge, it’s going to split me in two.” Did he know I was in control of my actions? I suspected he didn’t.

By the time we reached the walk-in shower, I was fully impaled on his stout shaft and leaning back to see what was happening. Unsurprisingly, Mary and Masumi were in a tight embrace, having a deep and meaningful snog. However, as soon as Salim arrived, his wife pulled back.

“Mary. Help me bathe the Master and his concubine.”

Moments later, armed with bottles of liquid soap, Masumi and Mary began gently washing Salim's and my bodies, by massaging the soap into our skin with their hands. The sheik, who had been gently lifting me up and down as we stepped under the spray, increased the tempo. In return, I kissed him with as much passion and fervour as I could muster and added my own downward thrust so he could drill me to an even greater depth.

I took a breather. "Oh, Salim, you are so masterful..."

He wiped the water away from my eyes. "By the end of the night you will understand the true meaning of the word, masterful."

The magnitude of the bizarre situation almost passed me by. Salim's wife was massaging soap into my back while I rode her husband's cock, like I was aboard a bucking bronco. The changing status of my consciousness and moving from the bedroom to the bathroom had delayed my orgasm.

However, it arrived with a vengeance when Masumi dropped her slippery hands to my ass and eased a couple of fingers into my anus. Behind Salim, Mary was massaging his back without doing anything extravagant. I therefore assumed that she was still being controlled by ILLS.

Masumi didn't let up until our Master reached his peak and spurted jiz deep inside me. Then and only then did he lift me off his cock.

I broke the kiss. "Oh Master, that was the most erotic experience of my life."

Once again, he wiped the water from my face. “You deserve many more, Iku.”

“Help us wash the Master, Iku...”

She handed me a bottle of soap, so I started on his muscular chest and stomach, while Masumi bent her knees and concentrated on his legs and genitals. Within a minute though, Salim touched her head.

“Swap with Mary, Mas. Help her enjoy the moment then Iku can wash your hair. Oh, give me the soap.”

The beautiful young woman, wet blonde hair flowing down her back, stood up, handed over the bottle and moved aside, while Mary came around to stand in front of him. She clasped Salim’s cock with her right hand and looked up into his face. “My pussy want’s this so much, Master.”

He stroked her face, like he had mine. “Mary, you have three holes that need to be explored. Turn around and bend forward.”

“With pleasure, Master.”

I moved aside to give her enough space under the second showerhead. She bent forward, placed her hands on her knees and dipped her back. Her impressive, convex cunt lips, a replica of mine, bulged invitingly, but Salim aimed his crown

at her anus. He poured some soap on it, then thrust his cock against her tight muscle.

“Oh, Master, your knob is so big, will it fit in my virgin orifice?” He was in and driving his shaft deeper and deeper into her rectum. “Oh, my, your thrusts are so powerful...”

Once Salim had a good grip of her slippery hips, he began thudding his groin against Mary’s upturned ass cheeks. ‘Slup, slup, slup’ sounds were added to Mary’s happy moans and sighs. The Arab billionaire struck a powerful figure. Tall, young and deeply tanned, Salim was indeed a fine figure of a man.

It was hard to find anything to detract from his rugged, beauty, even though I noticed he limped when he carried me into the bathroom. Then, as I looked closer, I noticed a scar in his abdomen, but even that blemish added to his masculine aura.

Masumi went and stood on the other side of the bending girl. “Iku, massage her back while I simulate her nubs.”

Salim’s young wife reached under Mary’s slim body and slipped one hand down to her pussy and the other to her tits. Then, while I massaged more soap into her skin, from her neck to her lovely ass, Mary’s posterior and anus took quite a battering.

She moaned with delight throughout the entire fuck, but I couldn’t help wondering if the scientist was really enjoying participating in our mini orgy. She certainly wasn’t expecting Salim to stay the night.

Salim achieved his second climax with half a dozen sledgehammer thrusts, which Mary's enhanced buttocks absorbed with ease. The moment he withdrew, Masumi was on hand to wash her Master's genitals. I was expecting, at some point, Mary to switch out of command mode, but ILLS seemed determined to maintain its control.

