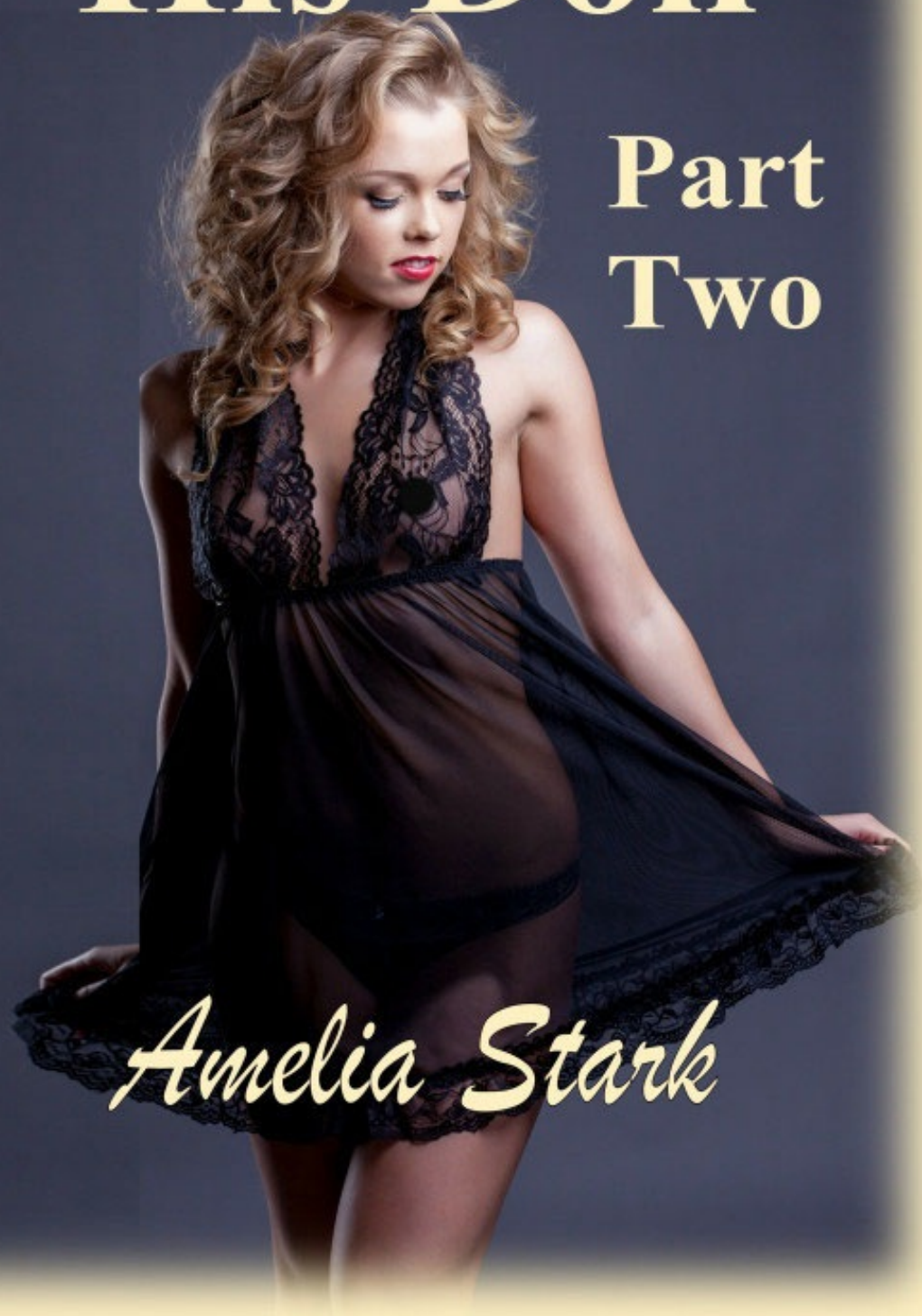


His Doll

Part
Two



Amelia Stark

His Doll

Part Two



Amelia Stark

His Doll: Part Two

Part 2 of ‘The Perfect Body’ Series.

By Amelia Stark

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Introduction

Tina was bored working in the quality control department of Sasaki Enterprises, a company that manufactured sex toys and Companion sex Dolls. A dreamer and insular person, her life was going nowhere until she read about a job offer on the firm's noticeboard.

Tina applied and after getting an interview, was immediately offered the chance to have a sex Doll made in her image. With the promise of huge earnings from the vast Asian market, the 21-year-old embarked on the first step toward producing a prototype of a Doll that could perform a wide variety of sex acts.

In Part Two, Tina wakes up in a private nursing home in Japan and is stymied from discovering the changes to her body, until Doctor Sasaki arrives. Not only has she been given the 'perfect body', but they have also installed a microcomputer just below the base of her brain. Their desire, in the promotion phase, is for her to mimic the actions of her 'special edition' sex Doll.

Saburo Fujita, a professor of microbiotics, oversees the Doll program and has already produced a prototype of his attractive lab assistant, Iku. Having earlier succeeded in programming the prototype and his assistant, he convinced the managing director to continue the program with the new girl Tina.

Unfortunately for Iku and her Doll, Twoku, the professor's attention starts to move away from them, which is hard to take after so much attention and sex. The scene is set for a complicated 'sexplosion', which the professor is going to find hard to control.

Chapter One ~ Tina: One.

I was sitting on the sofa, all dressed up and nowhere to go. The room was large and filled with retro furniture from the previous century. There was an old record player and TV set sitting on a long sideboard. At the far end of the room stood a table and four chairs. The sofa I was sitting on was hard and had a high back, giving me good support.

Beside me sat my friend, Hinata. She had a smile on her face because our master had chosen her before he went to work. Her white cotton panties lay bunched on the floor where the doctor had dropped them after whisking them down and using her holes.

He had been in a hurry but remembered to sit her up and lean her against me before he rushed out of the door. Time meant nothing to me so when the door opened our master may well have forgotten something and returned to grab it.

That wasn't the case though because he was talking to someone and it was dark outside. When the men entered the room, they had huge grins on their faces and swayed about as though they were drunk.

“So, it's true then, you old rogue...” The young black man stood beside our Master staring at the pair of us. “Is it just the two or have you got any more?”

“With these two I have seven all together, but these two, fuck like the real thing. Do you want to try that one out?” He pointed at Hinata.

“Can I shag the other one?”

“No, she’s special.”

“What’s special about her?”

“She’s real and the other one’s just a Doll.”

“Uh? What the fuck? Real, what do you mean?”

“When the company finished with the girl, they gave her to me.”

The young man approached me. He leant over and touched my cheek. I sat and stared at his young startled face. “Fuck, man, you had me going there...”

“It’s true. Get your cock out and tell her to open her mouth.”

The young man must have been drunk because he did what the doctor suggested. He nudged my lips with the end of his black dick. “Open your mouth, girl,” he ordered.

“No, not like that you fuckwit,” the doctor said, moving forward to stand beside him. “You have to start every command with ‘Tina’.”

“For fuck’s sake. What a palaver just to bone a latex Doll.”

“I told you, she’s real...”

“Tina, open your mouth,” the lad said in an aggressive tone.

I could tell that the doctor wasn’t very happy. However. I complied as requested. After a brief hesitation he thrust his dick into my mouth until it nudged my soft palate.

“So, the Doll has one trick. That’s not very clever,” the young man crowed.

I saw the angry expression on my Master’s face, so I snapped my jaw shut.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhh! The young man’s screams echoed around the room, but they didn’t wake Hinata...”

I woke from my slumber slowly. The vivid dream was still with me, so after being dazzled by bright, white light, I closed my eyes and gave myself a moment to straighten my thoughts. There was pain, not unbearable, but pain nevertheless. It was centred around the back of my head... Then I remembered Yoko and the other doctor telling me about the computer chips...

My biggest fear was that they were going to fuck my brain and reduce me to a

vegetable, but my thoughts were clear enough. I couldn't move my arms and legs because they were still pinned to the plastic horse. I could however move my fingers and toes, which was a huge relief. And, I no longer had the white rubber ball in my mouth, nor the mask over my face.

Thankful that a major hurdle was behind me, I gradually opened my eyes. As they adjusted to the light, I discovered that the 'horse' had been parked in a small hospital-like room. There was an empty bed with monitoring equipment on a stand at the side. The 'horse' I was attached to sat where a second bed might have stood.

At the end of the room, I was facing a wall mounted TV between two doors, one with a round window and the other marked 'Toilet'. Was I still in the main SKI building in Enfield or had they moved me to a hospital? I wondered. The mask, collar and neck support were gone and in their place was a padded extension piece enabled me to rest my head in comfort.

I turned my head to face the wall and was confronted by a small white rubber ball hanging from the ceiling. I set it swinging when I nudged it with my nose. A sign on the wall simply said: 'Pull cord for attendant'. I wasn't quite ready to face anyone, because I was starting to see and feel differences that I hadn't noticed before.

