

His Doll

Part Three

Amelia Stark



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His Doll: Part Three

Part 3 of ‘The Perfect Body’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction

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

To promote her Doll, Tina agrees to be trained to do everything her Doll can do. Once the sequences are in her implanted microcomputer, it will be able to control her and repeat the sequences over and over again. Obviously, the company must ensure that she doesn't fall into the wrong hands, because the consequences could be extremely embarrassing for Tina.

However, that is exactly what happens to Iku, the Japanese youngster who originally volunteered for the Doll program in Japan. A lab assistant, Koji, who is looking after her, thinks it would be a good idea to take her to his flat. When a friend becomes involved, the consequences are not only embarrassing for Iku, but for Koji as well!

Chapter One ~ Iku: One.

The diagnostic test took ten minutes, then I started to upload the temporary files that would enable the professor to test Tina's responses in the 'neutral' mode. The room had been equipped with sensors and the new girl's microcomputer would soon be ready to control Tina's muscles and speech via the axon strands within her brain.

The professor had taught me well, and I was learning something new every day. Unfortunately, my future as his assistant was on rocky ground. Koji, Doctor Konishi's assistant, was muscling in on my position beside the professor. He had superior qualifications and the backing of his boss, Hatsu Konishi, who was having a secret affair with the professor.

My position had been in question for some time, but I had put the problem to the back of my mind over recent weeks. Once Tina arrived, the situation came to a head, and as I feared, I was on the move. A new suite had been prepared for me, Twoku and Koji. It was a crushing blow to discover that the young man had been tasked to manage us, so the professor could concentrate on the new girl and her Doll.

I was still ruminating on my bad luck when the very people I was thinking about entered the room. Doctor Hatsu Konishi, and the professor. They were on their own. They came and stood either side of me and watched the file data slowly scrolling up the screen.

"Ah, you're loading the new command files, good," the professor commented. "Was the diagnostic test clear?"

"Yes, professor. No errors were found. This updated model is a lot faster than

mine.”

“And, twice the memory. I’m hoping Tina’s Doll is going to do tasks lasting up to sixty seconds.”

The situation with Koji was weighing heavily on my mind. “Is there any real need for Koji to live with me and Twoku, Professor? I’ve managed okay, up till now.”

Hatsu put her hand on my shoulder. “Yes, there is absolutely a need for Koji to manage you and your Doll, Iku. For a start you’ve got to put together some longer sequences so we can trial them on Tina.”

“Um, why don’t you get her to do them?”

The professor looked annoyed. “Iku, we have so much work to do in the laboratory with the new prototype, we need you to work with Kojo on this task. It takes the pressure off the new girl if you can do some of the groundwork for her.”

“What about my memory? It’s almost at its limit.”

The laptop pinged, signalling it had finished downloading the files.

Hatsu squeezed my shoulder. “Don’t worry, Iku. We can easily make room for a sixty second command by deleting a few redundant files. It’s just that we can’t play them back on your microcomputer. We’ll have to transfer the data after each session. Don’t worry though. Take the equipment back to the lab and then you can have the rest of the afternoon off and go and checkout your new suite with Koji.” She condescendingly cupped my chin. “Iku, you’re going to love it. I sent Koji down to the Professor’s lab, so he’ll be waiting for you.”

“Has he got the key to the suite?”

“Yes, he has and don’t forget you must be at Toshira Sasaki’s suite at five o’clock.”

“No, I won’t forget. Doctor.” How could I? The visit to the billionaire’s suite was going to be the most nerve-racking thing I will ever do.

I disconnected the cable, closed the computer, handed the wrist controller to the professor, then left the private room, one of ten in the company’s very own private clinic. The clinic was used by management and the directors, while a larger medical facility, close to the accommodation blocks, served the general staff.

On my journey down to the lab, I mulled over the session I had recorded with the Professor and Doctor Kyoko Sasaki, a few days earlier, in the room at the clinic. I had to pretend to be Tina and record some sequences so they could test the girl’s responses when she finally arrived. One sequence involved the professor penetrating me with his cock and another, Yoko performing cunnilingus on me.

I enjoyed it then and Tina was about to experience the same thrilling ride. The question was, would she enjoy it as much as I did? The most surprising thing was how Yoko, the MD's daughter, lavishly sucked and licked my sex. Tina had Hatsu instead of Yoko, so I planned to compare notes when I finally get to chat with the new girl.

When I arrived back at the lab, I had to wait for Koji to let me in. "Ah, there you are, Iku. About time." He waited for me to close the door. "Come over here. I want you to watch a demonstration."

I looked around suspiciously and spotted Twoku still in her school uniform, standing in the only open space in the lab. "What's going on, Koji. Why have you taken Twoku out of the wheelchair?"

"You'll see. Go and stand beside her."

Not wanting to antagonize the young man, I did as I was told, while he sat down on a small set of steps that doubled up as a stool. He looked up at my synthetic doppelganger. "Twoku, you've been a very naughty girl."

She pulled a pained expression. "I'm so sorry, Master. It won't happen again."

"Too right," he unnecessarily retorted in a stern voice. "Twoku, I'm going to punish you. Come here and lie over my lap."

I folded my arms, peeved by Koji's unnecessary demonstration. I had recorded

the sequence, so I knew exactly what happened next. However, I didn't interrupt because it might have confused Twoku. She stepped forward and turned, bent her knees as she leant forward, then clumsily collapsed on his lap.

He placed his hand on her back. "You see? The manoeuvre is clumsy, Iku..."

"That's why it wasn't uploaded into our memories."

"Well the professor wants us to work on it and the Doll's reaction to the punishment."

He pulled the white panties down, off her ass, until they were almost to her knees. Her pert white cheeks were an erotic sight, if ever there was one. Twoku started to snivel. "I'm so sorry Master," she wailed.

Koji raised his hand and started brutally slapping her ass. "So, you should be, girl!" he shouted. "It'll be Iku's turn next!"

"Whaaaaaaaa! Whaaaaaaaa!" Twoku cried and cried and cried.

I noticed the manual was sitting on the desk and was open, suggesting he had been learning the specific orders that the Doll recognized. "Enough, Koji, you've made your point. You'll damage her and the professor won't be happy."

He stopped hitting her upturned butt cheeks. “Twoku, have you learnt your lesson?” His hand slipped down to the back of her thighs, but her legs were together, stymieing his attempt to grope her sex.

“Yes, Master. I’ll never do it again...” She continued snivelling.

“Twoku, get to your feet and stand up...”

I had a good view of the problem the Doll encountered when she clumsily backed off Koji’s lap, knelt on the floor and then climbed to her feet. The panties just above her knees almost caused her to fall over, but Koji steadied her, enabling her to get to her feet and stand up.

“I’ll do her panties,” I said rushing forward, but Koji put his hand up.

“Did I say I needed help?”

I stopped. “Sorry, Koji, I wanted to...” I stepped back a pace.

“Just do as you’re told, Iku. Go and get changed into your uniform.” He turned back to the Doll. “Twoku, lift the front of your skirt.”

“I can do that, Master,” she replied.

My replica reached down, grabbed the material and pulled the hem up to her waist, revealing her upper thighs, mons and belly. Her pudendal dimple and an inch of peeping cleft, identical to mine, were visible in her upright stance. He was then able to see what he was doing when he pulled the large white panties up to cover her modesty.

“Koji, I thought I’d change when I get back to the flat.”

He jumped to his feet. “Is this how you’re going to behave every time I give you an order? Doctor Konishi and the professor won’t be happy if you can’t transition onto the next phase of this Doll’s development. That means doing as I say.”

His aggressive tone knocked the wind from my sails. “I’m sorry, Koji, it’s just that your order made no sense. I need to change into a sensible outfit to look around the new suite and for when I visit Toshira Sasaki.”

“Iku, I expect you to do what I tell you straight away because I’m the one with the information. Your clothes and personal possessions are in the process of being moved and you may not be able to get access to your clothes. If you can’t change at the new suite the uniform will do.”

He was wearing the wrist controller that was linked to my microcomputer. I had to placate the lad and avoid annoying him further. “Oh, I see, um, sorry, I didn’t know... Okay, I’ll get changed.”

I left Koji and crossed the lab to the corner where I kept a supply of outfits and underwear for the pair of us. When I returned to the lab after giving Toshira and his PA a demonstration, I quickly slipped out of the school uniform and donned the company underwear and white lab coat. I then rushed to the clinic with the computer equipment to see Tina at two o'clock.

After getting the uniform out of the cupboard, I took my lab coat off and glanced over to see what Koji was up to. He had just strapped Twoku into her docking chair and was heading straight toward me. From the expression on his face, it looked as though he was going to give me another dressing down.

However, he grabbed the top of a dining chair and pulled it out from under the small table the professor and I used when we had a tea break. Seeing I had paused, he waved his hand in an annoying fashion. "Carry on, Iku."

"Aren't we taking Twoku up to the suite, Koji?"

"No. The professor wants to take another look at her files. He said something about making space for the new routines."

"That's strange. He usually looks at both of our microcomputers at the same time."

"Everything is changing, Iku. Until Tina's prototype is finished, the professor wants to use your Doll to test Tina's responses and get her used to working alongside one. He says it will speed the process up."