The American beauty stood up, turned and bowed with her hands between her tits. She stood up and smiled. "Master, would you like to use another one of my holes?"

"Later, Mary. Dry yourself and wait for me in the bedroom."

She bowed again. "Your wish is my command."

She left the shower, but Salim remained. "Let me look at you two together."

We stood side by side while he compared us, then Masumi handed me a bottle of shampoo. After I helped them both wash their hair, we left the shower and returned to the bedroom. Mary was sitting naked on the end of the bed, straight backed and hands on the bed beside her. Her Doll was going to be a massive success, for she was sexy, attractive and had a perfect body.

Once again, I wondered when ILLS or Toshira was going to release her from 'command' mode, or whether she would spend the entire night under the control of the computer...

Chapter 9 ~ Mary One.

What was more appalling? Toshira telling me that I would be leaving once the guests had settled in with Iku, or having my anus penetrated for the first time by Salim Husni? The former I decided. I should be finished for the day and strolling around the shopping centre with Miyu. Everything I feared was coming true. Toshira was making his play and I had been too weak to put my foot down and escape his clutches.

Being penetrated from behind, in my anus, had started out as a shocking experience. However, Masumi and Iku had calmed my anger when they massaged and stimulated my body until Salim had ejaculated in my rectum. It was a first time experience and not as bad as I feared, mainly due to Masumi's expert ministrations.

Masumi and Iku emerged from the bathroom first, dried each other's bodies, then clambered on the bed behind me. Their giggles and sighs told me that they were having a great time, while I sat on the edge of the bed waiting for the sheik to appear. I was jealous and angry that I wasn't involved in the beauty's frolicking activities.

When Salim finally emerged, he was dripping wet. He strode up to me and stopped with his semi-hard cock just inches away from my face.

"Master, your cock is magnificent. Can I pleasure you with my mouth?"

"Mary, that's a fine suggestion."

I reached out and grasped his balls in one hand and the base of his cock in the other. Then, I began to run my tongue up and down the length of his shaft before I concentrated on his distasteful bulbous crown. I would never enjoy the mechanics of having sex with men, especially, oral sex which disgusted me.

So, I was reticent while I continued performing the slow, meticulous oral worship of Salim's huge cock. ILLS was teaching me skills I didn't want, practices the computer had gleaned from Iku while she was with Professor Fujita. I sucked and lapped, lip fucked his knob and finally started to impale my throat as though I had been performing fellatio all my life.

Salim guided my head and urged me to go deeper, but ILLS controlled the decent and my throat muscles to give the sheik a deluxe experience. "That is superb, Mary. Move a little faster... deeper... oh, very good... that's it..."

ILLS built up the piston action deliberately slowly, from a languid descent and lift, to a full blown, head spinning, pumping action that finally brought the sheik to completion.

"Mareeeeeee...", he whispered. "That was spectacular."

He withdrew and stepped back. "Get a towel, Mary."

I stood up and fetched one from a tall cabinet, then returned to dry the tall Arab's deeply tanned body. There was no doubt that the man was a fine specimen, but I preferred to watch Masumi and Iku writhing on the bed, clutching each other's bodies in a tight embrace.

Salim took the towel and wrapped it around his body. “Mary, fetch my cigarettes and lighter. I left them on the coffee table in the lounge. I’d also like another glass of grapefruit juice. I’ll be on the balcony when you return.”

I was about to follow his orders, but ILLS had other ideas. A wardrobe door opened. On the shelf lay four leather cuffs, a head harness with an attached penis gag and a couple of other BDSM items.

I collected all the items together, then took them to the bed and dropped them on the covers. After turning, I headed for the lounge to deal with the sheik’s order. I was beside myself, having to act as the man’s servant. I was a scientist who had developed the second brain in my head, not some skivvy to be ordered around by an overrated billionaire!

In the right hands, my technology was worth billions and I couldn’t help thinking that Salim wasn’t only interested in ways to swell his harem. After pouring a drink for him, I walked back to the bedroom where Iku had her head buried between Masumi’s thighs. The youngster was on all fours with her naked cute ass in the air. To me, there was nothing more inviting than a girl’s thrusting labia.