For a start, my skin was slightly darker. I could see the side of my arm and shoulders and the colour was even all the way down to my hand. I looked again and decided that they had evened up the colour, rather than darkened it. A mole had disappeared on my right arm, something I was glad about, but I wasn't sure if everything they had changed was going to please me.

The sensations were more troubling. My pussy felt hot as though it was aroused.

I liked it itching with desire but hated any unwanted sensations in that region. Then there were my tits. I couldn't see them, but my nipples were humming a merry tune. The sucking attachments were gone, so I decided I was feeling the results of the prolonged pull on my nubs.

Finally, there was my mouth. I ran my tongue around my teeth and decided they felt okay. However, something had changed and I couldn't put my finger on it. The sensation felt similar to when I had my teeth polished and the dentist had roughed my gums a little.

I decided I was ready to speak to someone. I grabbed the rubber ball with my mouth and pulled. A bell sounded and a red light lit up above the door. I waited anxiously for the door to open, for I was seconds away from finding out the full extent of the modifications.

The nurse who entered was a middle-aged Japanese woman carrying a clear plastic drinks bottle. Her navy-blue uniform and white apron suggested she was a senior nurse, maybe a sister. As she approached, she gave me a smile. "Tina, good morning. My name is Hana. I'm the head nurse at the clinic. How are you feeling?"

"Thirsty," I croaked.

"Then, I have just what you need. You'll find this refreshing and soothing for your dry throat."

She offered the nozzle to my mouth and I accepted it. The sweet fluid tasted good but highlighted the fact that my throat was sore. As I drank, she gently

pressed her fingers against my neck and felt my neck.

“Ahhh,” I gasped, signalling I had finished. “Wh... where am I, Nurse?”

She waited a few seconds before removing her fingers and replying. “Please call me Hana, Tina. You’re in a private clinic attached to Sasaki Industries Head Office.”

My thoughts were a little fuzzy. “Um, yes, but where am I. Am I still in Enfield?”

“Enfield? No...” She shook her head and looked as if she had never heard of the place. “SKI’s head office is near Sendai. You’re in Japan, Tina.”

“Oh...” I was surprised but not shocked because Doctor Kyoko Sasaki told me before putting me to sleep that she was going to take me to Japan. “Is Yoko here?”

“Do you mean Doctor Sasaki?”

“Yes. She said I could call her Yoko.”

Hana’s reaction was a bit frumpy but pleasant enough. “I see. Doctor Sasaki and Doctor Konishi will visit you this afternoon. They will supervise your move to

the bed...” she pointed across the room. “...and have answers to all your medical questions.”

“What time is it?”

She looked at her watch. “Ten twenty-five. I will bring you your lunch in two hours and then I’m expecting the doctors to be here at two o’clock. I’ll turn your TV on, on the way out. There are ten channels and all you need to do is say ‘Channel One or Channel five and it will change to the one you want.’”

“What day is it, Hana?”

“Why, it’s Tuesday the tenth of June.”

I was stunned. “Th.. that means I’ve been unconscious for eight days...”

“Quite possibly. You have been recuperating with us for two of those days and I’m pleased to say that you’re as healthy as anyone we’ve looked after at this clinic.”

That was very reassuring. “Do you have a mirror. I want to see my face.”

She frowned at me. “Tina, when the doctors move you to the bed, you will be able to use the bathroom and stare at your pretty face for as long as you like.”

“Oh. Do you think I’m pretty?”

“Tina, you’re beautiful or you wouldn’t be here. Now relax, watch the TV and be patient. First though, I’m going to massage your buttocks and lower back. Then, after I’ve applied ointment to your labia, I’ll leave you to relax.”

She moved along the side of the plastic ‘horse’ to my rear end, to a narrow countertop where an assortment of medical items were kept. She placed her hands on the upper slopes of my butt cheeks and began massaging the area above and below, where they met my thighs. The sensation was heavenly.

“Why are you doing that, Hana?”

“Lying in this position for any length of time stiffens the muscles. Physiotherapy is the answer.” She continued for five minutes then put a pair of latex gloves on.

I could hear the familiar sound as she pulled the tight latex onto her hands, then the sound of a jar opening. A few seconds later she began smearing the oily substance on my itchy pussy. The cold cream was just what it needed to cool it down and relieve the annoying sensation. Then, without saying anything, the nurse turned a simple application into a thorough masturbation!

“Oh, Hana, that feels wonderful...” I sighed after a few seconds, maybe too vocally.

“That’s good, Tina. We expect you to enjoy this kind of sexual activity.”

“Oh, yes, I like that very much.”

Her expert medical knowledge enabled her to hit just the right spots. She easily located my clit and increased the activity by kneading, twisting and rubbing, not only my nub, but the line of sensitive flesh between my thrusting labia lips. My whole sex felt more ‘alive’ than I had ever felt it before.

That was when I realized my tender folds had changed in some way.

Discovering what had happened would have to wait, because any questions I might have had, dissolved and were replaced by a wonderfully intense orgasm. Even before she penetrated my already succulent entrance, she had my nervous system jangling like a tuning fork. Thankfully, she maintained the activity for several wonderful blissful minutes.

Then, just as Yoko had done in Enfield, Nurse Hana carefully collected samples of my juices in a bottle, before dabbing my pussy with a tissue. “All, done, Tina. Lunch will arrive in two hours...”

Left alone, I slowly calmed down. I began to wish I had asked more questions, but they were making me wait for the doctors to appear. That could only mean one thing – they had drastically changed my appearance and wanted to break it to me gently.

I raised my head and called out. “Channel One.” The set blinked and came alive. The program was a documentary, entitled ‘Japan and its Culture’. It was halfway through, but it didn’t matter. I settled down to learn a little about my hosts, the perfect pastime to while away an hour or two...

Chapter Two ~ Prof. Fujita: One.

Like two girls sitting in the hairdressers, waiting to have their hair cut, Iku and her synthetic sat perfectly still in the twin black leather preparation seats. They were staring at two TV screens in front of them. Iku's was showing a silent recording of her favourite boy band, performing at a concert in Tokyo. It kept her occupied for hours if need be, but the headphones were silent for the time being. What she saw in the fresh-faced teenage boys was a mystery to me.

The screen Iku's Doll faced was blank because I only used it to test the prototype's visual and hearing sensor reactions to certain stimuli. Behind each specially built chair stood a small desk decked out with identical pieces of computer equipment. The sets were linked so data could be shared between both girl's onboard microcomputers.

Commands could be delivered via Bluetooth to them, out of their chairs, but programming had to be hardwired, between sockets in their necks and the mainframe computer.

The girls had millions of times more memory in each of their microcomputers than the Luna lander did in 1969 when it set down on the moon. The advances in microbotics and nanoionics, enabled me to tap into a human brain via the spinal cord and axon strands. I was sure we were on the cusp of producing life-like robots capable of replacing human beings.

Unfortunately, my research lost its funding in 2015 and for the last five years I had been working at Sasaki Industries. They funded me, and in return, I threw all my expertise into developing the 'Doll Program' for them. We had lost a few recruits along the way, but SKI had taken care of the mess and allowed me to continue developing that elusive sex Doll that most men dream about owning.

The pair sitting in front of me represented the culmination of 18 years hard, sometimes depressing, but ultimately joyous work. One was a dedicated, attractive assistant who believed in the program as much as I did and the other a synthetic copy of Iku who could mimic her actions and perform many tasks from memory in 30 second bursts.

If I pushed the Doll beyond that time span, things began to go haywire, but I was working on it and making progress. So much so, the next model was going to go beyond 30 seconds, maybe as long as a whole minute.

I scooted my chair along to Twoku, the name we had given to Iku's Doll, and checked the readout on my last upload. Everything matched and I was just about to start the recovery cycle when the door buzzer sounded. I swivelled my chair and jumped to my feet. It was Hatsu! She was back from England.

After switching Iku's headphones on, I hurried over to the door, but calmly opened it. I pulled a stern expression. "You're late, Miss Konishi."

She smiled. "Aren't you going to let me in, Sir?" She looked both ways along the corridor and lowered her voice. "Are you doing something naughty with the Dolls?"

I laughed and backed away to let her pass. "No, I was just updating some memory files. I was just about to disconnect them..." I grabbed her wrist and closed the door. Where'd you think you're going?" I pulled her to me and held her tight. I looked into her beautiful brown eyes. "Why put your lab coat on before coming to see me?"

“I’ve got important work to do...”

I couldn’t resist her luscious lips any longer so closed the distance and gave her a passionate kiss. Slim and agile, Hatsu was more beautiful and more finely formed than any robot I could dream of making. I often joked about making one in her likeness, which annoyed her intensely. She would always throw back the line – ‘You’re only interested in my body’, which of course was partially true.

She broke the kiss. “I have some news for you...”

“Not before I’ve seen your lovely body and checked you haven’t put on weight while you’ve been away. If you get fat, I’ll never be able to persuade Hitomu to let me make a Doll in your image.”

She patted my shoulder. “Dream on, mad Professor...”

I started undoing her buttons from the top. She looked over her shoulder at the backs of the preparation seats and the tops of the girl’s bald heads. “Can we do it later, Saburo. Iku is sitting over there.”