“Does that mean Twoku will stay down here?”

“I don’t know, but I’m sure you’ll be separated from her for short periods until Tina’s prototype is up and running, then things should go back to normal.”

I was wearing the pink cotton company underwear and standing side on to the cocky young man. I removed the white socks first, then the loose shorts and finally lifted off the short-sleeve top. He had already fucked me once when he surprisingly turned up at my flat unannounced. Koji had also spent time with my synthetic twin, so he knew every minute detail of my body.

However, he was no substitute for the professor; and he was only a couple of months older than I was. I reached for the panties, fearing he was going to do something to me before I put them on, but he waited until I was about to step into them and then made his move...

Chapter Two ~ Iku: Two.

Koji raised his hand. “Iku, those are a clean pair, I’d like you to wear the pair you took off earlier.”

“Um, they’re in the basket.”

“Then get them. I’ll explain in a minute.”

He was in no mood for an argument, so I went to the laundry basket and retrieved the soiled pair. I hadn’t worn them long so there was only a small trace of exudation. I stepped into them and pulled them up, over my ass. They were full, white and made of cotton, and identical to the ones I wore when I attended an academy in my teens.

He stopped me again, when I reached for the blouse, by leaning forward and grabbing my wrist. “Iku, the first sequence the professor wants to record is a 30 second lap dances. He says that we should practice two versions, one with underwear – panties, and one without...”

“He... he wants us to practice? Um, when will he do the recording?”

“He’s going to let me record them, then he’ll upload them onto Twoku’s microcomputer from yours. It’s a test to see if we can work together. He pulled me closer, so my knees were touching his. “Iku, climb on my legs as if you were the Doll. I want to see what your body movements look like.”

“Can I put my blouse on first?”

“No, Iku. I want to see how all parts of your body move.”

The inexperienced lad was full of bullshit, but I was going to have to work with him on the new sequences, that I did accept. What was worse was that the professor had been so wrapped up in his work, he hadn't bothered to warn me about the changes and Koji's new role.

I had noticed, while Doctor Konishi was away in London, for ten days, that the professor was more absorbed in his work. Finding out they were a pair explained his behaviour.

The professor had mentioned lap dancing as a possible sequence, but never tested it. What Koji was asking for wasn't a difficult manoeuvre. My pussy was covered so I wasn't quite as embarrassed as I might have been as I edged forward on tip toe until I was able to sit on his knees. I leant slightly forward and placed my hands on his shoulders.

“I'll play some music when we're in the new suite. For now, just imagine it and give me some of your moves.”

“Um, I'm not a very good dancer, but I'll try.” I had seen lap dancers in the movies, so I tried to mimic what I had seen.

I watched his eyes as I gyrated my body without leaning too far forward. He was

focussed on my jutting tits mainly, which wasn't surprising because they were moving quite close to his face. Suddenly he couldn't resist them any longer and gently placed his hands beneath them and thumbed my hard nipples.

"Heh," I said. "That's not necessary in a practice."

"Iku, are you telling me that the professor never fondled your tits or shafted you whenever you got excited?"

"I'm not excited, Koji..."

"Your nipples are as hard as bullets and I bet your pussy is hot and wet."

He dropped his left hand and placed it on the stretched gusset that partially covered my splayed labia. Unfortunately, the narrow strip of cotton couldn't fully contain my puffy major lips, so his fingers made contact with some of my pussy flesh bulging beyond the leg elastic.

"Just as I thought. I can feel your sex swelling and your panties getting damp."

The modifications to my pussy made it hypersensitive, so when he rubbed my lips and pressed his middle finger against my clit, a quiver ran through my body. I hadn't really recovered from the earlier demonstration when the man of my dreams, the billionaire tycoon, Toshira Sasaki, thrust a dildo into my quim.

I grabbed his arm but couldn't budge his fingers. "Koji, I always get hot and wet when I'm doing stuff like this, it's the result of the changes they made to my labia. It's not because I'm getting off on giving you a lap dance."

"Iku, put your hand back on my shoulder and continue dancing."

It was a firm order which I reluctantly carried out. "Please remove your hand then, Koji."

"Get on with it, girl. I want you to enjoy yourself."

As I increased my movements, he increased his, clearly trying to get me excited. As soon as the pleasure overcame my annoyance, I closed my eyes and tried imagining I was sitting on Toshira's lap. The billionaire was one of the most eligible bachelors in Japan and virtually every girl in the company fantasized about him.

It was a thoughtless thing to do because I didn't see Koji move forward and slip his free arm behind me. Before I knew what was happening, he was sucking my right nipple and holding me closer. Like my clitoris, my nubs were hypersensitive, and I loved them being sucked. I slowed my body movements, but I couldn't wrench my nub from his mouth.

"Mmmm," Koji murmured before releasing it and trying to dock with the other one.

“Koji, what are you doing...” I complained, lamely.

“I’ve got to do both. Those are the rules.” I wasn’t able to stop him pulling my body toward him and latching on to my pointy nub.

“You’re making the rules up...” My voice trailed away as the twin attack on my sensitive nubs triggered a series of thrilling sensations to wash over me.

Then, just when I was approaching a pre-orgasm state, he released my nipple and stopped rubbing my clit. “Sorry Iku, but we’re going to have to continue this later... finish getting dressed.”

I backed off his legs and tried to act relieved. My heart was hammering in my chest and my face felt flushed. I didn’t want to show him that I was enjoying myself. That would only encourage the impulsive young man.

Once again, I found myself removing my panties to an audience. It was only one person on this occasion, but when I volunteered to have a Doll made in my image, I didn’t realize that I’d be undressing so many times in front of so many licentious men.

He waited until I changed the panties and donned the uniform before dropping another bombshell. “Iku, I want you in the wheelchair.”

“Oh, I thought I’d push it up to the flat.”

“Iku, just do as I say.”

Because he wasn't prepared to give me an explanation, I suspected he had an ulterior motive. He followed me over to the chair, but I didn't immediately sit in it.

I stood facing him. “Koji, I want you to promise me that you won't switch my computer on. You shouldn't do it without my permission.”

“I'll be switching it on and off all the time. I don't need your permission, but I will warn you when I'm going to do it.”

It was the best response I was going to get, so I sat down in the chair and buckled the harness.

“Iku, I'm going to switch your computer on because I'm sick of your constant complaints and I think you need time to reflect on your behaviour. The sooner you accept that I'm in charge of you and the Doll, the better.”

“That's not fair...” He studied the wrist controller. “...Koji, please...” all the energy left my muscles and I went limp.

“Iku, sit up straight.” As soon as I lifted my head and smiled at him, he leant down and kissed my cheek. “Iku, I've switched you to 'neutral and

unresponsive'. When we get to the suite, I'll switch your microcomputer off and we can have a good look around together." He looked chuffed with himself. "By the way, I've got to go back to my flat to change. It won't take long."

I was annoyed but I couldn't complain until later. After leaving the lab, we took the lift to the main concourse, a vast covered space that served as the hub for Sasaki Industry's very own mini city. Moving walkways, 5' feet wide, ran through the mile-long complex, and beyond, in both directions. They were in 100-yard sections so the employees could get on and off at the shopping centre and other important locations along the way.

There was a break where we emerged from the lift, so all Koji had to do was push the wheelchair onto the moving walkway and we were on our way east, heading in the direction of the accommodation blocks. I noticed the time as we emerged into the open air – 3:15 – and relaxed a little because I didn't have to be at Toshira's suite until five.

Mid-afternoon was a quiet time to travel the walkways. One young woman waved at Koji as she passed us, heading west. Then, when we reached the first break, outside the building I had been living in, we passed a couple chatting. They stopped to watch Koji push me across the open-air space and then onto the next moving walkway.

Quite a few of the 5000 employees working in SKI city had seen me at one time or another pushing Twoku back and forth between the lab and various locations. I was always wearing a white lab coat, just like Koji was on our journey to his flat. So, no one would suspect that the figure sitting in the wheelchair was nothing other than a Doll wearing a school uniform.

At the second break, outside accommodation block 'B', he steered the chair

toward the elevators, where he pushed the button for the fourth floor. We were alone on the way up, but there was a young man waiting for the lift when the doors open. He was about our age and wearing a smart grey suit.

“Koji!” the young man exclaimed. He looked at my reflexion in the mirror I was facing, at the back of the elevator car. “I didn’t know you were allowed to use the Dolls. Got a hot session planned?”

“Nah, I was on my way to the lab with her and needed to get something from my flat.” He backed me out of the car and started to turn the chair, until it was pointing down the main corridor.

“Fuck, you get to take a sex Doll home with you heh? You sly old fox...”

“Mike, I’m in a bit of a hurry...” As he set off, the lad joined us and walked alongside the wheelchair.

He reached down and touched my nipple through the blouse. “Why? Have you only got her for an hour?” He chuckled to himself.

“Mike, I’m moving out of my flat tonight. That’s why I’m in a hurry.”

“When were you going to tell me? The lads are going to be pissed at you not saying anything.”

“You know the ropes, Mike. I only found out over lunch. I told you about my promotion to deputy project manager. Well, they’ve found me a suite in Sasaki Tower.”

Mike turned and stopped Koji with a hand in his chest. “You’re shitting me.”