If ILLS hadn’t been controlling me, I would have diverted and showered her sex with kisses. As it was, my legs kept me on course for the patio doors and the glass balcony. I was thankful that Salim had turned the floor to brown. I placed the items on the table and stood up.

“Mary, remove a cigarette from the pack and light it.”

“As you wish, Master.” I picked the pack up and looked at it. Suddenly, Ills handed back control.

“Oh, Salim, Ills can’t do that...”

“I didn’t think so, but you can.”

I took a cigarette out and handed it to him, then picked up the lighter. “Salim, I don’t want to be here.” I lit his cigarette.

He looked up at me and smiled. “Mary, that’s what’s so delicious about this situation. It will be the perfect way to train a girl straight from the auctions. It will save weeks and months of breaking a thrall’s rebellious will.”

“Using the microcomputer, I developed?”

“Yes, exactly. Once we are manufacturing them by the hundred, they will become the must have device in the UAE.”

I shook my head. “No, Salim...”

He held his hand up. “It’s Master and light my cigarette.”

I was trembling with anger. My worst fears were being realized. My invention was going to be bastardized so men could have complete control over whoever had received the implant. “Salim, this is an outrage. I won’t let...” As I stepped back, I felt the familiar dizziness and stood still.

“What were you saying, Mary?”

I stared daggers at the grinning sheik. ILLS had put me back into command mode and made me step forward. I bowed and held the lighter under Salim’s cigarette. He had to cup my hand and light his own cigarette, but ILLS would be able to do it next time.

He took the lighter from me. “Mary, go back to the bedroom and prepare to be thrashed for your insolence.”

I left him puffing on his ciggie and entered the bedroom. I didn’t know what to do, but ILLS did. The moment I picked up the first cuff, Masumi pushed Iku’s head back.

“Enough, Iku, let’s help Mary with the cuffs. Salim must be angry with her and wants to punish her.”

With their help, it wasn’t long before I was wearing cuffs on my wrists and ankles, plus a head harness with the penis gag dangling down at the side. The cuffs had clips attached that were obviously going to be used to connect them, but I only found out how, after I crawled on the bed.

With my peach in the air, I dropped my shoulders onto the covers and reached back between my legs. Masumi was standing at the end of the bed and clipped the wrist cuffs to the ones on my ankles. I was totally disabled and at the mercy of Salim and his wife.

Masumi ran her hand over my ass. “There, all ready for the kiss of leather.” A black leather tawse lay beside me, ready to inflict its own brand of instant pain.

“Why has Mary got to punished, Masumi?” the delightful girl asked.

“Iku, we never question the Master’s actions. He knows what is best for us. Why don’t you lie on the bed and slide your sex under Mary’s face?”

“Oh, yes, that would be nice.” The youngster climbed onto the bed, spread her legs wide and worked her butt down to my head.

Then, while Masumi lifted my head, Iku slid her pretty cunt under my mouth. As soon as my head was released my face pressed against her nether region. I then began sucking and licking Iku’s tender folds.

It wasn’t long before Salim returned to the bedroom. I didn’t have long to wait for him to pick up the tawse. “Masumi, fit the gag, then I shall flay Mary’s ass.”

Once again, my head was lifted so the short rubber mouthpiece could be forced

in my mouth. The external dildo was only about four inches long, but it was stout and ribbed to give additional pleasure.

Once I was gagged, ILLS decided that I should experience the punishment while under my own steam. Iku was the lucky recipient having had her pussy excited by my eager tonguing – the only good thing about the entire night.

Once Masumi had climbed on the bed, sat on Iku's face and carefully positioned her pussy over the youngster's mouth, the punishment began. Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt! Thwatt!

"Urrrrrrrrrrrrrr!" I groaned as my ass exploded in a ball of painful fire that raged for what seemed like hours.

I bucked and groaned, providing Iku with a thoroughly intense shafting, the like of which she had probably never experienced before. But Salim wasn't finished with me. Obviously, thrashing my ass had rejuvenated his manhood, because when he drove it into my quim, his stout shaft was once again rock-hard.