Hatsu knew the score. We were in the sex business and in order to develop the Doll program I had to have constant sex with the pair, especially Iku. The problem was, Iku had become besotted with me and Hatsu had struggled to cope with seeing the girl get so much attention.

Iku was a fantastic assistant but I didn’t want her in the same way as I wanted

Hatsu. To ease the tension, I was already making plans to rearrange the staff when the new girl arrived on the scene.

I had worked my way down to the middle button. “Let me see,” I said in a firmer tone.

“You have two lovely bodies to play with...”

“They don’t come close to yours, Hatsu.”

The submissive young doctor knew when not to push back and what was about to follow. Hatsu demurely relaxed her arms, allowing me to finish releasing the buttons, then part the coat and push it off her shoulders. It fell to the floor as I studied her delightful appearance.

She was wearing the standard issue loose legged shorts made from cotton, and a matching camisole top. She had chosen sky-blue, my favourite shade. She wasn’t wearing a bra – she chose to have a firm pair of ‘C’ tits via the company’s reward system, so there was no need to support them. I could however see the outline of a pair of panties through the thin shorts.

I stepped backward. “Shorts and panties off, then you can come and tell me what’s so important.” I backed away until I reached my desk, then rested my butt on the back edge while I watched Hatsu, first remove her shorts, then her panties.

I unfastened my pants and unzipped, then pushed my shorts down and readied my cock as she approached. She had been in London for ten days and I had missed her greatly. Five inches shorter than me, she pressed her tummy against my erection and lifted her arms.

“Up you come...” As I clasped her body and lifted, she brought her bare feet up and rested them on the desk, either side of my hips. She was an incredibly fit and athletic individual and a good example to akk the female staff.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and hugged me while I slid my hands down her body and cupped her firm butt cheeks. Her sex hovered above the crown of my cock for a second, then she steered her succulent entrance and eased down an inch.

I released the pressure on her ass. “It’s all yours. Have you missed it?”

“Oh, I took a few toys with me...” Slap! “Owww!”

I slapped her ass for being cheeky. I frowned upon her using the company’s products when I wasn’t around. She came for another kiss and I responded aggressively while she used her bodyweight to slowly impale herself. She moved slowly and flexibly as she sank in increments of an inch at a time until she could go no further.

Then, she began to move faster. “Oh, I’ve missed you so much, Master.”

She could control her vaginal muscles like no other women I had fucked.
“Hopefully, the company can cope without you in London for a while... Hatsu... that feels so fucking good...” Holding her buttocks ever so gently, I was able to feel her muscles tighten and ease as she rose and fell. Then, when sighs and mewling sounds escaped from her throat, I knew she had reached her peak.

“Oh, Master, I can feel... Oh, oh, oh,” she gasped as she increased the speed and force, of the downward stroke.

“That’s it, baby,” I sighed, as I felt my own climax approaching.

She brought the best out in me and was always able to take me to the brink and make it last longer... “Ahhhhhhhhh, Hatsuuuu...”

I held her tight to my body and revelled in the sensations flowing from the after pulses, throbbing through my cock, in her tight, muscle clenching quim. Hatsu was only 27 and yet one of the most accomplished neurosurgeons in Japan. Educated in Oxford, England, like me, she came home with her degrees to find a wall of indifference to her research in nanoionics.

Japan and the world weren’t ready for switching and controlling memories, but Sasaki Industries were. They had ploughed billions of yen into our research and between us, we had delivered the goods. Hatsu was responsible for the human side of our project, while I dealt with constructing prototypes and linking them to the live subject.

For political reasons, our surgical team lived and worked in London. After a full analysis of our successful trial run with Iku and Twoku, the company had

sanctioned our first model to be released as a limited edition to some of our wealthiest clients at a million dollars a Doll.

A standard version with the usual features was also going to be released for the mass market. I was against the move, but I understood the need to drive the income up, to ensure the company continued supporting the program.

I didn't get involved with the surgical side, that was Hatsu's department and judging by her mood, she had some good news. Slipping my hands up her sides, I gently pushed her away from my body. She linked her hands behind my neck and took the strain, enabling me to slip my hands up her top and clasp her perfectly formed tits.

"Ow!" she exclaimed when I pinched her solid nubs.

"What's the news from London. Have you got to go back?"

She shook her head. "No, not until next month. Tina was transferred to the clinic on Sunday and is awake. First impressions are encouraging. She's eating and in good spirits. Kyoko wants to meet us there at two O'clock."

I released her tits, lifted her off my cock and set her down, so she could clean it. "She's been here 48 hours and no one informed me?"

The nimble scientist bent her knees, gripped my soft shaft and looked up. "The body modifications are extensive, so Kyoko thought it would be best to let her

rest and recover for a couple of days...” She bowed her head and began lollypopping my crown.

I patted her head. “Kyoko thought! Huh! When is she going to stop meddling with our subjects?”

After thoroughly licking my rejuvenated shaft clean, she stood and put her finger on my lips. “Without Kyoko, there would be no Doll program. Give her space to care for the girls and keep her in the picture. Without the correct surgical refinements, we won’t get the reaction in the marketplace and our competitors will trample all over us. Remember, we are all in this together and if she’s unhappy, one word to her father and our castle could come tumbling down.”

I remained leaning against the desk while Hatsu returned to where her clothes lay pooled on the floor. I absentmindedly watched her dress while I collected my thoughts. I wasn’t in a rush to see the girl in the flesh, but it would have been nice to inform me when she arrived at the clinic.

“Is Tina as good as you hoped for?”

“Better. The girl is stunning and now has the perfect body.” Once she had buttoned her lab coat, Hatsu retreated to the entrance door. “Two o’clock then, Sir. Meet you in reception?”

“I have an appointment with Hitomu in the demo lab. Toshira’s back from the US and wants to see the girls at one o’clock. I’m not anticipating a long meeting. I think he wants to see how similar they are.”

“Mmmm, you don’t know him like I do. The man can be very temperamental so take your time. It doesn’t matter if you’re a few minutes late. Too many people in the room could upset Tina, especially when she sees the computer trolley.”

I nodded. The new girls hated being connected to electronic equipment via the socket at the back of their neck. “Don’t worry, I’ll send Iku in first. She’ll put the girl at her ease and can do a quick diagnostic test.”

“Maybe you should run that past Kyoko?”

“Are you trying to antagonize me?”

She smiled. “Maybe...”

She opened the door and left me deep in thought. I had to get everything ready and I had a pesky meeting with god and his son first...

Chapter Three ~ Iku: One.

I had been sitting strapped into my seat, in a 'neutral' state, which was the term Saburo used when synchronizing our onboard microcomputers. Watching and listening to my favourite boy band was a great way to calculate time. I knew the time when each song ended so by the time the professor started the recovery cycle, I had usually been down for about an hour.

My Master had frozen mine and Twoku's muscles while he uploaded a patch to our hearing program. We wanted Twoku's microcomputer to analyse verbal inflexions when being spoken by a person maintaining eye contact. She could already read facial and eye expressions. Voice inflexion was the next step.

I had been sitting comfortably for over 30 minutes when mysterious sounds started to surface in my consciousness. The special headphones were supposed to cut out 99.9 of noise for operational reasons, so the sounds baffled me to begin with. Then I identified a voice. It was Professor Fujita muttering to himself as he worked on the program.

I discounted faulty headphones and concluded that I could hear what Twoku was hearing through her sensitive receptors. Once I had fathomed it out, I relaxed and couldn't wait to tell the professor what I thought would be a revelation to the brilliant scientist. Then the door buzzer sounded.

I wouldn't normally hear it because of the headphones, so I was confused when he turned the volume up. He normally let me listen to the music for about five minutes while he ran the recovery cycle, but on this occasion he did it so he could answer the door. He knew who was on the other side because he had a monitor, so he must have done it so I wouldn't overhear his conversation.

Unbeknownst to him, I had another set of ears, so I had to sit and listen to the Professor welcoming Doctor Konishi into the lab and all that followed. I knew they were friends – they worked closely together on the Doll program, but I didn't know they were lovers.

I didn't think that the professor needed a lover when he was constantly testing mine and Twoku's sexual reactions on a daily basis, in the lab and in his private flat. I could never be jealous of my synthetic doppelganger, but I wasn't sure how I felt toward Doctor Konishi after what I overheard.

Should I tell the professor that I could hear sound via Twoku's sensors, or should I keep quiet about it? I chose the latter because as soon as he disconnected the cable and started the recovery cycle, the ability disappeared.

Slowly but surely my reactions were returning. I flexed my fingers, then my arms and lifted one so I could rub an itch on my face.

"How are you feeling? Iku?" The Professor had returned to his desk, which was behind me.

After releasing the body harness, by tapping the central button, I stood up and turned. "Fine, Professor. How did the upload go?"

"I want Twoku in her wheelchair, then look for yourself."

I moved along, released her harness and moved the straps out of the way. Her

head moved slightly and she smiled. “Hi, Iku, is there anything I can do for you?”