“No. I found out over lunch. The project’s been upgraded, now we’ve got the go ahead to manufacture them...” He started pushing the wheelchair again.

“Koji, we’ve got to have a drink to celebrate...”

“I’ve got to keep an eye on Iku...”

Mike looked down. “Is that the name of the Doll?”

“Ummm, yes. I have to deliver her at five to Toshira Sasaki’s penthouse suite.”

“God, you’re moving in high circles. Look, five o’clock is over an hour away. One drink. I might not see you for a while, now you’re hobnobbing with god’s son.”

“Okay. I’ve got some whisky left from the weekend...” He stopped the wheelchair outside 481 and swiped the lock,

Mike held the door open while Koji pushed me inside the flat, which was similar to mine, except his was in a mess. Koji had let the lad think I was a Doll, which could, if he wasn't careful, have embarrassing consequences for me...

Chapter Three ~ Tina: One.

I was in a mild state of shock as the young woman went about her work on the computer beside me. Everybody feared being paralyzed and that was exactly the sensation I was experiencing. No matter how many times I tried to reassure myself, I couldn't dispel the fear of being permanently frozen and imprisoned on the plastic horse.

On the plus side, I had met another girl who had suffered what I was going through. The pretty youngster, Iku, was assured and clearly competent enough to help with the computer programming side, so she had a lot going for her. I was interested in her confident reaction to the changes they had made to her appearance and was somewhat heartened.

Iku was very attractive and had a lovely smile. She had a round, doll-like face, which was fitting under the circumstances. She had lovely almond shaped eyes and smooth, white, delicate skin. Her nose was small, while her strawberry pink lips were full and shaped with a peaked cupid's bow. If her face had been altered, then they had done a good job.

I had a slightly longer face than Iku, with a more defined chin. I knew they couldn't alter the shape, but they could change all my other facial features. Iku had obviously been sent in to soften the blow and it had worked to some degree. I was prepared for a shock but reassured that they knew what they were doing.

I wasn't sure if I wanted my tits to be as big as Iku's, but I liked the all-over skin colour and the removal of every blemish on my body. I already had a good figure, or they wouldn't have picked me to fulfil the role.

Then there was the implanted microcomputer. I knew that when it was switched

on, it could freeze my muscles, but that was the extent of my knowledge. It was scary to know that someone else could control my movements but somewhat reassuring that I was conscious throughout the experience.

Iku was standing beside me, studying the computer screen when the door opened and Doctor Hatsu Konishi entered with a tall Japanese man. The white coated pair strolled to the side of the 'horse' and stood either side of Iku.

"Ah, you're loading the new command files, good," the man noted. "Was the diagnostic test clear?"

"Yes, professor. No errors were found." Iku replied. "This updated model is a lot faster than mine."

"And, twice the memory. I'm hoping Tina's Doll is going to do tasks lasting up to sixty seconds."

Iku suddenly changed the subject. "Is there any real need for Koji to live with me and Twoku, Professor? I've managed okay up till now."

Hatsu put her hand on Iku's shoulder. "Yes, there is absolutely a need for Koji to manage you and your Doll, Iku. For a start you've got to put together some longer sequences so we can trial them on Tina."

"Um, why don't you get her to do them?"

The professor frowned. “Iku, we have so much work to do in the laboratory with the new prototype, we need you to work with Kojo on this task. It takes the pressure off the new girl if you can do some of the groundwork for her.”

“What about my memory? It’s almost at its limit.”

The laptop pinged causing the trio to look down at the screen.

Hatsu squeezed Iku’s shoulder. “Don’t worry, Iku. We can easily make room for a sixty second command by deleting a few redundant files. It’s just that we can’t play them back on your microcomputer. We’ll have to transfer the data after each session. Don’t worry. Take the equipment back to the lab and then you can have the rest of the afternoon off and go and checkout your new suite with Koji.” She cupped the young woman’s chin. “Iku, you’re going to love it. I sent Koji down to the Professor’s lab, so he’ll be waiting for you there.”

“Has he got the key card to the suite?”

“Yes, he has and don’t forget you must be at Toshira Sasaki’s suite at five o’clock.”

“No, I won’t forget. Doctor.” Iku disconnected the cable, closed the computer, handed the wrist controller to the professor, then left with the trolley.

The professor strapped the watch-like controller on his wrist. “I’ll go and get her chair, Hatsu, while you release her limbs.”

At last, I thought, I was going to get off the mobile contraption. Unfortunately, the professor didn’t switch the computer off, so I remained as limp as a jellyfish. Hatsu went around the ‘horse’ removing the slot-in hoops that kept my arms and legs pinned to the sides. I could feel that my arms were free, but I couldn’t move them at all.

Just as Hatsu came around to face me, the professor entered pushing a rather fancy blue wheelchair. He was followed by the solid figure of nurse Hana. The professor parked the chair and approached me. “Tina, my name is Professor Saburo Fujita. I’m in charge of the Doll program and together with Hatsu, we’re going to take good care of you.”

“Tina, Iku put you into ‘neutral’ mode while she performed a scan on your microcomputer’s files,” Hatsu continued. “Everything is functioning properly so now we’re going to move you into the wheelchair. When you’re sitting comfortably, we’ll run through a few sequences and then we’ll switch off the computer and you’ll be able to ask us as many questions as you want.”

The manoeuvre was easier than I feared. The trio wheeled the contraption forward, then the two women simply lifted my upper body and slid me backward until I slipped off the back of the horse. The professor was waiting with the wheelchair and they guided me into it. I was still limp when they fastened a body harness to keep me upright in the chair.

The professor came around and hunkered down so he could look up into my face. “Tina, sit up straight.” Amazingly, my muscles reacted to the command and I immediately lifted my head and straightened my back. “That is excellent, Tina.

You are now in ‘command’ mode. I’m going to test a few commands that we uploaded into your memory so we can test the system and measure your reaction to certain stimuli.”

They paused for a moment while the nurse wheeled the ‘horse’ out of the room, then Hatsu leant over to give me some more information.

“We haven’t dressed you, Tina, because we want to observe your muscles as you follow the professor’s commands. Some of the commands will seem strange but they are necessary to check that your system is working correctly.” She undid the harness, folded the straps out of the way and stepped back.

The professor hunkered down and looked me in the eye. “Hi Master, is there anything I can do for you?” Hearing the words and feeling my vocal cords forming them was a truly weird experience.

I wouldn’t have thought it possible if I hadn’t heard the words with my own ears. My voice sounded slightly different, but I definitely said the words. The professor and doctor looked at each other and nodded while I thought about what I had seen when my head was slumped forward.

I got a good look at the top of my large tits and swollen nipples. They had obviously been seriously sucked with a machine for the past 8 days, for they were four times the size as when I last saw them.

“That’s fantastic, Tina. Let’s try some more commands,” Hatsu said enthusiastically.

“Tina, I want you to stand up, then walk around the room three times.”

“That’s a good idea, Master.”

I felt my facial muscles pull a smile, then I rose from the chair and set off toward the bathroom door. As I neared the door, I turned, crossed the room, and turned again. As I approached the bed, I veered right and right again, just before I reached the grinning couple. I did two more circuits then halted in front of the professor.

“That is very impressive Tina.” I noticed he avoided eye contact as he spoke to me. “Now I’m going to give you a couple of commands that won’t come natural to you. Remember, Hatsu was the one that gave you the perfect body and I’m the one who is going to make a Doll in your image. I’m pointing that out because I don’t want you to be embarrassed.” He looked me in the eye.

“How may I please you again, Master?”

“Tina, go and sit on the end of the bed.”

I turned, approached the end, turned again, then sat down. The couple followed me across, then stood looking down at me. I could feel myself moving but my limbs weren’t getting their instructions from my brain. I wanted to lift my head to look at their faces, but I could only stare straight ahead at their midriffs.

It was Doctor Konishi who bent forward and made eye contact with me. “Hi, Mistress, is there anything I can do for you?” I responded.

“Yes, Tina. Lie back and lift your knees onto your chest.”

“Are you going to perform oral sex on me, Mistress?”

“Yes, I am, Tina.”

Already stunned by the salacious conversation to which I had contributed, I was shocked when I laid back and lifted my knees onto my chest. My head was on the covers, so because I was looking at the ceiling, I was unable to look at my labia, which I feared had completely changed in appearance.

I had already had one labia massage from the nurse, which was a confusing experience for me. I thoroughly enjoyed the application of the balm and the way she rubbed it in, but was I going to enjoy my first experience of a female performing cunnilingus on me???

Chapter Four ~ Iku: Three.

Koji parked me beside the sofa, then crossed the room to the kitchen doorway. He turned to speak to his friend. "Mike, sit down and don't touch the Doll. I'll lose my job if anything happens to her. I'm just going to change, then I'll get you a drink."

The young man didn't sit down. Instead, he stared across the room at me. I wondered if he suspected I was real and not a Doll. Then I discarded the idea having seen so many men be fooled in the demonstrations. He and Koji were younger than the majority of the clients and even easier to fool, in my experience.

Mike was wearing the standard company issue, smart grey suit, white shirt and red tie. He had short black hair and his clean-shaven face was well tanned. He was better looking than Koji and looked after himself, if his slim shape was anything to go by. However, I didn't like the way he looked at me and his pushy attitude.