He impaled me to the hilt, then firmly gripped my hips. "Mary, I'm your first Master of many. Over the next few months, you're going to welcome a string of investors to this apartment. Hopefully your Doll will lighten the load. By the time I return and take you back to Dubai, where I will install you in my luxury ILLS controlled penthouse, I expect you to be fully trained. Actually, I know you will be. I have faith in ILLS and Toshira. He's a man after my own heart..."

With that, he started to drive his cock back and forth with hard pile-driver thrusts. The sudden rhythmic movements meant that Iku enjoyed another ride on

the gag-dildo. It was impossible to block the incredibly intense orgasm that built and built until it exploded throughout my senses

However, the tears that flowed down my face weren't joyful ones. They were evidence of my unbridled misery. Misery at losing my freedom, my invention and the love of my life...

Chapter 10 ~ Koji: One

I was sick of watching television and playing games on the X-Box. The memory of Iku's sweet lips wrapped around the end of my dick, then her letting me spear her cute pussy distracted me. I wanted to speak to her again and be with her, but soon realized, after being locked in my room, she was entertaining guests. I could hear faint sounds – voices – on the other side of the door when I listened but couldn't make out what they were saying.

I went to bed late and woke late. Well, in fact, Hills woke me at ten. 'Koji, the master and mistresses would like their breakfast. Get washed and dressed, then go to the kitchen and help Mary prepare breakfast for three.'

I scrambled out of bed and groaned when I remembered I was wearing a cock collar. Thankfully, I was flaccid and not in any pain, but the stainless-steel device was a depressing sight to see. I had a quick shower and when I emerged, a wardrobe door was open. The clothing was almost the same as the day before. The light blue Lycra shorts were tight, but the matching t-shirt was loose and comfortable to wear. The white socks and trainers made me look like a deck hand on an ocean liner.

I touched the pad beside the door and for a change it worked. I found Mary in the kitchen, standing by the rice cooker with her back to me. She was wearing a light blue gossamer thin latex dress and no underwear. For a change, she had chosen to wear a black shoulder-length wig and black platform shoes that added a couple of inches to her height.

I would normally have recoiled in shock to walk in on a semi naked woman like Mary, but my normal world had been turned upside down. "Mary, can I help you with the breakfast," I ventured.

She turned and smiled sweetly, my eyes dropped to her tits and mons, but her stunning green, hazel eyes stared at me steadily. “Koji, prepare a tray and three glasses of orange.” She gave me a smile and turned back to continue what she was doing.

“Yes, Mary.” From the way she spoke and acted, I suspected she was in command mode.

The temptation to reach under her dress and fondle her ass was strong, but I knew I would be punished by ILLS. Instead, I fetched a tray and glasses from a cupboard and poured the orange.

“Mary, who are these for?”

She had just put some chicken in a pan on the stove. She covered the pan, then once again turned to face me. “They are for the Master and two Mistresses.”

“Two, heh? What about you, Mary. Are you one of the mistresses?”

“No, Koji. I’m with you. Our role is to serve. Take the drinks to our guests.”

I picked up the tray, left the kitchen and strode off toward the main bedroom. ‘Our role is to serve...’ What an odd phrase for a professor to say. Obviously, Iku was one of the Mistresses, but who was the other one? I got a shock when the door swung open. I bowed but I didn’t have the nerve to enter straight away.

A naked bronzed Arab man was lying in the centre of the bed, while two beautiful blonde girls lay either side. One was the delightful figure of Iku, while the other one could have been her sister. Their Japanese features were different, but their lush bodies were almost identical. From my position, looking up their bodies, I could see every detail of the girl's sex. I had to increase my grip on the tray to stop the orange from spilling out of the glasses.

Iku, who was stroking the man's stomach, raised herself onto an elbow. "Come in Koji and lay the tray on the side table." She waited for me to set the tray down and bow again. "Koji, my guests are Sheik and Sheikhah Husni..."

The Sheikhah sat up. "Koji, you may call me Mistress Masumi and the Sheik, Master Salim." Her eyes dropped to my shorts. "Come round to my side of the bed and let me take a closer look at you."