I didn’t think her voice sounded like mine, but everybody else did. “Twoku, I want you to get in your wheelchair.”

“Yes, of course, Iku.” The chair had a dozen sensors on it and would guide her so she could sit down in a completely natural manner.

The company planned to provide one with each special edition Doll, along with several other aides so she could perform hundreds of simple tasks on command. The one thing she couldn’t do was walk for more than 30 seconds at a time. The scope was there though to increase that once some of the gremlins were ironed out.

Twoku was wearing the same underwear set as I was, pink cotton shorts and matching short-sleeve top. We were also wearing knee-length white socks, black strap-over flat shoes and a gold neckless with a heart pendant. We dressed identically when in the lab and the professor’s apartment, apart from a white lab coat when working.

Twoku performed a perfect turn, then reached for the arms and lowered herself into the seat. I strapped her in as a precaution, not because she was likely to suddenly jump out. In the ‘command’ mode, she would remain still until someone made eye contact with her, or issued a familiar command, starting with her given name – Twoku.

If it were an unfamiliar command and she recognized the person, she would ask

for clarification. If it were a stranger, she would reply, 'I'll get back to you on that, Sir, or Madam'. Twoku could distinguish between male and female 98% of the time.

In the 'Mimic mode, Twoku could copy my movements and learn them for later reference. This was a useful tool for the professor when he wanted to sell the Doll to interested parties. They included, board members, investors, or anyone who was interested in paying a million dollars to have a Doll like Iku.

The professor used the 'Neutral' and 'Mimic' modes in meetings and usually meant I was in for an embarrassing time. However, when it involved experimentation within the bedroom it could provide some interesting and enjoyable situations.

I donned my white lab coat, then looked at the data from the latest upload. I checked to see if there was a glitch with Twoku's hearing files on the report, but everything appeared as it should. I then wheeled the chair to the side of the desk, so Twoku was facing the professor.

For a forty-year-old man he kept himself in remarkably good condition. Just over six feet tall, he had muscular, wide shoulders and an upright stature like a military man. He had a fresh clean-shaven face that looked like he had Caucasian parentage, but his black wavy hair and almond-shaped eyes were clues to his Asian genes.

Half Japanese and half American, he had lived in the US until he was 18, then went to University in Oxford, England. He had a similar story to Doctor Konishi who was half English, but strangely looked like she was 100% Japanese.

The professor turned his attention to us and couldn't resist looking his creation in the eye.

She responded on cue, recognizing him immediately. "Hi, Master, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Not now, Twoku. Sit still and be quiet."

"Yes, Sir. I can do that."

I smiled at the professor who couldn't resist testing his synthetic prodigy. He returned the smile. "Iku, while I was uploading the program, Doctor Konishi popped in..."

"Oh, she's back...?" I tried to sound surprised.

"Yes, and so is the new subject, Tina..." He pushed across a photograph for me to see. "She's in the clinic recuperating. This is pre-op. What do you think?"

Ever since Twoku was finished, three weeks earlier, I had been looking at other girls in a different light. The professor had allowed me to take Twoku to my flat to get dressed after the company had provided two sets of outfits and underwear.

Dressing and bathing a naked girl that had been made in my image had opened

my eyes. And, sharing a bed with her and the professor had triggered my sapphic desires, so much so, one night I dreamt I was sleeping with a real girl.

I studied the portrait picture of the girl. “I think she’s very attractive, Sir.” I thought she was already gorgeous, but then I had always been jealous of Caucasian catwalk models on the TV.

He took the photo back and stared at it. “Her final appearance has been shrouded in secrecy and will remain so until the launch of the standard Doll.”

“When will we see her, Sir?”

“We’re going up at two o’clock to run a diagnostic test, but first we’re off to Mr Sasaki’s office for a short demonstration at one. As usual, I’ll be using ‘Neutral’ and ‘Mimic’ modes during the meeting. I want you to take Twoku back to your flat and change into your uniforms. I’ll send Koji to help you with Twoku and bring you to the Demo lab by one o’clock.” He handed over two wrist controllers. “Give these to Koji and don’t be shy around the lad. He’ll be standing in for me in the future, so you’ve got to get used to working with him.”

“Are you going away, Sir?”

“Probably for a holiday once we’ve launched the new model. Anyway, we’ve got a lot of hard work ahead of us.

“Yes, Sir. I’d better get a move on.” I hurried from the office with my head in a

spin. The new girl had arrived, which meant my life was going to change in ways I couldn't comprehend – yet!

Chapter Four ~ Iku: Two.

Koji, Dr Konishi's assistant, was a handful and often stepped over the line. From his point of view, he thought his degree gave him the status to boss me around. I hoped he would not arrive until after I had changed rather than in the middle, so I hurried to the lift and waited for a car to come down to the basement. One level up and we were in the main concourse, a vast space that was the nerve centre of SKI's very own mini city.

Sasaki Industries were one of the largest private companies in the world. The Sasaki family built their empire in the 1950's by developing electric typewriters, word processors and finally computers and specialist components for the mass market. They swallowed up company after company and continued to grow into the new century. SKI city was finished in 2012 and by 2020 the live-in workforce had grown to over 5000.

I steered the wheelchair onto the moving walkway that in sections, ran right through the centre of the complex, in both directions. It ended at the fourth accommodation block, at one end, and the recreation centre at the other. In between it passed shops, a library, a hairdresser's and even a cinema along the way. It was only a short distance between the main concourse and the first accommodation building, so we soon arrived at block one, just outside a line of lifts.

All head office staff lived in the accommodation blocks, ever since coronavirus took a grip in the country. SKI Industries was the only company in Japan that wasn't affected by the virus. Anyone entering the grounds was immediately tested and kept in a temporary building at the entrance. The results were known within an hour, enabling head office staff to remain virus free.

The doors opened and a familiar young man stepped out and blocked our path. "Hello, Iku, been out for a walk with your Doll?"

“Sam, move out of the way, please.”

He hunkered down and made eye contact with Twoku.

“Hi, Sir, is there anything I can do for you?” she asked.

He grinned salaciously. “How about a blow job?”

“Sam that’s enough. Please move out of the way.”

“I’ll get back to you on that, Sir,” Twoku replied with a smile.

He didn’t know the Doll’s name and she didn’t recognize him, so he was never going to get a straight answer to his question.

“Huh, not much of a sex Doll, is she?” he stood up and moved out of the way.
“What about you Iku? Could I interest you in a drink later? Room two, seventy-five.

I pushed the wheelchair forward. “Sam, I’m not interested so don’t bother me again.”

He huffed, glared at me, then jumped on the walkway. The building was full of young men with an attitude, but there was a line they never stepped over, thankfully. We took the lift to the second floor and had a 100-yard walk to my suite, number 239. It was a small apartment, but I had a double bed and the living room overlooked the lake, so I was happy.

I parked the wheelchair in the lounge and opened the seatbelt, then positioned the padded metal office chair where I wanted her to sit. “Twoku, stand up, then sit down in the black seat.”

She smoothly stood up, walked the three paces to the chair and elegantly sat down in the chair that had been manufactured for her. If I had put the chair in the bedroom, out of sight, the sensors would have led her to it because the tiny transmitters were strategically placed around the flat.

So, using her huge onboard memory, the Doll could navigate a large flat, or office complex, if enough sensors were installed. And, once my microcomputer was switched on and ‘command’ activated, I could be made to perform the same tasks from my memory database. The ‘Mimic’ mode was slightly different and used to produce an identical reaction to illustrate how life-like the Dolls were.

I left Twoku and went to the new wardrobe where I kept our outfits. We had two smart school uniforms that always impressed the clients. Navy blue pleated skirts, white sailor tops with blue bands around the edges, a maroon tie, black knee-length socks and the most important item, white cotton panties. I spread the sets out on the bed, then started removing my lab coat. I had just sat on the bed to remove my socks when I heard the lock open.

I was shocked because I wasn’t expecting the professor who was the only one who had a swipe card to my flat. I hurried to the bedroom door in time to see

Kojo letting the door close behind him.

“Iku, there you are...”

“How did you get a cardkey to my flat?”

“Doctor Konishi gave it to me...” he said while looking around my poky living room. “You haven’t got much space, have you?”

I felt devalued finding out the professor had given Koji a cardkey to my flat without telling me. I tried to stay calm. “It’s okay, Koji. I like it.”

He walked to the window and stared out at the lake and beautiful gardens. “You’re on the right side of the building, I’ll give you that.” He turned. “Iku, I’ll be blunt, the professor’s attention will move to the new arrival in the coming weeks. He told me to familiarize myself with yours and Twoku’s functions. Have you got the wristbands?”

“Um, they’re on the bed...”

“Iku, it’s Sir. They’re on the bed Sir.”

I knew Koji’s identity file had been uploaded into our memories, so we were programmed to respond to him. “Yes, of course. The wristbands are on the bed,

Sir. I'll get them."

"Better. Seeing as we're going to be spending a lot of time together, we have to get the relationship right."