I wasn't surprised when he crossed the room and stopped in front of me. When he looked into my eyes, his narrowed as though he saw something, then he looked down at my skirt.

"Fuck, I'm getting hard looking at a fucking sex Doll, " he muttered, then lifted my skirt back and bunched it so he could check out at my panties. "What have those engineers given you between your legs?" he asked in a low husky voice. "Bet it isn't anything like a real cunt..."

He reached down and prodded my mons, but he could go no further because my thighs were firmly clamped together. Stymied from exploring my pussy, he

pulled my skirt back onto my thighs, then turned his attention to my tits. After a quick grope and squeeze of both breasts, he slipped his thumb and forefinger between the buttons of my blouse and began playing with my nipple.

“Wow, these feel great,” he muttered.

After hearing a noise from the bedroom, he withdrew his digits, kissed me on the lips then sat on the end of the sofa beside me. Koji strode into the room, still straightening his clothes. He crossed to the small kitchenette and opened the one and only wall cabinet. It was where he kept his booze.

“Koji, you’d better pack your stuff or the lads in removal will bin the lot.”

“I’m coming back after I’ve delivered the Doll.” Koji poured the whisky into two glasses and brought them across.

He sat opposite me in the only easy chair in the room. They then chatted about the research and development department in general terms. He was careful to avoid giving any details of how the Dolls were programmed and only talked in general terms about his role.

After a second drink, he raved about Doctor Hatsu Konishi, who took him under her wing when he was 18 and inspired him to get his degree. He boasted that she had let him fuck her, but I very much doubted if he was telling the truth. After he had downed the second large measure of whisky he was beginning to talk erratically.

“So, when are removal collecting your stuff?” Mike asked.

“They’re coming at six. That gives me just over half an hour to bag all my stuff.”

“You’re cutting it a bit fine. I could give you a hand. I was on my way to the barbers, but I’ll have my hair cut another day.”

“Would you? I’ll be back by five-thirty.”

“Sure. In return, show me what the Doll can do. Rumour has it she can walk and talk like a robot...” He placed his hand on my thigh. “She looks like the real thing and feels like the real thing. Does she act like a real girl?”

“She does and more,” Koji boasted. “The trouble is her computer doesn’t recognise this room. The room needs to be fitted with micro-sensors, so she can walk around without falling over stuff. Now, if you had a million dollars to buy one...”

“A million dollars? Fuck, for that kind of dosh, I’d want it to fuck me and then bring me breakfast in bed.”

“Huh, this baby can’t make breakfast, but she could fuck you brains out and then some.”

“Can she stand up?”

“Sure.”

“Show me.”

I was staring at Koji’s face and could tell he was itching to show his friend how the Doll functioned. The lad was drunk on the responsibility that had fallen in his lap. He looked at his wrist controller, then at me. “I’ll show you one command.”

Mike got to his feet. “Go on then.”

As Koji approached, I tried to implore him not to get me out of the chair, but he wasn’t a mind reader, so I failed. He unlatched the harness, tucked the straps out of the way, then stepped back. “Right, I’m switching her to command.”

Nothing changed for me until Koji looked me in the eye. “Hi Master, is there anything I can do for you?”

“Fuck me,” Mike gasped.

I turned my head. “I don’t quite understand your command, Sir.”

Koji raised his hand to his friend. “Shut it. You’ll confuse her.” He returned his attention to me. “Iku, get out of the chair and stand up.”

“I can do that, Master.” I leant forward and using the arms of the chair, pushed myself into the standing position.

“Fucking cool. What else can she do?”

“Um, in this room... She can take her panties off.”

“I’ve got to see that...”

“Doesn’t this impress you enough?”

“No, she’s supposed to be a sex Doll. Tell her to take her panties down.”

“Alright. Just be quiet while I give her the order. “Iku, remove your panties and hand them to me.”

I was furious at the way he was being cajoled into going further than he wanted, but I couldn’t stop myself bending, reaching under my skirt and pushing the panties down below my knees, then deftly stepping out of them while I held one

side. It was a masterful piece of programming and the icing on the cake was when I presented them to Koji.

Mike was silently clapping his hands like a kid. Koji handed the flimsy item to Mike. “Check out the gusset. The Doll’s cunt produces cream like a normal girl.”

Mike took the panties and unwound them so he could examine the narrow strip of cotton that had been pressed against my hot sex. “Koji, the Doll has sprung a leak...” He sniffed the exudation, then handed the evidence to Koji. “Smells like the real thing but the Doll’s producing too much lubrication. Still, the wetter, the better is my moto.”

Koji looked me in the eye as if to say, ‘You’re gagging to be fucked and I’m holding the evidence’. Once again, I tried to implore him to tell me to sit down in the chair, but his cock was beginning to make his decisions for him.

“Hi Master, is there anything I can do for you?” I wanted to roll my eyes in frustration.

A smile emerged on his face. “Iku, bend forward and place your hands on your knees.”

“That’s more like it!” Mike exclaimed.

Koji gesticulated toward his friend just before I replied to his request. “Are, you going to fuck me, Master?”

I could see Mike nodding his head furiously in my peripheral vision.

“Yes, Iku, I’m going to fuck you, but first, Mike is going to perform cunnilingus on you.”

The first part was a command, while the second part was Koji’s way of compensating me for the awfully embarrassing experience he was putting me through. I leant forward, placed my hand on my knees and dipped my back, so as to project my sex in as eye-catching a manner as possible.

“You just made that up,” Mike said after he lifted my pleated skirt onto my back, thus revealing the whole of my naked ass. “Wow! That is a thing of beauty,” he muttered, after moving behind me and kneeling, in readiness to orally worship my sex.

“Get on with it, Mike. The Doll will only respond when you’re shafting her.”

I felt him prise my lips apart and rub my clitoral ridge. “Her clit and hood look a bit fake, but she has a realistic pucker.” He pushed his forehead against my cheeks and began lapping my pussy lips with long strokes of his tongue. I would have moaned and sighed but I hadn’t made a recording of someone performing oral on me from behind.

He got bored after only a minute, then stood up. His attack on my clit though, had aroused me to such an extent, my anger had died down and acceptance had taken over. So, when the lad nudged and eased his cock into my hot succulence,

my senses went into a spin.

“Oh, Master, you are so big. Will it fit in my virgin quim?” The phrase was one that I recorded, along with hundreds of others.

“Baby, I’m going to drill your hot little hole until I strike oil...” He muttered as he built up a steady piston action. Slap! A blow landed on my hip, stinging my flesh.

Thinking he was fucking a Doll might have explained why he took an aggressive approach the moment he was under way, but I guessed the lad liked hitting girls.

“Oh, Master, that feels wonderful. You are sooo good at that,”

Koji, who had backed away and perched his ass on the arm of the easy chair to keep an eye on his pal, sat forward. “Mike, you don’t have to hit her.”

“Why not? It’s just a fucking Doll.” Koji didn’t know how to respond while his friend continued to pound his cock back and forth, stretching my young vagina with each body jarring thrust.

His cock was young and hard and quickly launched my orgasm, which began to reverberate throughout my body.

“I told you, if I damage her, I’ll lose my job.”

“Pal, I’ve got news for you, It’s a motherfucking sex Doll. How the fuck can I damage it?” He increased the power as he neared his climax. “This is such a hot fuck, if I had a million, I’d buy one...” his thrusts started to become desperate.

“Ahhh, urrrrrr, oh, yes,” I muttered. “You are so hard, Master.” Remarkably, the microcomputer had supplied the right lines and sounds at the right time, throughout the fuck.

“This Doll is so fucking hot and juicy. Thank god because they’ve given her a tight hole.” Slap! Slap! “Oh, yes, here it comes babeeeeeeeeee!” he groaned as he ejaculated the contents of his balls into my extremity.

The final two slaps snapped me out of my joyous mood and brought me back to my original thoughts that Koji had stepped over the mark! Well over the mark!

Chapter Five ~ Tina: Two.

I found I was holding my breath, while the Doctor dipped her head and placed her lips gently on my sex. The moment she started licking my clit, I started sighing. “Ohhh..., mmm..., yes..., I like that, Mistress.” They were sounds I might have made of my own volition, but the doctor was hearing my computer’s responses, not mine.

However, the sensations from just her gentle ministrations were so enjoyable I may well have uttered similar sounds. Hatsu wasn’t aggressive, she took her time and concentrated on my line of clitoral flesh, which felt exposed in the extremely lewd position I had been forced to adopt.

My microcomputer continued to instruct my vocal cords to show my appreciation to the woman who was pretending to be my mistress. She didn’t penetrate me, just gently stoked my pussy flesh and clit, but it was enough to trigger an orgasm. About a minute later, the computer caught up with me. “Oh, Mistress, I’m... I’m coming... Ahhhhhhh!”

No sooner had I uttered the words, then the doctor withdrew. When she stood, I was able to see her in my peripheral vision, wiping her lips on a tissue.

“Tina, that was a success. Now the Professor is going to do a penetrative test. On this occasion he will be using his penis so he can test your vaginal muscles, which will be under the control of your microcomputer. Our aim, Tina, is to ensure that anyone buying your Doll will get a life-like experience and what works for you will work for your Doll.”