Masumi had a mischievous grin on her face, while the sheik looked on with interest. Meanwhile, Iku slipped off the side of the bed and took a glass of orange from the tray and handed it to Salim. I stood with my shins against the bed, hoping the lovely lady wasn't going to embarrass me in front of the other two.

As Masumi pushed herself up into a sitting position, she made no effort to hide her sex and bountiful tits. I had already come to the conclusion that Iku had the perfect body and now I was witnessing another young woman equally as attractive.

"Koji, why aren't you aroused by the sight of your Mistress's body?"

“Miss, er Ma’am, it’s...” I didn’t know how to explain it.

“Answer the question, boy,” the sheik said, just before taking a sip from his glass.

“I’m wearing a controlling ring, Master, Miss.”

“Pull your shorts down and show me,” Masumi demanded.

I took a deep breath and peeled them down, beyond my genitals. My poor collared cock lolled sideways unable to get any stiffness at all.

“Are you permanently flaccid?” Masumi asked

“No, Mistress, the computer controls my erections.”

“We’ll have a word. That will be all.”

Red faced and trembling with embarrassment, I yanked the shorts up, collected the empty tray and hurried out of the room. Mary was still attending to the frying pan when I returned.

Once again, she turned to face me. “Koji, place three plates on the tray and spoon some rice from the cooker.”

Once again there was that steady stare and clear direction. Her nakedness took my mind off the shameful encounter, I had just experienced. While I fetched the plates and heaped steaming rice onto them, Mary removed the pan lid and stirred the chicken and vegetables with a wooden spatula.

She placed the wooden implement on the countertop and turned. “Koji, lay the chicken on the rice and take the food to the dining room.”

I assumed the task was too difficult for ILLS to perform. “No problem, Mary.”

I divided the fried food among the three beds of rice, then picked up the tray. I carried it to the dining room where the table was already laid for three. I had just finished placing the plates on the mats when I felt my cock twitch.

I took a deep breath, realizing that the sheik or Masumi must have ordered ILLS to activate my erection. I nearly ran into Iku and Masumi as I left the dining room. “Sorry, ma’am,” I said, deftly stepping sideways. The girls were dressed in gauze tunics, that like Mary’s latex dress, hardly hid their delightful bodies.

“Thank you, Koji,” Iku said and gave me a smile. “More orange juice, please.”

Salim, who was wearing a white bathrobe, took up the rear and paused. “Fetch my cigarettes and lighter from the balcony, Koji.”

I really had descended in the pecking order within SKI. 48 hours earlier I was a laboratory assistant with a promising future. Then after one stupid mistake I had become a lowly waiter open to be ridiculed whenever I served our guests. The source of that ridicule was causing me concern, for my dick had stiffened.

I had to pull the shorts away from my body, on my way back to the bedroom, to get my almost erect penis comfortable. By the time I had been out onto the balcony and collected the cigarettes and lighter, I had a full-blown, raging erection. I gathered the three empty glasses and returned to the kitchen.

On my way, I spotted Mary entering the dining room. In the kitchen, I rinsed the glasses, refilled them, then set off for the dining room. I was approaching the doorway when Toshira walked through from the lounge.

I stopped and bowed. “Good morning Master.”

“Koji, it’s good to see you doing something useful.”

“Thank you, Master.” I followed him into the dining room, then waited while he greeted everyone, shaking Salim’s hand and kissing Masumi and Iku.

“How have the servants performed this morning, Salim?” Toshira asked.

Mary, who was standing beside Salim smiled at him when he glanced up at her.

He slipped his fingers between her slightly parted thighs, from behind, and slid them up to her pussy. “I’m very pleased with both of them. I’m looking forward to the arrival of Mary’s and Iku’s Dolls. Any news on when that might happen?”

“Yes, Salim,” Toshira replied. “I’ve delayed the meeting till eight PM. R and D will have the pair ready to attend but you’ll have to wait until Thursday evening before your harem is swelled to four.”

“That’s exciting, Salim,” Masumi enthused. “Two sets of twins to play with.”