I went to the bed and waited while he picked the bands up one by one and strapped them to his wrists. Koji had always struck me as an arrogant individual. He spent time in our lab, but the professor was always around and never let him take control of Twoku, at least, not when I was around. I suspected that the professor had been schooling him, all along, knowing that a new girl was about to arrive.

Average height, 5'10", and average build, the young man didn't really have much going for him, except his infectious smile. It was deceiving though, according to some of the other girls that worked with him. He had a habit of running his fingers through his black straight hair when he looked at me.

He fiddled with the wrist controllers to ensure they were comfortable, then looked me in the eye. "Iku I'm going to run you through a few of the commands the professor and I will be using in the meeting, so get undressed and sit on the edge of the bed."

"Um, wouldn't it be better to practice on Twoku, Sir, while I get changed?" I asked politely.

We were both 21 but he was a few months older. He had been working at SKI part time for three years and just gotten his bio-chemistry degree. Three months as Doctor Konishi's full-time assistant had gone to his head. I didn't have a

degree, just an 'HE' certificate in biomechanics from a technology college. And, when it came to the world of computers, I was a genius compared to him.

He gave me a steely eyed stare. "Iku, are you deliberately disobeying an order?"

"No... I'm sorry, Sir, it's just that I..."

"What? You haven't been naked in my company?"

"Well, yes, um, I wasn't expecting..."

"Your Doll has and you're identical, so you haven't got anything that I haven't seen already." He had obviously arrived early so he had time to play around with the functions.

Dozens of people had seen me naked and examined me intimately, so they could compare me with my synthetic doppelganger. The professor was always present, which at the time, eased my fears considerably. He was in charge and never let anyone treat me badly. So, weirdly, I found facing the fresh-faced lad, on my own, a daunting experience.

As I lifted my top off, he folded his arms and watched me disrobe. His eyes followed my shorts down and my brief walk to the bed where I sat down to take off my long white socks. He waited until I was totally naked, then came and stood over me.

“Open your mouth, Iku.”

I complied and let him put his fingers under my chin and run his thumb along my four soft front teeth. It was one of the worse modifications, but necessary if I was to successfully promote the Doll concept to the investors.

My top and bottom 8 front teeth were implants and looked beautiful, but they were softer and blunter. I could no longer bite an apple, but I could give a blow job to end all blow jobs. He didn't comment, just moved down to my 'D' cup tits and gave them a squeeze.

“Boy, these feel the same as the Doll's. They can't be real, and these nipples...
“He gave them a twirl. “I could play with these for hours.”

“Ahhh, that hurts Sir.”

“Iku, I'm going to switch you into 'Neutral' mode, then run through a few commands the professor uploaded onto your memory chips this morning.

“This morning, Sir? He didn't say anything.”

“No. He decided to leave it up to me to explain once Doctor Konishi had returned from England.” He lifted his wrist and examined the controller. “I'm switching you to neutral, Iku.”

I sat stunned by the sudden turn of events. When I was in the main lab, the demo lab or in his bedroom, I was with the professor and trusted him. So, after a while I became used to being put into 'neutral'. Now Koji had the power, he was bound to take the opportunity to misuse me, whenever we were alone...

Chapter Five ~ Iku: Three.

The moment Koji pressed the button, I felt myself going limp. He had to give me a command to stop me flopping in one direction or another.

“Iku, sit up straight.”

“Yes, Master, of course.”

The command was enough to bring my microcomputer to life and take control of my muscles and the left side of my cerebrum, which controlled my speech. His face and voice were already in my memory chips, however, addressing him as my Master, wasn't!

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

He took a small handbook out of his pocket and scanned the relevant page. “Iku, lie back and lift your knees onto your chest.”

“Are you going to fuck me, Master?” That was one of the options I had recorded but wasn't uploaded – until recently.

“Yes, I am, Iku. Lie back and lift your knees onto your chest.”

I dutifully reclined, then lifted my knees, placed my hands behind them and pulled them down and to the side of my jutting tits. My pose ensured my ass was well spread and my firm, convex labia lips thrust upward in the rudest manner possible. I could feel my face heat up with acute embarrassment as the young man stared down at my submissive, lewd pose.

Then, totally surprising me, he dropped to his knees, prised my firm lips apart with his thumbs and licked the hard line of clitoral flesh within. A genuine sparkling sensation triggered me when I was recording the lines to upload into our memories, so I wasn't surprised when I uttered the words I did.

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

He seemed fascinated by the feel of my spongy labia lips. He played with them for several minutes. "You know, I can't tell the difference between yours and the Doll's. They both seem to be made of rubber."

He stopped and looked up. "Iku, you are definitely tastier than your Doll."

"I don't quite understand your command, Master."

He looked annoyed that I didn't give him a normal response and stood up. "Never mind. Let's see how you respond to this."

He unzipped and removed his dick, which was comparable to the professor's, maybe a little stouter. He placed his knees against the side of the bed and guided

his crown into my succulent entrance. His previous foreplay had triggered my juices, so my quim was hot, wet and eager to gobble his entire shaft.

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

Reaching forward, he gripped my tits and simultaneously increased the speed of his thrusts. He was good, I thought. Maybe the professor had let him practice on Twoku in my absence. I knew he had been in the lab helping on my days off.

“Oh, Master, I like that. Oh, yes. Do that faster... harder...” I sighed, just as a familiar thrill began to build. “Yes, yes, yes,” I sighed “Ahhh, oooo, yes...” Throaty sounds and whimpers continued without any let up.

“You sound like the Doll and your vagina feels like hers, let’s see about hole number two.”

Just when I wanted him to continue for a minute or two, he withdrew and prodded my tight pucker. That triggered another response from me.

“Oh Master, that hole is too tight for your huge cock.”

“Huh, you complain, just like your synthetic.”

My anus was as tight as Twoku's, but there was no defence against such a slippery invader. He forced entry, then drove his cock as deep as it would go.

"Let's see if your ass is as springy as hers." He pounded my upturned cheeks as he pistoned his cock back and forth in my rectum.

"Uh, uh, uh," I grunted, not quite in time, until he synced with my soft exclamations.

"Mmmm," I think the Doll's ass is tighter than yours, Iku, but you sound more appreciative."

"That feels better now, Master. Oh yes your cock is going so deep..." Again, I continued sighing and moaning until the young man had an explosive climax and emptied his balls, while he added his guttural grunts to mine.

He slipped out and stepped back. "Right, now we shall see if you're as well behaved as the Doll."

I wished he'd use her name. To me she was more than a Doll and I had become quite protective of her.

He consulted the handbook again. "Iku, sit upright, on the edge of the bed."

I unfolded and sat up, with my hands flat on the bed beside me. I looked at his cock then up into his face. He made eye contact. “Master, would you like a blowjob?”

“Yes, I would, Iku. Get on with it.”

The yes was enough to activate a tricky piece of programming that the professor was proud of. I reached out with my left and cupped his balls gently, then clasped the base of his shaft. That enabled me to target the end of his dick with my mouth. Once I had successfully wrapped my lips around the top of his shaft I went to work with my tongue and soft teeth.

The program delivered two minutes of sucking, licking, raking and lip fucking, then I slowly but surely took his rejuvenated dick, inch by inch into my throat until I had devoured most of it. Only then did I start throat fucking him with rapid thrusts of my head. It had taken me ten takes with the professor to get the blowjob sequence right! Koji was reaping the rewards.

“Iku, you’re better than your Doll, your throat is tighter,” he muttered in a low rasping tone, for I had finally brought him to completion with sustained, aggressive thrusting. “Fuuuuuuck!” he exclaimed as he spurted copious amounts of jiz down my tight oesophagus.

Koji started to withdraw. “Iku stop and sit up straight.”

“Yes, Master, of course.”

I did as I was commanded and waited while he straightened his pants. He then went to the pile of clothes on the other side of the bed and returned with a pair of white cotton panties. I watched him feed the flimsy garment over my feet and pull them up over my knees, then pull my black knee-length socks on and finally fit the black, flat shoes which were strap-overs.

Once they were buckled, he stepped back. “Iku, stand up and put your hands behind your head.”

That was an easy command to comply with. Once I was standing, he pulled my panties up my thighs and over my ass. He touched the tattoos I had inked on my hips, the company’s oval logo with SKI letters inset.

“These are a nice touch, Iku. Just like the Doll.” He pulled the waistband up on the tight, full panties, then ran his hand over my mons and ass. “I swear your body is warmer and softer than the Doll’s. I will add that point to the others when I give my report to the professor.”

With my hands behind my head, my already jutting, firm tits, looked stunning. I had always wanted big breasts and the company had given me the best ‘D’ cups money could buy. Koji couldn’t resist fondling them and tweaking my nipples again. They were real, but massively enlarged.

“Iku, raise your hands above your head.”

Once my arms were straight, Koji was able to feed the blouse down my arms and pull it into position. Having finished dressing me, I hoped he’d switch my microcomputer off, so I could function normally, but he had one more trick up

his sleeve.

“Iku, kiss me.” I was surprised within my cocooned world.