After she backed away, the professor placed his hands on the back of my thighs and leant forward so he could look down at me. “Tina, you have been a naughty

girl.”

“Are you going to punish me, Master?” I startled myself with the question.

“No Tina, not this time.”

“Are you going to fuck me, Master?”

“Yes, I am, Tina. Remember, we are producing a Doll in your image and the aim is for that Doll to be as life-like as possible. I am the one and only person who will judge that.”

One hand left my thigh, then moments later I felt the blunt tip of his cock nudging my gaping portal. When he applied pressure and penetrated me by a couple of inches, I was surprised by the way my muscles slowed his progress.

“Oh, Master, you are so big, will it fit in my virgin quim?”

“Yes, Tina, don’t worry, your young body will adjust...”

He kept prodding and gaining an inch each time until he could go no further. Feeling his thighs against my upturned ass cheeks and his balls nudging my ass crack, brought it home to me that he really was fucking me. But, was such an extreme examination of my tightness, necessary to produce a Doll in my image?

Then, he began to slowly withdraw and return, taking his time to allow my vagina to get used to the size of his stout shaft. The professor's cock felt huge as it continued to stretch my young inexperienced muscles and thankfully, trigger ample lubrication for the fuck.

“Oh, Master, that feels wonderful.”

After a couple of more thrusts I began to feel a gooey sensation begin to spread through my groin. I had had very few sexual encounters, so to feel a strong orgasm approaching was a major experience for me. I was just anticipating the crescendo when Doctor Konishi brought my hopes crashing to the ground.

“Professor, that's two minutes, I think that will do.”

He stopped and withdrew. “Yes, of course, Hatsu. I can confirm that the program is successfully controlling her vaginal muscles. I have one more test and then we're finished.”

I sensed a little tension between the professor and doctor, but I might have been mistaken. The professor's face appeared between my widely parted legs. He looked a little flustered.

“That was exciting, Master. Would you like me in a different position?”

“Yes, Tina, adopt the all-four position.”

The doctor quickly withdrew, allowing me to finally unfurl on the bed. The moment I was straight, I rolled myself over onto my front. From that position, I climbed onto my hands and knees and to complete the pose, I lifted my head and dipped my back.

Once again, I was presenting my sex and anus in the most lascivious manner. However, it was obviously one of the positions that an owner of the Doll would expect her to adopt.

“Very good, Tina...” A hand settled on my right ass cheek.

That contact triggered another question from my computer program. “Oooo, are you going to fuck me from behind, Master?”

“Yes, Tina, I’m going to penetrate your anus. This time, I’m going to use a lubricated dildo to test your response, after I’ve dipped it in your vagina.”

Once again, an intruder nubbed my creamy entrance and found a welcoming, succulent channel. With the professor providing the umph, the phallus slid home easily.

“Oh, Master, you are so good at that,” I said before beginning to moan loudly.

I had missed out on an orgasm and didn't get one with the five thrusts he provided. Having withdrawn the dildo, presumably coated with cream, he immediately prodded my anus. I (My microcomputer) responded. "Oh, Master, I think that hole is too tight."

The professor ignored my assertion and gently drove the dildo through the tight ring of muscles and into my rectum. I winced inwardly but the sounds and words emerging from my mouth tried to tell a different story. "Ahhh, Master, your cock is so hard and its going so deep, Master... Oooo, yes..." I fell silent when he withdrew.

"That was an excellent response, Hatsu," The Professor said in a congratulatory tone.

"Good, let's get her sitting upright, then we can get her dressed."

"Tina, sit up straight on the edge of the bed."

"I can do that, Master," I said as I started to crawl backwards.

The moment my right knee found the edge, I performed a graceful turn and sat down with a straight back. I was staring dead ahead across the room, but I could see the white coated pair within my vision. The professor was standing, pretending to study a clipboard, but was in fact staring at me, Hatsu was fetching some yellow cotton underwear.

She held up the pretty shorts. “Iku, the professor has turned your computer to ‘unresponsive’ for now. We want to get you dressed and then show you how beautiful you look, then we’ll switch the computer off and you can relax on your bed.”

She fed the shorts up my legs and over my knees, then stood up.

“Tina, I want you to stand.”

The moment I was on my feet, the doctor had to catch the shorts before they fell to the floor. “That’s better, heh, Tina?” she said as she pulled the shorts into place, finally covering my intimate parts. “We call this underwear, company wear, because they insist that all the female employees wear it at all times, outside our rooms. The material is anti-static and hypoallergenic, like the coats and jackets we wear. An employee can be sacked if they’re not wearing it.”

“Tina, I want you to raise your hands in the air,” the professor said.

Still staring forward, I raised my arms so Hatsu could lower the T-shirt over them and pull it into place. The shirt was large enough to cover my large tits but only just, for I could feel my pointy nubs pressing against the soft material.

“Tina,” she said, “I want you in your wheelchair.”

I dropped my arms, then headed straight for the chair. After four paces, I turned, bent my knees, grasped the arms on the chair and lowered myself in. The

professor, who was nearer, hunkered down and fastened the harness. I wanted to show my frustration, but I was bright enough to know they were trying to spread out the shocks, of which there were going to be many more.

The professor came over and relieved the doctor. “Tina, Hatsu is going to put some make-up on you and a wig. Then, I’m going to push you into the bathroom and you can have a good look at yourself in the mirror. We’ll give you ten minutes to collect your thoughts, then we’ll return and switch your computer off...”

He stood up and was replaced by Hatsu, who was armed with a make-up bag. She did my eyebrows, applied a little concealer, then powder, blusher, mascara and finally lip gloss. The professor fetched a blonde wig with long wavy hair, and the doctor fitted it, so the tresses tumbled around my shoulders.

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

That was the first time I got to see the new Tina Smith...

Chapter six ~ Prof. Fujita.

I found it almost impossible to contain myself once Tina was lying on the bed in the folded position. Not only was she a beautiful girl, she had an amazing body that ticked every box as far as I was concerned. She had an athletic frame with muscles that were well-toned, so we weren't going to have any trouble keeping her as trim as her Doll.

I was hard and throbbing from the moment I steered the wheelchair behind the horse and helped the girl drop into it. The problem was, Hatsu was present and noticed my heightened interest in the girl. I didn't realize it at the time, but I got carried away when I performed a natural penetration on Tina to check that her microcomputer was controlling her internal muscles correctly.

We had a machine for testing the strength of vaginal muscles, along with size and penetrative depth, but it was no substitute for the real thing. I wasn't used to having Hatsu with me during the sequencing exercises for the dolls, and decided to try and avoid it happening again

When I originally recorded the sequences in preparation for testing Tina's microcomputer, on her arrival, Doctor Kyoko Sasaki lent a hand. Hatsu was in London so I had to accept her offer of help. Although Yoko was fully involved with the development of the Doll program, she stayed in the background and kept a tight rein on the purse strings.

The MD's daughter was usually a pain and often gave me a hard time when I made requests for funds to buy equipment or when I asked for more lab space. She was amazingly cooperative for a change and wanted to see at first hand my methods while working with the girls.

From one perspective, I was worried that she was becoming too nosey and might be looking for ways to cut my budget. On the other hand, it was a chance to get her involved. To show her, at first hand, how committed I was to prepare for the arrival of the new girl and develop a Doll in her likeness.

So, when she volunteered to perform fellatio on Iku, after we had rehearsed about a dozen sequences, I was delighted. Iku, who was pretending to be Tina, so her name would be on each command, said afterwards that Yoko's oral was top notch. The MD's daughter was present when I recorded the penetrative tests and agreed that physical judgement was better than using expensive equipment.

Hatsu and I left Tina sitting facing the mirror in her bathroom and left her room. We stopped in the reception area to have a chat because I wanted to go back to the lab and she was staying.

"How do you think Tina will cope, Saburo?" Hatsu asked.

"Mentally? I think she's strong and will cope. Switch her over in five minutes before you go in. Then wait five and go and talk to her."

"She's a lot different from Iku. That girl knew what she was getting into – well, almost. I'm worried about Tina and I think you're going to find it hard work to record all the sequences you need in the short space of time we've got."

"Don't worry, we've got Iku, who can do some of them... Why are you shaking your head?"

“Saburo, after a conversation I had with Yoko about an hour ago, I’m not sure if that’s going to be the case.”

“What conversation? Why didn’t you say something?”

“Listen. You know Yoko. She likes to drop hints. I picked up on a couple of comments she made about the future. When I told her that we were planning on Koji taking over some of Iku’s duties, she said she didn’t think Koji would be spending much time in your lab. She was the one who originally told me that Koji and Iku would be sharing a suite in the tower.”

“Huh! That’s another thing I’ve got to worry about. I really don’t know what to make of Yoko. One minute she’s arguing about costs and the next offering to help me.”

“Saburo remember, she has her father’s ear and he’s abandoned projects before on a whim. Keep her onside no matter what.”

“Easier said than done...” My earlier good mood was waning. “Look, Hatsu, I’ve got work to do in the lab. I need to go through some production reports which have been sitting on my desk for 24 hours. I’ll catch up with you later.”