My erection throbbed painfully, possibly because I couldn’t take my eyes of what Salim was doing to Mary, while she smiled at Toshira.

Salim withdrew his fingers and smelt Mary’s aroma. “Toshira, if the Dolls are as beautiful and half as wet as Mary, then this project is going to be a massive success.”

“I’m of the same opinion, Toshira,” Masumi added. She caught my eye. “Serve the drinks, Koji.”

“Oh yes...” I handed out the glasses of orange and laid the cigarettes beside Salim’s place mat.

“Koji,” Toshira said. “For the foreseeable future, you and Mary will be working as a team, entertaining my guests and Skybotics investors. It will be a full-time job for the pair of you. Mary is unlikely to leave the flat, but you will when ILLS

sends you to carry out various tasks. ILLS will also tutor you in the computer room to broaden your education. When you two are not required by your guests or ILLS, you may retire to your bedroom. Mary is looking forward to interacting with you..." He turned to face the beautiful woman. "...aren't you, Mary?"

"Yes, Master. I am looking forward to interacting with Koji when I am not required by our guests."

He returned his attention to me, then glanced down at the huge bulge in my shorts. "I see ILLS has triggered your collar. That is a sign that once you have finished a task you may retire to your bedroom with Mary. Any questions?"

I had hundreds but didn't have the balls to ask them. "Um, interacting... What exactly does that mean?"

Masumi was sitting on my left and Iku opposite. They both looked at me with grins on their faces, but it was Salim who responded.

He removed his hands from between Mary's thighs and showed me his glistening fingers. "It means, Koji, that Mary has needs and you're the person to provide them."

"Exactly, Salim," Toshira interjected. "Have you finished with them, because I'd like a chat with you?"

"Yes, we have everything we need until we finish our breakfast." He slapped

Mary's ass gently. "Mary, you and Koji can have a thirty-minute break. Now, both of you, run along."

She turned and bowed. "Thank you, Master."

I followed suit and hurried out of the room, just two paces behind her lithe figure. The stunning young woman went straight to my bedroom and stopped beside the bed. After closing the door, I stood and watched Mary undress.

I held my breath as she deftly reached down, grasped the latex hem and lifted the dress off, over her head. By the time she had dropping the garment on the bed and turned to face me, my shorts were on the floor.

She looked down at my swollen, throbbing cock. "Hello Koji, is there anything I can do for you?"

I stepped forward, grasped her left breast and placed my right hand on her ass so I could draw her belly against my throbbing cock.

"Mary, can you feel my cock?"

"Yes, Koji, do you want to use one of my holes?"

I grinned from ear to ear. "Yes, I do. All of them." I released her. "Lie back on

the bed and lift your knees onto your chest.”

Remarkably, Mary obeyed my command and as her knees tucked in beside her tits, I was treated to the lewdest sight imaginable. Placing one hand on the back of her thigh, I carefully steered the crown of my cock into her salivating entrance.

“Oh, Master, that feels wonderful.”

“Never was a truer word spoken, Mary...”

Perhaps, after all, my fall from grace wasn't going to be as painful as I feared...

Epilogue ~ Miyu

A trip to see the new Bond movie, then a night of turbulent sex with Wendy in my new Penthouse suite was just the ticket to get Mary out of my system. I was dreading seeing my ex again, after all that had happened during the previous day. However, Wendy put my mind at rest, saying that Mary wouldn't be leaving 1405 for a day or two.

The meeting was delayed to the evening so that Mary's and Iku's Dolls could attend. The technicians in R & D had excelled and promised that they would bring the Dolls up to the fifteenth floor at 8PM.

I spent the day with Doctor Hatsu Konishi in her lab, working on various Companion Doll improvements. She was Professor Fujita's girlfriend and naturally spoke very highly of him.

It was 5 o'clock when Hatsu suggested she take me down to the professor's lab and introduce me to him. Hatsu had been briefed by Toshira so she knew about SKI's new policy for the Doll program. She wanted to bring Saburo up to date with some of the facts before he attended the meeting. We removed our white coats and left her lab wearing our work uniforms, blue pleated skirts and white, short sleeve blouses.