It was a command and sequence that we recorded and shelved as too ambitious because of a glitch the professor couldn’t iron out. However, he must have cured the problem, or he wouldn’t have uploaded the patch.

I dropped my arms and when the young man moved forward and kissed me, my lips and tongue responded to his. Not only that, I placed my hands on his upper arms when he cuddled me around my waist. The sequence ran smoothly without a glitch and I stopped when told to do so. Standing in a relaxed pose, Koji ordered me to sit on the bed, then switched the microcomputer off.

He sat on my dressing stool and waited for me to get my bearings. As soon as I lifted my hand to wipe my mouth, he grinned at me. “Cool additions, don’t you think?”

“Koji, did the professor give you permission to do those things to me?”

“What, fuck and kiss you? Of course. Come here.” He pointed at the floor between his feet.

I reluctantly got to my feet and moved forward. It felt good to be controlling my body again. Did the professor think about me when he handed the controls to the young man? Sometimes the brilliant scientist was so wrapped up in his research

he didn't consider people's feelings and the consequences of his actions. The moment I stepped onto the spot Koji placed his hands on the outside of my thighs, just above my knees.

"I'm not Twoku, you know," I reminded him.

He moved his hands up under the short skirt to my hips and squeezed them through my panties. "Everything we do together is for research, Iku." He slipped his hands around and squeezed my ass cheeks.

"Fondling my buttocks? Is that research?"

"Yes. I shall be reporting all my observations to the professor. I think your ass is perter than the Doll's."

"Why has the professor suddenly decided that you can check out my body?"

"Doctor Konishi and the professor have been planning to have me supervise you and the Doll for some time. It all hinged on when the next subject arrived. She's here now, so it's time for us to move into the new demo suite. You get to move out of this pokey excuse for a living space. Great, heh?"

"Demo suite? Why haven't I been told about this? Supposing I don't want to move out of here. I like living here."

“Iku, the company need you and the Doll to occupy a living space that can double up for demonstrations. I know they’ve only just fitted this room out for sensors, but the new girl will live in this flat and you will move to the larger one. I’ll take you along to see it this afternoon. Now let’s get the Doll changed, we have to be at the demo lab in twenty minutes.

“Koji, I’d appreciate it if you’d call Twoku by her real name.”

“Iku, I’d appreciate it if you knuckled down and did as you were told. The professor added the spanking sequence to yours and the Doll’s memory, so if you step out of line, I’ll punish you in ‘neutral’, or when you’re fully compos mentis.”

I remembered the spanking, the professor dished out to me, and my reactions during it. Seeing as he had shared the experience with the young man and uploaded the sequence, the threat was real and Koji wouldn’t hesitate to use it if I stepped out of line.

Chapter Six ~ Iku: Four.

I pushed the wheelchair while Koji escorted us, looking superior in his light grey handmade suit. I knew there would be changes when the new girl arrived. It was obvious that the professor would have to spend a lot of his time with her in his lab, preparing the first prototype of her Doll. There would be no room for Twoku, so she had to be kept somewhere the company could use her.

Twoku was a prototype and would never progress to the production line. In my eyes she was perfect and would have been a huge hit, but the professor and the company wanted to retain her as a development and sales aid for future models.

So, while we changed Twoku into her uniform I quizzed Koji to see if he had any more information. He hadn't seen the demo suite, but he told me that a programming station had been installed, linked to the professor's lab. It would save him having to go to the flat every time he needed to update our microcomputers.

The flat was on the 14th floor of the Sasaki Tower, the building that housed the main offices and director's luxury suites. Koji was more excited than I was for understandable reasons. The most surprising piece of information was that mine and Twoku's microcomputers had been programmed with the layout of the suite.

I spent a couple of minutes doing our make-up and changed our wigs to ones with shoulder-length hair and severe fringes. Once Koji was satisfied that our faces and that the outfits looked identical, we left the flat and headed for the elevator.

We took the moving walkway for one stop, then the elevator to the basement where all the 'Doll' laboratories were housed. We arrived in a small waiting area

outside the demo lab, at the end of the main corridor, It was the first room set up to trial the early versions of the Doll and where we recorded most of the phrases and sequences we needed to upload into our memories.

The professor was waiting in one of four seats with my wheelchair parked beside him. The vehicle was specific to me and had sensors on it so my microcomputer would direct me to the correct one, if Twoku's was in the room – and vice versa. The meetings/demonstrations, usually started with us both in wheelchairs so the professor could challenge the visitors to spot the Doll.

“Koji, everything all right?” The professor asked the moment we arrived.

My handsome Master scanned my appearance and seemed to approve, for he gave me a smile. I couldn't help remembering the last time he removed the uniform and shafted me in all three my holes, in the name of research. It was good to see his smile, but I was disappointed he asked Koji the question and not me.

“Yes, Professor. I've been telling Iku about our new living accommodation...”

He turned to me. “Oh, yes, Iku. I only had it confirmed this morning that the suite is ready, for you, Twoku and Koji to move into. You can go and check it out later...” He turned the chair to face me. “Sit and let me get you ready.”

The cocky young man handed one of the wristbands to the professor, who strapped it on his wrist, while I made myself comfortable in the chair and connected the safety belt.

The professor looked up. “Are you comfortable, Iku?”

I quickly glanced at Twoku to check that we were sitting in identical positions with our hands in our laps and nodded. “Yes, Sir. I’m comfortable.”

“I’m switching you to ‘neutral’ mode and ‘unresponsive’ for now...” I felt the strength leave my muscles and my head begin to loll. “Iku, sit up straight.”

My energy returned to enable me to sit up, but I was no longer in control and couldn’t reply. He had switched mine and Twoku’s ability to speak, off for the start of the demo.

“Do you know who’s in the meeting, Professor?” Koji asked.

“Toshira arrived last night from the States with his PA. This is his first look at the fished product. As soon as he heard we were going ahead with manufacturing a special edition, he hot footed it over here. He’s a sceptic so we’ve got to impress the man. I’ll go and see if they’re ready for us.”

Hearing that the Managing Director’s son was waiting to see the demonstration, ramped up the fear factor. I had been in the room when the attractive man was present and was in awe of him. I was going to be a nervous spectator and would have to sit and observe until I was given an order to perform one act or another. The question in my mind was how far was the professor going to go?”

He left the door open and waved Koji through with Twoku, then we followed and stopped just inside the large room. On my left was a double bed in what the professor called the white room. The bed sat in the middle and was surrounded by stud walls that were covered in white drapes. Camera and lighting equipment had been moved to the side to leave the way free for either Twoku or me to perform a lewd act on the bed.

On my right was a room setting with a sofa and two armchairs. Beyond that was a mock-up of a kitchen and in the far corner, to our right, was an office set with desk and filing cabinet. All four settings were used for photographing products to go into catalogues for one division of the company or another, but the professor also used it as a testing ground for the Doll. Micro-sensors were everywhere to aid our microcomputers when we were given commands.

Hitomu Sasaki and his son, Toshira, were sitting on the sofa, either side of a pretty Caucasian woman with blonde wavy hair. The younger man was dressed casually, while the woman was wearing a tight black mini-skirt and red silk blouse. She really stood out between the blandly dressed Japanese men.

The woman and Toshira were examining identical mock-ups of a sales brochure, featuring Twoku, photographed in a variety of smart outfits, including the uniforms we were wearing. They looked up from the pamphlets, as the professor and Koji positioned the wheelchairs, six feet apart, facing the trio on the sofa.

The professor and Koji came out from behind us and bowed before the three VIPs. "Sirs, Madam, this is Koji Usagi, my new assistant. He is going to help me with the presentation of our twin Dolls."

"All right Saburo, cut the theatrics," the younger Sasaki said. "You want us to guess which one is the sex Doll. Am I correct?"

The professor bowed his head slightly. “In a nutshell, yes, Sir. But before you wander around them, tell me what you think from ten feet.” The professor and Koji stood back so the MD’s son and his PA could peer at us and spot the difference.

In his forties, the Japanese billionaire was one of the most eligible bachelors in the world. The fact that his black hair was always in an unruly state and he usually dressed in chinos and lightweight sweaters, endeared himself to the workforce. However, he was a stickler for process and hated people taking short cuts.

Toshira was also a womanizer. He liked to surround himself with pretty women, as the woman sitting beside him proved. I was in no doubt that she was as much a sex Doll as Twoku and I were, when he got her home and in the bedroom. He had absolutely no need of synthetic Sex Dolls unless they were one of his rumoured fetishes. The sex toy industry was his baby and one of the biggest success stories of Sasaki Industries.

He narrowed his eyes and examined us from a distance. “No, I’m too far away.” He sat forward on the edge of the sofa and placed his hand on his PA’s knee. “What do you think, Mary?”

“Mmm, I can’t say for sure, but I think the one on the right is the real girl. Her eyes look more focused...”

She was pointing at me, which didn’t surprise me because women usually spotted the difference. Men on the other hand always had trouble.

“Come on, Mary, let’s see if you’re right. I had a bet with my father that I’ll get it right first time.”