The clinic was at the opposite end of SKI city, so I had to take the walkway through the main concourse, then the lift down to the research and development department. As soon as I opened the door to my lab, I smelt perfume, so was prepared when I spotted Yoko over by the programming chairs.

“Yoko, I exclaimed. “This is a pleasant surprise. What can I do for you?”

The young heiress was very attractive, but I had never been drawn to her because of her officious attitude. I usually went for more submissive women, which was why I agreed to help spearhead the Doll program. I had attended meetings and dinners when Yoko was present and out of her white coat, but she had never caught my eye. After helping me with the Doll sequences I was suddenly noticing her attractiveness.

“Saburo, I was looking at the programming chairs and wondering what it feels like to be a Doll, plugged into a computer.” She started to unbutton her lab coat.

“Wh... what are you doing, Yoko?”

“Just taking my coat off. Is that Okay?”

“Oh, yes, of course...” I stood and watched her slip her coat off, revealing she had selected white shorts and top from a range of 20 colour options.

The young woman, who I believed was 28, a year older than Hatsu, looked particularly pretty in the lace trimmed company set. She then turned, and sat down in the seat beside Twoku, who was still dressed in her school uniform set. Yoko wiggled her ass on the large leather seat and gripped the wooden arms.

She looked sideways at the Doll and then back at me. “Do you keep spare uniforms down here?”

“Yes...” I could have bitten my tongue off for being so honest, “...er, well, er, we usually do, um, why do you ask?”

“I want the full experience. Go and fetch me one so I can get changed.”

I took a deep breath because I could see where she was going with her request. We had spent a good hour together recording sequences and somehow, she thought she could deepen our relationship.

“Yoko, perhaps I could show you the latest cost forecasts for Tina’s prototype.”

“Later, Saburo. I want you to fetch me a uniform.”

I knew that I couldn’t change her mind. “Would you like to come over to the corner and change there, It’s a bit more private.”

She laughed and then became serious. “Saburo, go and get me the uniform.”

Regretting returning to the lab, I crossed to the corner where Iku changed hers and the Doll’s clothes. We also sat and ate snacks and drank tea at a small wooden table, at the side. I went to the tall cabinet where we kept a supply of outfits, stock that frequently came in handy.

Panties and socks were on one shelf, blouses, ties and skirts on another. When I returned, Yoko was naked and back in the seat.

“Yoko!” I gasped and quickly handed the items over. “I... I’ll wait over by my desk.”

“Are you deliberately trying to anger me?” She made no move to dress.”

“No..., er..., why do you ask?”

“Saburo, I want you to treat me like a Doll. Now take the clothes and do what you would normally do to dress a Doll. Then run through some new commands. Try and be inventive. I’ll do anything that you tell me to, providing it’s not boring.”

“Anything, Yoko? You do know that Twoku is a sex doll, don’t you?” I asked sarcastically.

“Finally, you’re understanding your instructions.” She gave me a wicked grin, then let her head drop like a real Doll would.

“Yoko, sit up straight.”

She sat bolt upright in the chair and left her hands on the arms, so I had a good

view of her naked body. She was sitting with her knees a foot apart, deliberately showing me the dark gash of her pretty little cunt. As I ran through various scenarios in my head, I began to get hard – very hard!

I started with her knee-length white socks. It was an easy enough task to feed them onto her feet and pull them up. I then fed the full white panties up her calves to her knees but couldn't go any further.

I stepped back. “Yoko, get to your feet and stand, then put your hands in the air.”

She slipped off the seat, adopted a position with her feet about a foot apart, stretching the panties between her knees, then raised her arms until they were in the air and her hands were almost together.

“Master, I'm so wet. Are you going to play with my pussy?”

“Yoko, you're being a very bad girl.”

“Master, my nipples are hard. Are you going to play with them?”

The woman was asking for it. What harm would it do to play with her modest tits. I pulled her panties up and then gently massaged her tits. I was used to fondling ‘D’ cups. Yoko's were only ‘B’, but they were firm, perky and a joy to massage.

“Master, that feels wonderful. Are you going to suck my nipples?”

I took a deep breath. I wanted to because they were indeed large and hard, but I resisted the temptation. After another minute of gentle massage, which I could see she was enjoying, I picked up the sailor-style blouse and fed it down her arms, then pulled it into position. A red tie followed, then I wrapped the blue pleated skirt around her waist.

“Master, would you like a blowjob?”

“Yoko, I would be careful what you wish for.”

“Master, is there anything I can do for you?”

She wanted sex, it was as simple as that and I didn’t think she would let up until I fucked her. I thought she might stop after I had dressed her, but she was definitely up for the full experience. I wouldn’t be able to get on with my work until I provided what she wanted, so I thought I would test her intentions.

“Yoko, walk to my desk.”

A slight smile flickered in the corners of her mouth. She had lips that didn’t need plastic surgery because they were a perfect shape. She turned through 90 degrees and set off in a circulatory route to my desk. Her body and legs were thinner than Iku’s and Hatsu’s, but not too thin. She was probably nearer the average Japanese girl’s size. As she walked to the desk, it was easy to imagine that she

was ten years younger.

She turned and stood stock still. I went up to her and bent my knees to look her in the eye. “Yoko, take your panties off.”

Another saucy smile. “Oh, Master, are you going to fuck me?”

“Yes, I am, Yoko, then you must let me get on with my work.”

Another smile before she rather robotically felt under her skirt and pushed her panties down to her knees, then the rest of the way to the floor, where they stayed.

“Yoko, turn, then bend over the edge of my desk.”

The slim young woman obeyed my order by bending and lying on top of the paperwork scattered across the surface. I lifted her skirt with trembling fingers. There, before my staring eyes, was the cute ass of the managing director’s daughter, no less, and she wanted me to screw her!

I laid my hands on her pearly white cheeks and began to massage them.

“Oh, Master, that feels divine. Your hands are sending shivers up my spine.”

I slipped my right hand down between her cheeks and onto her cute lips to check out her assertion. She was telling the truth. Her tight labia was indeed hot and her fleshy portal was as sticky as an overflowing honeypot. I spread some of her cream up and down her dry labia, then delved deeper into her secret crevice and stroked her line of clitoral flesh.

“Master, my sex is hot and wet. When are you going to fuck me?”

“Yoko, Dolls have to be patient.”

“This virgin Doll can’t wait, Master.”

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

“Ahhhh,” she sighed as I drove into her tightness until I was hard up against her tight little ass.

“I’m ready, Master...”

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

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

She was as tight as a virgin and I was happy to go along with that fantasy in my head. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, but whether I lived to regret my actions, only time would tell...

Chapter Seven ~ Iku: Four

Mike withdrew and slapped my ass once more in the same spot, leaving me with a raw patch of flesh on my right hip.

Koji was on his feet in a flash and positioned himself right in front of me. “Watch this, Mike.” He unfastened his pants, pushed them down, along with his shorts, revealing his cock and balls just inches from my face.

“Master, would you like me to deepthroat you?” I asked in my cutest voice.

“Yes, Tina, I would, get on with it.”

Balancing in the bent position, I reached out with my left hand, gently grasped his balls, then gripped the base of his cock with my right hand and wrapped my lips around the top of his shaft.

“God, that feels so fucking good,” he muttered as I began gently rubbing my soft teeth back and forth over his crown. “She has soft teeth, Mike, and gives the perfect blowjob.”

“You lucky bastard, Koji, having you own fucking sex Doll...” Hands settled on my ass cheeks. “...and this ass is so horny, I’m ready to go again.”

“You can use her again if you stay and pack all my stuff. The boxes are in the bedroom.”

I was appalled that Koji was negotiating a deal while I was lollypopping his knob!

“You’ve got a deal, pal...” Pressure on my anus signalled his intentions. Once he supplied sufficient force, his slippery cock easily penetrated my tightest orifice. “Oh, my god,” he sighed as he drove his rejuvenated shaft deeper until his groin was pressed against my bubble-like cheeks.

“Urrrrrr.” It sounded as though I was groaning but my microcomputer was trying to make me say some of the phrases associated with receiving anal sex.

The professor and I hadn’t recorded a sequence when I was being fucked at both ends, for he didn’t think there would be much demand for such a scenario.

“God, the muscles in her rectum are actually squeezing my cock... That feels awesome,” Mike groaned, as he started to thrust with a jerky piston action, using my ass as a cushion and my mons as a landing pad for his balls.

“And mine,” Koji said, once he had penetrated my oesophagus. “Her throat is so fucking tight.”

Having impaled me until they could go no further, both lads fell into a rhythm and began rocking me back and forth on their cocks. “Urrrrrrr,” I moaned over and over again until first Koji began spurting, then Mike, released his second load.

Koji tucked his tackle away and looked up “Don’t get any jiz on the Doll, mate. I don’t want to have to clean her before I deliver her to the MD’s son.”

“No problem. Her anus has squeezed every last drop out of my dick.”

Koji waited until Mike had withdrawn. “Iku, stand up.”

I straightened and wondered what the stupid lad had in store for me. “Hi Master, have I been a good girl?” I cringed when my question produced a smile.

“Iku, you’ve been a very good girl, so kiss me.”

I opened my mouth for Koji to kiss me on the lips. He wrapped his arms around my waist, so I put my hands on his shoulders. He made it last the full 30 seconds, probing my mouth with his tongue and fighting mine when I responded.