"Saburo is so focused on his work, he hardly ever leaves the lab," Hatsu explained as we negotiated the twists and turns in the rabbit warren-like corridors of the research department.

After stopping at the door to his laboratory and pressing the button, we waited to be let in. There was no answer, which disappointed the young doctor. "I know, he's probably in the white room, recording some sequences with Tina. It's not

far.”

We continued to the end of the corridor and stopped at a second door which was also locked. After Hatsu rapped on it, there was a delay of a couple of minutes, then the door swung open an inch or two. The face that looked through the crack belonged to Doctor Kyoko Sasaki, the MD’s daughter.

“Hello, Hatsu, Miyu. Did you want to see the professor?” she asked.

“Yes, Yoko, who do you think I want?”

“No need to be snappy. He’s recording sequences with Tina at the moment. I can’t distur...”

Hatsu, shoved the door, almost sending Yoko flying. She grabbed my hand and pulled me in. “Come on, I need your support.” Yoko, naked bar the white blouse she was holding against her body, had staggered back and almost fell over. “What’s going on?” Hatsu cried, then looked around the room wildly.

Spotting a white curtain drawn across a room setting, she hurried across to it and pulled it aside. There were the professor and Tina, who I recognized from her picture. Both were naked, but it was Saburo who looked guilty and embarrassed.

“Hatsu, I’ve been doing a sequence with Tina...” he said, as he scrambled off the bed.

The beautiful naked youngster just lay there, smiling at us. Yoko recovered her poise and approached us. “Hatsu, don’t jump to conclusions. Saburo has a difficult job getting Tina’s microcomputer synchronized with her Doll’s.”

“Then why are you naked, Yoko?”

“Because we’re recording a three in a bed sequence.”

Hatsu bent down and touched Yoko’s thigh. She held up her sticky finger. “That sequence shouldn’t include sex with the second woman!” Hatsu rounded on Saburo who looked crestfallen and embarrassed to be naked in front of a stranger. She held her finger up. “Having sex with Tina wasn’t enough for you, was it?”

“I can explain, babe. Yoko is good with the kid. Because it’s her first day, Yoko thought it was better if she was present and showed Tina what was required...”

“So, you thought you’d stick your dick in Yoko. What a pathetic excuse! There was a deathly silence while Hatsu slowly calmed down. “Anyway, I only came down here to introduce Doctor Miyu Masaki to you and tell you that she and Wendy Jacobs will be running the California Research Centre in the future.”

“Nice to meet you, Doctor.” Saburo couldn’t remove his hands from his genitals, so he bowed. “You and Wendy? What about, Professor Mary Spencer?”

“Mary is staying here and will concentrate on the marketing side. Toshira is convinced that she is the key to the success of ILLS. We’re lucky she’s agreed to stay in fourteen-O-five.”

Yoko pushed forward. “Why wasn’t I told about this?”

“Probably because you were on your back with your legs open...”

The doctors nearly attacked each other but Saburo stepped between them. “Enough!”

Hatsu grabbed my hand. “Toshira expects you both to attend the meeting at eight, this evening.” With that, Hatsu led me away, out of the room.

I waited until we reached the lift. “Hatsu, if it isn’t working out for you here, you’re welcome to join me in California.”

As soon as the doors closed, she turned to face me. “Miyu, you’ve just cheered me up. I’ve enjoyed working with you today so I may well take you up on that offer.”

After another upsetting situation I seemed to have solved yet another problem. The professor would continue Tina’s training with the help of Yoko. I, Hatsu and Wendy would build a new team in California. Mary could continue her pursuit of the billionaire playboy, Toshira. And Iku, who was the real star, would continue to support the ILLS project with real enthusiasm.

What Iku didn't know though, was that I had agreed to take her up to Hitomu Sasaki's penthouse suite after the meeting. Once there, we would don the fancy pink dresses and provide the MD and Haruki Yokoto with a 'special' performance of several AKZ24's songs.

I would be a fool to believe that the 'performance' will end when the music stops... Wendy was right, I had suddenly become very ambitious!

THE END of the Series

I hope you enjoyed the Sixth and Final 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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