Hitomu Sasaki, remained seated, leaning against the arm of the sofa. He had a huge grin on his face as he watched his son and Mary approach us and examine us at close quarters.

“Can I touch them, is that okay, father?” he asked with a sarcastic lilt to his voice.

“Go ahead. Do what you want. The fact that you’re not sure proves the Doll is an almost identical likeness.”

He touched my forehead, then pulled down my lower lip to look at my teeth and gums while his PA looked on. After squeezing my cheeks, he moved sideways and did the same to Twoku, before looking at her teeth and feeling her brow.

He touched her on the head. “This is the Doll.”

His father clapped. “Well, done. What do you think?”

He stood back and folded his arms while flitting his eyes back and forth. “I think it’s a remarkable likeness. Outward appearance is one thing. That will help to sell them by the truck load. But how realistic are her assets?”

“We are going to show you, Sir, that she’s totally convincing and a steal at a million dollars,” the professor said, answering the young man’s question.

“Huh! Convincing? Just try. No one is ever going to produce a synthetic woman as good as the real thing.”

Standing beside my wheelchair, the professor prepared to start the presentation, “Okay, if you’d like to sit down again, Sir, Ma’am, I’ll begin with an overview and explain how we control the Dolls through the wrist band.” He tapped the small controller.

The pair returned to their seats and waited expectantly to see exactly what the new Companion Doll could do.

Chapter Seven ~ Iku: Five.

“There are three settings that the new owner will be able to use to control the Doll,” the professor explained. “Apart from on and off. The first setting is command. That’s simple. You have a list of commands in the manual and the Doll will do what you tell it to do.”

“Like? Give us an example,” Toshira demanded in a friendly manner.

The professor held his hand up. “Yes, in a minute, Sir. Let me explain the other modes first. I have installed a special setting, mimic, for when I do demonstrations. I give a command to one of them and then ten seconds later the other one will perform exactly the same task. The aim is to show buyers how life-like the Dolls are.”

“Ten seconds?”

“I can adjust that. The second setting is ‘unresponsive’. which is self-explanatory. The Doll will do as its told without answering back.”

“I need one of those for Mary...” She elbowed her boss in the side.

“The third setting is ‘neutral’. It’s used when the Doll is sitting in its docking chair and receiving data. It can also be used if the owner wants the Doll to sit or lay still for any length of time and only respond to a limited amount of commands. Again, those are in the manual.”

The professor then proceeded to command us to stand, walk around the lab, fetch items from the kitchen and then stand to attention, side by side. He ran through our repertoire of answers to his questions, to demonstrate the depth of the program and realistic Twoku's voice was.

The billionaire and his PA were impressed and congratulated the professor on the almost identical reactions Twoku gave to the commands, when she repeated everything I did, 10 seconds behind me. Surprisingly, it was Mary who asked the difficult questions.

"So, professor, now that Iku has had the microcomputer installed beside her brain, is she stuck like this?"

"No. When the system is switched off, she's just a normal lab assistant and you wouldn't know she has a socket in the back of her neck."

"Okay, but does she feel any different when the system is switched off?"

"The answer is no, Mary, but you can ask her for yourself when I've finished demonstrating the Doll. It's worth pointing out that Iku volunteered to be our Guinea Pig and has received a suitable reward package, including new homes for four members of her family."

"Is she aware of what's going on around her?" Mary asked.

"Indeed, she is. It's just that the computer has taken control of her muscles and

speech.”

“Okay Saburo,” Toshira said. “You’ve proved you’ve solved the mechanics and computer elements you were struggling with. How does she shape-up when it comes to sex?”

“I’ll show you, Sir.” The professor turned to me. “Iku, remove your panties and hand them to me.”

The moment I had been dreading had arrived. I bent slightly, reached under my skirt and pushed my panties off my hips and down my thighs. I bent further, lifted one leg, then the other, and after standing erect, handed them over. Almost instantly, Twoku repeated the task and handed hers to the professor.

He treated the garments as though they were precious, had a brief sniff and walked over to Saburo. “Would you examine those and look after them for a second?”

The billionaire took the panties and checked out the gussets. He showed Mary the slight soiling, then placed them on the sofa. “Professor, I bet they can’t put them back on.”

The professor chuckled. “True, but I think our customers would prefer to do that task themselves.” He turned to me.

“Iku, raise your hands above your head.”

I put my arms in the air, as did Twoku ten seconds later. Within a minute, the Professor and Koji had removed our blouses and skirts. We stood naked, bar our black socks and shoes, posing with our hands behind our head and our feet 18” apart.

Once again, the younger man and his PA left the sofa and came over to examine us. What surprised me was that the pretty blonde American examined me as intimately as her boss. They felt and squeezed, first my buttocks, then my large jutting tits. Mary rolled my nipples more gently than the billionaire did, but he did it with a smile as though he was imagining me in his bed. I had seen the expression so many times during the demonstrations.

After Toshira had a good feel of my tits, he slid his hand down my belly until his fingers found my pudendal cleft. Once there, he investigated my succulent folds. The intimate inspection, first by the young PA, then the billionaire had turned my sex into a liquid furnace.

Tall and broad shouldered, he bent forward and looked me in the eye. “Iku, you and the Doll have identical bodies...” He touched my blazing high cheekbone. “...but your blushing cheeks are an absolute give away.”

It was true. I was more embarrassed by their inspections than I ever was in the past. It was because he was so revered among the staff and there he was, rubbing his finger back and forth over my clitoris.

“We’ve tried to produce the same reaction in the Dolls,” the professor explained while standing beside the business tycoon. “We have had some success which you might see with the next instruction...”

“Get on with it then. I’d like to see them do something exciting.”

I took that as a huge compliment, for his comment implied he wanted to see me perform a sex act as well as Twoku.

“She could drop to her knees and perform fellatio on you...”

“That particular program is brilliant,” Koji said, contributing for the first time.” The professor frowned at him.

“What about Cunillingus? Is the Doll capable of doing that?” Mary asked in what was becoming a disturbing conversation.

Thankfully, the professor brought the direction of the chat to a halt. “It does if the woman is lying on the bed in a certain position, but I thought I’d show you one of her best positions first.”

“Yes, get on with it.” If the bulge in his pants was anything to go by, the billionaire was showing the usual reaction and clearly getting more excited,

The professor turned to me. “Iku, sit on the edge of the bed.”

I immediately dropped my arms, turned and headed straight to the bedroom setting. I was just sitting down when Twoku began to follow me. When the group arrived, we were sitting side by side with our hands flat on the bed, waiting for the next embarrassing command.

The professor changed the setting on the controller. “I’m switching to command, so I need to issue individual instructions to the girls.

“Iku, lie back and lift your knees onto your chest.”

“Are you going to fuck me, Master?”

“Yes, Iku. Do as you’re told.” While I laid back and raised my knees, the professor explained his answer to my query. “When I said ‘yes’, that was enough for her to respond.” He moved sideways to face Twoku. “Twoku, lie back and lift your knees onto your chest.”

“Do you want to have sex with me, Master?”

“No. I’ve changed my mind.”

“Would you like me in a different position, Master?”

“Yes, Twoku. Crawl on the bed and adopt the all-fours pose.”

Having already been startled by my lewd pose, the billionaire and his companion were treated to another amazing sight when my lookalike executed a difficult manoeuvre with ease. She stood, turned, leant forward and crawled onto the bed, then after dipping her back, thrust her ass back.

Twoku lifted her head but she wasn't seeing anything, whereas I was staring at the couple flicking their attention back and forth between our thrusting pussies. Different positions but they could see that my labia had been modelled to look like a Doll's. It was a shock to me at first, but I soon got used to it.

"Professor you have truly excelled," Toshira Sasaki said with feeling.

"Their sex are identical and quite realistic. Without the girl's display, I might have wondered. May I see what they feel like? They both appear to be excited..."

"Yes of course, Sir. Have a feel and I'll fetch you a dildo."

"Make that two, Professor," Mary requested, surprising everyone.

While the billionaire investigated, first my juicy labia folds, then Twoku's, the professor fetched two medium sized dildos.

"You go first, Mary..." Toshira said. "...and tell us what you think."

The young woman offered the blunt, realistically shaped end to my gaping entrance and eased it in with gentle nudges until my quim had devoured half of its 10" length.

"Oh, Mistress, that feels wonderful," I gasped breathlessly.

"That's clever, can the Doll distinguish between a woman and a man?" she asked.

"Yes, she can, in this position. It gets a little difficult if the Doll is looking away, so we avoid labels if she can't see who's on the end of the phallus."

Mary slid it back and forth about six times.

"Oh, Mistress, that feels wonderful. You are sooo good at that."

"Hah!" she laughed.

The PA was reacting like I would have expected. However, I was surprised when she looked me in the eye and gave me a salacious smile as though she was enjoying herself. She eased it out and looked at the creamy coating, glistening on the black silicone.

“That was very enjoyable, Mistress.”

“You’re welcome, Iku...” She gave a chuckle, then moved aside to allow her boss to have a go.