“Fucking cool,” his friend muttered, just inches away from our faces.

The moment I stopped and dropped my arms, Koji backed away.

“Let me have a snog, Koji,” Mike demanded, trying to move in front of me.

Koji pushed him back. “No way. I’m the only one allowed to kiss her because of the virus regulations.”

“Bullshit. There’s no virus on the estate.”

“Mike, you can start packing my stuff, while I send her back to her chair.”

“One more demonstration. What else can she do?” The lad was desperate to play with Koji’s Doll, but even the tipsy lad knew when to stop.

“Enough, Mike, I’ve shown you all I’m going to, let me get her back in the chair.”

“Can she do that on her own?”

“Sure. The chair has the required sensors. Watch.” He moved so I could see his face. “Iku, I want you in your wheelchair.”

“I can do that, Master.”

I was relieved to retreat to where the wheelchair stood, then slowly sit down in it. Both young men watched me carefully. but it was Koji who was more relieved to see me settle in the seat and drop my hands into my lap. My panties were in Koji’s pocket, but I was happy for them to stay there, provided we left the flat

quickly and were on our way.

It took Koji 5 minutes to sort out Mike, then we left and headed for the lift. Once inside, Koji leant down and kissed my cheek tenderly. “Iku, sorry I got carried away in there, but I couldn’t tell Mike you were real because your implant is top secret. I’ll switch it off when we get to the flat. He kissed me again, just before the doors slid open.

The journey along the walkway, through the city and out the other side was uneventful. I had time to ruminate on the lad’s behaviour and actions. He was a younger version of the Professor who also misused me when I was in ‘command’ mode. However, I enjoyed the older man’s games for they never involved anyone else.

I was still wondering how I should react to Koji’s crass behaviour when we arrived outside the lifts of Sasaki tower. I wanted to look up at the magnificent 16 story building soaring above us, which appeared to be made of glass, but I had to make do with staring at the private police officer patrolling the entrance.

“Hello young man, Miss,” The tall uniformed young officer said as we approached the lift. “Can I see your ID.”

Koji pulled two keys out of his pocket and handed them over. “My name is Koji Usagi, I’m a program developer at the Doll program. I’m moving into suite fourteen, o-five today. This is my assistant Iku. She will be sharing the suite with me.”

He compared our faces with the key cards and nodded. “Welcome to the Tower,

young man..." he looked down at me and waved his hand across my eyes. "Is she okay?"

"Yes, officer, you've probably seen her around. She's been modelling one of the Dolls and is still recovering from a recording session."

He nodded. "Huh, she'll be at home on floor fourteen alright." He handed back the keys. "Have you been in the tower before?"

"Yes, a couple of times."

"What about floor fourteen?"

"No."

"You'll need your security keys in the secure security lobby. Then a receptionist will show you to your room." He pressed a button on the panel and the glass elevator doors opened.

"Thanks officer." Koji bowed slightly, then pushed me inside the express elevator.

I had ridden them twice and found it an exhilarating experience. Koji turned me to face the doors, away from the building, and pressed the 14th floor button. It

had a red ring around it, along with the fifteenth and sixteenth.

‘Floor fourteen and above are protected areas. Are you sure you want floor fourteen?’ A voice asked from the lift panel.

“Yes, I am,” Koji replied.

‘The lift will be departing for the fourteenth floor in five seconds... Three... Two... One.’ The car began to rise slowly, then picked up speed until we were shooting up the side of the building. We had a magnificent view of the Tahoka region and in the distance the city of Sendai. The fast part of the journey was over too soon, then the elevator gradually slowed and stopped at the fourteenth floor.

The secure area on the 14th was in the form of a lobby with a bank of walkthrough card readers. We went through one with wider access and approached a pair of tall stainless-steel doors. A large screen above the doors was showing a promotion piece for the latest SKI laptop. We didn’t have long to wait before the doors slid aside to allow us to enter the reception area.

The walls of the windowless area were displaying live murals of the estate’s colourful gardens. A young woman dressed in a tailored grey skirt suit was standing in the centre of the lobby waiting for us. Another was sitting at a reception desk studying a screen. The pair of Japanese youngsters were so alike and attractive, I fantasized about them being advanced versions of the Dolls.

The girl waiting to meet us bowed. “Koji Usagi and Iku Uyeda, welcome to the fourteenth floor. My name is Pree. Please follow me to your room.”

She turned and set off down a corridor, turned right at the point where two long corridors crossed, then led us to about the midpoint along its length. She stopped at a door bearing the number 1405. Not many doors had numbers on but ours did.

“This is your suite, Sir, Ma’am. Miss Mary Spencer has been waiting thirty-four minutes for you.”

“Oh, did she say what she wanted?” Koji asked.

“I’m sorry, Sir, I don’t have that information.”

That reply confirmed in my mind that our guide was indeed a Doll or something similar, but amusingly, Koji didn’t seem to notice.

Hearing a sequence that I had recorded with the professor was the clincher. Our guide was a synthetic, similar to Twoku and the Dolls that were about to be produced in the image of Tina. Her movement, speech and the nature of the simple task it was carrying out were clues that could be easily missed by someone like Koji.

Not getting an answer to his question, Koji shrugged. “Okay,” he then swiped the key card on the side of the complicated electrical panel that also contained a fingerprint pad and a number pad.

The receptionist/Doll waited while Koji pushed the door open, then wheeled me inside. I didn't know it then, but Pree followed us in and closed the door.

“Wow!” Koji exclaimed at the view we had down the long hallway.

The floor was covered with polished strip oak, while the walls were painted a delicate shade of yellow. The skirting boards, wide doors and door trims were painted in high gloss white, all of which were highlighted by tiny pencil halogen lights inset into the ceiling.

It created a wonderfully welcome aura, fit for someone like the billionaire, Toshira Sasaki. I too would have gasped and then asked if we were in the right suite.

“You have two bedrooms, one on the left and one on the right. Each has its own en-suite bathroom,” Pree informed us. as we drew level with the doors. She surprised me with her presence and announcement.

I managed to see some of the interior with my peripheral vision, as we passed and was gobsmacked to see the expensive furnishings within. We continued down the hall. “On the right is the main bathroom, followed by the computer room. On the left is the kitchen,” Pree informed us.

The doors on the right were closed but the door on the left was open, revealing a stunning kitchen, decked out in glossy grey cabinets and black granite countertops. “The final door on the left is the dining room and the lounge is straight ahead.”

It was all too good to be true. Only the richest people lived in such opulent apartments. If the suite was indeed for us, then I sensed that we were about to discover the price of living in the lap of luxury.

Chapter Eight ~ Iku: Five.

All the room's floors were covered with strip oak and there wasn't a single rug in sight. Koji pushed the wheelchair forward, into the lounge and stopped when he saw what I was looking at – a panorama view of the estate and way beyond. Unbelievably, the whole length of the wall facing us was made of tinted glass!

“Wow!” Koji said again but with more volume than before.

I spotted a female figure rising from one of the white leather easy chairs to my left. It was the blonde haired American, Mary Spencer, who along with the billionaire, Toshira Sasaki, had been present at the demonstration earlier.

The attractive young woman was dressed in a semi-transparent skater style dress, the hem of which swished around her upper thighs. The dress was ridiculously short, and I only realized it was made of flimsy latex when she neared. Her underwear consisted of a single item, a gauze thong, also in lilac.

She was bare footed and devoid of any jewellery, bar a gold band around her neck. The sexy outfit and the fact she wasn't wearing make-up suggested to me that she was making a statement. The professor constantly talked about perfect bodies, well Mary Spencer's definitely came into that category. Mine had been enhanced and I suspected hers had too.

“Iku, Koji, it's good to see you...” She came to meet us and pointed behind me. “Koji, turn the wheelchair around so Iku can see Pree.” After I had been turned through 180 degrees, I saw that the girl/Doll was standing in the doorway staring straight ahead. “Pree is a synthetic, but very different from the Doll version of Iku. Koji, you have my permission to lower her skirt and shorts.”

“Oh, er, are you sure, Ma’am?”

“Yes, I am. Do it.”

He went to the Doll and unfastened the waist catch of her skirt. He held onto it as it slid down; and drew the shorts down as well. Her groin was featureless!

“You see, Pree is what we call a Uni-Doll. Return her clothing to its previous state, Koji.”

“Is this Uni-Doll connected to the Doll program, Ma’am?” he asked as he pulled the Uni-Doll’s shorts up.

“No, but Pree has the same microcomputer installed as Iku and Twoku. I’ll explain more once we’re comfortable.”

She turned the wheelchair around and pushed me along the front of the five-seater leather sofa and parked me at the end, so I faced the chair she had been sitting in. Then she left, presumably to get Koji.

“Pree, you can return to the reception desk,” I heard her say.

“Yes, Ma’am, I will do that.”

“Is that all she does, show people to their rooms?” Koji asked.

“No, she can do a few other tasks, like reception duties and deliver documents. She knows the layout of the sixteenth floor so can navigate her way around. Which leads me onto why we are all here, Koji.”

I heard the entrance door open and close, then Mary Spencer passed me and sat down opposite, in the leather chair. With the filmy latex skirts settling just an inch or two below the triangular front of her thong, she presented a highly erotic sight.

“Koji, I want you to stand next to Iku,” Mary Spencer said firmly.

It was a strange request, but no stranger than anything else that had happened to me over the previous three months.

“Koji, Iku, as you know, my name is Mary Spencer. I am a scientist specializing in microbiotics like Professor Fujita. I work with Toshira Sasaki in the SKI laboratories in Silicon Valley, North California, and I am in charge of a division we call Skybotics. We were working completely independent from our Japan operation until two years ago, when Professor Fujita achieved some important results in our research and Development department here.”

“So, the professor helped develop the Uni-Dolls?” Koji asked.

“No. The Uni-Dolls were developed using some of the professor’s research, owned by SKI, and part American expertise in robotics. The Uni-dolls were manufactured in America and the professor hasn’t been involved in their development or the home automation system that we are creating here on the fourteenth floor.”

“Why haven’t you told the professor about what’s going on here?”

“Toshira and I are moving in a different direction and that’s where Iku and Twoku come in.” She looked me straight in the eye. “The Professor no longer needs either of you, but we do, so I’m here to offer you a new assignment, join ‘Skybotics’ and help us develop the robots of the future.

Koji put his hand up. “What about me, Ma’am.”

“Ah, Hatsu’s young assistant... You come highly recommended. Give me the wrist controller, then I want you to watch the TV screen...”

She picked up a remote from the side table and pressed a button. The windows began to darken. She then pressed another button, presumably to switch the TV on. I couldn’t see the screen because it was to my right, in front of the darkened glass window.

Having placed the wrist controller on the side table, she started the TV program. I noticed Koji’s fists clench after turning to look at the screen. ‘Urrrrrr’. The first sound confused me, but the conversation that followed didn’t!

‘God, the muscles in her rectum are actually squeezing my cock... That feels awesome’ It was a recording of the lads shafting me at both ends. Both Mike and I were groaning as he pistoned fucked me with short brutal thrusts.

‘And mine,’ Koji said, once he had penetrated my oesophagus. ‘Her throat is so fucking tight.’

Mary Spencer switched the recording off and altered the window setting to let the light in.

“Ma’am, I can explain....,” Koji spluttered.

She held her hand up. “Enough. I don’t want to hear your pathetic excuses. I have deliberately spared Iku the embarrassment of having to watch your crass behaviour. In a minute, I’ll switch her computer off, but first I’m going to give you a choice...” She reached down and lifted a black leather doctor’s bag onto her lap.

She opened it and withdrew a small box. The box contained a chunky stainless-steel ring about three inches in diameter. “This is a penile collar. If you agree to wear it, then you still have a future with SKI.”

“Collar? What’s it for? What does it do?” His voice had risen a few octaves, due to the panic he was experiencing after being caught red handed mistreating me.

“Basically, I will be in control of your erections.”

“My erections?!” he gasped.

“Koji, It’s either the collar or dismissal, due to gross dereliction of duty and abuse of a fellow work colleague. I would imagine with that on your employment record, the only job you’ll find will be with companies making hamburgers.”

I could see why Mary was keeping me in ‘neutral’ mode. I would have found it difficult to control my emotions while she tore the lad off a strip. And, I certainly didn’t want to see a video of me being screwed at both ends!

“Wh...what will happen to me if you fit that thing on my... my penis, Ma’am?”

“You will be allowed to carry on here at SKI and join the ‘Skybotics’ team. It means you’ll live here with Iku and Twoku and play a large part in a project we call ‘Integrated Luxury living Space’, ILLS for short. You have one minute to make up your mind. If you say no, your employment with us will be instantly terminated. Then a man will come through that door...” She pointed to a large oak door in the wall behind her. “...and escort you off the SKI estate.

“No... no, there’s no need for that, I’ll have the ring fitted, Ma’am.”

I wasn’t surprised that he instantly accepted the ultimatum. He was as guilty as sin and he knew it.

“Good, remove your pants and shorts.”

“Here?” he gasped. “In front of...?”

She pointed at the TV. “Koji, I’ve seen your cock and Iku has swallowed it, so don’t be shy, do as I say.”

The anxious young man reluctantly dropped his pants and underwear, revealing that he was massively turned on by the embarrassing situation.

Mary studied his cock which was standing bolt upright. “Ah, the joys of youth...” She held up the penile restraint. “Unfortunately, I can’t fit this while you’re erect, so you’re going to have to masturbate... Let’s see, I think I have a rubber...”

She reached into her bag and came out with a condom in a foil wrapper. “Here, roll this on your cock and empty your balls.”

It was the ultimate humiliation for a young man to wank in front of two young attractive women., but Koji had no alternative. He tore open the wrapper, then rolled it onto his shaft.

“Can I do it in the bathroom, Ma’am?”

“No, we want to see you perform. Get on with it.”

She placed the ring on the side table and the bag on the floor, then sat back in the leather chair and raised her right leg onto the low arm, thus revealing the triangle of lilac tulle struggling to contain her plump labia.

Seeing the even line of clitoral flesh peeping from between her lips reminded me of my pussy. In any case, Koji’s eyes were glued to the erotic sight as he fisted his erection to a barnstorming ejaculation, amid a series of deep grunts and groans. We both watched when the balloon end expanded, as the young man’s jiz spurted into the tight prison.

Mary waited until the lad’s dick began to shrink, then moved quickly. She picked up the collar, opened it and sat forward. Koji just stood and stared while the determined scientist gripped his flaccid dick, at its base, slid her hand up until she had enough width, then closed the one-inch wide collar on the stem of his cock. When it closed with a loud ‘click’, she withdrew her hand.

“It’s heavy and tight, Ma’am,” he complained.

Mary turned to me and winked. “Why are males such wingers?”

I couldn’t reply but I had a smile to myself. I liked her a lot.

“Koji it’s a good fit and you’ll soon forget you’re wearing it, until you need to be reminded about something.”

“Reminded, Ma’am?”

“There’s a lot to learn about how the ring works, but I’ll explain everything later. For now, take your clothes to your bedroom. Your room is on the right, at the end of the hall. Use your own bathroom and change into the outfit on the bed, then wait in the room until you receive instructions from Mills or me.

“Mills? What’s that?”

“Koji, you really should listen carefully because this living space won’t accept bad behaviour, will you, Mills?”

‘No, Ma’am, I will not accept bad behaviour.’ Came a voice out of hidden speakers, sounding vaguely familiar.

Koji looked around the room, with a concerned expression on his face. “Who, er, what is Mills, Ma’am?”

“Koji, Mills is the voice of ILLS. Mills is the virtual assistant of your home automation system. However, the system installed in this suite is like non other on the planet. Anyway, lots to find out and lots to learn, but that’s for later. Go and get cleaned up and wait for instructions. Do not try and leave your room or you will be punished by Mills.”

The disgruntled young man, holding the condom on his limp dick, hurried away, leaving me alone with the American beauty, who had settled back into her seat. She picked up the wrist controller and smiled at me. She must have switched my microcomputer off because my muscles started to twitch.

“There, you can relax now, Iku. As soon as you’re ready, you can move onto the sofa. I’m going to make you a cup of tea, then we can have a chat about your future. A very bright future, I must say...”

She elegantly rose to her feet, turned, swishing her latex skirts and in the process gave me a good look at her pert, suntanned ass cheeks, then left me to my thoughts.

I liked being in Mary’s company, but I was confused. What was the aim of ‘Skybotics’ and what did ‘Integrated Luxury Living Space’ really mean? But most important of all, what was Mary’s plan for me???

THE END of Part Three

Sample of Part Four

Chapter One ~ Iku: One.

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

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

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

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

That changed earlier in the day when I discovered that Saburo was in love with Hatsu and that he was quite happy to replace me with one of Hatsu's assistant's, Koji Usagi. I suspected that Hatsu wanted me out of the way, but it seemed as though higher forces were at work.

With the new girl, Tina, coming on the scene, it was difficult to work out my role in the scheme of things. The professor thought I'd continue recording sequences for Tina and her Doll, while living in the new suite. That was what I expected, but after meeting Mary Spencer and seeing the way she dealt with Koji, I wasn't sure what she had in store for me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Me? Designed for me?”

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

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

“I was, Iku.”

“Oh!” I was staggered and struck speechless.

She smiled. “My microcomputer was installed six months ago in the States as a trial. The company wanted to know how stable it was and as I designed the computer, I volunteered.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I’d like to see that...” We moved to the table where I picked up the cup and

drank a mouthful of the Japanese green tea. “That is delicious,” I responded after licking my lips.

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

“Yes, thanks, Miss.”

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

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

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

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

“How long has the ILLS project been running?”

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

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

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

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

“Oh, yes, okay...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There, how does that feel?”

“Comfortable. Thanks.”

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

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

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

THE END of this sample.

‘I hope you enjoyed the Third 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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Encounters of a Canine Kind – Three Parts

Sally, the Vet and the Dobbie mix – Five Parts

Beth, Her Mother's boyfriend & his Pet Dog – Three Parts

Tabatha Wild

[Tabatha Wild's Author page](#)

The Reluctant Waitress (3 Parts)

Reluctant Change

Making a Sissy

Switched – Into Another Body.

The Reluctant Player