He was far more aggressive, thrusting it in about the same amount of times, but going deeper and faster. The pair appeared to be enjoying themselves and as soon as they finished trying out Twoku’s vagina, they handed back the dildos and joined the managing director who had been watching with Kojo.

The trio had a chat out of earshot and after a minute, Toshira returned to speak with the professor. “Saburo, between you and my father, you’ve really come up with the goods. You have my full backing, but I need to satisfy myself that Iku and the girls that follow, are going to come out of the experience, strong, healthy and enriched. Send Iku up to my flat at five o’clock with the wristband and manual, so I can satisfy myself we’re doing right by the girls.”

“Yes, of course, Toshira. Would you like her to bring Twoku with her?”

“No. I’m happy with the Doll. Just send Iku at five. Thanks for the demonstration.” Everyone bowed, then the trio left the room.

The professor looked surprised, standing, holding two saturated dildos, while I lay stunned, unable to move until I was given a command. However, I was able to analyse the billionaire’s motives and came to the conclusion that he and his PA were planning on having a threesome. The question was, would I be in control of my faculties, or would they?”

Chapter Eight ~ Tina: Two.

The lunch was tasty but having to eat the soup-like mixture while lying on my front was a pain. Nurse Hanna was extremely helpful and patient with me as she spooned the mixture into my mouth. After the food she helped me drink a bottle of orange juice, then it was back to the TV and another program about Japan.

I was almost dozing off when the door opened and a familiar young woman entered. It was Doctor Kyoko Sasaki. Following close behind was an attractive young woman pushing a trolley, loaded with several pieces of electronic equipment. Both young women were wearing lab coats and smiled as they approached.

“Tina, I’m pleased to see you looking bright and perky. Nurse Hanna’s been telling me you’re desperate to get off that contraption.”

“Hello, Yoko, er, can I call you that here?”

“We’re going to be working together, so yes, of course you can.”

“Are you going to release me now?”

“We will, in a while. We’ve made a lot of adjustments to your appearance and we need to be satisfied that you can cope with a lot of information all at once.

“A lot of adjustments? Do you mean to my face?”

“Yes, your face, your breasts, your skin, your teeth, your labia and your buttocks.”

“Oh, my god. I want to see my face now.”

Yoko put her hand up. “That’s not the attitude we’re looking for, Tina. We’re looking for a measured and grown-up response to the incredible job our medical team in London have performed on your person. Besides, the first thing we need to do is to run a diagnostic test on your implanted microcomputer. That’s why Iku is here with the electronic instruments.”

“Microcomputer? I thought you said you were going to implant microchips.”

The younger girl stepped forward. “Hello, Tina. I’m here because I work with Professor Fujita in the microbiotic department. Also, because I’ve been through the same experience as you.”

Yoko patted her on the back. “Yes, we’ve made a Doll in Iku’s image as a forerunner to yours. Her Doll is being used for research purposes, unlike yours, which will be manufactured for retail sales.”

“Ha...have you had a microcomputer installed in your brain, Iku?” I asked.

“Yes, I have, but the term microcomputer conjures up the wrong impression.”

She reached under the top tray of the trolley and brought out a short stainless-steel cylinder, no bigger than a man's thumb. It was covered with tiny sockets almost too small to see. There was one short wire hanging with a socket on the end. "This is what we've had installed..." She touched the back of her neck. "...not in the brain but connected to it. There's plenty of space beside the spinal cord, which makes connecting it a far easier task than if it was anywhere else in our bodies."

"That looks scary. Supposing it goes wrong?"

Iku looked lovely when she smiled. 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.

"It's highly unlikely Tina because it's a sealed unit. But, having said that, if a fault occurred, we'd know straight away because we do a diagnostic test every day..." She tapped the laptop sitting on top of a large black metal case. "That's one of the reasons why I'm here." She held up the microcomputer and showed me the socket on the end of the wire. "We have one of these on the backs of our necks. I'm going to connect the computer to yours and check everything's running smoothly."

"Can I see yours, Iku?"

"Of course." The Japanese youngster lifted her black, shoulder length hair and showed me the circular portal which had a tiny plastic cap pressed into it.

“Let me take the cap off, Iku.” Yoko said, leaning over and helping the girl.

With the cap removed, I could see at least a dozen micro pins clustered together. It was small, but a staggering sight and left me speechless. Iku dropped her hair and returned the microcomputer to the trolley.

Yoko put her hand on my shoulder. “Tina, I’m going to leave you with Iku for twenty minutes and return later. Professor Fujita and Doctor Konishi, who you met in London, will be here in a minute to give you more information. I’ll bring you a mirror when I return and if you’re relaxed about your new image, then there’ll be no reason to keep you strapped to the ‘horse’.”

I was unsettled to be left alone with a stranger, but Iku seemed like a nice girl. The youngster waited for the doctor to leave, then moved the trolley to the side of the plastic ‘horse’.

“Iku, can you tell me what they’ve done to me?” I asked her.

She came closer and lifted my chin. “For a start, I don’t know how beautiful you were, but you sure are gorgeous now.”

“Is that true or did they tell you to say that?”

She laughed and took a step back, shaking her head. “Tina, you are truly beautiful.” Then, unexpectedly she started to unbutton her lab coat.

“What are you doing, Iku?”

“I’m going to show you what a perfect body looks like.”

“You don’t have to do that.”

“I want to. When I signed up for the program, I had a normal body...”

She slipped the lab coat off her shoulders to reveal she was wearing the same outfit as the one I was given in Enfield, only hers was baby pink.

“Do all the women in the company wear the same underwear?”

“Yes, they do in the research and development department. We call it company wear and can be sacked if we’re not wearing it. The company have the right to spot check us and often do. The material is anti-static and hypoallergenic, like the coats and jackets we wear.”

She pushed her shorts down and let them drop and pool around her feet, then lifted her top over her tits. I blinked in surprise at the way her large breasts jutted out and her proud, chunky dark nipples projected forward by almost an inch. Then as she turned and showed me the rest of her body, I could only marvel at her perfect hourglass figure.

That was when I spotted the company's tattoos. "Why have you had those tattoos inked on your hips, Iku?"

"To look exactly like my Doll, Twoku. We are identical in every visual way."

"Do I have tattoos as well?"

"Yes, of course. Along with tits like these..." She placed her hands under hers and squeezed the firm orbs from beneath. "...and, an ass like this." She squeezed her bubble-like cheeks, then went on tiptoe and looked along my body. "I can see yours from here and they are great..." She dropped a hand to her mons and slipped a finger into her pudendal cleft. "And, most importantly of all, you have a pussy like mine."

I could only see her finger being gripped by the top of her labia. "Did they change your pussy in any way?"

"Of course. We have to look like our Dolls. Tell me what you think..."

She turned and bent forward to show me the view of her sex from the rear. Her major lips looked swollen and forced apart by a darker, even line of clitoral flesh. Below, a chunky nub and distinctive minor lips were just visible. The sex I was looking at didn't look like mine and I began to worry.

She turned, pulled her shorts on and studied my expression. “What’s the matter, Tina?”

“I think I might have made a mistake agreeing to have my body changed.”

She folded her arms. “Look, I’ve had my doubts from time to time, but I can honestly say that one glance in the mirror boosts my spirits right back up. I love my body and I’m only sorry that the company have no wish to mass produce Dolls in my image.”

“It’s such a huge step. I didn’t realize what was going to happen to me.”

She picked up her lab coat and slipped it on. “Tina, you’ll have time to get used to the idea while I check your files. We’re going to be friends and do stuff together. Once you’ve gotten over the initial shock, you’ll come through, I’m convinced of that. Heh, what do you say? Are you going to be okay? I want you to enjoy your millions.”

“I suppose so...,” I said with a little more enthusiasm.

“That’s the spirit...” She surprised me by kissing my cheek. “Now, I’ve going to plug a lead into your socket, then I’ll explain what happens next.”

She lifted the top of the laptop and fired it up, then uncoiled a thin lead and came to the side of the ‘horse’. She leant over and plugged the socket into my terminal. “There, painless, heh?”

“I nodded. Will I feel anything when you do the test?”

“Absolutely not, because I’m going to switch you into ‘neutral’ mode. You’ll go limp so the computer can run the test without interference. There’s absolutely nothing to worry about while you’re in this mode and you’ll be aware of everything that’s going on around you.”

I was just going to say something when she tapped a button on a watch sized controller on her wrist. My body went limp and for the first time in my life, I couldn’t move a muscle.

Iku smiled at me. “Tina, welcome to the club. We are unique and you are in for the time of your life...”

THE END of Part Two

Sample of Part Three.

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 her responses in the ‘neutral’ mode. The room had been equipped with sensors and Tina’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 flat 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 with me. “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 commands 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 flat 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 flat?”

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

“No, I won’t forget. Doctor.” How could I? The visit to the billionaire’s flat 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.

When I arrived back at the lab, I had to wait for Koji to let me in. “Ah, there you are, Iku. About time. 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...

THE END of the sample.

I hope you enjoyed the Second part of this

New series and continue to read my work in the future.

Thanks, Amelia.

Email at - Amelia.stark@mail.com

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